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VOL. XXXVIII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1835.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1835.



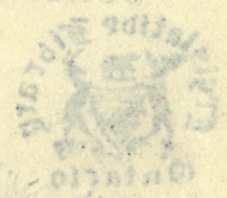
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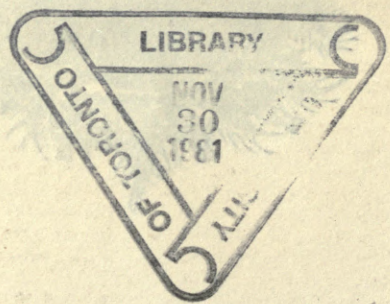
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXVII.

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CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

THE imminence of the danger to all our institutions arising from the open accession of O'Connell, with his united band of Radicals, Infidels, Papists, and Dissenters, to the practical direction of affairs, has at length roused that general sense of the necessity of exertion, to which every person gifted with the smallest share of political foresight has long looked forward as the only chance of salvation yet remaining to the country. Go where you will now, from the Land's End to John o'-Groat's House, and in every society, apart from Whig expectancy, sectarian jealousy, and revolutionary ambition, you will find the most unequivocal proofs of a general convergence towards Conservative opinions. Reaction is a bad word; it savours of French fatalism and infidel principle; it does not express the natural tendency of the human mind towards truth, which uniformly arises from a practical experience of the consequences of error. This, however, is the real principle; and it is the law of nature, which provides for the slow but certain correction of evil in all political societies, where sufficient virtue and public spirit still exist to take advantage of the change.

This gradual approximation towards Conservatism has received a very great impulse from the events which have occurred within the last

two years, and has now spread to an extent to which we could have hardly hoped to have seen it diffused. The Radicals and Revolutionists, the deluders and deluded of mankind, feel this, and dread it from the bottom of their hearts. They do not attempt to disguise the danger. Isaac Tomkins bewails in pathetic terms the *universal* tendency of all the educated youth at the universities to Conservative principles, and fairly warns the middling orders that henceforth they must look to themselves in the struggle, for the upper classes are every day falling more rapidly under the bonds of corruption. Peter Jenkins reiterates the sentiment, and amidst warm eulogiums on the genius of Tomkins, bursts forth into bitter sarcasm on the Aristocratic classes, by whose vigour and energy all the fine spun theories of the Revolutionists are likely to be dissolved into thin air. Lord Brougham, in reviewing and praising both publications, exerts all his energy to impress upon the public the paramount necessity of vigorous exertions on the part of the lower orders to withstand the manifest tendency towards Conservative opinions, which has made such alarming progress among all the highly educated classes of society. The same truth is openly avowed by the Revolutionary leaders in London, who have convoked,

in extreme alarm, a meeting of all their party in the metropolis, to provide the means of combating the dangerous activity of the Conservative associations.

The acceptance of the helm of Government by Sir Robert Peel, and the result of the general election, contributed in a powerful manner to invigorate and strengthen the Conservative party throughout the country. For the first time since the passing of the Reform Bill, they then perceived that their cause was not hopeless; that they were no longer struggling against an overwhelming current, and that by a concentrated effort of the whole friends of order and virtue in the state, the designs of the Revolutionists might yet be stayed. They are no longer a gallant band standing bravely up against an irresistible enemy, and sacrificing themselves from a heroic sense of duty to their country, but a vast and hourly increasing party, embracing three-fourths of all that is excellent in the land. Herein was the great benefit which the four months' possession of office by the Conservatives conferred upon the country. By holding the reins of Government for that short period, they evinced their real power: by maintaining such a struggle with the coalesced Whigs and Radicals, so soon after the Reform Bill, they demonstrated that the times were approaching when they might reasonably expect the victory. What was still more important, they had an opportunity, even during that short period, of proving to the world what their real principles of government were; of showing that the vulgar clamour got up by the Revolutionists, that they were desirous of upholding abuses for their own purposes, was totally unfounded; that they were disposed to go every length in the remedy of known evils consistent with the preservation of existing institutions, and only resisted such farther concessions to democratic power as threatened to create corruption infinitely greater than it removed, and induce dangers an hundred times more alarming than those it professed to obviate. The effect of this, even though their lease of power was of such short duration, was to throw their oppo-

nents obviously and flagrantly into the wrong; to drive them, in despair at their inability to discover any rational ground of complaint, into an evidently selfish and factious opposition; to compel them to abandon all their original principles, and coalesce with all their bitterest enemies; to reduce the descendants of the Russells and the Cavendishes, who fought and bled to establish the Protestant faith, into the humble followers of a Popish agitator, whose professed aim is the overthrow of the reformed religion; and convert the haughty aristocrats, who so long refused to admit the great agitator to their tables, and publicly denounced him as a common enemy in the speech from the throne, into the obsequious followers of that overbearing demagogue, who has never ceased to proclaim his intention of dismembering and revolutionizing the empire.

The speech of Sir R. Peel at Merchant Tailors' Hall has had nearly as great an influence in directing into an effective and constitutional channel the vast Conservative spirit, which these measures, on the part of his administration, and these factious proceedings on that of the Revolutionists, has every where evolved. In it the counsels of a great statesman gave a practical and useful direction to the general burst of public feeling which had broken forth in the country. He pointed out the means which yet remained of saving the state, and directed the energies of the nation to the only channels which existed for turning the Conservative principles to good account. "There is danger," we are told by the great leader, "to the whole institutions of the country; but it may yet be averted. There is a risk, an imminent risk, of public and private revolution, but the means of staying it still exist, if skillfully applied with the energy and patriotism belonging to freemen. To attain success in the contest, however, there is need of union and perseverance—there must be no vacillation—no divisions—**ABOVE ALL, NO DESPONDENCY.**" This is the way to meet a nation of freemen, habituated by centuries of liberty to act for them-

selves, and take counsel of their own patriotism in public affairs; this is the way to array the willing forces, who may finally bring the constitutional contest to a triumphant issue. A vast majority of all the educated classes—of all capable of thinking or judging on the subject—have now drifted over to the Conservative side, which has in consequence increased an hundredfold in energy, vigour, and resolution. On this subject we shall not quote the opinions of the Conservative writers; we shall refer to the testimony of the Revolutionists themselves, to the speech of the Radical baronet who was selected to second the motion for Vote by Ballot, in the late debate in the House of Commons. “Let the noble lord (Lord J. Russell), and those who thought with him, reflect and ponder well upon these facts. They ought now to be aware of the fact—to them undoubtedly a most mortifying fact—that amongst the gentry of England their party *was most dreadfully in the minority*; they ought now to be aware that the *vast majority of the aristocracy, of the landed gentry, and all the clergy, to a man, were their determined and irreconcilable foes*—who would spare no efforts—who would use every species of intimidation and undue influence, to compass their destruction. They could not with the same weapons successfully contend against their too-powerful antagonists. If they could not protect their friends—and they were too weak to do so without the aid of the ballot—if they left their supporters exposed to the tender mercies of the Tory party—they would by degrees be ejected, like the noble lord, from the representation of all the counties of England. Did they remember their fatal losses in the counties during the last general election? Did they remember that their friends were ejected, and replaced by their antagonists, in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Denbighshire, Derbyshire, Devonshire South, Essex South, Gloucestershire West, Hampshire South, Lancashire South, Leicestershire South, Lincolnshire, Norfolk East, Northamptonshire South, Shropshire North, Suffolk East, Suffolk West, Surrey East, Surrey West, Warwick-

shire South; that within the last few weeks they had been again dismissed from Devonshire, Inverness-shire, and Staffordshire.”

This, let it be recollected, is not Tory boasting; it is Radical lamentation, called forth by the mortifying proof they have had of the decline of their influence during the late elections in England. Nor is it possible to refer this to mere Conservative influence; for where was this Conservative influence during the heyday of the Whigs, at the height of the Reform mania? How did it happen that, at the election in April, 1831, 98 out of the 101 county members for England, returned representatives in the Whig interest? Were not Tory landlords, Tory parsons, Tory peers, as rife then as they were after five years of Whig domination? Or is it that the growth of Conservatism keeps pace with the duration of Whig government? Take it whichever way you like, the fact is the same, and the inference as to the rapid change towards Conservative opinions apparent and irresistible.

But though these changes give ground for hope, they afford none whatever for misplaced confidence, or the least reason for relaxation in those organized efforts by which alone the victory of order and property and religion can be secured. If the Conservatives have increased in the House of Commons, so also have the Radicals. On the question of the Ballot, they divided in by no means a full house—144; a clear proof that there are at least 200 members of the Commons inclined to go any length in democratic innovation.

In round numbers the House stands nearly as follows:—

Conservatives,	.	300
Radicals,	.	200
Whigs,	.	158

658

In the last Parliament there were upwards of 400 Whigs, about 140 Radicals, and 120 Conservatives. This change affords ground for the most serious reflection, while it unequivocally demonstrates that the Whig party are rapidly approaching their extinction; while it proves that the progress of revolution is the

same in this as in other countries, and that the Radicals have succeeded the Whigs as certainly on this, as the Jacobins did the Girondists on the other side of the water, it also indicates the advent of times when a more desperate struggle awaits the Conservatives than they have yet sustained; and when, instead of Whig imbecility and ambition, they will have Radical audacity and energy to withstand. Let it never be forgotten, that the different shades of this faction have a majority—small, indeed, but still a majority—of the seats in the House of Commons in their interest; and that it is vain to rely merely on any extent of reaction in the counties, when out of the 500 English members only 154 are for shires, while no less than 346 are for boroughs.

It is to be recollected also, and this is an observation of the very utmost importance, with a view to the regulation of the future conduct of the country, that the House of Commons is now the real seat of government, and that it is altogether out of the question on any important measure to look for effectual resistance by the House of Peers to their decided opinion repeatedly expressed. This was in a great degree the case even under the old frame of government, as had been long remarked by all observers of its real working; but since the Reform Bill passed, it has become the fundamental principle of the constitution. The body which possesses the command of the public purse, and can at pleasure withhold the supplies from the executive, must speedily become the ruling power in the state. The Peers, under the old constitution, shared, and justly shared, this important power by means of the indirect influence which they possessed in the House of Commons; but since the revolution of 1832, this privilege is at an end, and except in correcting crude and ill-considered acts of legislation, and giving the Lower House an opportunity of sometimes reconsidering their opinions, they are no longer to be regarded as a branch of government on whom reliance can be placed to save the nation on an important crisis of its fate.

Never was wiser counsel, therefore, given than that of Sir Robert Peel on this memorable occasion, to endeavour by all possible means *to regain their ascendancy in the House of Commons*. This is the important object, the attainment of which should never be absent from the thoughts of every British subject who loves his country, who would prolong its glories, its blessings, its independence, and existence, or would even save himself and his children from spoliation, beggary, and ruin. We see indeed as clearly as any men can do the inconveniences and evils to which the steady prosecution of such an object must necessarily expose the well-doing, peaceable, and industrious classes of society. We are well aware that victory in such a contest is not to be gained but by long and persevering efforts; we perceive distinctly, that such struggles not only perpetuate the anxiety, turmoil, and vexation of political contests, but expose the most meritorious and useful members of society to continued strife, attended always with trouble, fatigue, and expense, and frequently with no small share of personal obloquy and danger—all this we clearly perceive; and we are no strangers to the excessive inconvenience and discomfort to industrious citizens of being thus exposed to continual struggles with desperadoes who have nothing to lose, and who engage in the turbid sea of politics as the only means of redeeming their lost fortunes. Nor is it an inconsiderable evil that the rancour and animosity of political warfare is thus to be continually kept alive over the whole state, and every change in the wheel of politics made the immediate signal for the breaking up of all social intercourse, the suspension of all private occupation, amid the whirl of contested elections universal throughout the land. These are no inconsiderable evils; but to all who suffer under them, the answer is plain. "Bad as they are, they are better than a revolution." They are the necessary and unavoidable result of the Reform Bill; the bequest of anxiety, agitation, and distress bequeathed to the nation by the authors of that measure. Formerly the people reposed in per-

fect security under shelter of the great breakwater of the aristocracy; few and inconsiderable were the waves which broke in upon them over that effective barrier; full in front of the tide of democracy stood the bulwarks of the nobility, covering alike the palaces of the rich, the workshops of the citizens, the cottages of the poor. Now, however, the case is totally altered. That old and well-tried rampart was swept away, the ocean in all its fury was admitted without restraint, and loud and threatening the prodigious swell of revolution is now rolling into the harbour. There is, therefore, no alternative; we had a constitution which gave us security and repose; but we chose to throw it away, and take another which has bequeathed to us nothing but agitation and anxiety. We have made our election, and must abide the consequences.

But it is not sufficient that it should be generally felt, that it is in the House of Commons that the battle of the constitution is to be fought and won; it is also indispensable that it should be universally understood, what is essential to success in that assembly, and by what means the immense ascendancy which the Reform Bill gave to the reckless, deluded, desperate, and wicked parts of the nation is to be counteracted. Unless this can be done, the whole conservative spirit of the age will go for nothing; in vain will all the aristocracy, all the holders of property, all the men of virtue, all the men of education, be leagued together to resist revolution; the democratic multitude, resting on the support of the ten-pounders, will ride roughshod over them all, and the nation will be conducted to perdition by successive acts of Parliament, having the consent of King, Lords, and Commons affixed to every one of them. The one thing needful, therefore, is to resist the innovating party in the House of Commons; and how is this to be done? That is the vital question on which the future fate of England entirely hinges, and on which it depends, whether we are to be as heretofore the leaders of civilisation, or, after having gone through a brief period of anarchical agony, sink irrevocably, as France has done, under

the government of a corrupt and centralized despotism.

I.—The first and most important engine to be employed in this great work, is the influence of the press, and the direction of its mighty energies from the sophisms of error to the cause of truth. It is by knowledge alone, that the wounds inflicted by knowledge can be healed. If we look back to the remote causes which have produced the great political Revolution of the nineteenth century, we shall find that they have mainly sprung from errors of thought—from those perilous delusions, which, like a pestilence, overspread the land, and swept away the judgment of many able and good men, now awakened, by the lessons of experience, to very different sentiments. These delusions have now sunk in society; they cease to mislead the nobility and gentry, but they unceasingly fascinate the lower orders of the people; their fallacy is apparent to men of education or knowledge, but they fall with unresisted strength upon the inmates of ale-houses, and the frequenters of political unions. The point, therefore, now is, how are these perilous delusions, which have brought the nation to the brink of ruin, to be counteracted among those numerous lower orders, where they fall in most with preconceived opinions, and lead most certainly to public misery?

For reasons which we have fully explained in a former number, the Press, in all free and educated states, has a perpetual tendency to be democratical, because where reading is general, the majority of the people, in towns at least, have a natural leaning to the republican side, and consequently the great bulk of journals will be of the same description, from the necessity of following the inclination of the multitude. In the ordinary state of society this is not only by no means a dangerous, but it is a bealthful condition of the political body; because the weight of property, education, and rural loyalty is sufficient to counteract this prevailing tendency in great towns, and the independent spirit with which they are animated, is essential to preserve a due equipoise between the aristocratic and

democratic interests in the state. But it is in vain to conceal that in the present political condition of Great Britain, it is in the highest degree dangerous. The manufacturing classes, the natural depositary in every age of republican opinions, have more than tripled, in the last half century; the great commercial towns have for the most part during that period quadrupled in numbers, and England now exhibits in round numbers the extraordinary and unparalleled fact of four millions of rural labourers maintaining eight millions of manufacturers and artisans in town and country. Nor is this all; these eight millions have the command of the boroughs, that is, of 346 out of the 500 English members. These are the fundamental facts which render our present condition so perilous; and they are sufficient to show on how insecure a basis any confidence arising from the most extensive sway in the county representation is founded, and how deep and wide spread are the seeds of evil which have now ripened into the formation of an administration having a coalition of Revolutionists, Infidels, Papists, and Dissenters for its basis.

As the democratic tendency of the great majority of the public press, and of almost all that is addressed to the lower orders in great cities, has thus arisen from general causes of universal operation, so it is beyond the reach of any direct or immediate remedy. It is by slow degrees, by long and painful efforts, that the poison is to be expelled from the social body, or an antidote provided for its malignity. Lord Brougham and the Edinburgh Reviewers laboured for thirty years before their delusions were generally diffused: it is not in a few months or years that an effect which has so gradually arisen is to be counteracted. Still the evil is not beyond the reach of a remedy. The means are provided for its extirpation by the laws of nature, if sufficient virtue and resolution remain in society to afford the materials for their operation.

It is by the continued exertion of talent of every description, in the propagation of truth, that the evils arising from the enormous diffusion

of democratic error are chiefly to be prevented. The great works of the master spirits of the age, which are addressed in the first instance to men of education and thought only, are not in the end lost even upon the lower orders of society. They sink gradually down; they spread to persons who write for a more extended sphere, or in a more ephemeral form; and in the course of a few years they make their appearance even in the journals and fleeting publications which appear for a minute, and then sink for ever. It is thus, more than by any publications avowedly and expressly destined for their instruction, that the great change in the public mind is to be effected. The people are jealous, and naturally so, of what they see is expressly intended for their instruction. It is not by the principles which the rich propagate in penny tracts, but by those which they read themselves, that the people judge of what they really believe to be true. The first step to be made towards the diffusion of just and sound principles among the middling ranks, is their extension among the higher, and above all, the highly educated orders. It is impossible to convince the poor of their importance, but by showing that they are embraced by a vast majority of all persons possessing talent, knowledge, or respectability in the country. If the higher orders would promote the diffusion of truth among their inferiors, let them set the example, by demonstrating the sincerity of their conviction of it themselves.

This is to be done in various ways: but in the great work all may do something; to every patriotic citizen a certain share of the duty is assigned. To those who have received from nature talents or acquirements fitted for the task, the glorious duty devolves of coming forth the foremost in the fight; of deducing Conservative principles from history and experience, and producing those immortal works in the cause of truth on which the principles of unborn generations are to be formed. To others the no less important task belongs of resisting the revolutionary hydra in the periodical press; of following it through all its doublings, exposing all its misrepresentations, and coun-

teracting its infernal tendency in works read by millions to whom the former class of publications is unknown. To a third class belongs the duty, in some respects the most important of all, of combating the enemy in the daily press; of discharging the necessary, and often painful duty of keeping the public mind right on passing occurrences; and deducing from the fleeting events of the moment those just and rational conclusions which are calculated to give them their due weight in the formation of public opinion. In the accomplishment of the Herculean task of righting the national mind, after a progressive perversion of half a century, there is need of all the genius, and energy, and perseverance which the Conservative part of the nation can produce. Not a single individual, possessed of such qualifications, can be spared; we have need of the last bayonet and the last sabre in the fight. Let every one therefore who has the power of contributing his mite to the general struggle, enlist forthwith in the service; and how glorious will be the triumph to the cause of truth, and freedom, and religion, if the demon of revolution, which for ten long years ravaged France with impunity, and for twenty bathed Europe with blood, is struck down in this country, by the mere force of argument and truth, by the unaided employment on the side of virtue of the weapons and the energy so long wielded exclusively by falsehood. Then, indeed, we may boast of the Schoolmaster being at home; then, indeed, may it with truth be said that public instruction is an unmixed benefit, since it has furnished the means, the bloodless means, of subduing the greatest enemy to the liberty and happiness of mankind which has appeared since the Christian faith struck off the fetters of domestic slavery.

We indulge the confident hope that such a consummation is yet practicable, from seeing the extraordinary growth of Conservative principles in every branch of literature during the last four years. If we

look at the periodical press, the daily press, and the character of the great works which are in progress amongst us, and compare them with what they were ten years ago, we are struck with amazement at the immense step which the human mind has made since the great era of the Reform Bill, and filled with thankfulness to the Author of all good for the means of redemption that, notwithstanding all our vices and corruption, still exist amongst us. That the higher branches of the periodical press are now decidedly Conservative in their principles, must be obvious to every one; in fact, with the exception of the *Edinburgh Review*, there is not a periodical of any influence which adheres to the movement party. The *Quarterly*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, *Fraser's Magazine*, the *Metropolitan Magazine*, the *Dublin Magazine*, and a host of others, are strenuous in their endeavours to uphold the right side. It would ill become us to speak of our own exertions; but our adversaries even must acknowledge that we have not slumbered at our post since the evil days fell upon us; and that in consistency, industry, and the conscientious discharge of duty, we do not rank last in the array of Conservative champions.

But all this is not sufficient; and we have introduced this subject, chiefly in order to show that, being fully aware of the change, we are yet firmly persuaded that more, much more, is necessary to resist the progress of revolution. If the elective franchise were in the hands of those who were capable of judging on political subjects; if it was confined, or even a majority in it enjoyed by persons of education, however small,* on property, however inconsiderable, the danger, for the present at least, would be at an end; and it would recur only with the renewed diffusion of error and delusion by the efforts of the revolutionists in more peaceable times. But every one knows that this is *not* the case; that a great proportion, probably more than a majority of the electors, are persons possessed of

* We mean persons *really* educated, and not those who merely read the Radical press.

neither property, education, nor character. How is information to be conveyed to these classes? How is truth or political knowledge to pierce the dense and cloudy atmosphere of our great manufacturing cities? It is in vain to reason with these men; they are incapable of understanding an argument, and if they were they would as soon take a scorpion in their hands as a Conservative publication.

It is here that Conservative associations might operate most efficaciously in aiding the cause of truth. The part they have to perform is to organize the means of diffusing sound constitutional journals among men of moderate principles, and thereby confirm those already gained, and make converts among the disaffected. As numbers have an immense advantage over property, in influencing the daily press, for this plain reason, that one Radical, worth L.100 a-year, can read as many journals as a nobleman worth L.100,000, or a statesman whose name is to become immortal, it is by combinations of men of substance, and by that means alone, that an equipoise can be restored, and property, in the great literary strife, be placed on a footing of equality with numbers. Some part of the funds of every Conservative Association should be devoted to the purchase of the ablest journals and periodicals of the day, with a view to their diffusion, at an under price, among the persons of an inferior grade, whom it is practicable to win over to safe and constitutional principles. By so doing a double object is gained. Talent is encouraged to devote itself to such undertakings, and numbers, who never otherwise would get a glimpse of the truth, have the means of illuminating their minds afforded them. Gratuitous distribution should be avoided; it is in general considered as an insult, and seldom produces any lasting consequences. It is the diffusion of able Conservative journals, or works of sterling ability in circulating libraries, mechanics' institutions, &c. at a rate considerably below the selling price, that is most likely to be efficacious. And, in making the selection, let them avoid the common error of supposing the working classes can understand nothing but works, *lucce*

meridiana clariores, expressly intended for their illumination. There never was a greater mistake; they should be addressed by the same arguments as are deemed fit for their superiors; and if they only can be got to read them, truth in the end will work its way in the humblest class as well as in the most elevated.

II. But these remedies addressed to the understanding are slow in their operation, the conversion of a generation, especially in the middling ranks, is not accomplished in a day, and great numbers of them are placed far beyond the reach of conviction, by the force of prejudices which are altogether insuperable, or resolution not to read the other side, which is invincible. Let us beware lest we rely upon the tendency towards Conservative principles working impossibilities, or doing more than, in the corrupted and artificial state of society in which we live, is practicable. The dread of revolution has spread as far and done as much as could possibly be expected, and yet it has not given the friends of the constitution a majority in the House of Commons. We must always recollect how numerous and powerful are the classes who are, and ever must be, banded together to effect the overthrow of our institutions; to whom the confusion, discord, and spoliation, so much dreaded by others, is not only no object of alarm, but the greatest possible object of desire. There is, in the first place, a certain proportion, probably about a third, of the Peerage who, from the force of party bonds, or the desire of rising to political eminence by the elevation of their faction, or a restless desire of change, or the stings of personal jealousy or resentment, are ever to be found at the head of the innovating party, and will be found there till it conducts them to exile, confiscation, and death. No possible amount of peril will ever deter them; the Duke of Orleans and forty-seven of the oldest families of France joined the *Tiers Etat* on the first great convulsion, and by so doing consigned themselves to exile and ruin, and their country to perpetual bondage. There is, in the next place, the numerous body of expectants of of-

face, who cling to the Revolutionary party from selfish motives, and without disquieting themselves about the consequences of political changes, stick fast by the party who are likely to send the loaves and the fishes in their direction. Then there is the numerous band of bankrupts, reprobates, and prodigals; the men who have been precipitated into misfortune, or ruined themselves by their extravagance; all who find themselves excluded from society by their misdeeds or abandoned characters; all, in short, who are bankrupt in fortune, character, or reputation; for, as Lord Bacon says, "As many as there are fortunes overthrown, are there sure votes for innovation." To these must be added, the numerous, restless, and intriguing body, whom religious divisions have inspired with sectarian zeal, and who have superadded to political animosity theological fervour; the Catholics, the Nonconformists, the Dissenters. With these are joined the profligate and dissipated youth who have discarded all authority in religious matters, and are desirous of emancipating themselves from every control, human and divine, the numerous band of libertines, profligates, and infidels. Then comes the motley array of the manufacturing cities. To these numerous and varied classes of political adventurers, or profligates, must be added no small body of sincere and honest republicans, who are deluded enough to advocate American institutions in the midst of the aged civilisation of England. Such, so varied and numerous, is the class who, differing from each other on all other subjects, as far as the poles are asunder, are united by the single bond of a desire to overturn our institutions, and in the prosecution of that object may be expected to act unanimously, energetically, and cordially together.

With the greater part of these men, no reaction whatever is to be expected—self-interest in some, political fanaticism in others, jealousy of their superiors in a third class, individual ambition in a fourth, religious fervour in a fifth, infidel sophistry in a sixth, ignorance in a seventh, the pride of a little knowledge in an eighth, a resolution not to be converted in a

ninth, a determination never to read a word of the enemy in a tenth—such are the motives or circumstances which bind them to the colours of innovation. This combination of classes would be of little importance in ordinary times, or under a rational form of government, because the holders of property and the men of education would possess the means of thwarting, without any extraordinary effort, all their destructive projects. But that is very far indeed from being the case now. Experience has proved that they compose, as the rolls now stand, a majority or nearly so of the whole electors; and that it is only by incessant and vigorous exertions on the part of the holders of property, that their representatives can be prevented from plunging the nation into all the horrors of anarchy. It is indispensable, *ante omnia*, to reconstruct some barrier which may permit the industrious part of the community to repose in some degree of security, and pursue their wonted avocations in quiet, without being, as at present, perpetually kept on the stretch to resist measures obviously leading to public convulsion.

It is in providing some such effective barrier against the forces of anarchy, now so fearfully banded together, that Conservative associations are in an especial manner of value. In considering the objects to which they should be applied, it is of importance to take the utmost care that these proceedings are strictly legal. They must not imitate the political unions in seeking to dictate to, or overawe any branch of the legislature. They must lay it down as a fundamental position, that every legislative measure is to be carried by the free and unfettered determinations of the high court of Parliament, and in that way *alone*. They must be sworn enemies of every species of violence, corruption, and intimidation. The great theatre of their exertions, because it is the constitutional theatre for them, must be the *Registration Courts*. Their object must be by an approved and extensive organization to obtain lists of all the voters on the Conservative interest who can be put on the roll in every borough and county of the

kingdom, to disseminate instructions for the correct preparation of the claims, and provide funds for the defence of them, and the removal of the illegal votes of the opposite party from the register. The expense of such preliminary measures should, in every city and county, be provided for by a subscription from the Conservative associations; and there is no way in which their funds could be employed which would be *half as efficacious*. It is quite reasonable that the immediate expense of the canvass and the election should be borne by the candidates; but it is utterly unreasonable, and is, in fact, vain to expect, that the previous and far more useful expenses incurred in securing the registration of Conservative voters should be incurred by them. In a few cases, indeed, where a great family has an interest in securing a county or borough from Radical invasion, this may be done; but generally speaking it is out of the question. The Conservative interest, whether in the city or county, must do it for themselves, or it will not be done at all.

And what is the effect to be anticipated from such a neglect of the registrations by the Conservative party? Experience, woful experience, tells us what it is—its uniform result is that the seats fall into the jaws of the Radicals. *They* are always ready—no whipping or spurring is required to bring them up to the scratch. It is otherwise with the Conservatives. Strong among all men of property, education, or virtue, they are too often weak in towns and manufacturing districts in mere numbers. In such situations they are struggling, hitherto at least, against the stream, and the moment that the effort ceases they are swept away by the waves. Experience proves that all attempt at registration speedily ceases on the part of the Conservatives the moment they abandon their efforts to gain a majority. The opinion rapidly gets wind that the contest there, at least, is hopeless—the friends of the constitution make no farther attempt to record their votes, and the enemy obtain an unresisted triumph, under circumstances where, by a little exertion, a decided majority might have been

gained the other way. Among the many and incalculable benefits conferred upon the nation by the late dissolution and Sir R. Peel's assumption of the helm, it is not the least that it demonstrated in how many places a Conservative contest could successfully be maintained—in how many others the victory was gained by the enemy by a very slender majority, and how great would be the effect in all of a combined effort of the Conservatives to place their friends on the roll, and neutralize that flood of Radicalism by which, during the Reform mania, the political institutions of the country were overwhelmed.

We speak from pretty extensive experience in these matters, and we can assure our readers in every part of the empire, that it is of infinitely greater importance to make an effort in the Registration Courts than in canvassing or bringing up voters on the eve of an election. Nay, we are confident it will be found, that L.1000 laid out in this way will do more than L.10,000 expended during the heat and anxiety of a contest. In the Registration Courts, also, property is likely to be far more efficacious in producing funds than the numbers which are so preponderating on the other side. During the excitement and tumult of a canvass, the popular party are always unsparing of their strength and breath, and sometimes not a little liberal of their money; but it will in general be found that they are much more tardy than their opponents in producing the funds requisite to sustain a lengthened contest for weeks together in the Registration Courts on matters intelligible only to lawyers, and in the first instance profitable only to that odious race. Look at the way in which private undertakings, often the most absurd and unreasonable, are frequently carried in the end by a small body of interested individuals, in opposition to the most fervent, and at first unanimous, resistance of multitudes. How is it accomplished? Invariably by sticking to the point—by recurring year after year to the charge, and getting the enemy involved in some proceeding which requires an outlay of money. It is want of funds which always breaks up the assemblies of

the multitude. What dissolved the Birmingham Political Union? Want of money. What dissolved the Trades' Unions? Want of money. Try them with a subscription—that is the way to put all Whig and Radical projects to the test. Where are all the Reform pillars and monuments which were carried by acclamation? It is astonishing how a Radical assemblage is thinned when a subscription paper goes round. A sturdy old Whig family will, in defence of a close borough which they have saved from schedule A, or a county which they hoped to get into their clutches, pay away manfully, but the vehement, inconstant multitude will never, except in a moment of uncommon excitement, do any such thing. It is in the Registration Courts, therefore, where the dull, unprofitable, unheard-of expenditure of money is required, that property can best regain its ascendancy over numbers—in other words, that the balance of the constitution can be restored.

How was Devonshire gained? In the Registration Courts. How was Staffordshire gained? In the Registration Courts. How was Invernesshire gained? In the Registration Courts. How was South Lancashire gained? In the Registration Courts. How was Stirlingshire gained? In the Registration Courts. How was Roxburgh gained? In the Registration Courts. How is Dublin certain, at the next election, to throw off the yoke of the paid agitator? By exertion in the Registration Courts. All the victories gained by the Conservatives over the Revolutionists have been achieved by previous efforts in the enrolment of voters. What has already been done has almost restored "the worn out Tory faction, which can never again set its face to the Government of England," to an equality with the spoliators in the Reformed House of Commons. Another such effort, and they will obtain a decided majority. The enemy's breath is falling him; the first brunt of his vehemence is over; dismay is already apparent in his ranks; now, therefore, is the time, by an unanimous and concentrated effort, to wrest from him the sceptre of the empire, which he

would soon convert into a Jacobin standard. It is thus, and thus alone, that the Constitution can be saved; it is thus, and thus alone, that justice can be done to the Reform Bill itself, and the new Constitution, instead of giving a fatal ascendancy to a single class of the community, be made to answer the real end of limited Government, the just representation of all classes and interests in the community.

In this great national work, of regaining in the Registration Courts that fair ascendancy to property and education which the Reform Bill in the first instance so completely overwhelmed, there is need of a combined effort of all right thinking classes of the community. With a view to its effective direction, there is need of several things which a practical acquaintance with these matters must already have suggested to the strenuous and active in every part of the country.

1. The first thing to do, is to establish in every county, city, or borough, where the machinations of the enemy are to be resisted, a central committee, composed of the leading men in the district, to concert a plan of operations, communicate with parochial or district committees, and use every exertion to enlist all the citizens who can be relied on in the common cause. In this central committee there is much need of those whose station or character gives them weight in society, of those whose talents or eloquence are calculated to sway the public mind, and of those whose habits of business or legal acquirements fit them for the practical direction of affairs. In every such committee, it is by the combination of these three classes that a foundation must be laid for a really weighty and efficient Administration.

2. But it is not sufficient that a central committee of this influential character is established in every electoral district. It is, moreover, necessary, that it should be supported, and its ramifications extended, by subordinate committees in every parish in counties, and in every subdivision in great towns. Without the establishment of such sub-committees, the requisite local information can never be obtained by the

central body, and all its exertions will be of little avail. Alfred's celebrated system of counties, tythings, and hundreds, is the true model to be followed in such cases. Observe the Radicals how they act in order to gain the command of a great town. They establish several hundred committees, whereby the work is so thoroughly subdivided, that each committee-man has only three or four electors to examine into or work at.

3. But powerful as is the agency of such local committees, acting in obedience to the suggestions of a central board, it is also indispensable that it should be composed of persons calculated to sway, or obtain information from their neighbours possessing or entitled to possess the electoral franchise. The persons chosen for this purpose should not be legal agents nor avowed canvassers, nor gentlemen who obviously are out of their sphere in such employments, but the friends, neighbours, and equals of the persons whom it is desirable to enlist in the Conservative interest. It is by their exertions that members are to be obtained to Conservative associations, and the information elicited, which is necessary either for augmenting their own, or diminishing their opponents' forces on the roll. The aid of legal men, invaluable in methodising and turning to good account the information thus acquired, is in general prejudicial rather than otherwise, as likely to awaken unfounded suspicions in the first instance.

4. The province of legal gentlemen comes afterwards; and there it is indeed of the most vital importance. To them belongs the important task of sifting, and examining the information and titles which have been obtained; considering what votes should be advanced on their own side, and what challenged on the other, and in general preparing matters for the barristers or agents who are to conduct the business in the Registration Courts. We call on the legal gentlemen over the whole country, who are of Conservative principles (and they compose a great majority of the whole legal profession), to give their services in these matters gratuitously, and we are sure the ap-

peal will not be made in vain. If a great family, indeed, for the sake of keeping up their interest in a county, are at the expense of a contest, it is all fair that they should pay for the legal assistance they obtain; but if the struggle is maintained by the Conservative party generally on public grounds, the professional gentlemen engaged in it should make their subscription consist in their services. This is generally done in England, and such aid is of the utmost importance; and from the vital interests which all members of the legal profession have in the maintenance of order, and the honourable feelings by which they are actuated, we are sure that the example only requires to be brought forward to secure its general adoption.

5. To ensure the cheapest and most efficacious diffusion of accurate knowledge on subjects of election, the leading committees of the counties and boroughs should club together, and obtain, at their common expense, full directions from eminent counsel as to the formation of votes, the preparatory steps, as by changes of title, requisite to obtain the placing of claimants on the roll, the time when these changes should be made, the consent of parties necessary to render them effectual, the time and mode of giving in claims for enrolment, and objections to the adverse voters, and in general all the details required for an increase of Conservative voters in elections. As one set of directions for counties and another for boroughs will suffice for the whole country, this should be done at the joint expense of the whole central committees, and printed at a cheap rate, diffused as generally as possible among all persons who are supposed to incline to the side of order, or can be relied on in an approaching contest.

6. But it will be in vain that all this organization takes place, unless the efforts of the committees are seconded by the cordial co-operation of every individual of Conservative principles within their bounds. Let every person, therefore, who has a guinea to lose, or a family to inherit, consider it now as the most important and sacred of public duties to give every assistance in his power to the great national effort to

free the country from the thralldom of a Jacobin faction. Let every landed proprietor lay it to his heart that he is betraying his country if he does not procure the enrolment of every one of his tenants possessed of the legal qualification, who can be relied on to resist the advance of Revolution. Let every individual, high or low, consider that he has a serious omission to answer for, if any vote, which, by little trouble, or the expenditure of a few shillings or pounds, he could create, is neglected. Let every one act as if upon his single exertions the salvation of the nation from revolution depended. No one can say, but what that awful responsibility may attach to his own omission to record a single vote. That omission may decide the contest for a city or borough, and that vote, gained or lost, may be decisive of the future fate of the country. The majority against Sir Robert Peel on the address was only seven; and can any one doubt, from the subsequent result of the contests in Devonshire, Essex, Inverness-shire, and Staffordshire, that these seven votes might have been turned the other way—if a little more exertion had previously been used in the registration courts of eight or ten counties or boroughs over the Empire? The Conservative and Revolutionary parties are now so nearly balanced, that it is necessary to count narrowly not only votes within the House, but in every constituency over the Empire, and the greatest possible results may be expected to attend patient and well-directed exertions in every sphere, however subordinate.

7. The assistance of barristers or experienced agents is indispensable in conducting the business before the Registration Courts; and it is unreasonable to expect that the vast sacrifice of time, and expenditure of labour which it requires, should be done gratuitously. This employment is not like collecting information, or preparing votes in the sub-committees; it draws after it, on the contrary, months of labour in previous preparation, and weeks of exertion in actual contest. It is impossible to expect that such enormous sacrifices and exertions can be made gratui-

tously even by legal gentlemen of the highest character and public spirit; to do so is to throw on their shoulders exclusively the public burden which should be borne by all. These important and laborious services, at least in the larger counties and boroughs, must be discharged by remunerated agents and barristers, and the higher they are in character and principle, the better. Let not the Conservatives grudge the expense of such contests. The common proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine," is here directly applicable; five hundred pounds expended then will save five thousand when the day of the contest arrives.

8. Having laid *universally*, by such preparatory measures, the foundation for a balance between the Conservatives and Destructives, and provided the means of maintaining a contest, when the proper period arrives, let not the friends of order rush heedlessly into a contest, or vainly waste their funds in engaging against insuperable odds, in great towns, or counties notoriously under Whig or Radical dominion. Caution and prudence are here in an especial degree requisite. It is perfectly right, nay, it is indispensable, to institute *every where* an opposition in the *Registration Courts*, because that is essential to keep the Conservative party together, and prepare the forces which may, at some future period, be brought into action; but it is of the highest importance, not unnecessarily to rush into action where there are no hopes of success, or waste at present, in a hopeless contest, the resources and exertions, which, directed elsewhere, might produce a satisfactory result, or might be more advantageously reserved for another opportunity. Exaggerated ideas are frequently entertained of the importance of obtaining a victory in particular places. It is very natural that the inhabitants of such electoral districts should fall into this error; and it is no doubt true that the moral effect of a victory in particular places is often considerable; but after all, when it comes to a vote in the House of Commons every thing is determined by mere numbers, and the member for a borough of three hundred voters, does as much for the

good cause as the representative of ten thousand. The influence of the representatives of particular counties or cities is much less considerable than it was before the passing of the Reform Bill. *Testimonia ponderanda sunt, non numeranda*, was the principle of the old constitution—*testimonia numeranda sunt non ponderanda*, of the new. Every thing being now reduced to a mere calculation of numbers, the great thing is to gain a majority, no matter of what votes, in the House of Commons. The large cities may possibly be brought round in time, at least in some instances; but the great thing to attend to, in the first instance, is the reduction of the numerical majority, which threatens instantly to dissolve all the institutions of the empire.

In the prosecution of this great work, the formation of a central committee in the capitals of the three kingdoms seems to be of the highest importance. The object of this committee, which should be composed of gentlemen of most influence from all the counties, aided by a few barristers and agents in the metropolis, should be to correspond with the provincial committees in every part of the country, obtain information as to the probable chance of success in all the boroughs and counties where a contest may be expected, and have lists prepared of the candidates who are ready to come forward in every different situation. It is astonishing what may be done by proper attention in this way—how many fruitless contests may be prevented—how many successful ones set on foot—and how much incongruity between electors and representatives obviated, by the direction of each candidate to the quarter where his character and qualifications are likely to be most useful and acceptable. Every day furnishes examples of counties and boroughs being lost by the wrong candidate being brought forward—a country gentleman adduced where there should have been a monied man, and a monied man where there should have been a country gentleman; and of the falser chance of success being lost merely from the want of any respectable candidate to bring forward, and that at the very time where many

such exist if they were only known. It should be the duty of such a central committee, composed, as it of course would be, of the most influential and respectable gentlemen in the country, to keep up an active correspondence in all quarters, obtain the requisite information both as to candidates and seats, facilitate the transmission and interchange of accurate information on these points, and give that uniform consistence to the exertions of all the local committees which is requisite to bring their efforts to a successful issue.

Such an association has recently been formed, under the happiest auspices, and the best possible direction, in Edinburgh, and we earnestly call upon all the leading Conservatives of Scotland, not only to join it, but do the utmost to augment its efficiency, and extend the sphere of its usefulness, by the establishment of similar associations, in connexion with it as a centre, in every county of Scotland. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen at the head of the association furnish a sufficient guarantee that it is not to be confined to local interests, but will extend its ramifications into every part of the country; and that its affairs will be conducted with the utmost ability and judgment.

III. But vain will be all the organization and exertions of the Conservatives in these respects, if they are not aided by the general conduct of the Conservative leaders throughout the country, by the wisdom and moderation of their public conduct, and the popularity and beneficence of their private manners. It is by such means, and such alone, that they can obtain that *general* sway over the minds of the middling and lower orders, which is requisite under the new constitution to obtain durable success. They may rely upon the justice of their cause to obtain the co-operation of the vast majority of the really educated and intelligent of the community, of all acquainted with historical truths, or alive to the enormous danger of precipitate innovation in a state situated as Great Britain now is. But how many are such classes, numerically considered, compared with the rest of the community vested by the

Reform Bill with the elective franchise? To secure the willing co-operation of the vast majority of persons, many of them perfectly worthy and respectable in their own sphere, who can never form a correct judgment, from defect of information or mental capacity, on political subjects, and so undo the perilous ascendancy which the new constitution, in the first instance, gave to ignorant and reckless numbers, is the great problem now to be solved in this country, upon the result of which its future fate is entirely dependent; and without undervaluing the efficacy of the arrangements and organization, the details of which have now been given, it may safely be stated, that there are two principles of paramount importance, without a general and steady adherence to which all this mechanism and scaffolding will lead to no satisfactory result.

The first general requisite is, that the public conduct of the Conservatives should be such as to disarm the calumnies of their enemies, and by placing them flagrantly in the wrong, at length separate the cause of improvement from that of revolution. It is by blending and confounding these two things, and representing continual additions to Democratic power as indispensable to the attainment of the legitimate objects of social improvement, that all the successes of the Revolutionists, both here and elsewhere, have been owing. It is by separating them from each other, and by that means alone, that the dreadful evils with which we are threatened can be averted. Let the Conservatives, therefore, accede at once to any measures of real improvement, no matter though they may trench on some exclusive privileges. Let them abandon at once all abuses or absurd institutions, and adhere only to such as obviously lie at the foundation of all the best interests of society. The two great principles by which they should be regulated are, an anxious desire to promote every real and safe improvement, and a steadfast resolution to resist all measures having a tendency to spoliage private property, or increase Democratic power. These principles, so far

from being at variance, are in reality in perfect harmony with each other; for no source of corruption and abuse was ever opened half so wide in a state, as that arising from the undue increase of Democratic influence. This is the ground which they should now take; promotion of improvement—resistance to Democracy and spoliation. By so doing, they will soon bring to light the hollowness of all the loud professions of patriotism which their antagonists put forth, and evince in striking colours how much all their conduct is regulated by the lust for power, and how little by the principles of genuine patriotism.

The second general principle—hardly less important in its ultimate consequences than the former, by which the Conservatives of all ranks should be regulated—is, the total abandonment of that heartless, monstrous, exclusive system in *manners* by which the affections of the middling ranks have so long been alienated. This indeed is the general vice of the age, and not one whit more of the Conservative than of the Whig or Destructive Aristocracy; but it is more especially incumbent on the former to abandon it, because it is directly at variance with their principles, and not neutralized, as is the case with the Revolutionary nobility, in the eyes of the populace, by the advocating of the popular side, and the pressing forward of measures of spoliation. We have always regarded this as a matter of the very utmost importance; and with that view, we put forward, eighteen months ago, our “Hints to the Aristocracy,” which we will venture to say, there is no other periodical, Whig or Tory, in the empire would have had the courage to publish. We may again advert to the subject: at present we have only room to observe, that *nothing* can possibly go so far to bring the middling ranks round to rational views on political subjects, as kind and condescending manners on the part of their superiors; that love, even in these degenerate days, will still do more than money; that the nation is still at heart essentially Aristocratic, and none more so than the loudest supporters of popular rights;

and that hundreds of thousands whom argument or reason will never convince, and on whom no influence can operate, may be insensibly won to the right path by kindness and condescension on the part of their elevated neighbours. Such manners, on the part of the Aristocracy, are enjoined alike by Christian charity, worldly prudence, and old English example. The reverse, but recently introduced into this country, is the

bastard offspring of foreign haughtiness and Revolutionary pride. Steering equally between both extremes, let the British Aristocracy be the first in urbanity and friendliness of manners, equally as in every beneficent or useful undertaking; and if they do so, and thereby heal the divisions which exclusive reserve has formerly occasioned, they may yet bid defiance to the world in arms.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

THE report of the Minister of Public Instruction having been lately laid before the French Chambers, we feel ourselves invited by this circumstance to make a few observations on the system of education now prevailing in France. This subject of popular education is completely a modern one. The obligation of a state to legislate for the instruction of the great body of the people may be considered a discovery of recent times, and when we consider that most nations grow up to their full proportions in great popular ignorance, and that their prosperity depends not so much upon military (as in ancient times) as upon civil glory, it must be acknowledged to be one of admirable and philanthropic tendency. We would, however, limit the operation of this political discovery to its *necessity*. Where the great mass is ignorant beyond the inevitable ignorance of its condition, and only the few instructed, it belongs undoubtedly to the government to diffuse, and even to *administer*, education among those who have remained altogether out of its influence. But this duty springs strictly from the *necessity* of the case. If the people will educate themselves, it is better that they should do so than that it should be done for them by authority. Necessity alone can make the monopoly, or regulating superintendence of education by the state, advantageous, or otherwise than injurious. Among a people whose every class has grown up **ACTIVELY**, where there are no dormant popu-

lation, no slumbering interests, and where every division of the community is full of separate and conjoint life, education, in our opinion, should be left *free*. Men in such a state are in a condition of inevitable progression. To meddle with them is only to check their progress, or to divert it from its natural and healthful currents. If an occasional flip be required, it should come from among the people themselves, and this, in a country where the public good, in all its branches, is ever the object of much individual ambition, interest, and philanthropy, can never fail to be at hand when wanted. It is for this reason that we are averse to legislative enactments on the subject of education in England. The case, however, in France is very different. There the great mass of the population has ever been a *dormant* population. The provinces, cities (excepting Paris), towns, and villages of that country, have never had, up to this day, an active political existence. The whole land has not, like England, resembled a great busy hive, and every marked locality a separate cell of labour, industry, enterprise, and activity, with constant intercourse and intercommunication between all its parts, and presenting an entire surface equally and diffusively informed with commercial, political, and intellectual life. Had this been the case popular education would have been the result of popular efforts. But the direct reverse of this picture giving the true representation of France, it becomes apparent at the

first glance that it requires the hand of authority to impress some educational movement on the great mass; for ignorance, which often seems to be innocence till it is tried, and with which really the purest moral impressions, arising from agricultural influences, frequently abide, is, wherever political passions can penetrate, and wherever city manners prevail, the readiest and fittest organ for the expression of the most squalid, furious, and envenomed wickedness. France having experienced this truth more fatally than any other country, it is only natural that her government should be most anxious to educate universally—and indeed the declared anxiety of all her legislators on this subject is not so much to add to learning and science, and to develop intellectual resources, as to rescue the people from the dreadful state of demoralization into which they have fallen. Whether the system pursued for this purpose is likely to attain its object, is a question we shall not at present enter into. It is only just, however, to express our conviction, that, considering, as we do, the religion of the country totally unavailable towards the end in view, the means used are the only means at the disposal of the state.

We will now examine, as briefly as we can, with the assistance of the report before us, the system of education at present in operation in France, and we shall place first in order *primary* or elementary instruction. This is undertaken altogether at the expense of the state, and contemplates chiefly the education of the populace. Its administration was formerly the duty of the Minister of Public Instruction, but it has been transferred lately to the separate communes, in imitation of the practice prevailing in Germany, the state nevertheless retaining its absolute control and superintendence. Every commune, according to the late laws, is obliged to have a school, but it does not appear that parents are compelled to send their children to it, as is the case in Germany. The report complains that the inhabitants of the rural districts do not appreciate the advantages of these establishments; that not only the laborious classes, but those more

at their ease, manifest much reluctance to profit by them; and the author of the report can imagine no other way of overcoming this distaste for instruction than by educating sedulously the military force, that thus the soldiers, when they retire from the service, and return to their native places, may, by their superior knowledge, make the villagers ashamed of themselves. In spite, however, of all difficulties, school-houses have at last been erected in 28,196 communes, and there are at present only 8,991 communes without them. The report gives a very poor account of the efficiency of these Establishments up to the present moment. As to the reluctance of the people to take advantage of them, this is a circumstance which we confess we cannot understand, except by supposing that the priesthood have been at their old work, setting their faces against whatever tends to enlightenment. We must add, that the new system of primary instruction has only been in operation five years. It is proposed to create another institution of *intermediate* instruction. It has been observed, that the *primary* schools are only preparatory for *secondary* ones; but as many who go to the *primary* schools never pursue their education further (classical and scientific attainments being to them useless), and, therefore, can draw little advantage from the rudimentary knowledge there acquired; the intermediate establishments are intended for these persons, and they are there to learn trades, and such scraps of science as may have reference to their particular callings.

With respect to the establishments for *secondary* instruction, these were first adopted by the state in the year 10 of the French Republic. Till that period, secondary instruction had been left to private schools; but the government of that epoch, observing a spirit to be nourished in those institutions which threatened to be dangerous, took them all into its own hands, gave them a new organization, and named them lyceums; these lyceums have become the royal colleges of the present day. Whilst they went under their former name, in the time of Napoleon, mathematical studies

were chiefly cultivated in these seminaries; but since they have become royal colleges, mathematics have been neglected, and the classics chiefly taught. The number of pupils who receive instruction in these colleges at present are 55,019, and among these there are 2205 maintained and boarded completely at the cost of the state. It appears that in many parts of France this secondary instruction, which is such as our boarding schools at home generally afford, is totally unknown; and the report before us seems to contemplate great difficulty, and great expense, in the attempt to naturalise it (*la naturaliser*) in those contentedly ignorant tracts. It must be observed, that almost all the private schools of France are connected with these royal colleges; the schools send their pupils so many times a-week for certain lessons to the colleges, and we believe the latter hold also the check of inspection over the former, which are thus brought within the state control. The report does not say one word in commendation of the proficiency of those educated in this manner.

Superior instruction, or what we should call university education, has a date in France—according to the report before us—no further back than the year 1789; but till the year 1808, it was not placed upon its present footing, by the creation of professorships or faculties of sciences and literature. In the year 1816, twenty of these professorships, probably from some political motive, were suppressed, since which time the universities in the provinces have been deprived of all efficiency, and are represented by the report as being little more than nominal institutions. In Paris, however, they are said to be thriving. It is proposed by the new law, which has been so long promised for every branch of public instruction, to give renewed efficiency to the provincial universities, and to create others where they are wanted. One great reason of the little success which has hitherto attended the universities in the provinces, is the want of scientific apparatus in the country towns, which could only be kept up at great expense by the state; and also the want of professors, who

have been hitherto, in numerous instances, invited from foreign countries. To remedy the former of these deficiencies, and probably the latter, it is proposed that no city shall have an university which will not undertake to provide itself with and keep up the necessary scientific apparatus. It is intended by this means to prevent Paris from monopolizing all science to itself, and thus leaving the provinces bare, both of the means of instruction and of teachers. The good moral effect of this new plan will also be great; for at present myriads of young men, boys we might say, are sent to Paris at a great and often distressing expense to their parents, far from all parental control, and the salutary influence of home, for the purpose of accomplishing themselves in branches of learning which they cannot acquire in the provinces. When they arrive in the great vicious capital, having no check upon their conduct, they not only neglect to instruct themselves, which is the least part of the evil, but become the victims of criminal temptations and principles, and carry with them—like plague-spots—through life sentiments thoroughly depraved by their early experience: tainted themselves, and tainting their whole neighbourhood when they return home, by their pestiferous conduct and doctrines.

We must now speak of the great university of France, which has the absolute superintendence of all the institutions we have already named, or have in the sequel to allude to. This university was invested with its present authority by Napoleon in the year 1806, to the end that one uniform plan of public education should prevail throughout the empire. The report insists that the most pernicious effects have resulted from this monopoly. Before this system was adopted, it says, even before the year 1789, all the schools of the same class prospered in consequence of the emulation with which they were mutually animated. Thus, whilst the establishments of the University of Paris could boast of their Rollin, their Crevier, &c., the rival schools of the provinces could proudly point to their La Rue, and Le Porée. Even in 1808, before secondary instruc-

tion was monopolized by the state, by being brought under the rule of the great University, private institutions competed in efficiency with those maintained at the public expense. The schools which were converted into lyceums, and afterwards into royal colleges, were particularly distinguished by the proficiency of their pupils, and thereby stimulated the zeal of the public universities. But besides the routine lethargy into which they have since fallen in consequence of the actual system, the cost to the nation has been immensely increased by the present plan, for it creates, among its other numerous springs of administration, the necessity of constant inspection. Thus, according to the law at present in force, there should be from twenty to thirty inspectors of the public establishments of education constantly maintained. The report very justly observes that these inspectors, paid highly by the state, are completely useless; that their visits to the several colleges or schools once a-year, or once in two years, and then only perhaps for a few hours, can have no effect; and as a proof that they fulfil not their mission, the principal object of which is to produce a unity and regular progression of instruction among all the colleges, according to their various grades, it mentions the fact (asserted never to have happened before the year 1790), that pupils, leaving the colleges of the departments to enter those of Paris, are always obliged to descend one class, and generally two, on their removal, being incompetent to take the places for which they are supposed to be fitted. It is nevertheless proposed that the inspectors — although they are not known in Germany, which country affords the model France would adopt on this subject — should be still kept up, their agency being thought particularly necessary, when a new system is about to be adopted. Almost all that we have said of the *inspectors* would apply with nearly equal force to the *censors* who are attached to every educational establishment. The only difference is, that they remain constantly at their posts. They, however, are not professors, and enjoy virtually a very snug sinecure. The

directors too, have, in most cases, only the *administrative* part of their institutions to attend to; with *instruction* they have little or nothing to do. Another establishment immediately derived from the great university, is the normal school, the object of which is to form and provide teachers for the various academies of every grade throughout the whole land. This has been attended with so little success hitherto, that, from the primary schools up to the universities, all are in want of masters. It is evident indeed that men can never be *drilled* up to the higher professorships. Ushers alone (*agrégés*) can be formed at these schools; but from the drudgery to which they are destined at the elementary, or at most secondary establishments, can never improve themselves further, and have only to look through life for a miserable pittance for their support, which is not likely to invite any but the most inferior minds to adopt their vocation. The higher professors are certainly respectable in situation and in talent; but when they have once reached the titular grade, the *minimum* of exertion is naturally chosen by them, there being no additional recompense for extra zeal. The lower professors or *adjoints* cannot, in one instance out of twenty, rise above their actual position; they have therefore no career before them, and are, consequently, but poorly qualified, as they are poorly paid. The improvement contemplated at present is to abolish altogether usherships — the candidates for which are the most contemptible, poor, tame snakes — to create a third order of professors, and to increase the zeal and activity of the two upper orders, by allowing them to give private lessons.

We must now beg leave, before we quit the subject of the great university, which is the headquarters of education throughout France, to make a few observations. First, our readers will be pleased to note the immense patronage which the monopoly of public instruction gives to the government. Here we have grand masters, inspectors, censors, directors, professors, ushers, thousands of individuals depending directly upon the state for their daily

bread, and we perceive also the centralizing system operating as it does through every other institution of the country. One would think, however, that at least here it would have a good effect, and that the state, having in its own hands exclusively the formation of the minds of its subjects, would inspire them with reverence and love for itself. But the direct contrary happens. The university, colleges, and schools invariably turn out the most turbulent and discontented spirits, and have frequently to stifle insurrections within their own precincts. One great reason for this, we believe, is, however ludicrous it may appear previous to reflection, that the state appears in the character of a *great pedagogue*, and her scholars, both literally and figuratively, rebel, as schoolboys do sometimes at home, against their schoolmaster. To pursue this image, we should say that the French government, by being rendered, through the system of centralization, almost independent of the people—there being no mutual good offices between them, all the force being on one side, and obedience only left for the other, bears always too much the port of a *master* who has no sympathy but for rule, and none with those ruled. Centralization indeed has no *consanguinity* (if we may use the term) with popular rights. It is a power that has been seized with a strong hand, not given, or derived. It is therefore regarded by the people as an ugly tyrant of a foreign race. They can discover in it none of the lineaments of a popular origin; and they have lately come to perceive that vain have been all their efforts for freedom, for that after every struggle, after every apparent triumph, they have only shouted victory, to fall again into the Briarian gripe of this monster. We must add, although we have been digressing, that this baneful system, which has bound France head and foot with its millions of ligaments, owed its present perfect force to the first revolution. Another revolution of a popular kind would not free her from it; for the inevitable consequence of anarchy is the forcible seizure and concentration of all power.

To return.—Before we proceed to notice the other branches of public instruction which the report treats of, we must mention the manner in which the superior professorships are attained, and this, in connexion with our preceding paragraph, will show strikingly how the two contraries, liberty and despotism, in their abstract forms, for ever struggle against each other, in irreconcilable quarrel, in France. We know not whether it is because the French have, above all other people, a scientific bent, but they never seem to understand any question otherwise than *abstractly*. The following passage is from M. Cousin's report on public education in Germany. After having described the manner in which professors are there appointed, he continues:—"On the contrary, do you wish to have the *beau idéal* of an absurd organization, you have only to imagine the nomination of titular professors by election, by young men who have often never written two lines or professed a single year, and who receive in this manner, perhaps at the age of twenty-five, an unalienable title, which they may keep to the age of seventy without doing any thing, receiving, from the first day of their nomination to the end of their lives, the same salary, whether they have many pupils or whether they have few, whether they distinguish themselves or not, whether they remain in obscurity or become celebrated. It is nevertheless in a civilized country close to Germany that a similar organization exists; and, what is indeed to be wondered at, this absurdity is kept up, less by authority than by a false public opinion, to such a degree that, seven or eight months ago, Messrs Broussais and Magendie, both men possessing an European reputation, were obliged, after twenty years of public lessons and great success in instruction, to solicit the votes of children, who had probably never read the works of these two celebrated men, that they might possess the title of professors."

The ministry of public instruction in France includes the special studies of theology, law, and medicine. Of the second of these the report says little, and therefore we shall pass it

over. Of theology, it informs us that Napoleon, in 1808, created a faculty of theology for every metropolitan institution, but that this faculty has remained nearly without employment. Its professors are at present only twelve—five for Paris, and seven for the provinces. The two faculties of theology for the reformed religion at Strasbourg have also twelve professors, who are all fully occupied, whilst those belonging to the state worship are completely inactive. These latter had in the beginning but a small number of pupils; they have now almost none. The report attributes this chiefly to the fact, that one may be a curate, a professor in an ecclesiastical school, or even a bishop, WITHOUT BEING GRADUATED!!! Our readers must have observed, that in all the institutions we have above mentioned, there is no intervention spoken of on the part of the clergy; and, in truth, with education in France they have nothing in reality, and little even nominally to do. M. Cousin, in his work on Germany, speaks of them as if they had been invited, and had refused to participate in the educational efforts making by the country. "In Saxe Weimar," he says, when speaking of primary schools, "the Protestant clergy, the liberators and benefactors of the country, superintend these. In France our clergy *would not* undertake this noble task (*n'a pas voulu ce noble rôle*);" and in another part he says, when speaking of the sluggishness of the priests attached to the colleges, who do nothing but say mass and hear confessions: "Fewer ceremonies, M. le Ministre, and more instruction. I am of opinion that every chaplain should give at least two lectures a-week upon the Christian religion, not to beginners—for them the Catechism and a biblical history suffice—but it is to the pupils of science, rhetoric, and philosophy, that a learned ecclesiastic should address himself. If this were done, and if young persons were made intimately acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, it would not be easy to turn Christianity, its powerful morality, its sublime philosophy, and its glorious history, into ridicule, as is done so universally at present. But for such instruction

the chaplain should be a learned man, and no one should be suffered to hold this position, who has not obtained the grade of bachelor, or even that of licentiate in theology. The progress of impiety and superstition among us is greatly complained of, M. le Ministre, but I must say that we contribute greatly to it ourselves, by suffering religious instruction in our colleges, and even in our faculties of theology, to fall into total neglect." On this subject we must add the expression of our conviction, that theology can never flourish in any civilized enlightened country where Roman Catholicism is predominantly established. It is absurd to believe that priests will teach Christianity *rationaly* and *philosophically*, when this very mode of teaching it would destroy at once all their own creeds and forms, which would fly away like bats before daylight. Popery can only prosper in a sheltering gloom, and its rites and its doctrines are only like the figures portrayed by the fevered eye upon darkness. Even to form priests themselves, it requires peculiar seminaries, peculiar hot-beds of its own, where the mind, by a long course of unnatural influences, is broken in and broken down to intellectual slavery. How, then, is it possible to transport a system of ideas which shuns all contact and collision with other subjects, into the broad meridian of establishments, the most essential virtue of which is to provoke to enquiry and examination? If the thing should be attempted, as Monsieur Cousin suggests, and lectures should be delivered in any manner approaching to a philosophical spirit, we are quite sure that they would be attended with the happy effect of immensely increasing Protestantism in France. But the priesthood, we are convinced, will see the danger, and shun it *instinctively*. According to the old popular saying, one man may lead a horse to water, but a hundred cannot make him drink, so the government may establish professorships of theology, but it surpasses its power to make effective lecturers *against their own wills*. We may as well observe, while we are on this topic, that the fact of there being many Catholics, enlight-

ened and celebrated men, and as remarkable for their religious devotion as for whatever else has gained them renown, should deceive no one, for not one of these has ever dared to pry into that corner of his mind in which his religion is deposited. Though they may be well skilled in polemical discussions and controversies, of the rational grounds, if there be any, of what is peculiar in their faith they are as ignorant as an Irish peasant. Authority in the most absolute manner supersedes reason. Far from explaining the arcana of their bosoms to others, the very thought of examining them for their own satisfaction causes them to shudder with horror. We know of nothing so dreadful, or which so vividly gives intimation of a spiritual power of evil in the universe, as this dark chain with which the spirits of the Papists are bound. Those who are conversant with the works of Pascal and Fénelon, two of the most eminent *Christian* Catholics that ever lived, will discern the bondage we speak of. Even there, the fetter and the hood mark distinctively the whole race. It is a vain thought, therefore, and one which betrays a total ignorance of the nature of Popery in those who entertain it, to suppose that that which can be instilled only by the most subtle influences, favoured by the gloom of mystery, can be openly taught in the fair field of instruction, and by exerting that questioning inquisitiveness which is the presiding genius of such an arena.

We now turn to the medical schools of Paris, Strasbourg, and Montpellier. The two last are represented as deficient in professorships, and as altogether neglecting some of the chief branches of the science, for instance pathology. The schools at Paris are also said to have a very bad system of instruction. The science of medicine is not taught as a whole, but only its details and several branches, separately and unconnectedly. It is, consequently, hardly more liberal than a mechanical trade. There is a special but no general knowledge imparted, and this special knowledge being isolated, the powers of the mind and the judgment are not enlarged, but contracted by a routine of limited details,

which are confined to facts, and altogether neglect theory, from which only new discoveries can arise and actual knowledge be improved. The report proposes that all students of medicine should receive a grade in literature before they are permitted to devote themselves specially to their profession. This happens indeed now, but only *in form*, and it is suggested that this form should be converted into a reality, to the end that the profession be in some degree rendered respectable. The report complains feelingly of the state of degradation in which the sciences exist, and indeed any one who has lived in France, and seen a physician pay his visit for thirty sous or two francs, must have seen that his air, his manners, and his mind, resemble rather those of a shoemaker than of a gentleman. But that under this republican guise the grossest ignorance prevails, we should not have known, though we might have suspected as much, but for the report before us. It mentions a fact, of which we were not previously aware, viz. that health officers (*officiers de santé*), licensed by the government, practise in every town and village of the country, without ever having gone through any regular studies relating to their calling, or to any thing else. It appears that the first revolution, and the war which followed upon it, so thoroughly broke up every peaceful vocation, that there were numerous localities in France utterly without medical aid, and that these worthies were sent by the state to care for the health of its subjects. They have become so numerous that regular practitioners receive much injury from them. It is proposed to abolish this order of functionaries. Another evil mentioned in the report is the great multitudes of young men drawn together into Paris to study medicine, and indeed all the other sciences. The contamination with which these young men mutually infect each other, it is hard for us at home to conceive. They are perfectly independent, having over them no external control. They have nothing to do but to attend certain lectures and to study at home, both only if they please. Their time is perfectly free, and it is almost needless to add, that

the occupation of it in most instances is vicious and corrupting in the extreme. It would not be so bad, however, if they gave way merely to the wild mischievous frolicsomeness and libertinism of advanced boyhood, such as sprout out of our universities and those of Germany; but *boyhood* is a state of being not known in France—the man is at once grafted upon the child; and, instead of the joyous carelessness and prompt impressionability of that beautiful and healthful period of expansion and of growth, we see the principles, the passions, the vices and, it may be, the intellect and virtues of *men* in full exercise before the age of twenty. This gives to the excesses of early life, in Frenchmen, a most virulent malignity. The reasonings of the *philosopher* justify in his own eyes the criminal indulgences of the (in years) boy; and we know not of a set of beings so thoroughly depraved in conduct and principle (as far as we have observed) as the medical students of Paris. We have dwelt emphatically on this point, because there are many parents in England who send their sons to Paris, into the polluted society we have described, that they may study medicine, and profit by the gratuitous lectures that are given. Now we have seen by the Report before us, that the system of instruction in the great medical school is a bad one; and as to the advantage to be derived from lectures (in our opinion the very worst mode of teaching any thing), let us hear what M. Cousin says. “With us,” he writes, “our faculties of science, and of letters, the doors are open to every one. Any one may enter without paying. This at first sight appears admirable, and worthy of a great nation, but what is the result? In the first place, such an auditory is hardly any thing else than the pit of a theatre. One may come in and go out as he pleases, in the middle of a lesson. If the professor does not please the ear, he is listened to with distraction, and generally has before him amateurs rather than real students. Then, again, the professor, who does not lose a single sous by lecturing badly, attaches little importance to his lessons. Or, is he a man who loves fame, and has a great

reputation to keep up? It is to be feared in that case, that despairing of a serious audience, he will be resolved to have a numerous one. With the interests of science, then, it is all over, for he must suit himself to his auditory. A professor who might be serious and instructive for an hundred attentive students, becomes light and superficial to light and superficial auditors. Finally, how much of all this gratuitous instruction remains with the great crowd to whom it is imparted? A confused impression only, which may not be without its utility. But what is this compared with the laborious assiduity of fifty or an hundred students who have paid the lessons of a professor beforehand, and who follow them up, study them, and strive in every way to gather from them advantage, because if they neglect doing so, they will have lost both their money and their time?”

To close our remarks upon public education in France, we will insert here the following passage from Monsieur Cousin's book, which applies generally to all the branches of superior instruction as they are taught in the country, and gives a bird's eye view of the inefficiency of the system actually prevailing. “In this same country” (France), he says, “we see the several faculties which constitute but one German university separated the one from the other, disseminated, as it were, lost in their isolation. Here, we see faculties of science, where there are professorships of physics, chemistry, and natural history, without a faculty of medicine connected with them, and profiting by them; there, faculties of law and faculties of theology, without a faculty of letters, that is to say, without history, without literature, without philosophy. In truth, if it were proposed to give to the mind a cultivation exclusive and false, if the object were to make men of letters frivolous, men of science ignorant of its developments, and scholars without general intelligence; in lieu of lawyers, to form pleaders and attorneys, and instead of theologians, seminarists and abbots, I could point out no surer method to arrive at this fine result than the dissemination and isolation of the faculties. Alas! we

have twenty miserable faculties scattered over the surface of France without any true centre of instruction, as we have a great number of royal courts (*cours royales*) without a magistracy. Let us bestir ourselves, sir, to substitute for these poor faculties of the provinces, every where languishing and dying, certain grand centres of science, few, but well-placed. Let us establish a few complete universities, as in Germany; that is to say, let us bring our five faculties together, that they may communicate to each other mutual aid, mutual light, and a mutual movement of progression."

We have alluded so often to the German system of education in the course of this paper, that we cannot close it without adding a few remarks on that subject. There are many things which distinguish that system, not only from the one which at present prevails in France, but from any which can ever prevail there. 1st, Though superintended and presided over by the state, it is nevertheless *popular*. Every village, every town, every city, forms, from among its own inhabitants, the governing authority of its own institution. No appointment ever comes, even by the remotest influence, from the government. 2d, In the countries where education chiefly thrives, the clergy are *Protestant*. They are always themselves the chief promoters and directors, in every special locality, of the educational movement; Christian knowledge consequently *sanctifies* all profane acquirements, which, without its moral accompaniment, would be pernicious and dangerous. 3d, The states in Germany being many, and the language and nationality but one, even if each several government took education completely into its own hands, this, with reference to the entire nation, could not be called *monopoly*; emulation would exist then, as it does now, among the various states, and counteract the evil effects of that deadening unity of rule which has only one centre of action. (At present the

authority exercised by many of the smaller states, in the matter of education, can be compared to nothing more aptly than to the influence exerted by some wealthy nobleman among ourselves to diffuse instruction over his own particular domains). Now, in all these important points, France can never enjoy the advantages Germany does. She can never render *PUBLIC* education *popular* education. Yet, even with the example of Germany before us, we are not seduced into a general approval of state legislation on this subject. It must be borne in mind, that the constitution of all the Germanic governments, is, in its *genus*, one of absolute monarchy, and that with this form can never co-exist the simultaneous growth of all the classes of the community—the essential requisite for an education perfectly free; and although many things in Germany tend to abate the force of the one unmixed monarchic principle, still, *that* forming the *substance* of the commonwealth, it is necessary not to violate its *generic* character, that the state in all things should take the *initiative*. This is a necessity imposed upon all pure monarchies. France, however, is neither a pure monarchy, nor a democracy, nor a mixed constitution (which latter admits of quite as precise a definition as the other two), but a nondescript compound, and adulteration of all their elements, in fierce contention. It is impossible, therefore, to say when she legislates right or when she legislates wrong. She has no fixed point of reference by which to decide the question; she has no essential *generic* character with which all her institutions should harmonize; no *substance*, as metaphysicians say, to which all other things, as *accidents*, should conform themselves.

Military education does not belong to the ministry of public instruction, but to that of war; we have, therefore, not spoken of any of its establishments, but propose to treat of these separately on some other early occasion.

SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY, AND THE NATURE OF ITS ALLEGORY.

THE rationalist philosophizers of these our utilitarian, march-of-intellect days, deem it the very climax of absurdity to begin the education of a Christian English gentleman with, and indeed to devote a great part of the said education to, the heathen mythology of Greece and Rome; even enchased, as that mythology is, in all the splendours of classic genius. For our own parts, we have never professed ourselves disciples of this would-be rational school; nay, we even own ourselves to be so commonplace as to recollect, without a sneer, our worthy grannam's precept of "Let well alone." Hence it follows of course, that we entertain no very vehement desire to improve, *Anglice* alter, the old-fashioned system of education, which, whatever be its defects or inconsistencies, has turned out a Fox, a Pitt, a Windham, a Canning, to say nothing of a whole galaxy of minor stars, for the sole purpose of trying whether Miss Martineau's Political-Economy-Tales, and all the natural-philosophy-lectures of all the institutions, royal or mechanics, to which this said march of intellect has given birth, will supply us with statesmen superior to my Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, legislators superior to my Lord Brougham, &c. &c. &c. No! We would fain leave things in general as we found them; and are content that our sons and grandsons should read Homer and Virgil, should know more of the battle of Marathon than of that of Blenheim, as their fathers did before them, and should grow up in as profound an ignorance of levers, pistons, and multiplying wheels, of gases, alkaline metals, and all the ologies, as we ourselves enjoyed, until knowledge was forced upon us by the greatest-happiness-principle.

The only censurable point that we can discover in the good old course of tuition, under which our young idea was taught how to shoot, is, that the legends of the classical mythology are learned rather from Ovid than from his Hellenic masters, and that in consequence, nine-tenths of Eng-

lish ordinary scholars think only of Jupiter and Juno, not of Zeus and Here; of Neptune and Ceres, not of Poseidon and Demeter; of Venus and Minerva, not of the golden Aphrodite, and the blue-eyed Pallas Athena, who live far more deeply and vividly in our own imagination.

But whether these deities float on the scholar's fancy by their Greek or their Latin names, in their more or less poetical form float on his fancy they do, and must, associated as they are with all the recollections of his schoolboy days, with the fervid inspiration and aspirations of youth ripening into manhood, but still unchilled by the business of life. Hence, few, we conceive, are the minds in which some species of interest is not awakened by the various speculations to which classical mythology has given rise; whether the mythological theorist, with the passion of philosophy or of love, attempt to establish the identity of things "pretty considerably" dissimilar, lover-like, see the object of his affection there where it is not, or, with more subtly refining intellect, seek every where for abstruse and hidden meanings.

In us such speculations excite the liveliest interest; but interest does not necessarily imply sympathy, still less concurrence in opinion; and far are we from concurring in any of the opinions in question. We are neither dreaming lovers, nor theorising *philosophaters*, but, as before said, plain matter-of-fact grandsons of our matter-of-fact grandams; as such, we really cannot see the divinities of our early love in deities who, to our perception, bear no sort of resemblance to them; and in truth we have sometimes rejoiced that the classical ancients held no such familiar intercourse with India, as might have led them to adopt Juggernaut as the Brahminical name of Jupiter, Pluto, or any other of our old acquaintances. Still we blame not the worshippers of the dwellers on Olympus, for thus having seen their gods where we cannot discover them. That they who believed in

Zeus, or Jupiter and Co., should have concluded that other nations must do the same, even when they met with deities different in names and attributes, was natural enough. It is the adoption of such opinions by those who know both mythologies to be alike fictitious, that offends us; for how can we imagine that nations most unlike each other, should have invented one and the same mythology? Each must surely have conceived divinities adapted to itself.

In fact, when we read that Thor is the Scandinavian Jupiter, Odin the Scandinavian Mercury, &c. &c., we are utterly astounded, an American would say in a *fix*, out of which we can perceive no means of escape except the supposition that either the writer or ourselves must be completely ignorant of the character ascribed to either Jupiter or Thor, to either Odia or Mercury. For our part we can see but two grounds for these strange identifications—one that Thor, to take the pseudo Jupiter first, wields thunder, the other, that the day of the week dedicated by the Romans to Jupiter, *dies Jovis*, was consecrated by the Scandinavians to Thor as Thursday. This last coincidence, however, which seems important, is, we apprehend, purely accidental, at least we are not aware that Thor was in any way connected or associated with the planet Jupiter—if he were, that would be a stronger point of resemblance. To our minds Thor is most unlike Jove—he appears to us an impersonation of brute, or at least material force. He is Odin's son by the Earth, always requires to be guided by the intellect of a more talented deity, but usually extricates the Asa-Gods* from their difficulties by the strength of his arm and his hammer, *i. e.* his thunderbolt. Were we to identify Thor with any of the classic deities it would be with Hercules; and were we to select a Scandinavian counterpart to Jupiter it would be Odin, the chief or king of the Asir, expressively called *Alfauthr*, *i. e.* All-father, the father of gods and men, who has been identified with Mercury for much the same sort of reasons that made

a Jupiter of Thor. There are some very few points of resemblance between them, one of which, by the by, to wit, Odin's connexion with the dead, should from its nature rather assimilate him to Pluto than to Mercury, and that the day dedicated by the Romans to Mercury, *dies Mercurii*, was dedicated to Odin, or Woden, according to the Anglo-Saxon form, as Wednesday. Nevertheless, if we cannot believe Odin to be Mercury, neither do we look upon him as Jupiter. We could better fancy that we see in him the remains, even amidst its corruption, of an original Monotheism. Odin, the father of all, the giver of victory, the lord of Walhalla (that Elysium of departed heroes), the inventor of letters, of poetry, of music, &c. &c., to our minds more resembles a one supreme God, committing various offices to various inferior spirits, as Thor, Tyr, the god of war, Freyr, of fertility, &c., than the mere chief of many gods, each having his especial and separate department. If indeed Odin himself be not a usurper of the title of the true *Alfauthr*, whose deputy only he really is, and who, as we have sometimes suspected when reading the Edda, is the unnamed god who sent heat from *Muspellheim* to bring creation out of chaos (*Ginnungo-gap*), and who will survive the Asa-Gods, including Odin, and the general destruction of this earth and this heaven, predicted in the dreadful *Ragna-rauk*.

But enough of this transference and identification of names. It was not the topic of which we meant to treat, and we turn to our proposed main subject, to wit, the allegorizing of mythology, classic and other. We might say more, for French philosophers have extended the same allegorizing system of exposition to Christianity! But we have no desire to make our pages a vehicle for controversial divinity, still less to diffuse, even by refutation, such opinions, and shall therefore confine our disquisitions to mythology.

We have already honestly avowed our own straightforward, commonplace nature, and we now farther confess frankly, that we, for our

* Asa, Asir in the plural, is a sort of family name of the Scandinavian gods.

part, believe in the amours of Zeus, and the jealousy of Here—we are tired of calling them by their Latinized names—and of our other Olympic friends, with the same simply confiding and enjoying credulity with which, when revelling in Spenser's Faery Queen, we drive all sophistical and barbarous allegory from our thoughts, and believe the Red-Cross Knight to be simply the truest and proudest* of crusading knights-errant, and Una the purest of mortal maids, escorted and guarded, as matter of course, by a lion, from that king of beasts' natural respectful tenderness for virginity. And, indeed, but for some such efficient and unsuspectable guardian, we do not well see how a forlorn maiden could safely traverse the world, either without or with her devoted knight.

Other scholars are not, we well know, of so credulous a temper as ourselves. They who can believe Petrarch's Laura to have meant Catholicism or the Pope, we forget, and, to say truth, care not greatly which, may well regard Una, her Red-Cross Knight, her rival the false Duessa, and her lion, as a set of abstractions. Nor can it be matter of surprise if those who thus rob the most faithful of modern lovers of his mistress, and disembody the personages of the sweetest and most delightful of our native poems, should likewise endeavour to rob the deities of Homer and Ovid of their individuality, extending their *anti-anthropomorphism* to all the Divinities of all known nations and religions. We probably hardly need tell our readers, that there are professed Œdipuses, who explain the mysteries of all creeds into astronomical, or, yet worse, into gaseous, *i. e.* chemical allegories, and expound the conjugal dissensions of Zeus and Here to be nothing more than the conjunction or opposition of certain stars, or some atmospheric effects of a thunder storm.

Now, against what may be called *astrolatria*, or open and honest Sabæanism, we have little to say. The worship of the sun, moon, and stars is, to our apprehension, intelligible

and natural. To men unacquainted with the Creator of those luminaries, they, in their brilliancy and exaltation, above all the sun, in his dazzling radiance, his genial heat, may well appear the creators, sustainers, and rulers of the universe. But what we cannot conceive, and herein we agree with the Danish *savant*, whom we are about to introduce to our readers, is the attempt to ennoble, by allegorizing, humanizing, and thus surely lowering these glorious heavenly bodies. We hold that they must be worshipped, if at all, as they are, in their visible, sensible brightness, not hidden under the name of Jupiter, Odin, or Brahma. Sabæanism we therefore avouch to be altogether unconnected with the allegorizing theory of our aversion, to which we now return.

If we shrink with poetically pious horror from the desecration of our school divinities, with what additional filial abhorrence do we not recoil from the assailants of the gods of our Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian forefathers, from interpreters who turn the Asa gods into showers, winds, or signs of the zodiac, and the touching tale of Ballder's fate into a fanciful description of the summer solstice! Yet that such heartless interpreters have lived, and written, and published, and have even been occasionally read, we know to our cost. Judge then, gentle and, we doubt not, sympathizing reader, with what delight we learned that a kindred spirit, a remote kinsman indeed, an erudite Dane, had arisen as the champion alike of Zeus and of Odin, of Aphrodite and of Freya! Not, indeed, that his championship goes as far as we could have wished, to restore to those much wronged deities their individuality, but at least to dis sever them from a dishonoured *astrolatria*, and to dignify their allegorical character.

Of this champion, N. F. S. Grundtvig, we must say a few prefatory words, inasmuch as he is in himself a somewhat remarkable person. He was bred a sectarian of that sect which Germans and Danes, or ra-

* For *proudest*, see Spenser.

ther perhaps those sectarians themselves, denominate Rational Theologians, but at an early age was converted to the established religion of Denmark, namely, Lutheranism; and he first appeared in the field of literature as a vigorous and orthodox polemic in divinity. The profoundly learned Germans do not, indeed, esteem Grundtvig a thoroughly grounded theologian; but even they hold him qualified to discuss such subjects, and his acquired knowledge, when combined with his great natural abilities, is held sufficient to render him a distinguished writer; whilst it must be stated, to the credit of his moral character, that, upon the sincerity of his conversion, or the purity of its motives, not a shadow of suspicion has ever been cast. The merits of his sermons and theological writings procured him, in the year 1822, an appointment as pastor to a Copenhagen parish. But he did not long retain this office. He is generally somewhat violent in his polemical character, and the virulence with which he assailed the orthodoxy of a work published three years afterwards by Clausen, Professor of Theology at the Copenhagen University, was such as to provoke an appeal to the tribunals of justice on the part of his opponent. The professor obtained a favourable verdict, and Grundtvig lost his benefice. We cannot call in question a religious zeal thus vehement in its workings; yet neither can we believe that the ex-preacher greatly regretted a result which left him at liberty to devote his time and thoughts more completely to the history, mythology, and literature of the Scandinavians and Anglo-Saxons, which last he esteems the first of the cognate nations in spirit of life as in literature. Of Grundtvig's diligence in this department, it may suffice to say, that, in addition to his work upon Northern Mythology—of which presently—and several original poems upon the *Hero-life* of the North, he has translated—or shall we say rendered? for his version is, we are told, “free and genial”—into Danish, the Latin and Icelandic histories of Denmark and Norway, by Saxo Grammaticus and Snorro Sturleson; as also a variety of Scan-

dinavian poems, and the Anglo-Saxon epic, Beowulf, recently made known, by name at least, to the British public through the successful labours of the most distinguished of our English Anglo-Saxon scholars, Mr John Kemble, a worthy descendant of his gifted family. Further, Grundtvig at one time undertook to edit, in London, all our Anglo-Saxon MSS., under the title of *Bibliotheca Anglo-Saxonica*; but this enterprise, we believe, proved a failure.

We now turn to that one of his books which has produced most literary sensation in Denmark, and, by attracting our attention, has given rise to these remarks. It is entitled “*Norden's Mythologi, eller Sindbildet-Sprog* ;” *Anglicé*, “The North's Mythology, or Symbolical Language,” and has a twofold purpose; namely, to change and elevate, as before hinted, the received opinions touching the allegory concealed under mythological lore, and to put down that object of his especial detestation, Roman-Italian, or Italico-Roman learning, substituting in its stead a Greco-Norse, or New Danish. This Italico-Roman learning, or Roman yoke, he reprobates mainly, it should seem, from the circumstance of Latin being a dead language; for, *mirabile dictu*, our voluminous writer disdains the pen, placing all power of argument or of persuasion in the living voice; and one reason for his preference of Greek and Norse is their reflected or ghost-like life, in the resemblance borne them by the living Romaic and Icelandic languages. He, however, further holds the Greeks and Scandinavians to be the only naturally and rationally developed nations with which we are acquainted.

We shall now offer our readers a specimen of the manner in which this most original and polemical author defends his own theories, and impugns those of his antagonists; and if the eager bitterness of his style upon subjects which, however pleasing to our fancy, have no vital hold upon our essential interests, provokes a smile, it may likewise teach us to commiserate the luckless professor of theology, who incurred its sarcastic virulence

upon points importing his welfare or perdition here and hereafter. Grundtvig thus declares war against Latin:—

“I aver, first, that in no country is this Italic-Roman erudition so firmly rooted as in England. I aver further, that it is not worth preserving, because it stands up in enmity against all actual life in the spiritual (or intellectual) world; and therefore, so far from leading to any elucidation of life and spirit, it has, on the contrary, all its days, except during the few moments that Luther yoked it to the triumphal car of intellect, led to national death, and spiritual abrogation.

“Finally, I aver, that if we contemplate the intellectual world with *Northman eyes* in the light of Christianity, we may then gain a notion of a universal historical developement of an art and science, comprehending the whole of human life, with all its powers, conditions, and operations; and which, emancipating, strengthening, and enlightening every thing connected with the temporal welfare of the individual, the nation, or the human race, must necessarily lead to the most complete interpretation of life that upon earth is possible. This Greco Norse, or New-Danish developement of life and intellectual creation it is that gives to those northern *Myths*,* in which the germ has been preserved, an importance to human history, and it is of this species of knowledge that I would here give a sketch, as well in itself as in its opposition to the Italic-Roman life-tormentor and intellect-consumer.

“It is a historical fact, that almost all Roman literature, especially Roman belles-lettres, was imitated. * * Now, what sort of erudition could grow out of such a literature, when, moreover, Latin had become the corpse of a dead language, was easy to guess; but this erudition dies hard. Heavy is the Roman yoke in all its forms; as the chains of the Roman Cæsars, as the crosier of the Roman Pope, as the birch rod in the hand of the Latin schoolmaster. The chains it was the vocation of the

Northmen and the Germans to burst; the crosier it was their pleasure to snap; but the rod they have reverently kissed, although it was perhaps the most dangerous, most pernicious weapon in the disguised homicide's hand, since it frightened the mothers out of their lives, and whipped the children out of theirs, till no men were left to break it.”

We now turn to the more pleasing object of the enthusiastic Dane's volume, and will endeavour to exhibit his theory in his own words. But, as he no where presents it in a fully developed system, it will, perhaps, be more readily intelligible if we briefly explain before hand, that Grundtvig considers all mythology as metaphysical allegory, resting upon a philosophical view of human nature, chiefly in the social condition; different mythologies typifying such views differently, according to the various temperament and spirit of the several nations of the earth—Greek mythology, *e. g.*, symbolizing the progress of political society, Scandinavian the spirit of martial heroism.

“If we would learn from history the progress of human developement, we must take enlarged views, wherein a little more or less will make no difference; for who can doubt that, *relatively*, the whole of *Antiquity* was the age of *imagination*, the *Middle Ages* that of *feeling*, and *Modern Times* that of the *understanding* or of *reflection*? Accordingly, is not the literature of antiquity clearly the most poetical, that of the middle ages the most historical, and that of modern times the most philosophical? If we now refer this to our daily experience, we find that, *relatively*, *imagination* always prevails in *youth*, *feeling* in *manhood*, and the *understanding* in *old age*. And as every given nation is only a union of individuals, and a portion of mankind, we might know, *a priori*, that every nation must really have followed the same course, although deficient information, or particular circumstances of perplexity, may make the traces fainter amongst one people than another.

* The Germans have adopted this word, which we take as appropriate, fable bearing a different signification.

“Mean while, had the moderns, who undertook to expound the ancients, possessed a scientific spirit, they would have devoted their whole attention to the Greeks, the only one of the ancient *natural nations*” (he considers the Israelites and the Romans as artificial nations) “that is historically known through the whole period of development,—that is to say, the five hundred years that separate Solon from Augustus; and it would then be seen that, *relatively*, the time *before* Solon belonged wholly to the imagination, that feeling reigned *between* him and Alexander, and *after* Alexander the understanding.”

This system is, however, most agreeably developed in its application to mythological legends, and we will now give our author's version of a classical *myth*. He begins by telling the tale; and this we could perhaps do more concisely, more to the taste of our countrymen; but Grundtvig's manner is so idiosyncratic that really to alter his style seems much like destroying his identity; wherefore, as we have a fancy for making our readers well acquainted with him, we shall still content ourselves with the humbler task of translating and cutting out

“Chronos* was the son of Uranos† and Ge,‡ and when he was deposed, his three well-known sons divided the world amongst themselves, the earth excepted, which they seem to have forgotten. Zeus took heaven, Poseidon the sea, and Aides, or Pluto, the realm of shades, which Northmen call Hell, by which, however, we understand a region not of heat but of cold. Pluto seems to have been of our mind; he, therefore, resolved to share his cold, empty grandeur with a warm beauty, and his choice fell upon the lovely Persephone,§ daughter of Zeus and Demeter. * * * He surprised her whilst innocently gathering lilies, and she wept bitterly during her compelled elopement, although carried off in a golden chariot. Her mother's earnest entreaties obtained for her permission to visit the earth,

or perhaps only Olympus, every spring and summer; and there, by Zeus, in the form of a snake, she became the mother of Zagreus, who is likewise called Bacchus. * * * I will now intrust the reader with my notion as to what could so inspire the old poets and their Greek bearers in favour of these *Chronides*, upon whom they lavished what they had not to give, the whole world, and divinity.

“Methinks I see the blind old mythologist * * * He stands amidst the Isthmian games, with drooping head, wrinkled brow, and snow-white hair, listening to the flowery lay of a young poet who sings the triumphant conqueror in the pride of his manhood; and I read in the old man's countenance how human life floats before him as a sweet dream, from which it is bitter to awaken with only the lifeless shadows remaining of infancy's gladness, of youth's sparkling eyes and bold flight, of manhood's energetic step and conquering glance, in wise, but dark, cold, powerless age.

“But see, the old man's face suddenly brightens as when the clouds divide on an autumn day, and the rainbow shows how sweetly the sunbeams bathe in the shower. It has flashed like lightning upon the old man, that what he mourns is the lot of his kind, that it is really the same life which grows old in one generation, and is again young in the next. * * * He rises amidst the listening circle, and sings with deep but calm inspiration, how wonderfully, pathetically, and beautifully the divine is mirrored in the mortal. * * *

“Something like this it must have been that inspired the bard and the people for the *Chronides*, as the genil of human life, for they are young gods these offspring of the aged poet, these fruits of inspiration's second youth in poesy's old age. This explanation gives unity to the myth, and with it all the names agree, from Chronos, Time, to Zagreus, the Solacer.‖ No wonder that Zeus deposes Chronos, usurps Heaven, is the father of gods

* Saturn.

† Heaven.

‡ Earth.

§ Proserpine.

‖ Whence this interpretation? According to the Hederici Lexicon, Zagreus means one who makes abundant captures.

and heroes, with the thunder for his weapon and the eagle for his bird; so it is with imagination, the spirit of youth. That the ocean was to the Greeks the symbol of feeling is evident from its being the mother of both Achilles and Aphrodite; and so it still is to us in storm and in calm; but it was the tempestuous passion which silences all other feelings, that the Greeks deified in Poseidon, as his name and history indicate. Lastly, Pluto is the same with Plutus (the rich), and derives his other name, Aides, from the irksome satiety, *i. e.* weariness of life, or from that solving quality which characterises the understanding's chief action, and from the shadowiness belonging to ideas that want actual reality. * * * Naturally, he has no child by Persephone, because the understanding is father only of shadows, and it is to an especial union of the imagination with the understanding, that the historico-poetical view of life, old age's consolation, owes its birth. Imagination twines in snaky coils round the understanding, like the vine around the elm, when Zagreus, the Solacer, the intellectual grape, is to be produced. || * * *

"Would you know, reader, how a beautiful myth can lose its significance? Only think away its spirit, and immediately Zeus is the air, Demeter the earth, Persephone the green sward, the snake a vine-tendrill, Zagreus a bunch of grapes; and you are at a loss only with Pluto, who becomes nothing at all."

But dearly as Grundtvig loves Hellenic lore, it is to the north that his soul is devoted, and thither we must now accompany him, regretting that we have left ourselves little room to illustrate his Scandinavian views, especially as we would fain squeeze in a word of another Northern antiquary. Again Grundtvig shall speak for himself:—

"As it is in the grove of Mamre, under Abraham's tent, that we learn to know the pastoral life, and in Greece that we find political life, as they both naturally fashion themselves when their spirit is present, so is it in the North that we find upon

the dark sea the cradle of the intellectual hero-life, for the warfare with the boisterous tempest and with the foaming waves is the most natural that the human spirit can wage, and becomes bloody when the battle demands a sacrifice. * * * So shall it be manifest that our old Norse warriors possessed both intellect and heart, although heroic ballads and the sword expressed their highest art, and proverbs all their wisdom. Evidently they left it to their latest posterity to adorn and explain their lives, because they felt inly that their great energies were given them in order to achieve great deeds, and thus lead lives which it should be worth while to investigate.

"Could we but comprehend how it happens that the maritime powers, which are the least calculated for making conquests, are the best adapted for extending and protecting the world of intellect, we should feel the deepest veneration for the indisputable testimony of all times, that this is actually the case. Even in the middle ages, that bright era of land forces, if we do but suppose the absence of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans from the page of history, its spirit is at once gone, and there is not one new popular world to be found from the Baltic to the Atlantic. * * *

"It is not difficult to conjecture why the historical warrior spirit chose the sea for its element—for the theatre of its great deeds; for the warfare between wind and wave is the only natural image of the warfare peculiar to the human spirit, and the seaman's life is this warfare's cradle. Besides, in naval battles the individual man is less, the social human spirit more, than on land, whence it follows, that individual ambition or selfishness has less to gain at sea, and is compelled to veil itself under cares for the general interests. * * *

"Asa Thor is the warrior spirit's mythic name, which men in jest, but only brutes in earnest, have called John Bull; his life proves the assertion. England has no one man to compare with Martin Luther, who must therefore be deemed typified

|| But, friend Dane, it is understanding's wife, not understanding, who gives birth to Zagreus. Or are husband and wife actually identical with you?

in Tyr, the god of duelling, because, as before said, on land it is the individual, at sea the general spirit, that gains power and honour. * * *
Asa-life is the hero-life deified."

From our author's numerous separate exemplifications of his principle, we must select one or two. Of the NORNIR, the Scandinavian fates, he says—

"It is with the *Nornir* as with *Chronides*, if we have once made their acquaintance we are in no danger of forgetting them, for we meet them in life wherever we turn. The *Nornir* bear to the *Chronides* the like relation as history to human nature, or as intellectual activity to strength. Thus the *Urda-well* answers to *Chronos*, (how a well can answer to a man or a god we confess puzzles us,) *Urd*, herself, to *Zeus*, *Werdan* to *Poseidon*, and *Skuld* to *Pluto*." (We must here explain that *Urd*, *Werdan*, or *Werthandi*, and *Skuld*, the names of the *Nornir*, are generally understood, from the forms of grammar, to mean the past, the present, or coming into existence, and the future.) "For it is always in *middle age*, during the warfare of stormy passion, that relations become strangely involved, as is apparent in the *Middle Ages of Universal History*. But the northern is of deeper meaning than the *Chronos-myth*; mirrored only in human life, it expresses Divine Providence, which fashions a drama not ending with death and disentanglement, but finding its elucidation in eternal life, and uninterrupted splendour."

But perhaps the ash *Yggdrasil*, where the *Nornir* sit by their *Urda-well*, affords the best detached specimen of our author's views, and of the mythology itself.

"The Gods hold their assembly, or tribunal of justice, under the ash *Yggdrasil*, the tallest and finest of trees, whose branches spread over the world and reach to heaven. It has three roots, that lie far apart,—the one reaches to *Asgard*, (the abode of the *Asir*); the second to the *Giant-realm*, where erst was *Ginnunga-gap*; and the third to *Niflheim*, (the icy region, north of *Ginnunga-gap*). Under the last, in the fountain *Hvergelmir*, lies the dragon *Nidhaugr*, and gnaws the root. Under the *Giant's* root is the well of wisdom, of which *Mimir* is

lord; under the *Asa-root* the far holier *Urda-well*. In the branches sits an eagle of great wisdom, with a hawk named *Veirlöfner* between his eyes. The squirrel *Ratatosk* springs up and down the tree, making mischief betwixt the eagle and the dragon. Four stags, *Daain*, *Dvalin*, *Dunner*, and *Dyrathror*, leap at the boughs and bite off the buds, whilst *Nidhaugr*, with more serpents than tongue can name, gnaws the root. The *Nornir* daily pour water from their *Urda-fountain*, and the white mud from its banks—for its waters turn every thing that they touch white—over the ash, to preserve the freshness of its leaves. Upon the *Urda-fountain* swim two white swans, the parents of all earthly swans.

* * * * *
"If we are now told that the ash *Yggdrasil* means not spirit, but merely air; that the leaves are clouds, the deer winds, &c. &c.; this does not even agree with the whole of the description, and is both poetically and historically impossible. For it is the very essence of symbolical language, not to typify the visible by the invisible, or the present by the absent, but the direct reverse; the most miserable poetaster in existence would not, when he means fire say love, or spirit when he means wind. * * * * * If a poet be inspired by the rising sun or the roaring ocean, or other natural phenomena, it is not merely by what he sees or hears, but either by the immediate action of the phenomena; or by the series of thoughts associated therewith. Never, therefore, will he conceal, under obscure and enigmatical words, the prodigious mystery that sometimes it is light, sometimes dark, sometimes hot, especially in summer, &c.

* * * * *
"But to look upon *Yggdrasil* as an emblem, even of the really mysterious influences of nature, is historically wrong; because the Norse spirit was clearly historical, and the whole description refers to the history of human life. The very situation of the ash over the fountains of *Urd* and of *Mimir*, and yet more, the *Nornir's* care to preserve it fresh and green until *Ragna-rauk*, forbids our thinking of any other signification than the great struggle

between *life* and *death*, continuing from generation to generation, not ineffectively on the part of death, but yet on the whole to the advantage of life.

* * * * *

“A tree is no unusual image of a family, and Yggdrasil is the emblem of the whole human family. The threefold root explains all contrasts, typifying the three moral classes of men,—namely, the virtuous (*the children of the Gods*), the active for worldly objects (*the children of the Giants*), and the wicked and indolent (*the kindred of Hela*).† * *

“The eagle is the emblem of the human mind in its loftiest flight; the squirrel is temptation, closely connected, of course, with the serpents. * * * The stags that greedily devour the young buds, are the wild passions that consume life’s energies, and to this the number agrees, for there are four classes of passion, to wit, the passions for power, for fame, for riches, and for pleasure.”

To this we may briefly subjoin, that the Urda-well is, according to Grundtvig, the spring of prophecy; its droppings, in honey-dew, from the leaves of Yggdrasil, poetry; and Mimir’s fountain of wisdom, experience.

We must now say a word or two of the other expounder of mythological allegory to whom we have already alluded. This is Dr F. J. Mone, Professor of History at the University of Heidelberg. Upon him we shall not bestow as much time as upon his Danish fellow-labourer, because, in the first place, German speculations are not as new to our readers as Danish; and, in the second, Mone’s genuine German mysticism would, we apprehend, quickly weary them. We propose to take from his two volumes ‡ merely so much as may answer our purpose of exhibiting the spirit in which these matters are treated, as well in Germany as in modern Scandinavia.

Mone is so far from rejecting the astronomical hypothesis, that he ac-

tually makes the Asa-gods into the signs of the zodiac, through which Odin, as the sun, passes, in the several adventures narrated in the Edda. But with this chilling allegory he blends a second moral or metaphysical allegory, without, however, working the two out into one complete whole, and he takes for the principle of each, dualism, or contrast and generation. This we will endeavour to illustrate by a few short extracts touching the reader’s acquaintance, the ash Yggdrasil. Of course we do not extract Mone’s description, as it would be but a repetition of that already given, to which we refer the reader.

“This *saga*, or legend, begins with a great thought, the judicial power of the gods, for organic life is upheld by order and law, because it is half of a spiritual nature, which must curb and govern itself. The gods, being the spiritual part of the planetary world, are the judges. The idea of law arises with and from organic nature; the inorganic, as mere matter, has no law, and belongs to the giant race, whose characteristic falsehood forms the contrast to law, and therefore is *truth* the foundation of law. * * * Therefore in the holy ash rests law, divine and human. * * *

“Here, likewise, is the idea of a greater and a lesser world apparent. Man is an ash, so is Yggdrasil—a day is a miniature year—the Asir are month-gods in the year, hour-gods in the day, every where regulators and judges in the sacred number *twelve*. Three roots, three fountains, three Nornir, give the important *nine*, which the addition of the three creators of men, connected therewith, again make into the *twelve*. * * * The stem on which earthly life buds and blossoms draws its nourishment from three sources, night, earth, and heaven; that is to say, organic life is the history of creation in miniature. Night, in the Teutonic creed,|| is the beginning

† The Goddess of Death and of the Infernal Regions.

‡ *Geschichte des Heidenthums im Nördlichen Europa* (History of Heathenism in Northern Europe), 2 vols. 8vo.

|| Teutonic now, as Gothic of old, is the generic appellation of the German and Scandinavian nations. Germans usually employ it, while Scandinavians prefer the term *Norse* or Northern, as being confined to themselves, and thus giving them a kind of superiority.

and the end of all things—night is the idea of nothingness, and therefore strives to annihilate. Hence the snake Nidhaugr gnaws the root that lies in Hvergelmir—the dragon is the nocturnal essence or *ens*, the evil, the destroying being, and here again lies a great moral principle.” (To make this principle intelligible it must be stated that *nid*, in old Norse, meant wickedness, and in the modern Scandinavian tongues is baseness or envy—in German *neid* is envy). * * * “The serpent Nidhaugr is the impersonation of guilt—envy gnaws the roots of the tree of moral life. * * *

“The Urda-fountain is the emblem of incipient existence, of birth. * * * Human life is derived from the gods, for the Urda-fountain is in Heaven, and the Asir created man, but human life is also allied to night and matter, for Yggdrasil has other roots in *Niflheim* and in *Ginnunga-gap*.
* * * * *

“Birth and woman are inseparable ideas, therefore are the guardians of the Urda-fountain, the *Nornir*, women. * * * Water and milk were associated ideas in our forefathers’ creed. * * * The white colour given to every thing by the Urda-fountain, should it not refer to the innocence of the new-born babe? * * * Is it not intimately connected with the Northern doctrine of regeneration, of a future life?
* * * * *

“The swan upon the Urda-fountain may be the soul at its birth—the eagle in the branches the matured spirit that has soared on high. * * * The hawk between his eyes, from under whose wings proceed the winds, seems to me an emblem of the internal sense, or consciousness. The enmity between the eagle and the snake explains itself. The squirrel is the double-tongued flatterer who leaves neither any rest, the passion that destroys body and soul. Many are the evil inclinations of man, many the snakes under Yggdrasil, whose names seem to be those of the different vices. The deer and their names are the counterpart to these snakes—they are the maladies of the mind, to wit, stupidity, frenzy, timidity, restlessness—they devour the green leaves, which are wholesome thoughts. * * * The doctrine of the world-tree Yggdra-

sill needs no panegyric, it is above praise.”

We doubt that readers less filially enthusiastic Scandinavianites than Grundtvig, Mone, and, must we confess it, ourselves, will have had more than enough of these allegories, and we will now endeavour to reward the patience of those who shall have accompanied us thus far, and perhaps to lure them to sympathize in our Scandinavianism, by ending with our favourite Asa legend. But this, from pure love, we shall take leave to free from the Dane’s violence and the German’s mysticism, telling it in our own way.

Balder, the god of the Sun, and, according to various mythologists, of goodness, of eloquence, and of sound judgment, was the son of Odin and his wife Frigga, the king and queen of the Asir. He was young and beautiful, beloved of gods and men, and called the White Asa, to express his purity—the whitest of flowers was, in the Norse tongue, named Baldrian, from its supposed resemblance to him. Mone, who, since he makes Odin the sun, cannot consider Balder as the sun-god, deems him the personification of the religion of light.

This most amiable of Asa-Gods was troubled once upon a time with fearful dreams, and the Asir, alarmed at the most remote possibility of a threatening of evil to Balder, assembled to deliberate upon the ill omen. They first consulted the giantesses, many of whom possessed the gifts of prophecy, *Scoticé*, were *spæwives*. The giantesses declared that the dreams boded the early and violent death of the dreamer. It will be remembered that the Asir are not eternal, though reasonably long-lived—they are to perish with this world, at Ragna-Rauk, in a dreadful conflict with the Powers of Evil. The Asir then resolved, in order to avert the predicted doom, to require the oath of all creation not to injure Balder, and his mother Frigga, as the person most interested, was commissioned thus to bind over all nature to keep the peace towards her son. Frigga executed her office with maternal solicitude. From fire and water, from iron and all other metals, from rock and stone, from tree and herb, from beast and bird, from fish and reptile, from

disease and from poison, she obtained their oaths not to harm Ballder.

The danger now seemed so thoroughly annihilated, that the relieved Asir were inclined to disport them with their past fears and present security; and, as a mode of honouring Ballder, they flung at him all the now innoxious instruments of death. Whilst they were thus engaged, Loke, the evil spirit, passed by; and, surprised at what he saw, assumed the figure of an old woman, respectfully accosted Frigga, and humbly asked the meaning of the strange scene. The Asa queen, deceived by his transformation, gave the explanation desired; when the seeming crone, with an affectation of anxious sympathy, enquired further—"But are you perfectly secure? Have you omitted nothing?"—The goddess-mother answered, with a smile, "Every thing in nature has sworn to respect my son, except, indeed, that poor, feeble creeper, to the west of Walhalla, called the Mistletoe, which I thought too young to take an oath."

This was enough for Loke. The old woman took her leave; and he, in his own shape, gathering the mistletoe, approached the joyous Asir. He found Ballder's blind brother, Hoder, standing idle and melancholy without the circle, and enquired why he did not, like the rest, honour Ballder by proving the forbearance of all nature towards him.—"Alas!" said Hoder, "gladly would I do honour to my dear brother; but neither have I any thing to throw, nor can I see where he is."—"You must nevertheless do him honour," rejoined Loke. "You shall fling this soft twig, and I will direct your aim." The blind Asa flung the mistletoe. The weak but unsworn stalk pierced the bosom at which it was cast, and Ballder fell dead to the ground.

The consternation and despair of the Asir were great as their previous joy, and they stood confounded at this unlooked-for catastrophe. Loke immediately disappeared; but even had he not thus fled from retributive justice, the scene of the Asa sports was a recognised sanctuary,

not to be violated. The first restored to consciousness was Frigga, whose thoughts were turned not to vengeance, but remedy. She asked who would do her bidding, ride to the abode of Hela, and offer her such a ransom for Ballder as might ensure his release. Hermod, a servant of Odin's, undertook the message, and upon Odin's eight-legged horse, Sleipnir, rode to Hela's mansion. There he alighted, and, entering her hall, saw Ballder seated in the post of honour.

Hermod addressed the infernal goddess, described to her the deep, the universal grief caused by the loss of the White Asa, and implored her to accept a ransom, and allow him to return to *Asgard*.* Hela replied, "Give me proof that Ballder is thus universally beloved. Let the whole world, living and dead, weep for him, and I will accept these tears as ransom. He shall then return to *Asgard*. But should any thing whatever refuse, he remains with me."

Hermod hastened with his answer to *Asgard*, and messengers were forthwith despatched to traverse the world, and solicit the tears of all creation for Ballder. Their mission prospered. Gods and spirits, giants, dwarfs, and men, birds and beasts, fishes and reptiles, earth, stone, and metal, tree, shrub, herb, flower, all wept freely for Ballder. The messengers were returning triumphantly to *Asgard*, when they espied a witch sitting upon the brow of a rock, whose tears had not yet been solicited. The foul hag announced herself as Tokke; and when requested to weep for Ballder, replied in the following stanza, which we translate as a sample of the alliterative metre of the Edda:—

"For Ballder,
Now bier-borne,
Tearless, dry-eyed
Tokke weeps.
Wailing, he wins not,
Wan or ruddy;
Hela, that has,
May hold him."

No one doubted but that this hard-hearted, *pseudo* Tokke was

* *Asgard* may be called the Scandinavian Olympus, without incurring our reprehension of such transference or translation of names.

Loke again transformed; but whoever the refuser might be, the refusal was sufficient to seal Ballder's fate. The mourning Asir proceeded to celebrate his obsequies, when another proof of the love he inspired occurred. His wife Nanna, when she saw the husband of her affections laid upon the funeral pile, broke her heart, fell dead by his side, and was burned with him.

Ballder is one of the very few Asir destined to survive, or rather to revive, after the dreadful Ragna-Rauk, and to rule the new and far

more beautiful world that will rise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of this old world of ours.

We will not spoil our own pleasure in this legend, by recording any of the allegorical meanings imputed to it. We have given several clues by which the reader that will may evaporate it into abstractions, gases, or natural history; but we would fain hope that some will read it, like ourselves, in the same happy, trusting temper in which we turn to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

THE SHIP.

WHERE art thou going, mighty ship?
Thy sails are on the wind,
And the ocean, with a roaring sweep,
Is racing on behind.

The sea-birds wheel above thy mast,
And the waters fly below,
And the foaming billows, flashing fast,
Are leaping up thy prow,

And midst the clouds thy fluttering
flag
Is streaming strong and well,
As if to bid yon beacon crag
A last and gay farewell.

Where art thou going? "Far away,
To seek a distant shore—
Gaze ye upon me while ye may,
You will not see me more.

"My flag is dancing in the sky,
My sails are on the breeze,
And the wild bird screams exultingly,
As we bound along the seas.

"A hundred guns are on my deck,
And a thousand men below—
And my wings are spread without a
speck,
As white as driven snow.

"Gaze while ye may—ye can but see
My panoply and pride—
Ye can but hear the hissing sea
Dashed gaily from my side.

"Hush! bootless sobs and yearning
sighs,
Ye broken hearts be still,
Lest yonder landsman's envious
eyes
Dream we have aught of ill—

"Lest he should think of care or wo
Amidst our gallant crew,
Or souls that hear the blithe winds
blow,
With cheeks of ashen hue.

"Hurrah! hurrah! our homes we quit,
And those who are therein—
Will they be safe and standing yet,
When we cross the waves again?

"Hurrah! hurrah! a glorious land
Is rising far away—
What grave upon that stranger strand
Shall wrap our unknown clay?

"Hurrah! hurrah! beneath our keel
A thousand fathoms sleep—
And fleets are there—but with hearts
of steel
We'll gaily o'er them sweep.

"On—on—the worm is at our heart,
But the shout upon our lip—
And who shall play the craven's part
In our proud and gallant ship?

"And who shall let the groan be heard
Which lips are gnawed to save—
Or the tears be seen, that, without
a word,
Are falling on the wave?

"On, on—the sea-birds heed us not—
And the shores are sinking fast—
And scarce the landsman from his cot
Can see our lessening mast—

"But sighs him as he turns away
To trim his evening hearth,
That aught should be so proud and
gay
Without one care of earth."

THE EVENING BREEZE.

JOB, v. 6, 7.

Blow on, blow on, thou soft and evening breeze !
 The dim-seen bat around my head is wheeling ;
 And stars are twinkling through the leafy trees,
 And darker shadows o'er the waters stealing—
 While thou art wandering on the pathless seas,
 Where there are none to meet, oh soft and evening breeze !

I see thee not—and yet I trace thy wing
 On the slow rippling ocean, till it seems
 My eye could shape thee forth a living thing,
 Bright as are floating round a poet's dreams,
 Sylph-like, with waving plumes and golden hair,
 Fashioned as mortal man, and yet as angel fair.

And yet thou art but one, and many more
 Are dwelling with thee in the summer's sky—
 Whose haunts are in the woods, and murmuring shore,
 Midst shades where morning dew's the latest lie,
 Forms that do sleep unseen in woodland vales,
 And grotts and mountain heights, where the lone eagle sails.

Their feet are not as thine, but blithe and gay,
 O'er flowery lawns, and flashing waters glancing,
 Waking with songs the sleep of young-eyed day,
 And linked hand in hand before him dancing,
 Or to a sweet and holy calm resign'd,
 Sailing above in air on some lone cloud reclined.

Oh blither far than thou ! Thy wing is slow,
 Weary and flagging, as with wanderings long ;
 And thy voice whispers wailings sad and low,
 As sick with many a sight of ill and wrong ;
 And thou dost leave the land and seek the sea,
 As if—oh never more earth and man's works to see !

Blow on ! blow on ! there spreads the ocean waste,
 And waves to echo back thy weary moan—
 Tracks which the step of man has ne'er defaced,
 And isles that never heard a human groan ;
 Where on some coral beach, or spice-hung steep,
 All pure and sinless dreams shall lull thy noontide sleep.

And we must linger here. Oh ! not for man
 Wings, or the roaming of the pathless air,
 Lest we should burst beyond our prison's span,
 Sick'ning at earthly sin, and pain, and care—
 And fly to some lone island, all apart,
 To pour our love, and soothe our sad and weary heart.

For who would wait to hear the groans that swell
 From this dark lazar-house of pain and death ?
 Who sit with sorrow in its midnight cell,
 Hanging to catch some loved one's dying breath ?
 Who stand by yawning graves and desert homes,
 If we might fly where pain and sorrow never comes ?

Alas ! the sun is bright, and the young earth
 Springs up to hail it with a joyous lay ;

And the birds carol in their sinless mirth,
 And we at times look up as blithe as they—
 Oh that our eye alone should look beneath,
 And see the ghastly skull our brightest blossoms wreath!

Oh that to us alone dimness should blend
 With the blue sky, and passions wild, and fears
 Mar heaven's own lay—and deepest gladness end,
 E'en as our pains, venting itself in tears!
 And we, like exiles in a festal room,
 Sit owning all is sweet—yet sweeter far at home.

Oh wherefore, but that man may onwards press
 Through the drear desert, and that dews may sink
 Into our chastened hearts to soothe and bless—
 And sadness all our souls in fondness link,
 And we cling closer to our unseen God,
 Than if in pride and joy a glorious earth we trod.

There where the dreams of life are breaking up,
 And widow'd hearts, weary with tears, are sleeping!
 And sickness lifts to God its bitter cup,
 Tearful, yet firm in smiles, and eyes are weeping
 Drops that can wipe out sins—unseen they stand—
 God's angels near his own—a fond and pitying band.

And I will wait them here, and thou shalt go,
 Oh breeze of eve, where never care thou'lt meet!
 And I will linger in a world of wo,
 Till sorrow seems a bliss, and sadness sweet!
 Speed to thy desert isle, and pathless seas!
 Farewell—a long farewell—thou soft and evening breeze!

From the Papers of a Country Curate.

WARREN'S POPULAR INTRODUCTION TO LAW STUDIES.

THE peculiar nature of the process by which, in England, the law-student must qualify himself for the bar, and the facility with which he may assume the external badges of the profession, have long been the subject of jocularly to some, and of complaint to others. The old ceremonial of discipline, which the early sages of the law deemed necessary to the formation of the forensic character, and by which they fenced the avenues to the bar from the irreverent intrusion of the unlearned and unworthy, have long since fallen into disuse. Exclusive of pecuniary requisites and a certificate of his personal respectability, all that is now demanded of the candidate for

the degree of barrister is, that for a period of three years he annually eat a certain number of dinners. Let him establish his pretensions to the honour by the observance of this institutionary process, and, as a matter of course, he becomes forthwith invested with the venerable insignia of his profession. This is literally the only relic of the ancient discipline that is now enforced. He has to pass through no determinate system of legal instruction; he is put to no test of talent or attainment; he has merely to eat his way; and, after three years of dinners, whether he knows any thing or nothing, he becomes entitled to the courtesy of "the learned gentleman."

All this may be very well as far as it regards the gentility of the bar, and the number of well-bred idlers who stroll into the profession as they would into the Park—to mingle with distinguished company, to see and to be seen, to admire and to be gazed at—but who would look upon the wig and gown with very different eyes, if the assumption of it were attended with any heavy tax upon the intellect. But it has a different effect upon the legitimate character of the bar as a learned body; which, high as it deservedly stands in public estimation, would undoubtedly stand much higher were it not notoriously a refuge for gentlemen destitute of a nominal profession. Obviously, the absence of any fixed intellectual qualification, and the indiscriminate admission of men of every degree of capacity and attainment, cannot fail to lower its character by reducing its average of merit. And thus it is, that the reputation it enjoys is principally derived from the surviving fame of its departed luminaries, and the celebrity of its more eminent living members, diffused over, and associated with, the idea of the aggregate body.

Upon this, however, it is not our present intention any further to expatiate; but rather to point out the disadvantage experienced by those, who, in choosing the profession, are animated by an honourable ambition, or who look to their success in it for the means of their livelihood. To such a one, the absence of any established process of scientific instruction, any authorized method of procedure is a sad enhancement of the difficulty that besets him. His success depending as it does entirely upon his own personal competence, it is to him a matter of the highest importance, and the utmost anxiety, that his time be not misemployed, nor his efforts misdirected; but that of the various subjects and modes of study which may present themselves to him, he select that by which he may the best discipline and equip himself for the service in which he is to engage. In this crisis, however, he is in a manner left to himself; launched upon a broad sea, without compass to steer by or chart to direct him; or brought to a point where a number of cross roads meet,

and where, if he enquire as to the route he is to pursue, he will find, it is true, plenty of advisers, all of whom, however, only add to his embarrassment, by each recommending a different course.

The study itself, also, noble and generous as it is, and interesting and delightful as it becomes when the habit of study is formed, is, at first, beyond measure disgusting and repulsive. The aspect and odour of his first anatomical subject are not more sickening to the medical student than his first taste of his profession is disheartening to the legal novice. Nothing but stern necessity, or the ardour of a dauntless ambition, can ever reconcile him to it. He is dismayed by its apparently illimitable extent and infinite diversity; wherever he turns he seems lost in a chaos of contradictory authorities, while its antiquated and barbarous style, its stiff and crabbed preciseness, its teasing tautologies and repetitions, and its jargon of uncouth technicalities, unrelieved by any thing to awaken his curiosity, to interest his feelings, or to excite his imagination, serve only to fret and worry his spirit, and, still farther, to bewilder and distract him.

The hardship of this case has long been felt by the profession itself; and hence the various works which at different times have been published with the view of alleviating it. Some of these are, no doubt, excellent as elementary treatises; others admirable as panegyrics of the law; but all that we have seen, whatever their character and pretensions, are essentially defective in not being sufficiently practical and comprehensive,—in being adapted rather for those already in the profession, than for those about to enter it; rather for those whose first repugnance has yielded to perseverance, who have got some insight into the nature of the law, and in whom the legal habit is in some measure formed, than for those whose notions are vague and unsettled, and who are struggling in the midst of their first embarrassments. They have too much of the cold, stern aspect of the law itself, and want that touch of human and literary feeling which the student so hopelessly desiderates. They seem to have been written by men too far

advanced in their professional career to retain a distinct recollection of the precise difficulties which they experienced at starting; from whom the *feeling* of difficulty had long since passed away, and who were therefore incapable of entering into the student's situation, of sympathizing with his perplexities, and of supplying his wants. Their attention was obviously too much engrossed with the law, and too little with the student; with his mind and character, the process of intellectual discipline to which it is desirable that he should subject himself, and the habits of thought which it is necessary for him to cultivate. They all, moreover, tend, in a greater or less degree, to encourage the notion, that a competent knowledge of law may be attained by mere study—by mere reading and reflection; an error as foolish and fatal as to imagine it possible to acquire surgical dexterity by the study of surgical treatises; or to accomplish one's self as a military engineer, by reading Tristrem Shandy's account of Uncle Toby's experiments in fortification.

In the absence, therefore, of any work of the precise character we have hinted at, our curiosity was considerably excited by the announcement of a popular and practical introduction to law studies, by a gentleman well known in the profession as an able pleader, and generally accredited by the world with the authorship of that series of powerful papers which, under the title of "the Diary of a late Physician," betrayed a far more intimate acquaintance with the affections of the heart than the diseases of the body. The knowledge of human life and character, and the habit of close and thoughtful observation which those papers discovered, led us to form a very favourable expectation of the work before us; to the successful performance of which a knowledge of character was—in our view—quite as essential as a knowledge of law. In this expectation, after an attentive perusal of the work, we have not been disappointed. It is evidently the production of a man who has felt the difficulties which he has endeavoured to remove; who writes not from hearsay, nor conjecture, nor indistinct recollection, but from

positive and painful experience still fresh in his memory; who knows what the student must feel by knowing what he himself has felt; who writes *to* the student as well as *for* him, and this in a manner which operates throughout like a direct and inevitable appeal to the personal consciousness of his reader. It is also very obviously the work of a man who is not only ambitious of the honours of his profession and well calculated to obtain them, but who is also jealous of its character; and who, with this feeling, has formed in his own mind the ideal of an accomplished lawyer, which, from the beginning to the end of his book, he has contrived to keep stedfastly in the eye of his reader, so as to excite and sustain in him the same professional ardour with which the author is himself warmed. It is thus, for instance, that he speaks of a practical lawyer.

"Consider, for a moment, what a lawyer must know, and what he has to do, if supposed to be in but moderate practice. He must be, more or less, acquainted with the leading details of the mechanical arts and sciences, of trade, commerce, and manufactures; of the sister professions; even of the amusements and accomplishments of society—for in all of these, questions are incessantly arising which require the decision of a court of justice, for which purpose their most secret concerns must be laid bare before the eyes of counsel, who is expected to be quite *au fait* at them!—A thorough knowledge of constitutional history, also, and the many important topics subsidiary to it, can hardly be dispensed with. If he practises at the Bar, he superadds to all these a keen insight into character, the power of extracting truth, detecting falsehood, and unravelling the most intricate tissues of sophistry. His mind is in a high state of health and discipline; he is capable of profound abstraction, of long and patient application, and, in short, has such perfect control over his well-tempered faculties, that he can concentrate them upon any subject he chooses, passing rapidly from one to another of the most opposite character. Take a sample of his everyday employment. His 'opinion' is sought upon a case, which discloses numerous commercial, or other relations, deranged by the sudden death, marriage, bankruptcy, or separation of one of the parties concerned. Mark the apparently inextricable confusion into which extensive interests,

rights, and liabilities are precipitated—wheels within wheels—all parties at fault—all stating their case in different ways—cross accounts of many years to be mastered—probably large sums of money at stake. Is it nothing, now, to answer such a case as this, with rapidity and skill—to adjust these conflicting claims with a precision that often satisfies the most clamorous contendants, preventing, perhaps, a long and expensive course of litigation? See the comprehensive grasp of thought—the accurate analysis—the rapid generalization—the perfect mastery over details—the almost *simultaneous* contemplation and balancing of numerous particulars—the extensive research—the decision—exhibited on such occasions by the well-trained legal intellect! This is no highly-wrought picture. All the qualities and accomplishments above mentioned will be found displayed, more or less, in the daily business of a well-employed chamber or court-practitioner.” —Pp. 27, 28, 29.

And again, in the following animated passage, which occurs in the chapter on the Study of English History, he deprecates, as incompatible with the idea of a liberal mind, and a learned profession, that pettifogging spirit which can rest satisfied with a merely empirical knowledge of the law, regardless of its nobler aspects and relations—its abstract principles, its original objects, its modified uses, and its general policy: and then eloquently illustrates the superiority of studying it in the spirit of an historian and a philosopher.

“How can that lawyer arrogate to himself the character of a worthy member of a *liberal* profession, who is ignorant of the history of his country? What reasonable chance has such an one of distinguishing himself in public life, or aspiring to political eminence? He is chained down to his daily drudgery like the galley-slave to his oar; he cares about nothing but to get through his day's work; is destitute of every thing but a pitiful pettifogging familiarity with forms of practice, and can never get beyond that wretched apology of legal hacks and dunces—*ita lex scripta!* Take him out of the beat of his books of precedents and practice, and a child may pose him. Expect not from *him* any explanation or vindication of the *reason* of the law, its general principles and policy. He comes day after day out of his chambers of the court, like the blacksmith begrimed from his smithy after a hard day's work, content at having got through what he was

engaged upon, neither knowing, however, nor caring to enquire into the noble *uses* of the article he has been forging. Thus the mere mechanical draftsman, your hum-drum pleader or conveyancer, may have got through the task assigned him, may have drawn the instrument, and advised on the cases submitted to him, with due dexterity; and that is the extent of his care or ambition. He is conversant, possibly, with the practical working of the provisions of feudalism—of the Statute of Entails, and against subinfeudations—of the delicate and complicated machinery of Uses and Trusts, of Fines and Recoveries—but knows little or nothing of the interesting period of, and the circumstances attending, their introduction—what led to their adoption—what reasons of state policy were concerned—whether they answered the desired end, and are fitted to the political exigencies of the present times. Truly he ‘*ignorantly worships*’ the law!

“Surely the intelligent practitioner must contemplate the structure and working of the law with deeper interest, who has accustomed himself to the comparison of past with actual and possible exigencies and emergencies; observing the altered circumstances in which society is placed with reference to particular laws—the vastly different purposes to which the lapse of time has appropriated them, from those to which they were originally dedicated. He is using, for most ordinary and peaceful purposes, the machinery which was originally intended to aim a mortal blow at the aristocracy, at the clergy, at the liberties of the people, or at the prerogatives of the crown—calling forth at one time the tempestuous spirit of lay rebellion, at another, the profound subtlety of ecclesiastical machination; and which, having answered its great purposes, having, in process of time, effected a silent revolution, at length discharges the sole, the comparatively humble but useful functions, of securing and transmitting property from individual to individual. The little instrument by which the modern conveyancer secures 20*l.* a-year to Mary Higgins and her children, is, in truth, the lever by which a king might have been prized from his throne; which was applied, with consummate craft, to the destruction of the banded power of the aristocracy—of the huge and gloomy fabric of ecclesiastical domination. Thus the water which might at first have been seen forming part of the magnificent confluence of Niagara, and then precipitated, amid clouds of mist and foam, down its tremendous falls, after passing over great tracts of country, through innumerable

channels and rivulets, serves, at length, quietly to turn the peasant's mill."—Pp. 168–171.

The beauty of this extract is a sufficient apology for its length. The necessity of combining the study of history with that of law has frequently been insisted upon before; but we question whether it has ever been more eloquently enforced. Nothing can be finer than the latter paragraph, which rolls along, like the majestic flood, to the cataract which is so magnificently imaged. There is also a pure, lofty, English spirit breathing through the whole of it, well calculated to raise the ardour of the student, by exciting his national and patriotic feelings in favour of his subject. Law, thus contemplated by the light of history, must necessarily possess a charm for him which it would derive from no other source. Thus studied, too, it is amply vindicated from the charge of narrowing the mind; an imputation to which it is unquestionably obnoxious, when pursued in the huckstering spirit of a pettifogger. If, moreover, the student be ambitious of political as well as professional distinction, it is thus that he may most surely hopefully to comprehend and appreciate the nature and excellence of the constitution, so as to qualify himself for the business of a legislator. We fear, however, that this is not the mode in which law is generally studied in the profession; otherwise, considering the number of barristers, who, since the passing of the Reform Bill, have obtained seats in the House of Commons, we should have been gratified with more frequent and signal instances of their Parliamentary success. For such instances we look almost in vain. In the rage for money-getting on the one hand, and for innovation on the other, constitutional lawyers seem almost to have disappeared; and no wonder! for when our noble affections are corrupted, when the constitutional spirit is dying, what is there to keep them alive? The old historical feeling with which we were wont to be animated, the strong sentiment of *hereditary* greatness which bound us to the past, and, triumph-

ing over the changes of time and the lapse of generations, sustained in us the enthusiasm and the pride of national identity, is, in the words of a fine author, "languishing, and giving place to the superstitions of wealth, and newspaper reputation."* To counteract the growing degeneracy, and to animate the young student to follow his high profession, more in the spirit of philosophy, and less in the spirit of trade than is now, unhappily, too much the fashion, we cannot do better than recommend the serious perusal of the work before us, which, all alive as it is with manly sentiment, cannot fail to inspire him with a generous ambition. We might also very reasonably commend it to the attention of others than students of law; to "the eager young gentlemen," for instance, who, to use the sarcastic language of the author, "consider that the letters M.P. tacked to their names, operating as though by magic, impose at once the duty, and confer the ability as they certainly do the inclination, to fall a-tinkering our laws." It might furnish them some valuable hints for the control of their legislative propensities. It might tend to beget in them a salutary suspicion that some knowledge of constitutional history, and the philosophy of law, is really of considerable importance to a statesman; and that the wisdom of our ancestors and the experience of ages are not to be hastily discarded, at the sneers of a demagogue, or the bidding of a newspaper.

The work divides itself into two parts; the former of which principally treats of the mental discipline necessary to the formation of the legal character; and abounds with practical suggestions of the highest excellence. Perhaps it may be thought that the author has here and there descended to unnecessary minuteness and particularity, and has urged upon the student moral and prudential considerations which must have been inculcated upon him a hundred times before. There is, however, nothing commonplace in the mode in which his precepts are enforced; on the contrary, his stalest maxim derives the interest, if not the

* Coleridge—Idea of the Constitution in Church and State.

aspect, of novelty, from the manner in which it is conveyed—the lifelike distinctness of imagery, and at times the dramatic vivacity, with which it is presented to the mind. We extract the following passage, in which Mr Warren, acting upon the suggestion of Locke, recommends the study of Chillingworth's controversial works, with a view to the formation of a logical habit of mind, both for its intrinsic excellence, and as a fair specimen of the vivacity and didactic earnestness of the author's style.

“ If the student do not choose to read the whole work—which, even including the very copious citations from his opponent's book, does not occupy more than two octavo volumes—let him select some particular chapter—the second, for instance, ‘ on the means whereby the revealed truths of God are conveyed to our understanding, and which must determine controversies in faith and religion’—perhaps the most elaborate and perfect of all. He must first read over the Jesuit's account of the *Rule of Faith*, and possess himself of the full scope and drift of its argument, before entering upon the answer of Chillingworth. Let him analyse it on paper, and keep it before him, to assist his memory. Go, then, to Chillingworth. Take, first, a bird's-eye view of the whole chapter (134 pages); and then apply yourself leisurely to the first half dozen pages. Pause after reading a few sentences; look off the book into your mind, and satisfy yourself that the *thought*, not the language, is there, fully and distinctly. Proceed thus through the whole, carefully marking the stages of the argument, the connexion of each thought with the other, and the general bearing of the whole. Set your author, as it were, at a little distance from you: watch how warily he approaches his opponent—with what calm precision and skill he parries and thrusts. Imagine yourself to be in the Jesuit's place: can you find an instant's opening? Is your opponent ever off his guard? Does he ever make a false thrust, or fail of parrying the best of his antagonist?—Can you discover, in a word, a defect or a redundancy, either in thought or expression? Can you put your finger any where upon a fallacy? Try! Tax your ingenuity and acuteness to the uttermost.

“ Having thoroughly possessed yourself of the whole argument, put away your book and memoranda, and try to repeat it aloud, as if in oral controversy;

thus testing not only the clearness and accuracy of your perceptions, but the strength of your memory—the readiness and fitness of your language. Let not a film of indistinctness remain in your recollection, but clear it away, *instantly*, by reference—if necessary—to your book. Not content even with this, make a point, the next day, of writing down the substance of your yesterday's reading, in as compendious and logical a form as possible,—and go on thus, step by step, through the whole argument. Having so looked minutely at the means and the end—at the process and the result, at the whole and its parts—having completely mastered ‘ this great argument ’ in all its bearings, you will be conscious of having received an invaluable lesson from one of the subtlest and most powerful disputants that perhaps the world ever saw.”—Pp. 156-158.

The latter portion of the work is of a character more strictly professional, and treats of the mode in which the study of the common law should be commenced and prosecuted, a task by no means easy, considering the variety of opinions existing upon the subject, but which we have no hesitation in saying (and we believe it to be the general feeling of the profession) that Mr Warren has executed with great judgment and ability. Probably it will still be a disputed point whether the common law pupil should commence his studies in the chambers of a special pleader, or in those of a conveyancer; but that the course of reading, and particularly the mode of study, which Mr Warren has recommended to those who may adopt the former of the two methods, are highly judicious, and admirably calculated to secure and facilitate their progress, is what we cannot for a moment think any one will venture to question. Our limits, and a regard to the taste of our non-professional readers, forbid us to enter into a detailed account of this most important part of the work, though strongly tempted to it by our anxiety to do justice to the author's merits. We must therefore content ourselves with recommending it to the thoughtful and repeated perusal of all who may be anxious to attain to a practical and scientific knowledge of the law. It is, beyond all comparison, superior to any treatise that we

have yet seen, in respect of the ease and familiarity with which subjects of no ordinary difficulty are simplified and explained. The mode in which he has treated the uninviting subject of special pleading is an instance of this. Its history, its nature, its practical operation and utility, are developed with so much perspicuity, and illustrated in a style so lively and pungent, as to render it, even to the miscellaneous reader, one of the most interesting chapters in the volume. The course of reading, also, legal and historical, which he has prescribed, his comments upon the various works which he has recommended, the rules which he has laid down for the method in which they are to be read and digested, and the tests which he has proposed to the student for ascertaining the rate of his progress, and the amount of his attainments, are all marked with the same vivid and familiar touches, and the same force and animation of style. The student will, in short, find it a treasury of valuable information and sound advice, which he will in vain look for in any other quarter with which we are acquainted; and it will be his own fault if he fail to profit by the sound practical advice with which it is filled; advice, which is not a mere digest of the observations of others, but self-evidently the result of the author's deep reflection upon the progress of his own mind, and the incidents of his personal experience. This is indeed one of the great merits of the work, as it is also, we think, the main source of its interest. Divested of its richness and variety of illustration, its eloquence, and its innumerable happy touches of life

and character, which must render it attractive to readers of every description, it would still derive a powerful interest from the strength of experimental conviction which pervades it, and which gives to numberless passages the force and charm of autobiographical disclosure.

After the terms of high and unqualified approbation in which we have hitherto spoken of the work, it remains for us to suggest to the author the propriety of chastening, in a subsequent edition, the style in which some of the earlier chapters are composed; of retrenching some exuberances of fancy and language, and of altering some sportive allusions and fanciful forms of expression, which are scarcely consistent with the seriousness of his tone and the dignity of his subject. The only other remark we feel inclined to make is, that the numerous citations from various writers to which he has given place in his volume, rather impair the interest of the work, by interrupting its continuity of thought, than add to its practical utility. Many of them, indeed, are introduced for the purpose of confirming statements which needed no confirmation, or of illustrating positions which the author had himself made sufficiently obvious, or of pointing observations already sufficiently acute. These, however, are trifling imperfections which may be easily remedied, and do not in the least detract from the sterling excellence of the work, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing a credit not only to the author, but to the profession to which he belongs, and which we have no doubt he will one day more conspicuously adorn.

WILLIAM PITT.

No. VI.

THE French Revolution was the great consummating event of a series of causes, reaching back a hundred years. Hostile as it was to all religious observances, ostentatious in its scorn of all superstitions, and directly subversive of the Popish establishment of France, it was still the legitimate offspring of Popery. The infamous treachery of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz in 1683, had broken down Protestantism in France. But this perfidy, which was proclaimed as the triumph of the paramount religion, and the glory of the orthodox throne, was the first step to the overthrow of both the altar and the throne; Protestantism, by its purity, had acted as a restriction on the dissolute habits of the Popish hierarchy—by its general learning had compelled the Popish clergy to the labours of scholarship—and by its open demand of the liberty of Scripture, had made Scripture known.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantz—the charter of the French Protestant Church—extinguished all those influences. The Protestant preachers and congregations were exiled throughout Europe, or extirpated at home. No longer exerting the powerful impression of their morals, their doctrines, and their religious knowledge, they left the whole community of France to fall back into the most abject superstition. But all error is prolific; and of all error, guilty conceptions of the Deity are the most fertile in public confusion and personal crime. Three classes of feelings are their natural offspring—contempt, indifference, and corruption. The intellectual orders of France rapidly began to deride with scorn the childish miracles, the antiquated pretensions, and the lazy ignorance of the National Church. The noblesse, leaders of the public taste, and proprietors of the great hereditary treasures, treated the Church with decent indifference; the populace, alternately attracted by its showy ceremonial, and irritated by its demands on their labour,

their pleasures, and their purses, and covered with the heaviest clouds of ignorance, civil and religious, lay stagnant till the whirlwind, engendered in those clouds, struck down into their depths, roused their tremendous force, and sent them, with the revolutionary thunderbolt flashing in their front, to roll over all the ancient barriers of the land.

The prominent features of this memorable transaction exhibit the fearful facility with which public and personal corruptions may combine to overthrow a state. The reign of Louis XIV. had destroyed the last remaining purity of religion in France. The reign of Louis XV. had destroyed the last remaining morality of the land. At the accession of Louis XVI., the nation was ripe for ruin. Yet it is to be remembered, for the warning of those who take all their estimate of public safety from the eye, and refuse to look to the natural connexion between national vice and national downfall, that France never wore the semblance of present and coming prosperity with so glittering a reliance on her fortunes, as at the hour when the eye of the Christian would have seen the hand going forth and writing her destiny on the wall.

The ruin was, in all its characters, unexampled. Wars had already been familiar to Europe; and where war treads, the track behind must be seared with the fiery footstep of the fiend. Plunder and blood, the waste of public vigour, and the devastation of the morals and happiness of private life, had been its inevitable and customary consequences. But the first interval of peace closed up, if not healed, the injuries inflicted by the sword; the moral vegetation grew over the track, and men returned to their habitual pursuits, without much more than the memory of a frightful dream. It was the French Revolution which gave the first instance, for a thousand years, of a nation undone by itself—inflicting vengeance with its own hands, and tearing out its own entrails, with

a fury that would have appalled its bitterest enemies. It was the first civil convulsion on record which overthrew, not merely the throne or the constitution, but the nation. Its whole operation was *judicial*. It not simply amerced the nobility or the priesthood in the common suffering, it tore them out of the land, and flung them wide and bleeding over the face of every other. From the terrible distinctness of the scourge laid upon every order of the nation in turn, we might almost draw a new argument for a Providence. The priesthood were the *first* undone.—The great depositaries of the national morals and religion—the great betrayers of their trust in both—the great supporters of the superstition which extinguished both—the first place was allotted to them in that dark preparative for national massacre—the long and melancholy procession which France sent to the scaffold. The nobility followed.—They had earned vengeance by their disregard of the personal virtues and public duties of their station; profligate, presumptuous, and infidel, exhausting their immense fortunes in systematic dissipation, and their still greater influence in discountenancing public purity; their time was come; and in the midst of their security they were driven off to swell the procession. The men of science, the philosophers, the fancied regenerators of the state, the political theorist, the whole race of those cold-blooded hypocrites who, with liberty on their lips, had only the love of power in their hearts; the plausible conspirators against every right of human nature, under pretence of vindicating human privileges; and the furious zealots of tolerance, with no feeling but of scorn for all forms of belief, and a determination to extinguish all that bore the name: they, too, were indulged with but a short-lived sense of victory. In the midst of their revel they were torn down by ruffians more vigorous, but not more malignant, than themselves; and sent to swell the funeral train. Then came those who sent them; the inflammers of the rabble, the assertors of the claim of every man to rapine and murder; the true, naked champions of Democracy; the brutal, gigantic, blood-

covered *despots* of Republicanism:—all followed, as if controlled by an irresistible destiny to mingle their gore together on one scaffold. All were plunged into a common grave; and when the whole wild ceremonial of angry justice was done, on that grave was erected a throne, filled by a being, the natural inheritor of all; the representative spirit of the persecuting priest; the haughty noble; the metaphysical infidel, and the ferocious robber. He, too, had his retribution. The foundations of his throne sank with himself into the grave. That grave is open still; and it will be fortunate for the world if victims, nobler than France could ever offer, are not still to be flung into its measureless corruption.

The whole progress of the evil which fell upon France, bears the character of a distinct lesson against political treachery. Her baseness in fostering the revolt of the American colonies, in the teeth of treaties, was the direct source of that confusion of finance which struck the first blow at her monarchy. Always a wasteful government, the war added fifty millions to her public debt; always singularly awkward in managing her revenue, this trivial debt startled the nation not more than it perplexed the ministers. Calonne, a showy charlatan, who was to effect every thing by the wand of genius, found himself, like other boasters, able to effect nothing but a nearer approach to national bankruptcy. The year 1783, a year of peace, exhibited him calling on the country for a loan. The two following years exhibited him reduced to the same rude evasion of the pressure of the moment. But, if loans are the easiest of all conceptions, they are the most difficult of all instruments; and Calonne's hand was evidently not fit for their manipulation. The people, compelled by new taxes to fix their eyes on his career, began to wonder why the magic of the new system had not saved them from new burdens. The loan for 1785 was nearly four millions sterling. Public wonder gave way to public terror at the announcement. The Parliament of Paris refused to register the royal edict for raising the sum. The financial dispute now ripened into a quarrel of privileges. The King issued a pe-

remptory command, and the edict was finally registered; but annexed to the register was a resolution impugning the compulsion. The King, fully awake to this infringement on the old supremacy of the throne, ordered the resolution to be torn from the journals. The hand that did this, roused the whole pride and passion that slumbered under the dissoluteness of France. In that hour the knell of the monarchy was rung.

Caloune, as if madness ruled every step of his ministry, summoned the Notables. Human presumption never tried a more fatal experiment. The Notables, if popular, must have only followed the popular current; if Aristocratic, must have been useless, except to increase the popular triumph by their fall. They did both, and gave the monarchy another blow.

France, like all other feudal states, was once a limited monarchy. It had a convocation of all the nobles, without whose consent no impost could be laid on the people. But the constant wars of the King, the rapid corruption of the nobles, and the sullen superstition of the people—a superstition always hostile to human rights—had at length extinguished the power of the States general.—The last semblance of feudal freedom lingered in the form of the Provincial Parliaments—originally local courts of justice, but by degrees used as registrars of the edicts proceeding from the will of the throne. It is remarkable, as an instance of good extorted from evil, that the features most obnoxious in that parliamentary system, became the chief source of its public value. The seats in those courts, originally at the royal disposal, had become, by the disasters of royal finance, matters of sale. Corruption thus seemed to have reached its height. But the sale actually conferred personal independence; and to an unexpected degree, the parliaments, whose members purchased their seats, and were thus irremoveable, stood forth as checks on the despotism. The fact of holding their seats for life, gave them a comparative liberty.

But the throne was still paramount. In evil times, or, with gentle governments, the reluctance

of the parliaments to sanction the royal edicts, was respected. But when the King was resolved, the habitual course was to summon the *Lit de Justice*; the King, giving previous notice of his intention, came, attended by his great officers of state; the parliament was silent by etiquette—all debate being forbidden in his presence; he commanded the edict to be registered by his sole will, and it was thenceforth law.

The nation naturally clung to their single help in struggles with power; and the parliaments rose into high reverence. A large portion of the public business silently passed into their hands; and even religious disputes of Jesuitism and Jansenism, in the 17th century, were not beyond their pale. Their growing power roused the jealousy of that dilapidated profligate Louis XV.; and the Parliaments of Paris, and several other of the provincial capitals, were sent into exile. The accession of Louis XVI., in 1774, was popular; and to reinforce his popularity, he restored all the Parliaments. The reconciliation continued until the demand for the loan in 1785. The quarrel then produced the fatal measure of trying a new government of the popular mind for France.

It had been the occasional practice of the earlier French kings, in the intervals of the assemblies of the States-general, to summon their chief subjects to aid the monarch in great emergencies. But this meeting of the Notable persons of the land acted only as a larger privy council. Yet the kings were cautious of their assembling; and the last instance was in 1626. On the second centenary of that year, in 1786, summonses were issued to 144 persons, including the princes of the blood, the chief nobles, the heads of the public bodies, and the deputies of the provinces. The assembly met at Versailles; the minister laid the financial state of France before them, and acknowledged that the expenditure of the nation exceeded its receipts by four millions sterling a-year. His expedients were a general land-tax, and the abolition of all immunities from taxes. No proposals could have been more hopeless of reception in an assembly

thus constituted. They were in fact a demand for the surrender of privileges made from a body of men to whom those privileges were not merely an ancient possession and a personal boast, but an important property. The whole body of the nobility, 200,000 haughty men of the sword, were indignant through every quarter of the kingdom. The whole body of the clergy, 130,000, exercising nearly all the scholarship, and all the remaining influence of religion in France, denounced the folly of the Minister. The provinces protested against the infraction of their ancient charters—the outcry was universal, and, as the just punishment of his unaccountable imprudence, Calonne was dismissed by the King within a month from his proposal. The triumph of the Notables was not long-lived. Within another month their assembly was dissolved.

Human affairs are singularly imitative. A high purpose may be contemplated in this perpetual similitude. History thus becomes the guide of statesmen, if their presumption does not disdain its guidance. The French King, Ministers, and people, had before their eyes, in the pages of the English Rebellion of 1648, the chart of that cruise of peril on which they were launched. Every rock and shoal was there laid down for them, but too proud to learn, and too rash to calculate, they ran successively upon them all! Like Charles, the King, finding it impossible to govern by himself, returned to the forms of the constitution, and applied to the Parliament of Paris. The Parliament, elated with this proof of their superiority, refused to sanction the new subsidies without an explanation of their purposes. The pretext was plausible, but the purpose was factious. All was now a simple contest for power. The King, incensed at their resistance, used his prerogative, held a “Bed of Justice,” and commanded the registry of the edicts for a general land tax and stamp act. The Parliament, on the next day, protested against the registry, and declared that whoever attempted to put either of the edicts in force should be considered a traitor, and be sentenced to the galleys. The

King banished the Parliament to Troyes in Champagne.

The flame spread. The great bodies of the law, the several courts, the provincial parliaments, protested. The Parisian populace, ready for insurrection, swelled the uproar. Twelve thousand troops were marched into the city. The outcry only grew louder. The edicts were thrown aside in fear, and the popular triumph had advanced a step nearer to revolution. But the kingdom was perishing in the struggle—all public business was stopped, every department of the state was on the verge of mendicancy. The King again summoned the Parliament. On the 19th of November he held a *Seance Royale*, and proposed two edicts, one for a succession of loans for five years, amounting to nineteen millions; another for the restoration of some privileges to the Protestants, who seem to have been the chief merchants and holders of money. The *Seance* differed from the Bed of Justice in admitting debate in the royal presence. The Parliamentary orators fully used their privilege, and insulted the King. The unfortunate King knew no other resource than his exhausted prerogative. He ordered the debate to close, and the Parliament to register the edicts. Then ensued the first display of that parricidal treachery which blackened even the civil horrors of France. The Duke of Orleans desperately stood forth, exclaimed against the royal command, and denounced the whole proceedings of the day as contrary to the laws. The Duke was instantly banished to his estates by an order from the King.

A new attempt was in reserve to supersede the stubbornness of faction. A Grand Council of State, *La Cour Plenièrè*, was to be formed, possessing all the powers which had gradually lapsed into the hands of the Parliament. The plan was divulged—the Parliament passed a censure on its principles. The King, indignant at being thus anticipated, ordered, like Charles, the arrest of the two chief debaters. They took refuge in the House. The Assembly drew up a remonstrance against their seizure. The King answered it by sending a regiment to surround

the House, and bring the refractory members before him. The President declared that he must seize the whole Parliament, for all were of the same mind. After a pause of nearly a day and a night, during which the Assembly continued surrounded by the soldiery, the demand was repeated. The two members, D'Espremeuil and Mosambert, then asked the President's permission to surrender themselves, and went to prison.

The King reverted to his hopeless expedient of the Bed of Justice. The Parliament protested with increased violence. The *Cour Plenièrè* was again fiercely pronounced to be contrary to the rights of the nation. The members already prepared for it in the cabinet were alarmed by the popular outcry. All shrank, and the King was finally forced to abandon the design. The terror now reached the highest departments of the state. The Archbishop of Toulouse, the successor of Calonne, and prime minister, saw the tempest rising so formidably round him that he abandoned the government in despair, and, after a year of uneasy power, fled from Versailles to take shelter in Italy. The King, harassed by universal failure, was driven still closer to his ruin. In the fatal and fruitless hope of conciliating faction by submitting to clamour, the unhappy monarch embraced a total change of measures, adopted the popular favourite Neckar as his minister, and recalled the Parliament. The Parliament, to convince him of his error, instantly burned the royal decrees for their suspension in the presence of the populace. But one step more and all was to be downward.

Neckar was a man made for national ruin. A charlatan, a *philosophe*, and a dealer in the stocks, he was a champion of that public confusion of interests which had made his fortune, a professor of that burlesque on science, political economy, which had enabled an obscure Swiss to talk of modelling governments, and an aspirant after those political honours which are to be secured by popular corruption. The rabble every where are rapid calculators—the French rabble the most rapid of all. They saw that

Neckar had raised wealth out of nothing, and they took it for granted that the discoverer of this secret was the true financier for France. Neckar, whose folly alone palliates his crime, had the vanity to think that he was formed to be a statesman, undertook the task, pronounced that the age of universal restoration was at hand—called the whole tribe of philosophic rebels to his aid, and with loyalty on his lips, and ambition in his heart, summoned the Notables, and through them summoned the States-General. The expedient was old, and exhibited his want of resource. But he was assisted by counsellors who made up in malignity what he wanted in invention. The States-General had not been assembled since the minority of Louis XIII. in 1614. It was an obsolete contrivance to give the show of public deliberation. But in its original condition it was harmless. The three orders, 300 each, the Nobles, Clergy, and *Tiers Etat*, or Commons, sat in separate chambers, and checked each other. Neckar summoned 600 of the *Tiers Etat*, thus equalling the other two orders. It was impossible that this fatal innovation could have been the work of chance. His next innovation, by its cautious indirectness, showed still more his sense of its effect. The edict was *silent* as to their sitting in separate chambers—on this silence was constructed the total corruption of the Assembly.

The States-General met on the memorable 5th of May, 1789, at Versailles. The first act of the Commons was to demand that the Nobility and Clergy should give up their separate sittings and join them. Both bodies were thrown into consternation by a proposal which must extinguish them in the palpable majority possessed by the commons. They refused. The refusal was declared an insult to the majesty of the people! An outcry was raised in Paris. French public life has exhibited but few instances of fortitude on principle. Some of the nobles and clergy, in alarm, joined the commons. The junction was instantly hailed as a victory, and declaring themselves the Legislature, they remodelled their House by their own authority, and taking, at

the suggestion of Jefferson, then American Minister at Paris, himself an old trafficker in conspiracy, the name of the National Assembly, assumed the virtual government of France.

The remainder of this deplorable, downward career, is too deeply marked on the recollections of Europe to require detail. Our more direct object is the contrast presented to the rashness of revolutionary France in the firmness of constitutional England—to the fury of French popular passion in the soundness of English national feeling—and to the unhappy moral and personal submissiveness of the French King in the religious constancy and individual fortitude of George III. Yet we may observe, for a moment, on the justness of that offer of constitutional freedom which the French nation at this evil period so contemptuously flung away, the insane preference of overthrow to renovation, and the total insufficiency of rabble councils to secure the possession of liberty. The new charter which the King proposed to the National Assembly a few days after the commencement of its existence, contained provisions to meet every want of a nation honestly desirous of freedom. That charter, which the King in person laid before the Assembly, declared “that no new tax should be imposed or loan raised without the consent of the States-General—that all exemptions of the ‘privileged orders’ from the payment of taxes should be abolished—that all oppressive seignorial rights should cease—that the liberty of the press should be established—that *lettres de cachet* should be restricted to actual violations of the laws—that provincial assemblies or states should be established in different parts of the kingdom with defined local powers—and that justice should be administered in both the civil and criminal courts with the utmost publicity and impartiality to all classes.” It is obvious that here the foundations of a free monarchy were fully laid, and that from those principles time and use would obtain all that was essential to public security. But the National Assembly had other purposes in view. Power was before them, popularity was at their

heels, the passion for following the example of America in republicanism, and the example of all other rebellions in the seizure of public and private property, was the temptation of the time. The National Assembly contained a large number of the chief proprietors and clergy of France; but the resistless majority was composed of those loose and unprincipled politicians who are ready to embrace the wildest excesses for the mere sake of catching the popular acclamation. But let those who depend on the conduct of a part where the principles of the majority are perverted, take a lesson from the follies and furies of France. Nothing could be more directly adverse to all change than the interests of the clergy and nobility who sat in the National Assembly. The old *régime* had placed them high in privilege and possession, the spirit of the new was not merely to reform their privileges but to annihilate them, and not merely to restrict the exorbitance of individual incomes, but to plunder them to the last livre. Yet when the actual question of ruin came, these men were the first to hail it with tumultuous applause. Nothing in the annals of human absurdity is more astonishing than this political suicide, this emulation of robbery, this race to be undone. The haughtiest, most frigid, and most uncompromising of both classes, when they were once flung into the stream, rushed down it with a rapidity proportioned to their weight; the sternest haters of republicanism, when once republicanised, put to shame the moderated fury of the original conspirators; like bodies repulsive of disease, when they were once filled with fever, they exhibited the heat and strength of frenzy. If we too are to have our trial, let us beware of resting our security on the character, the professions, or even the interests and objects of individuals, however pledged they may be. We must look for a firmer dependence, and rest upon ourselves. The whole of the privileged classes of France actually vied with the populace in running the career of general subversion. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for? There is a

sufficient reason. The National Assembly was totally irreligious. It was a great conclave of infidels. All professing popery; all alienated by its habits from the religion of the Scriptures, all scoffing at that religion which they had been forbid to investigate, and all hating the superstition which had been substituted in its room; the higher orders of France, the gentry, and the whole body of literature, were *godless*. Is it to be wondered at, that their private profligacy passed into their public existence, that the heartlessness, vanity, selfishness, and love of pleasure, which already made society in France an abomination in the sight of earth and heaven, should have only flamed out with broader violence when it was fed with the richer fuel of royal blood and national confiscation?

The puling philanthropists who lament over the suffering of rebels and murderers, while they have not a thought for the miseries of their victims, have grieved over the fall of the National Assembly. But there was the altar on which the liberties of France were sacrificed. There was the temple in which Atheism was enthroned; within these walls, which rung with the loftiest sentiments of humanity, patriotism, and popular beneficence, was constructed the bloodiest alliance against human feeling, national good, and the peace of mankind. If a thunderbolt had fallen on the roof of that Assembly in the first hour of its existence, and wrapped the whole mass in penal fire, it would have been one of the most signal instances at once of justice to human nature, and of mercy to France. But the public crimes deserved a more prolonged chastisement, and the guillotine and the sabre were to effect the vengeance earned by the universal corruption of the land. If the thunderbolt had fallen, it could scarcely have been a more distinct and palpable minister of the divine wrath against an usurping legislature and an infidel people.

How far England now stands in the same position with France in the year 1789, is a point of the most serious consideration. In the national habits and character there are undoubtedly striking distinctions,

There is much religious feeling in England. With some hypocrisy among the more ostentatious religionists, and some looseness of life among the higher ranks of society, there is a general homage to religion, a general zeal for its honour, and a general public observance of its precepts, which fairly vindicate for England the illustrious title of a Christian people. Our activity in works of beneficence, altogether unforced, and yet altogether throwing into the shade the largest compulsory benefactions of the continent; the extent and ardour of our missions to the remaining idolatrous and barbarian portions of the world, and the more than imperial munificence of our distribution of the Scriptures through the earth, constitute features of signal honour to the national character. The Established Church of England, the great depository of religious learning, guided by principles of the most comprehensive toleration, abjuring all force on opinion, exhibiting in its clergy a body of nearly thirteen thousand educated men, the most unstained with public or personal offences of any body of similar numbers in the world; many of them possessing the highest rank of literature at once graceful and solid, many of them eminent for their pastoral virtues, and many of them, in the calm and genuine heroism which Christianity alone can teach, prepared to meet all extremities in the cause of truth, is an institution to which the world now exhibits no equal, and which might alone be regarded as the pledge of national safety.

But from this point the view darkens, and we see forms and omens pregnant with fearful similitude to the evil days of France. A reckless, bitter, and angry spirit has been let loose among the great body of the people. They are at once tempted by the lure of easy possession, and by the promise of revenge, for what is termed unjust exclusion. All efforts are made to blacken the old institutions of the country, to revile the natural distinctions of birth, fortune, and title, and, on the other hand, to pronounce every public incendiary a patriot, and to measure his patriotism by his

power of evil. The press is incessantly worked to pour oil on the flame thus roused, until libel, slander, and profanation become the habit of the people. The Legislature, the King, and the Church are the grand topics of the lower order of seditious journalists, topics often discussed with ludicrous ignorance and helpless absurdity, but always in a spirit of systematic falsehood; the Legislature, with alternate scorn and panegyric; the King, with alternate sycophancy and insult; but the Church always with extravagant, bitter, unappeasable hostility. Of the composition of the British Legislature at this hour we shall not speak; it must practically be determined by its conduct. But its topics too are of the most trying order to senatorial prudence. Within its walls is about to be brought into question, every known principle, practice, and instrument of that constitution, in which Englishmen once prided themselves as the noblest property ever allotted to a people. In the sweeping and universal grasp of modern legislation all is insecurity. The first rule is change. No man living can tell, whether before a twelvemonth is past, all that we now look upon as the State may not be extinguished for some new fantasy of popular omnipotence, whether it may not be the will of our popular orators that we shall no longer have a church, that the great tribunals of the land shall be split and dwindled down into petty stalls for itinerant justice; that our corporations shall be superseded by little juntas of mendicant agitators; that the throne itself shall be bound by some unconstitutional and degrading fetter, and England speeding headlong to republicanism.

It should be equally a lesson to our wisdom and our fears, that in such a crisis the government of England was saved by the intrepidity of one man, while by one the government of France perished. The unfortunate Louis was undone by personal feebleness. His cure for all evils was concession. If the conspirators against his throne railed at one ministry, he gave them another; if they railed still more at the new ministry, he was only anxious to gratify their tastes in another ex-

periment, dismissed his ministry, and called a third set to power. The clamour grew, with every additional evidence of royal submission, until all men of talent and honour shrunk from office held at the pleasure of the mob; the Monarch was left alone, and on his own responsibility he took the final fatal step of choosing his government from the actual faction that had so long sworn the ruin of the throne. A cabinet was formed purely on the conciliatory principle. The outrages of the rabble were acknowledged as the acts of the state. The "will of the people" was applied to every thing, and sanctioned every thing, the license of the first crowd that gathered in the streets was law, the populace were the nation. The cabinet, themselves the creation of the rabble, were its slaves; they delivered the bewildered and betrayed King into the hands of his murderers. Twenty thousand of the most miscreant population of Paris, itself the most miscreant population of the earth, dragged the King out of his palace in open day, and after the bitter mockery of a trial in which every thing was said but truth, and every thing done but justice, hurried the victim of conciliation to the scaffold.

In that emergency, what the King, or even what Mirabeau, or other Girondists might have effected, was effected by Pitt. Rebellion was rising in England. The contagion in France was too near to be shut out from our shores. Every man of desperate fortunes, every wilful idler through public life, every unprincipled follower of faction, rejoiced at the approaching consummation of British republicanism. Confederacies, linked together by the most solemn bonds, correspondences with France, actual agents of Jacobinism busily spread through the empire, all contemplated and prepared a sudden and irrecoverable overthrow of the constitution. But Pitt had neither the rottenness of heart to pamper those whom it was his duty to coerce, nor George III. the feebleness of spirit to cringe to those whom it was his right to govern. If Pitt had been minister of France, the leaders of rebellion would have soon been rowing in

the galleys, or making their confessions on the scaffold. If George III. had been King of France, the whole tribe of the *philosophes*, the atheist politicians, the club orators, and the heroes of the tocsin, would have been peopling the Antipodes; he would have met the smiles and bows of Lafayette with the halter—Lafayette, of all the perpetrators of national mischief, the most odious, as the hypocrite is more abhorred than the ruffian. He would have taught the Rolands, Baillys, and Pétions loyalty with the scourge. The result of this determined spirit was, that England saved her old unrivalled constitution; and, more important than all, asserted her rank and office as the great depository of pure religion, and the protectress of Protestantism in Europe.

In one word, if this country is to be saved, it must be by a recurrence to the principles and the conduct of Pitt. Our statesmen must look to his powerful, clear, and prompt defiance of treason, his sudden and fearless grasp of the traitors, and his generous and confiding appeal to all that is noble, free, and fearless in the hearts of Englishmen. In his day, the insolence of rebellion was even more open than in ours, yet he never shrank—he never compromised—he never stopped till he had crushed Jacobinism, let it take what shape it might. He threw into one common condemnation Corresponding Societies, Rights of Man Clubs, Magna Charta Associations, British Brotherhoods, and the whole crowd of those bustling knaves and blockheads, who, with all their specious titles, were proceeding, with all sails set, to the invasion of public and private freedom. Some he hanged, more he banished, more he drove out, by their own terrors, to seek the beggar's bread in foreign countries, and carry his stripes with them to the grave. If a man like Pitt were to arise among us now, how instantly he would be felt through every pulse of the nation—how rapidly the defyers of Government would feel that their hour was come—how profoundly the perjured would hide their heads—how unequivocally the brazen effrontery of mob-orators, the miserable sycophancy of mob adulators, the vulgar boasting of

mob leaders, and the hollow courage of dastards, sheltered behind an ignominious impunity, would shrink before the majesty of the true patriot. But how long are we to wait for such a man? or is so noble an instrument of national safety refused by an offended providence to a nation that has suffered its religion and its constitution to be polluted by the presence of the avowed enemies of England?

But hastening, as England is, to a revolution, unless some direct hand of Heaven interpose to check the tide by miracle, the progress of France to ruin may give us warning of our own progress, if all warning be not thrown away upon the reckless and turbulent feelings of the time. It is never to be forgotten for our learning, that the first act of the national legislature was confiscation, and the first act of confiscation was levelled at the property of the Church. The deed was consummately done. The legislators exulted in its unanswerable evidence of their patriotism—the Ministers exulted in the discovery of an inexhaustible source of revenue—the populace exulted in being able to scoff at the prelates and priests, whose opulence they had so long been malignantly taught to envy. The Church was pulled down, and its pulling down was a national triumph. The lowest of the rabble were entitled, by the act of the legislature, to trample on the highest of the ancient clergy of France, now more in a state of mendicancy than themselves. The residences of the clergy were burned, or converted into dwellings for the gendarmerie and officials of the provinces. The churchyards were turned into parades for the National Guards, the churches were turned into barracks, or receptacles for the plunder of the priests; or were stripped of their timber for fuel, and of their lead for balls; in all cases alike, they were equally given over to ruin.

It is not to be alleged, that *we* should rejoice in this fall of a religion which we pronounce impure. No Protestant can desire the permanency of that religion. But if the religion was corrupt, the property was innocent. The *original* belief of the country and the Church had

been scriptural. The chief part of the Church property of France had been given in the times of that purer Church. While the property existed, it was capable of being employed in the righteous cause, as in England it had been employed. It remained a noble fund for building up that purer religion, for meeting the exigencies of a pure religious education, and for rewarding and exciting the religious literature and feeling of the land. All those objects were, of course, extinguished in their remotest possibility, by the sweeping act of the Church-plundering legislature. But whatever plea a Protestant might have against the endowments of a corrupt church in France, this plea was neither the available, nor even the adopted one, in the French legislature. No charge was there brought against the doctrines of the Church as impure, or against its teachers as inadequate. Spoil was the object, and the property was seized for its simple value to the spoilers. The iniquitous principles were declared—that the clergy were the mere salaried servants of the people—that what the hands of private piety had given, the public will had a right to take away; and—that the existence of any property, however ancient, solemn, or sacred, was dependent altogether upon the demands of the state. On those principles the zealots for the plunder of the Church of England act at this hour in defiance of the obvious facts, that the clergy are not the salaried servants of the public, but men paid by the possessions of the Church, occupiers of hereditary incomes, and incapable of being deprived of this inheritance, but by a breach of the law by which they inherit—that in no case has the will of the legislature any right to interfere with the will of the individual exercised according to the law, the chief object of all law being to give permanent security to the will of the individual—and that the demands of the state have no power to overthrow any contract made by competent authorities, nor to abolish any one right of property, whether vested in the priesthood or in the peerage, whether in the individual or the body; law being the great express protector of those rights of personal

and corporate property. It is admitted that there may be public exigencies, which make the seizure of all individual or corporate property necessary; but those are not the rights of legislation, but of despair—not the creatures of law, but the resorts of a stern necessity, which, by its nature, supersedes all law; the same species of exigence which would seize every man for a soldier or sailor, and tearing away the whole population from their pursuits, and turning a deaf ear to all rights, harness them all in arms to meet ruinous invasion. But are such the exigencies of the present hour? What man in his senses pronounces the state undone, unless it can clutch the pittance of the parish priest? The cry is *not* necessity, but improvement. The violation of the common principles of British law is urged, on the simple ground of Church renovation, and the robbery is to be committed, not by a nation with famine urging it to deeds of indiscriminate spoil, but by a nation calmly theorizing on the means of giving a new impulse to public prosperity, at leisure to think of making that better which is already best, in comparison with the most flourishing kingdoms of the continent, and of calmly swelling a tide of public opulence, freedom and power, to which the world has never seen an equal.

But let speculation pause till facts have spoken. What was the practical result of the seizure of the Church property in France? The most immediate, universal, and remediless burst of public misery, confusion, and convulsion ever known. The life of the peasant was first to have been raised immeasurably in the scale. The whole of peasant life was first thrown into disorder. Dependent in a great degree on the presence, the benefactions, and the personal ministrations of the clergy, the blow that struck the Church into famine was felt as a mortal blow in every village of France. In a vast number of instances the result was peasant violence against the property which was now flung out for general temptation—in many it was a generous and virtuous indignation, on the part of the peasantry, against a government of robbers—in all it was disorganization followed by riot,

and riot plunging the whole lower population into idleness and misery. The rapid confusion of all classes followed. In a letter from Mr Eden (Lord Auckland), a man of character and intelligence, to Pitt, this able and responsible writer says, "It would lead me too far to enter into the strange and unhappy particulars of the present situation of this country. The anarchy is most complete. The people have renounced every idea and principle of subordination. The magistracy (so far as there remains any magistracy) is panic-struck. The army is utterly undone, and the soldiers are so free from military discipline, that, on every discontent, and in the face of day, they take their arms and knapsacks and leave their regiments. The Church, which formerly had so much influence, is now in general treated by the people with derision. The revenue is greatly diminishing amid the disorders of the time: even the industry of the labouring classes is interrupted and suspended. In short, the prospect, in every point of view, is most alarming; and it is sufficient to walk the streets, and look at the faces of those who pass, to see that there is a general impression of calamity and terror. Such a state of things must soon come to a crisis, and the anxiety to be restored to order and security would soon tend to establish, in some shape, an executive government; but there is a cruel want of some man of eminent talent to take the lead. I know personally all who are most conspicuous at present. But I see no man equal, in any degree, to the task which presents itself."

The clubs and associations for "Constitutional Reform," and the rapid restoration of the golden age of liberty, now coalesced, and sent their commands to the National Assembly, to which that Assembly listened with the profoundest deference. Kings and priests were declared by those clubs to be public offences, and the Assembly, though decorously expressing its sense of the unfitness of the names, yet felt too delicately for the popular right of obloquy to punish the revilers. The clubs proceeded to discuss politics on a larger scale, and the Parisian Commion Council, long notorious for rabble

manners and ignorant presumption, took the lead in debating matters of government, which its members, or the delegates of its members, carried into the National Assembly, where they were voted forthwith, and became law. The French Parliament was now a slave, the abject and notorious slave of the mob, and scarcely daring to give the formality of a debate to any proposition which came recommended by the sovereign will of any five hundred of the lowest rabble of the suburbs of Paris. But in the midst of this reign of liberty, all became flight, robbery, and bloodshed. The mansions of the men of property in the provinces were surrounded by mobs, taught to believe in the new rights of man. Their owners were shot, or, if they escaped, they at least left their houses behind them, which were first pillaged by the patriots, and then given to the flames. The absence of all men of property, and employers, was, of course, soon felt by the peasantry, who, with freedom in full possession, were every where on the point of famine. Still the work of regeneration went on. The National Assembly, trembling at its own rashness, hurried on, applauding, admiring, and regenerating, until it began to expect a visit from its masters in the streets, who threatened to set the house on fire over its head.

It now advanced another stride in regeneration, and gave the true model of a legislature after the popular heart. The National Assembly, fully establishing the doctrine, that in politics every change is valuable only as regarded the parent of change, and that the most desperate means are the most natural for a progression to the most desperate end, employed itself on an *improved* shape of the constitution. By this new approach to representative perfection, the elections were to take place every *two years*. A succession of similar improvements hurried on. The King was to be a cypher, or, in the jargon of treason, to have a *suspensive veto*, and this negation of all power was to sum up the royal authority; the old divisions of the kingdom were to be broken up for the ostensible purpose of making the returns of members more suitable to

the population; and the local privileges of the country, municipalities, and corporations, were to be utterly abolished. Having thus dealt with the privileges of the King and the Commons, the Nobles were not to be spared. By a decree of the most childish impolicy, not less than of the most sweeping insolence, the whole nobility of France, many of them, too, foremost in the ranks of regeneration, were commanded to lay down their titles; all honours, whether obtained by personal services, by purchase, or by descent from the great soldiers and statesmen of France, were stripped away at once. A single vote abolished in that hour of destiny the rights of the entire body of the French noblesse. It was in vain argued, that by extinguishing all titles, the nation was actually extinguishing a portion of the public power, and that the most exalted portion, the power of reward; and that thenceforth the only form of reward for the most meritorious services, must be *money*, at once the most expensive to the public and the least productive of public virtue. The patriot who is to be made a patriot only by gain, is a nondescript, and belongs to nothing in human nature. But the true source of this abhorrence of hereditary dignities was neither the vice nor the uselessness of the French nobility; it was the mere rancour of the low against the high, the mere vulgar jealousy of the obscure against the conspicuous, the mere overflowing of that bitter, and mean-spirited, and contemptible desire to sink all things to the level of the contemptible, which belongs to the very nature of the Democrat. This spirit reigns at this moment in the heart of every leveller. This is the spirit which bellows in the clamour of America against a peerage. Contradicting alike the promptings of that high-hearted and direct instinct by which every man would desire to see his son advancing to a higher station in society than himself, and that legislative foresight by which a provision is made for the stability of a constitution in the stability of a race of great proprietors, possessing their privileges with the effect of a trust for posterity, removed by their station from the everyday influence of the rabble; and pre-

eminently feeling their public and personal tenure connected with the steadiness and strength of the constitution. Of all the fine stimulants ever applied to the finer parts of our nature, the most animating, elevating, and unmixed, is the hope of founding a family. A hope which is to be realized only where a hereditary nobility is in existence. This hope the British leveller would destroy, and with it the monarchy. This hope the American leveller has destroyed, and turned his nation into a race of traffickers, where money is the idol; where corruption is the grand instrument of public life, and where republicanism is rapidly inflaming into revolution.

But it was against the Church that the most vigorous hand of national regeneration was raised. The true cause of this violence was the helplessness of the Ecclesiastical body; of all causes the most ungenerous, but when has the rabble exhibited magnanimity? The work of ruin found no obstacle, the whole revolutionary theory had its full completion; all the dignities of the Church were swept away. The parish priesthood alone were left, and these were paid by a small stipend from the state. The livings were made elective, and as, according to the new code of freedom, the right of election in every instance was the "dearest privilege" of man, every man, Atheist, Deist, or Jew, was to have a vote in the election of the parish priest. An oath was further imposed on the whole body of the clergy, "that they would maintain to the utmost of their power the new constitution;" which fluctuated from hour to hour, and which was on the point of being superseded by one still more precipitate, rapacious, blind, and bloody. Many of the priesthood, refusing to take this oath, which was denounced by the Pope, the master to whom, in whatever land they exist, their first allegiance is habitually paid, but which they had the still better reason for refusing, that it was in fact the sealing of their bond of ruin, were deprived of their benefices, and left to beg their way through the world.

Yet even this robbery could not make the robbers rich. They soon reached the discovery, that spolia-

tion is not revenue. With all the lands of the Church in their possession; with all the tithes in their granaries; with the old glorious dream of the general seizure of all Church property, down to the communion plate, realized, the National Assembly found itself poorer than ever. The treasure which was to relieve France from all burdens for a century to come was found to be worth nothing; from the instant that it touched their hands, it lost its use. The plundering legislature even found, that instead of being benefited by the plunder, it had actually been impoverished. There lay the lands and houses, but no man would buy them. Money fled from France; credit there was none; or if either had existed, who would expend it on purchases which the next decree of an Assembly, where speeches were wisdom and the mob gave the law, might extinguish within twenty-four hours. In the mean time, the stipends of the clergy must be paid, and the nation thus obtained nothing but a pension list of forty thousand paupers.

But the finance of the Assembly began to be more desperate still. The annual expenditure was now no less than twelve millions sterling above the receipts; nearly six times the deficit which had first alarmed the nation; and nearly four times the loan in 1785 which had roused the Parliament of Paris to opposition, and driven Calonne from the helm. The only resource left was the swindling contrivance of issuing vast quantities of paper, on the security of the Church confiscation; irresponsible paper on inconvertible security. The result was natural. The notes (*assignats*) were speedily depreciated; every man who held them lost by every livre, and the consequence of the whole operation was that the National Assembly, beginning by the robbery of the Church, finished by a tenfold robbery of the nation.

Every step of this profligate and prodigious career henceforward is not less fearfully and directly instructive. We have seen the triumph of political renovation complete; France adopting the whole magazine of political specifics which modern renovators pronounce to be essential to public prosperity. She then

had her *biennial* Parliaments, her universal suffrage, her provinces partitioned into voting districts, her vote by ballot, her corporations levelled with the ground, her Nobility turned into slaves of her Commons, her King the simple possessor of a chair; her Church stripped of its hereditary income, and pensioned by the state; her army replaced by a voluntary levy of the people; the Commons of France the sole depositary of power; the uncontrolled governor of the state, *the* state. The whole theory of political regeneration never was so completely reduced to fact. Not an old fragment of the antiquated constitution remained; all was brilliant, new, pure! From this splendid elevation, as her orators told Europe, France was to look back on the wisdom of antiquity with scorn, and forward through the remotest future with exultation. All was to be peace unbroken, opulence undisturbed, and prosperity broad, deep, and flowing for ever.

But men on this side of the Channel, who judged that out of evil, evil must come, pronounced that France had now reached only a stage in that deadly trial which awaits the wilful iniquity of nations. Some of these immortal names, which make the noblest renown of a country, pointed to the fierce and wild progress through which faction had strode to supremacy; the road strewn on either side with the fragments of every memorial and institute that nature, feeling, and principle had once combined to honour; the bloodmarks of that rapid heel which had trampled on the helpless; the brandishings of that guilty weapon which was now lifted up in defiance to heaven, and now fell with the weight of cruelty and rapine upon man; the robe torn from the altar, the shattered crown on its forehead snatched from the brow of the unhappy sovereign, and the countenance of mingled haughtiness, passion, and enmity, with which that towering profligate looked down on all nations.

The leaders of the British mind in this great emergency pronounced that religion was the first security of good government, and that where it was scorned, all government must run into anarchy; that where confiscation was made the source of reve-

nue, bankruptcy must be the only payer of the public debts; and that where the legislature held its deliberations at the will of the multitude, its history must be a train of revolutions, each more sanguinary than the last, until human nature, weary of the scene, rose up, as by one impulse, and extinguished the criminal race, or the whole fury of spoil, treason, and massacre was closed, and shut up in an iron despotism.

Of course, those high-minded and honest guides of the public received the general volley of all the insults and libels that could be poured out by Jacobinism. Opposition, headed by Fox, who had given his testimonials of fitness for the government of the state by offences to every principle of political consistency; and his fitness to inspire the nation with loyalty and order, by habitual insolence to his King, and by a life whose libertinism he never attempted to conceal, nor could have concealed, if he had made the attempt, employed itself to sustain, with double nerve, the popularity of the French Revolution. The most appalling acts of riot, violence, and treachery found forward advocates, who did not blush to defend these atrocities in the presence of the nation. From the Senate they adjourned to the clubs, tavern dinners, and mob meetings in the streets, and there recruiting their exhausted vigour, returned to amaze and disgust the legislature with fresh libels on common sense, and fresh frauds on the constitution. It delights our natural feeling of justice, to remember that those advocates at length reaped their due reward; that if they found the nation at first confiding, they soon found it indignant, and then contemptuous; that, night after night, they felt scorn thickening round them, saw their side abandoned by all that existed of character, independence, or sincerity among them; were rapidly reduced to silence, though not to repentance, and were finally urged by their own sense of public shame to retire from the House, and leave the noble achievement of administering the fates of England and Europe to their conqueror.

We have still to trace the progress of a legislature purified and popular to the full extent of Republican theory. It is a maxim, that the po-

litical theorist is always either a knave or a fool, either a subtle miscreant, whose objects are too atrocious to bear the light, or a busy blockhead, unacquainted with his own shallowness, and mistaking ridicule for reputation. The character sometimes strikingly combines both; as if a contemptuous destiny provided for the fall of the villain by the conjoint absurdity of the idiot. The theorists of the National Assembly memorably justified the maxim, for the world never exhibited a larger share of the most reckless crime, mingled with the most helpless folly. The Assembly was already on the point of ruin by its own fatuity. It had broken down the throne, it had turned the Establishment into a shadow, it had dissolved the whole revenue of France into bankrupt paper; and after usurping power in every shape, suddenly found its existence at the mercy of an unsuspected knot of low conspirators.

But this too ought to have been foreseen, for it was perfectly in the course of faction. When the popular will has once become the standard of the legislature—when members have become but delegates, and deliberation is but the echo of the streets, the populace have never been content with suffering their delegates to dream of independence; they will be as little content with suffering them to have the disposal of those emoluments which the legislator of the streets as well understands as the legislator of the senate. The inevitable result of a completely popularized legislature is a legislature of the clubs; an exterior house, in which the rabble represent themselves, the rabble lay down the national law, and the rabble award to themselves the national feast, which their haughtier delegates are no more found worthy to taste alone.

The lesson was now to be given with effectual vengeance. In the beginning of 1790 a knot of political agitators, who had been chiefly unable to find their way into the National Assembly, formed a debating club, which met in the convent belonging to the Jacobin friars, a portion of the once powerful brotherhood of the Dominicans. The name of the Jacobin Club was to be imperishable, if infamy can preserve a

name. The convent had been one of the seizures by the new law of freedom! and if retributive justice ever was at work, it was in the infinite evil and misery which burst upon France from the halls of that desecrated convent. The Club grew rapidly; its violences grew with its growth; the times had arrived when the formalities of debate were found to be too tedious for the illumination of the age; the hypocrisy of the Assembly had long been seen through, and of course despised; the Jacobin Club disdained disguise; it was thus exempt from at least that portion of scorn which made the legislature the byword of mankind. The doctrines of the Club were plain, daring, and desperate. They were only the more congenial to popularity. While the Assembly talked of restraining the royal power, the Club discussed the question of suffering the name of royalty to exist. Both were equally in earnest, and both equally ready for extremes. But the Club had found the more attractive style. The men who pronounced that the throne was only to be extinguished, and the King to be murdered, were the popular favourites by every right of sympathy; and it was easily discovered, that on the first collision, the pompous sitters in the senate must bow to the superiority of the simple arbiters of blood among the naked walls of the confiscated chapel.

The first proceedings of this new despotism were directed to declare the Club the only depositary of the true revolutionary principles. The declaration was echoed by the multitude; the patriotism of the Parisians soon saw where the victory was to lie. The loudest haranguers for the honour of the National Assembly suddenly began to desert it, and crowd to the Club; the most profligate of the mob leaders pressed in, and it became rapidly the anticipator of all the debates of the Assembly. Its next advance was to the dictation of those debates; gangs of the most ferocious of the populace practically consummated the system of enslaving the Assembly, by taking possession of the avenues to the House, filling the galleries, and hissing down every speaker whose sentiments were not debased

to the vileness of their own. The Club next proceeded to exert its powers in "agitating" the remoter population; it sent the flame through the provinces. Within a short period no less than fifteen hundred clubs were established! terror and corruption equally filled their ranks. They governed France; the Jacobin Club of Paris governed them. The National Assembly was a cypher. An irresponsible body was the true legislature, ministry, and monarch. The consummate work of a whole people, turned into *liberals*, was a tyranny; and the instruments of the regenerated commonwealth were libel, the dagger, and the guillotine.

Still the Assembly was too fond of power to see it torn away without an effort to retain it; and the effort consisted in rivalling the Jacobins in the vigour of demolition. The populace must be courted, for the populace were the masters. The nobility and clergy had first felt the heavy hand of change. Thenceforth all that alluded to their names was treason against the majesty of the sovereign people. The ancient writers of France, formerly the national pride, were thrown into contempt by their casual mention of the higher orders. Montesquieu, the ablest writer on the philosophy of legislation that France ever saw, was denounced as an aristocrat, for stating the self-evident truth, that monarchy could not exist without a nobility. The praises of the mob were sounded with corresponding energy by all the journals in the pay of faction; the mob were *the people*, *par excellence*, Paris was *the nation*. On all occasions an appeal was made to numbers; what was to dispute the wisdom of TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS! Every right was, *ipso facto*, extinguished which interfered with their appetite for possession. Every class of society must be merged in the grand total of the *sans culotte* majority; that majority being always represented by the first burst of clamourers that could be found in the Palais Royal. From the Palais Royal the sound went forth to the National Assembly, the trembling and corrupt Assembly echoed it with reluctant but entire submission, and the echo went forth law to the kingdom.

The Assembly, running the race of popularity, next voted the establishment of an army, independent of the King! The motion, made after an insulting speech by Mirabeau, contained the two additional objects of removing the King's troops from Versailles, where they constituted his sole defence against the Parisian rioters, and of dismissing the foreign regiments, the only troops on whom the King could rely. This most important measure was carried with scarcely the decency of a debate, and the decree was sent by a deputation, without the common forms of a senatorial message to the King. The decree was so palpably a step to the overthrow of the monarchy, that the unfortunate Louis hesitated, and proposed the removal of the Assembly to some place more remote from the immediate violence of the capital. The measure had thus failed, but the conspirators were instantly active. They propagated rumours of famine. Neckar, still ambitious of popularity, and in his imbecile spirit and corrupt heart knowing no other means of its attainment than following the caprices and crimes of the populace, lent the credit of government to these rumours, by publishing an affected memorial to the Committee of Subsistence. This act of craft determined his own fall. The King, by a single recovery of his courage, dismissed him from the ministry. Neckar, a weak and worthless minister, on this occasion adopted a conduct which for the time obtained him some praise among the rational part of this mad community. He had hitherto exhibited the most remarkable eagerness for publicity in all his movements; and his visits to the palace and his returns from the Assembly were always made in the presence of a mob shouting for the "minister of the people." But, on this occasion, he observed the most cautious secrecy. His dismissal was notified to him early on the 11th of July. Childish and vain as he was, he now seemed to have learned the vanity of popular excitement, he put the mandate in his pocket, said not a syllable on the subject even to his own household during the day, but at nightfall ordered his carriage, on pretence of going to sup with some friends, and drove straight for Brus-

sels. For such difference of conduct there must be a reason, and it was certainly neither to be found in any sudden contempt for the huzzas of the rabble, or any sudden regard for the peace of the King. But it is remarkable, that the very night on which the popular minister thus eagerly escaped from Paris, was fixed on by the rabble leaders for the outbreak of a plot which would have involved Paris in massacre. The signal was to be the burning of the Duke of Bourbon's palace. Whether Neckar was conscious of the plot, of which, from his peculiar accesses to the popular councils, it is difficult to conceive that he could have been ignorant, or of which his ignorance must have argued an extraordinary neglect of duty, may be uncertain; but the secrecy and speed of his flight alone saved him from being impeached as its cause, or found guilty as its accomplice. The night displayed palpable evidence of the spirit which had been summoned up. The multitude ranged the streets almost uncontrolled till morning, and committed various acts of violence, robbed individuals, and making an attack on the barriers, burned some of the toll-houses. They wanted nothing but leaders to have consummated the whole scheme of murder. But their leaders were absent. The rumour of Neckar's leaving Paris had publicly reached them, in a city where the barriers were the object of perpetual curiosity, and where every face passing the gates was known; and his rapid evasion probably made them think of the hazard of their enterprise, in time to avoid its consequences.

But never was there a casual event turned to more fearful account by rebellion, than the flight of Neckar by the Jacobins. From the moment when the intelligence was spread through the city, the Palais Royal was crowded. The fury, the folly, and the terror of the groupes which rushed into the gates of that central spot of treason, were indescribable. "Neckar is gone, Neckar is betrayed," was the first and universal cry. The cry was followed by, "France is undone," and "Revenge!" The history of the Palais Royal might form one of the most expressive chapters in the annals of national

retribution. We are fully aware of the weakness, if not the profaneness, of attempting to fix the seal of Providence to every trivial and cursory event of individual or public life. But, under all aspects, the Palais Royal had a most singular, direct, and powerful influence on the destinies of the unhappy land in which this focus of evil was so ostentatiously tolerated. Built by a prelate on whose head was the blood of the Huguenots, and probably built out of their spoils, it fell into the hands of the Orleans family, and during the regency of the celebrated and profligate duke, from 1715 to 1728, was the seat of the most revolting impurities of the most impure court of Europe. But it was to make a further progress in the pollution of the public morals. The not less notorious, or less profligate grandson of the regent, Philip Egalité, with the meanness of a trafficker, divided his palace into tenements, and hired them out to every pursuit of every purchaser, however vile. From this assemblage of gaming houses, and nests of the most daring, and the most forbidden violations of law, human and divine, was poured forth in its time of ripeness the misery of France. The government, which had criminally endured such a centre of abomination in its capital, and had even suffered a scandalous revenue to be raised out of its pollutions, was the first to feel the evil. The Palais Royal suddenly combined with its character as the chosen place of the low luxuries of Parisian life, the new character of the headquarters of revolution. There were to be found the haranguers against the state; there were the confederacies which marched to the overthrow of the throne. In its taverns, and round its gaming-tables, were concocted the schemes of blood and robbery which so rapidly made the Revolution a history of horrors. There, too, by retributive vengeance, was virtually built the scaffold on which Orleans perished; there too was as unquestionably lighted the conflagration which, after wasting France, spread forth to consume the face of Europe, and finally returned to extinguish the army, the throne, and the dynasty of Napoleon. If the government of Louis XVI. had been

awake to the primary obligation on all governments of guarding the national morals, this glaring scandal would not have been suffered an hour, the gates of the Palais Royal would have been closed on the whole race of its professors of abomination, and rebellion would have, by the very act, been deprived beforehand of the most efficient instrument in the whole magazine of the national preparatives for destruction.

On this day the Palais Royal showed its full and fatal efficiency. Camille Desmoulins, then commencing that career which afterwards gave him such infamous celebrity among the Jacobins, started up from the midst of a group of angry idlers, prepared for any act of desperation. Mounting on one of the garden benches, he gathered the multitude round him, and there gave them the true lesson of *liberalism*. "Citizens," he roared; "Children of France, martyrs of tyrants! All now must be action. Neckar is gone. The friend of the people has been torn from them. What is to be the consequence? What but another massacre. The new St Bartholomew is at hand. The patriots are to be the victims. Our throats are to be cut. The foreigners, the German and Swiss hirelings, those mercenaries who hate the name of freedom, are to be marched into the city, and this night the bloody work is to be done. What is to be our protection? Unity!" Under this affectation of alarm lurked a deep scheme of revolt. The power of the mob had not hitherto been concentrated. It was a matter of importance to the rebels to show the mob their strength, and in the moment of the discovery, lead them on to some act of irretrievable insult to the government. "We have but one hope of safety," exclaimed the orator. "All must fly to arms; but the patriot must have a rallying sign. Let each man mount a cockade." The idea was adopted by acclamation, and the colour of the badge was to be *green*, as the emblem of Hope, or of the new *Spring of Liberty*. There was another point still to be compassed. The multitude were to be excited to actual violence. The orator, casting his eyes across the immense extent of the crowd, seem-

ed suddenly disconcerted. "What do I see?" he at length cried out. "I see the slaves of power, the *Sbirri*, the satellites of the tyrants, coming to throw the sons of freedom into fetters. Perish if ye will. I shall not share the dungeon. I am resolved not to fall into their hands alive." He showed himself prepared by anticipation for the consequences; for he drew two pistols from his pocket, and throwing himself into an attitude of defence against his imaginary assailants, roared out, "Let every citizen follow my example." The appeal to the theatric heroism of the Frenchman is never in vain. The words were hailed with an universal shout. The whole scene had the look of preparation, for the mob instantly exhibited arms of all kinds, and proceeded, under the guidance of their patriotic leader, to pillage and conflagration. The toll-houses were again attacked, and some even burnt, in addition to those which had already signalized the triumph of freedom. It was the obvious tactic of the French regenerators always to train the multitude to more formidable riot by beginning with the toll-houses; an establishment obnoxious to the populace, and in whose attack the passions and profits of the smugglers, paupers, and profligates of the capital were equally interested. The popular blood once roused by this favourite vengeance, it was easy to turn the current of robbery to higher things. In the course of the evening, the news arrived, that the remainder of the Neckar Ministry had been dismissed. The patriots were only the more indignant. They paraded the busts of Neckar and Orleans through the streets, and commanded all passers by to take off their hats to those two demigods of liberty. The riot went on. The sovereign people broke open the gunsmiths' shops, and moved along the Boulevards towards the palace. Here, however, a detachment of German dragoons were ordered to prevent their further advance. A regiment of French guards, blackened through the whole of those transactions with the tenfold name of treason, actually fired on this detachment. The Germans halted, returned the fire, and then dispersed the

populace. But another portion of the crowd had already made its way into the garden of the palace. The dragoons followed them there, and were on the point of inflicting a just retribution, which example might have subsequently saved millions of lives, when the commandant, De Buzenval, ordered the Prince de Lambese, who led the detachment, to abstain from all use of force. This fatal order must obviously have encouraged the violence of the mob. The dragoons sat on their horses, only to be insulted and wounded by the missiles and fire-arms; and, though the riot ceased at nightfall, the patriots had found their way to the palace, and prepared for the future, with the knowledge that audacity alone was required to make them masters of the throne. But the immediate result was an operation which made the triumph of rebellion certain. Under pretence of alarm, the Electoral body of Paris, a body formed for the sole purpose of choosing representatives for the city, assumed the shape of an actual power in the state, and starting headlong into faction, called a meeting of the inhabitants at the Hôtel de Ville; by its own motion divided the capital into Sections, and formed a city militia of 48,000 men! Thus, out of the harangue at the Palais Royal, and the riot which followed, both probably for the express purpose of this extraordinary result, grew at a moment a new government, exercising authority totally independent of the King, and raising an army with all its appointments of officers, derived solely from this new Municipal Cabinet, alike in contradiction to every principle of constitutional law and public safety.

But our chief view is to the conduct of the French Parliament on this occasion. Instead of assuming to itself the power to which it had long since so haughtily declared its right as *the representatives of the whole national mind*; instead of proclaiming itself the defender even of the constitution of its own making, it exhibited nothing but timidity, mean-spiritedness, and adulation of the rabble. And those always have been, and always will be, the qualities of a senate which has once divested itself of the strength to be derived

from an acknowledgment of the power of a king, and the natural influence of a peerage. The French Parliament had now gone down, by its own eagerness for usurpation, into the natural helplessness of a *delegate* of the multitude. With no other character than that of an instrument of the popular will, and no other security for its existence than the clamour of the streets, the National Assembly could find, and dared to find, no other expedient, in a time which openly threatened public overthrow, than an abject submission to the rabble.

If that National Assembly had then done its duty, or been capable of doing its duty, it would have sent the new city Cabinet to jail at the instant, and stripped the epaulets off every officer of its insolent and unlawful appointment. But what was its proceedings? It actually addressed the King to order the dismissal of the foreign regiments, the only troops that had saved his palace from being burnt, and to give up Paris to the new Citizen Army, which was raised for the palpable purpose of extinguishing his government! The unfortunate King, startled by this evident determination for his ruin, for once exhibited some steadiness, and refused to give way. But Lafayette, whose name will be transmitted to posterity stamped by that bitterest badge of scorn—the praise of all rebels, traitors, and infidels throughout the world—impelled this miserable and shrinking Assembly again to press submission on the King, and even to threaten the ministers with personal responsibility in case of refusal. But while this contemptible transaction was advancing, the multitude, perfectly satisfied of its conclusion, took the power into their own hands, marched through Paris, seized the arms in the Royal Arsenal of the Invalids, and then turned to the open seizure of the last royal hold in the metropolis, the Bastile. The tactic in this instance was the same as on the other occasions of popular outrage. The Bastile had been of old a name of terror to the Parisians; as of old it had undoubtedly been an instrument of tyranny. But its instrumentality had long ceased to be employed even by the despotic autho-

rity of the Throne; and, by the late Constitution, a recurrence of its former uses was absolutely impossible. The true cause of its obnoxiousness in the eyes of the conspirators was, that its position might be a restraint on their usurped possession of the city; and the populace were stimulated to the attack, as a preliminary to final revolution. The message sent to the governor of the Bastile was evidence of the nature of the treason. “The *Permanent Committee* of the Parisian Militia, taking into consideration that there ought to be no military force in Paris *but that of the city*, charge the deputies whom they send to the Marquis de Launey, commander of the Bastile, to ask him if he is disposed to receive the Parisian Militia to defend it, in concert with the troops already there, and to be under the command of the city.—Done at the Hôtel de Ville, July 14, 1789.”

The capture of the Bastile was celebrated as the noblest of all national exploits. It was actually a contemptible piece of fraud, in which force did comparatively nothing. Nearly the whole was a mere matter of rabble negotiation, in which a foolish governor, following the folly of men of higher station, allowed himself to rely on the word of the populace, and had no sooner delivered up his keys, than he and the greater part of his feeble garrison of invalids were murdered in cold blood, and his head, and that of the Provost or Mayor of Paris, carried on pikes in barbarian triumph through the streets.

What, in this new emergency, was the conduct of the National Assembly? Did they feel themselves imperatively called on to protect the throne; to put down the disturbers of the public peace, and extinguish the rebellion, of whose existence no man in his senses could now doubt for a moment? They still trembled, still canvassed a base popularity, and once more addressed the King to “send away all the troops from the neighbourhood of Paris.” While their deputation was carrying this address to the King, two of the self-elected and rebel municipality, Ganihl and Isarts, arrived at Versailles. Were those men ordered to be thrown into chains?

They were received with acclamation by the recreant Assembly, and a motion was made for the head of Marshal Broglio, the commander-in-chief, followed by a motion that the presence of the troops was alone the cause of the public disorders, and that the King should be importuned until he dismissed them! The fall of the King was now resolved on; and in a secret meeting of the conspirators, it was determined that France should be virtually a republic, with the Duke of Orleans at its head, under the name of Lieutenant-General of France, which still retained the name of a kingdom. But his nerve was not equal to this daring outrage, and he fled to England. The King finally, by the advice of the Duc de Liancourt, gave way. The troops were ordered to retire from Paris and Versailles. The Parisians next demanded the return of Neckar, and the presence of the King in the capital. The unhappy Louis came, was met half-way by the new rebel army, and led by them to the city gates, where he was met by Bailly, the mayor, with an insolent speech, that as Henry IV. had conquered the people, the people had now conquered the King, was fired at on his way to the Town-Hall, confirmed Lafayette's appointment as commandant of the rebel army, mounted the national cockade, and was undone.

The remaining career of the French senate was brief and abortive. It sanctioned all the measures of republicanism, degraded the royal authority, and usurped the royal powers until the anarchy was complete. The mob demanded but one triumph more, and this was, that the Assembly should change its sittings from Versailles to Paris; the declared object being to get both the senate and the King in their power. This command of the populace was obeyed, as had all their commands been. The palace was torn open, and the King dragged to Paris. The Assembly followed, and on the 19th of October they began their career of crime, corruption, and terror in the capital. The victory of democracy was now achieved. The Assembly were captive, the King lived in hourly hazard of his life, and the populace proclaimed alliances with

every club, conspiracy, and revolt in Europe. But the time fixed by law for the existence of the senate expired; and in 1791 the second National Assembly, better known by the name of the Legislative Assembly, commenced the natural career of a body chosen in factious times, by faction, and for the purposes of faction. By a law of the most measureless absurdity, if it had not been devised with the most absolute certainty of the evils which it was to produce, no member of the former Assembly could possess a seat in the subsequent one. The direct result was, to sink the representation into a still lower grade of society; it was so effectual, that of the 758 members it was computed that not more than fifty possessed property to the amount of a hundred English pounds a-year. The plan of ruin which had been laid down by the first Assembly was completed by the second, and the progress of popular supremacy and senatorial abasement was continued until France was proclaimed a republic, and the King was slain upon the scaffold.

In tracing these events, we have left the memorable atrocities, the deep and wild romance of revolution out of view. The readers of Mr Alison's eloquent work—the manliest contribution to public knowledge made within our time—will there find the Revolution described in all its bolder features. Our object has been simply to pursue the single progress of the French Parliament; to discover, if we could, the extraordinary advantages derivable to a country from a legislature strengthening itself against the constitution by the physical force of the multitude; on the one hand appealing to the rabble, the only source of power—and on the other, labouring to strip the King and the nobility of their natural influence in the state. We have thus seen the French Parliament utterly extinguishing its own independence by the means of its insurrection; and nothing is more direct and inevitable than the process. The commons, as such, can have no physical force. The Monarch, as the head of the army and the patronage of the crown, or as a great proprietor, may possess physical force. The nobility, by their wealth in later

times, as by their feudal influence in earlier, also may possess considerable physical force. While the privileges of both are in existence, and thus capable of being brought to the assistance of the commons, the combined legislature possesses a force which may enable it to assert all the independence essential to the well-being of the state. But when the King is once turned into a cipher, and the nobility rendered powerless by stripping them of their rights, properties, or internal influence, the commons are at the mercy of the populace. They have nothing to retreat upon; nothing to interpose between their own deliberation and the most headlong absurdity of the multitude. For, embarked in a contest with the King and the nobles, in which the aid of the populace is absolutely necessary to success, they naturally purchase that aid by extravagant adulation of the people. And this adulation must be paid in substance. Those who proclaim the sovereign majesty of the mob will not be suffered to stop at the madness of metaphor. The populace will exact a real acknowledgment of their sovereignty in the submission of the legislature. All, thenceforth, must be obedience on one side, and exaction on the other. The rabble will dictate, and the Senate will decree, and thus the command and the compliance will be cause and

effect, until the last bulwarks of the constitution are successively broken down, and the monarchy is cashiered for a democracy, itself to be scattered by a wild and furious anarchy, or chained and chastised by an iron despotism. God avert the omen from our still happy country! God avert the natural punishment of presumption, rashness, and self-will from the country which has stood so long the protectress of freedom and religion to Europe! But, if the evil come, we have at least not been taken by surprise, while the vehemence of the French Revolution is open to us—while we there see written, in letters of flame, the result of making the favour of the populace the ambition of the legislature, and listening to the councils of demagogues equally blind, selfish, and sanguinary. The conduct of Pitt through this anxious period did honour to his heart and his understanding. By his vigour he crushed rebellion at home, while, by his prudence, he avoided plunging into the hostilities hourly provoked by the aggressions of France. Neither to be deceived nor baffled, he followed every step of the Revolution with an unsleeping eye, sounded the trumpet to Europe, and calmly prepared the arms and armour of England for the day of inevitable battle.

SPECIMENS OF THE MINOR GREEK POETS. NO. I.—BION.

LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

M. J. CHAPMAN.

I AND the Loves Adonis dead deplore:
 The beautiful Adonis is indeed
 Departed, parted from us. Sleep no more,
 Cypris! in purple; but in watchet weed,
 All-wretched! beat thy breast and all aread—
 "Adonis is no more." The Loves and I
 Lament him. Oh, her grief to see him bleed,
 Smitten by white tooth on his whiter thigh,
 Out-breathing life's faint sigh upon the mountain high!

Adown his snowy flesh drops the black gore;
 Stiffen beneath his brows his torpid eyes;
 The rose is off his lip; with him no more
 Lives poor Cythera's kiss, but with him dies:
 Yet though he knows not whose his cold lip tries,
 She finds some pleasure still in kissing him.
 Deep is his thigh-wound; hers yet deeper lies—

E'en in her heart. The Oreads' eyes are dim—
His hounds whine piteously—in most disordered trim.

Distraught, unkempt, unsandalled, Cypris rushes
Madly along the tangled thicket steep ;
Her sacred blood is drawn by bramble bushes,
Her skin is torn ; with wailings wild and deep
Now wanders through the valley's weary sweep,
Calling her boy-spouse, her Assyrian fere.
But from his thigh the purple jet doth leap
Up to his snowy navel ; on the clear
Whiteness beneath his paps the deep-red streaks appear.

" Ah for Cythera ! " sigh the Loves ; " deprived
Of her fair spouse she lost her beauty's pride ;
Cypris was lovely whilst Adonis lived,
But with Adonis all her beauty died."
Mountains and oaks, and streams that broadly glide,
Or wail or weep for her ; in tearful rills
For her gush fountains from the mountain side ;
Redden the flowers from grief ; city and hills
With ditties sadly wild, forlorn, Cythera fills.

" Ah, for Cythera—dead is her Adonis"—
And " dead Adonis " Echo doth resound.
Who would not grieve for her whose love so lone is ?
But when she saw his cruel, cruel wound,
The purple gore that ran his wan thigh round,
She spread her arms, and lowly murmured—" Stay, thee,
That I may find thee as before I found,
My hapless own Adonis, and embay thee,
And mingle lips with lips, whilst in my arms I lay thee.

" Up for a little ; kiss me back again
Thy latest kiss—brief as itself that dies
In being breathed ; until I fondly drain
Into my heart of hearts the kiss that flies
Warm from thy parting soul. I will devise,
As if 'twere thou, to guard it—since from me
Adonis goes afar ; leaves me and hies
To Dis and Acheron. But I must be
A goddess still and live, nor can I follow thee.

" But thou, Persephona ! my spouse receive ;
Mightier than me—since to thy chamber drear
All bloom of beauty falls ; but I must grieve
Unceasingly. I have a jealous fear
Of thee, and weep for him. Where art thou ?—where,
Adonis ? Dead ? art dead ? My love has flown
E'en as a dream. At home my widowed cheer
Keeps the Loves idle ; with thy dying moan
My cestus perished too ; why didst not leave alone

" The game ? so fair, to fight with monsters grim ? "
Thus Cypris wailed—but dead Adonis lies ;
For every drop of blood that fell from him
She sheds a tear ; sweet flowers each dew supplies,
Roses his blood, her tears anemonies.
Cypris ! no longer in the thickets weep ;
The couch is furnished ; there in loving guise
Upon thy proper bed—that odorous heap,
The lovely body lies—how lovely !—as in sleep.

Come! in those softest vestments now array him,
 In which he slept the live-long night with thee;
 And on the golden settle gently lay him—
 A sad yet lovely sight. And let him be
 High-heaped with flowers, though withered all when he
 Surceased. With essences him sprinkle o'er,
 And ointments; let them perish utterly,
 Since he, who was thy sweetest, is no more.
 He lies in purple; him the weeping Loves deplore.

Their curls are shorn; one breaks his bow; another
 His arrows and the quiver; this unstrings,
 And takes Adonis' sandal off; his brother
 In golden urn the fountain-water brings;
 This bathes his thighs; that fans him with his wings.
 The Loves, "alas! for Cypris," weeping say.
 Hymen hath quenched his torches; shreds and flings
 The marriage-wreath away; and for the lay
 Of love is only heard the doleful "weal-away."

Yet more than Hymen for Adonis weep.
 The Graces, shriller than Dione vent
 Their shrieks; for him the Muses wail, and keep
 Singing the songs he hears not, with intent
 To call him back; and would the nymph relent,
 How willingly would he the Muses hear!
 Hush! hush! to-day, sad Cypris! and consent
 To spare thyself; no more thy bosom tear—
 For thou must wail again, and weep another year.

LAMENT FOR BION.—MOSCHUS.

M. J. CHAPMAN.

YE mountain valleys, pitifully groan!
 Rivers and Dorian springs, for Bion weep!
 Ye plants, drop tears; ye groves, lamenting moan!
 Exhale your life, wan flowers; your blushes deep
 In grief, Anemonies, and Roses, steep;
 In whimpering murmurs, Hyacinth! prolong
 The sad, sad wo thy lettered petals keep;
 Our Minstrel sings no more his friends among—
 Sicilian Muses! now begin the doleful song.

Ye Nightingales! that mld thick leaves set loose
 The gushing gurgle of your sorrow, tell
 The fountains of Sicilian Arethuse
 That Bion is no more—with Bion fell
 The song—the music of the Dorian shell.
 Ye Swans of Strymon! now your banks along
 Your plaintive throats with melting dirges swell
 For him, who sang like you the mournful song;
 Discourse of Bion's death the Thracian nymphs among—

The Dorian Orpheus, tell them all, is dead.
 His herds the song and darling herdsman miss,
 And oaks, beneath whose shade he propt his head;
 Oblivion's ditty now he sings for Dis;
 The melancholy mountain silent is;
 His pining cows no longer wish to feed,
 But moan for him; Apollo wept, I wis,
 For thee, sweet Bion! and in mourning weed
 The brotherhood of Fauns, and all the Satyr breed.

The tears by Naiads shed are brimful bourns ;
 Afflicted Pan thy stifled music rues ;
 Lorn Echo 'mid her rocks thy silence mourns,
 Nor with her mimic tones thy voice renews ;
 The flowers their bloom, the trees their fruitage lose ;
 No more their milk the drooping ewes supply ;
 The bees to press their honey now refuse ;
 What need to gather it and lay it by,
 When thy own honey-lip, my Bion ! thine is dry ?

Sicilian Muses ! lead the doleful chaunt ;
 Not so much near the shore the dolphin moans ;
 Nor so much wails within her rocky haunt
 The Nightingale ; nor on their mountain thrones
 The Swallows utter such lugubrious tones ;
 Nor Cēyx such for faithful Halcyon,
 Whose song the blue wave, where he perished, owns ;
 Nor in the valley, neighbour to the sun,
 The funeral birds so wail their Memnon's tomb upon—

As these moan, wail, and weep for Bion dead,
 The Nightingales and Swallows, whom he taught,
 For him their elegiac sadness shed ;
 And all the birds contagious sorrow caught ;
 The sylvan realm was all with grief distraught.
 Who, bold of heart, will play on Bion's reed,
 Fresh from his lip, yet with his breathing fraught ?
 For still among the reeds does Echo feed
 On Bion's minstrelsy. Pan only may succeed

To Bion's pipe ; to him I make the gift ;
 But, lest he second seem, e'en Pan may fear
 The pipe of Bion to his mouth to lift.
 For thee sweet Galatea drops the tear,
 And thy dear song regrets, which sitting near
 She fondly listed ; ever did she flee
 The Cyclops and his song—but ah ! more dear
 Thy song and sight than her own native sea ;
 On the deserted sands the Nymph without her fee

Now sits and weeps, or weeping tends thy herd.
 Away with Bion all the muse-gifts flew—
 The chirping kisses breathed at every word :
 Around thy tomb the Loves their playmate rue ;
 Thee Cypris loved—more than the kiss she drew,
 And breathed upon her dying paramour.
 Most musical of rivers ! now renew
 Thy plaintive murmurs ; Meles ! now deplore
 Another son of song—as thou didst wail of yore

That sweet, sweet mouth of dear Calliope ;
 The threne, 'tis said, thy waves for Homer spun,
 With saddest music filled the reflux sea ;
 Now melting wail and weep another son !
 Both loved of Fountains ; that of Helicon
 Gave Melesigenes his pleasant draught ;
 But to his Arethuse did Bion run,
 And from her urn the glowing rapture quaffed :
 Thy elder glory sung how Helen bloomed and laughed ;

On Thetis' mighty son his descant ran,
 And Menelaus ; but our Bion chose

Not arms and tears to sing, but Love and Pan;
 While browsed his herd, his gushing music rose;
 He milked his kine; did pipes of reeds compose;
 Taught how to kiss; and fondled in his breast
 Young Love, and Cypris pleased. For Bion flows
 In every glorious land a grief confest;
 Ascræ for her own bard, wise Hesiod, less exprest;

Bœotian Hylæ mourned for Pindar less;
 Teôs regretted less her minstrel hoar,
 And Mitylene her sweet Poetess;
 Nor for Alcæus Lesbos suffered more;
 Nor lovely Paros so much did deplore
 Her own Archilochus. Breathing her fire
 Into her sons of song, from shore to shore
 For thee the pastoral Muse attunes her lyre
 To woeful utterance of passionate desire.

Sicelidas, the famous Samian star,
 And he with smiling eye and radiant face,
 Cydonian Lycidas, renowned afar,
 Lament thee; where quick Hales runs his race
 Philetas wails; Theocritus, the grace
 Of Syracuse, thee mourns; nor these among
 Am I remiss Ausonian wreaths to place
 Around thy tomb; to me doth it belong
 To chaunt for thee, from whom I learnt the Dorian song;

Me with thy minstrel skill as proper heir—
 Others thou didst endow with thine estate.
 Alas! alas! when in a garden fair
 Mallows, crisp dill, and parsley yield to fate,
 These with another year regerminate;
 But when of mortal life the bloom and crown,
 The wise, the good, the valiant, and the great
 Succumb to death, in hollow earth shut down,
 We sleep, for ever sleep—for ever lie unknown.

Thus art thou squeezed, while frogs may croak at will;
 I envy not their croak. Thee poison slew—
 How kept it in thy mouth its nature ill?
 If thou didst speak, what cruel wretch could brew
 The draught? He did of course thy song eschew.
 But Justice all o'ertakes. My tears fast flow
 For thee, my friend. Could I, like Orpheus true,
 Odysseus or Alcides, pass below
 To gloomy Tartarus, how quickly would I go!

To see, and hear, thee haply sing for Dis;
 But in the Nymph's ear warble evermore,
 O dearest friend! thy sweetest harmonies:
 For whilom, on her own Etnæan shore,
 She sang wild snatches of the Dorian lore.
 Nor will thy singing unrewarded be;
 Thee to thy mountain-haunts she will restore,
 As she gave Orpheus his Eurydice.
 Could I charm Dis with songs, I too would sing for thee.

TO A LITTLE BOY.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,
 The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy;
 Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
 And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee:
 With thine eyes of merry lustre, and thy pretty lisping tongue,
 And thy heart that evermore lets out its humming happy song;
 With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without annoy
 Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy!

My winsome one, my fairest one, they say that later years
 Will sometimes change a parent's hope for bitter grief and tears:
 But *thou*, so innocent! canst thou be aught but what thou art,
 And all this bloom of feeling with the bloom of face depart?
 Canst thou this tabernacle fair, where God reigns bright within,
 Profane, like Judah's children, with the pagan rites of sin?
 No—no, so much I'll cherish thee, so clasped we'll be in one,
 That bugbear guilt shall only get the father with the son;
 And thou, perceiving that the grief must *me* at least destroy,
 Wilt still be fair and innocent, my darling little boy!

My gentle one, by blessed one, can that time ever be,
 When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me?
 Can any change which time may bring, this glowing passion wreck,
 Or clench with rage the little hand now fondling round my neck?
 Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,
 Give way to Anger's kindling glance, and Hate's malignant frown?
 No—no, that time can ne'er arrive, for, whatsoe'er befall,
 This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all;
 And to an offering like this thou canst not e'er be coy,
 But still wilt be my faithful and my gentle little boy!

My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
 With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
 With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of thoughtless glee,
 So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from thee!
 Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,
 And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no more;
 When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have gone,
 And thou shalt pilgrimize through life, unfriended and alone,
 Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
 Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus behind.
 Oh, let me not awake the thought, but, in the present blest,
 Make thee a child of wisdom—and to Heaven bequeath the rest:
 Far rather let me image thee, in sunny future days,
 Outdoing every deed of mine and wearing brighter bays;
 With less to dull thy fervency of recollected pain,
 And more, to animate thy course of glory and of gain;
 A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
 The blessings purchased by thy worth in peace and love to share—
 Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,
 And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—
 Shall see thee pour upon thy son, then sitting on thy knee,
 A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee;
 And know, as I this moment do, no brighter, better joy,
 Than thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy!

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

Wilson

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 THIS is the silliest book of the Season. To say that it is like a couple of bottles of Small Beer would be to libel that fluid. True, that when bottled and not corked Small Beer is far from being lively; but neither Christian nor Cockney treats Small Beer so; and if you but behave to him according to the rules of civilized society, he shows a mounting spirit like Imperial Pop. Take then a couple of well-corked bottles of Small Beer, and draw them—the corks—successively and successfully, and as the foamy fluid “flares up,” you not only pardon but praise the alacrity of his presumption. To “suckle fools” is a matronly employment which, over-peopled perhaps though the world may be, it is impossible, for a married man at least, to contemplate without complacency; but we confess, that, to a bachelor like ourselves, there is something still more engaging in the sight of a mother sitting down to “chronicle Small Beer.” We are pleased to think of such records being deposited among the family archives—in the charter-chest—and do not wonder that they should be frequently referred to with a natural and laudable pride in the annals of that illustrious house.

Not so with these two volumes. Cork them as you may—with the arm of a caulker—and let them be hermetically sealed—yet hope not that the contents, when the patent screw has done its duty, will fly in your rosy face. You may peep in, unappalled, as if into the mouth of a bottle untenanted by John Barley-corn. From many a cottage chimney embosomed among trees all over Britain are ascending in incense to Aurora the matutine wreaths of coal or wood-born smoke; and sweet it is to fancy humble households at their morning meal by the kindled hearths. But there is no smoke where there is no fire; and within these boards you look in vain for symptoms of life.

But a truce to imagery; and let

us merely repeat that this is the silliest book of the Season. Never saw we such ricketty twins—and we suspect they are Albinoes. Whiter their hair than any snow—redder their eyes than any scarlet—yet must not their father hope to make money of them by exhibiting them at midsummer fairs; for with the thermometer at eighty in the shade corpses wont keep, and even servants and children will not be tempted by “ONLY THREEPENCE,” in large letters, to trip up the flight of steps leading to the canopied porch of the booth. Wax-work babies would answer the purpose much better; for though neither do they squall, yet in their most melting moods they have no very disagreeable smell. Whereas these, which are not Albinoes merely, but abortions too, are far from being sweet; and instead of being preserved in spirits, are fast falling into decomposition in milk and water.

We said a truce to imagery; but our genius for illustration is a sad truce-breaker. Fly away fancy on the wings of the wind, and leave us for a few minutes to deal with these memoirs after the most unimaginative manner—as if we were of some dullest quantity endeavouring to extract the square root. We have heard it rumoured that this is “Prose by a Poet.” So let us present you with a few specimens—that you may judge for yourselves whether or no his Prose and his Poetry be as like as two peas. “A writer,” quoth our biographer in his introduction, “may be as lively in a threadbare suit, as though he were hedged in by ermine. And whether his hero be old or young, rich or poor, a lord or a lacquey, need give him no anxiety whatever. It is enough if he be witty himself, or the cause of amusement to others.” We must not suffer such dangerous sophisms to run loose among the rising generation.

To be lively in a threadbare suit is more than could be reasonably ex-

pected, even in an eel. This we know, in common with all other naturalists, that no creature that crawls is less lively in a thread-bare suit than a slow-worm. Therefore, let it not be believed in Grub Street that "a writer may be lively in a thread-bare suit," for 'tis not according to the course of nature to be so with the wriggling race. To cease to be sluggish, the shabby genteel must cast his skin. The most desperate struggles after the lively will terminate in utter failure, if his raiment be without nap. True that plush breeches retain much of their original texture, long after their pristine colour—let us suppose green—has "faded into the light of common day." But not thus may the most gifted writer hope to deceive nature, or abrogate her laws. What the writer fancies to be mirth, will be seen by the spectator to be the only true melancholy extant, and awaken "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." And what if the above-mentioned faded plush breeches, that in their gay and smiling youth were verdant as the lap of mother earth on which their wearer sported, be not only greatly the worse for wear in their old age, but likewise altogether unpaid for—so that they may be said to remain only in the tailor's books—would you not, we ask you, be ashamed of yourself were you to expect "a writer to be lively" in such extremities? We answer for you that you would; nay, that were he, so circumstanced, to be "lively," you would look upon him as a monster not fit to live. The contrast between his liveliness and his livery would be shocking to a mind of the least sensibility; how could the most eloquent utterance of his overcome the effect of those mute inexpressibles?

Suppose our scribe in the other predicament—"hedged in by ermine"—as reasonably might you expect him to be "lively" as a Dutchman sleeping between two feather beds. We defy Mr Merriman himself to be lively in the middle of a hedge of ermine any more than in a wool-pack. If you wish to make a dull man "lively," force him at the point of the pen into a quickset hedge, and there, with him of Thesaly, to sing a duet.

"Whether his hero be old or

young, rich or poor, a lord or a lacquey," need give the biographer, we are told, "no anxiety whatever." Nobody wishes to give a biographer anxiety, for he will have anxiety enough either in a "threadbare suit" or "hedged in with ermine." But were we biographically inclined, comfortably clothed, and at liberty to choose our hero, we should prefer a rich young lord to a poor old lacquey, though we are far from being aristocratical, and glory in belonging to the middle-ranks. Others might rejoice in "a footboy in green livery;" we should immortalize some lad in shepherd's grey. A Kidderminster-carpet looks not amiss in the light of an "argand lamp;" but commend us to the hill-sward and the moon. However, let him indite at his leisure the "life of a lacquey," "and give himself no anxiety whatever" about his hero—for assuredly he will be a valet at the end of the first volume—of the second—a butler.

"It is enough if he be witty himself, or the cause of amusement to others. We do not presume to be wits ourselves. We acknowledge that we feel the weight of our undertaking. There are few tasks, indeed, in literature, more difficult, we think, than the biography of a celebrated man." It is not right to misquote and misapply so well known an author as Shakspeare; and "really too bad" in our biographer to hint a likeness between himself and Sir John Falstaff. To produce the slightest would be beyond the power of stuffing and puffing—nay, even of a hedge of ermine. We do not see why he should not presume to be a wit like any other Cockney; and we whisper in his ear, that without wit it is not prudent to seek to be "the cause of amusement to others," unless indeed his sole object be to get himself laughed at, in which case "he need give himself no anxiety whatever." But unluckily he does not know his own mind for two consecutive sentences; for how can a biographer be without "anxiety" who acknowledges "that he feels the weight of his undertaking," and is sensible that his task is one of the most "difficult in literature?" What "celebrated man" seeks he

to "eternize here on earth?" Neither lord nor lacquey—but Kean the player. And than to write his life, are there "indeed in literature few tasks more difficult?" We could mention many—but let two suffice as a specimen of the rest—the lives of Tom Thumb—and of Jack the Giant-Killer. They indeed have been written already; but so has that of Neddy; so that in good time we may hope for another hash of those elder heroes, seasoned with zest, and served up with trimmings. Nor let any vain fears withhold his hand; for he has his own dictum to encourage him on his high career—"whether his hero be old or young—rich or poor, a lord or a lacquey, need give him no anxiety whatever"—and though on the face of this aphorism he hath "acknowledged that we feel the weight of our undertaking," and that "there are few tasks indeed in literature more difficult, we think, than the biography of a celebrated man," yet

"In great attempts 'tis glorious even to fail;"

so that should success not crown his arduous virtue, he may, while imping his wing for future flight into those loftiest regions, occasionally try the strength of his pinions by essaying to soar round those lower heights trod by the feet of Milton or Napoleon.

We are sorry to see, in spite of all his affected freedom from "anxiety" on the score of the subject of his biography, that his leaves all the while are rustling like those of a little aspen. His hero was neither a lord, nor a lacquey; though he often played both characters for his own benefit; yet doth the biographer feelingly lament "that there is almost always a sameness in the events which he has to recount; for his hero is either a philosopher or a soldier, a statesman or a poet, or a man remarkable in science or art; seldom combining even two of those characters, excepting in the instances of Xenophon and Cæsar." Why then did he choose Edmund Kean for his hero—when he might have taken Julius Cæsar? He mourneth too that "the biographer, moreover, has few of those glittering materials to deal with, which go far to make up the

aplendour of the historian's work." Let him then become a historian—and as "there is almost always a sameness in the events," which the historian of any one kingdom has to recount, let him give us—like Raleigh—a history of the world. He might incorporate with it this life of Edmund Kean—and we beg him on no account to forget that of one of the most charming of actresses, Madame Vestris—formerly Miss Bartolozzi. We cannot, however, sympathize with his sorrow that in such biographies there are "few glittering materials to deal with;" and refer him to the property-man in any one of our major or minor metropolitan theatres.

Through more than forty pages, nearly up to the instep in the shallow water of sentiment irrigating the fortunate fields of the Introduction, doth our philosophic biographer thus dauner lack-a-daisically along, soliloquizing sketches of actors and actresses in a style of silliness peculiar to himself—and at times so "lively," that were we to shut our eyes, we should be unable to guess whether he was in a threadbare suit or bedged in with ermine. Nay, his vivacity, ever and anon, isso ludicrously blended with nervous trepidation, that we should be disposed to conjecture, from the shivering and shuddering sound he makes, that he was "a mother-naked man," and screwing up his courage to plunge head-foremost into an abyss of several inches, and rashly buffet with his sinewy arms the billows of that tumultuous tide, unsupported by a cork-jacket. "Let us look a little back," quoth he—and a little back looking, he exclaims, with the air of a great circumnavigator—"Garrick, from every account, must assuredly have been an extraordinary actor."

Who were the parents of "our hero?" His biographer says, in page 3, "the birth and parentage of EDMUND KEAN are apparently equally unknown;" and in page 5th, "according to the best conclusions we are able to form from the conflicting evidence before us, Edmund Kean was the son of one Edmund Kean by Ann Carey." "On the 17th of March, 1789," says Miss Tidswell (*we read 1787*), at half past three in the morning, Edmund Kean, the fa-

ther, came to me, and said, "Nance Carey is with child, and begs you to go to her at her lodgings in Chancery Lane." From these premises, his biographer, "according to the best conclusions he is able to form," logically asserts that "Edmund Kean was the son of one Edmund Kean by Ann Carey." The conclusion is legitimate, though Kean was not so; and therefore we cannot think "that the birth and parentage of EDMUND KEAN are apparently equally unknown." Miss Tidswell—we hope she is still alive—was an excellent creature—and her testimony is decisive. Look again at her words—"On the 17th of March, 1789, at half past three in the morning, Edmund Kean, *the father*, came to me and said, 'Nance Carey is with child, and begs you to go to her at her lodgings in Chancery Lane.'" True, that Nance Carey might have been with child, as she was before and after, and yet not with child of Edmund Kean, the tragedian; but the biographer ascertains the identity of her produce on the morning of the 17th of March, 1789, with "our hero;" and in the contents of Chapter First we observe the words "put out to nurse." For Nance Carey refused, at the expiration of two years, to keep him any longer, having other fish to fry; and Miss Tidswell, who had no child of her own, charitably adopted "the future Richard the Third." There is something so touching in this part of the narrative that we must give it in the biographer's own inimitable words. "Mrs Price, the father's sister ('Aunt Price,' as she was called), had one day been at Miss Tidswell's lodgings, and said, 'Let us go over and see Ned.' Upon which, *the other* consenting, *both of them* went to Richmond *together*, and there Miss Tidswell, for the first time, *cast her eyes upon the future Richard the Third*, who had then been four months at the breast. He was even then much neglected, and was afterwards more so; and when *Miss Carey declined being troubled any longer with the maternal offices*, Miss Tidswell took him, as we have stated, generously offering him, however, in the first instance to 'Aunt Price.' 'Why not take care of

him?' said she, 'it will be much better.' But Aunt Price, a prudent mantua-maker, declined this proposal, and replied that 'she did not wish to have him.'" It did not require the prudence of a mantua-maker to decline such a proposal. However, as neither Nance Carey, nor Aunt Price, nor Miss Tidswell, would have any thing farther to do with "the future Richard the Third, who had then been four or five months at the breast," "the father" put him out to nurse "with a woman in the neighbourhood of London." The nurse, thus somewhat generally described, was far from being careful of her charge, and "the future Richard the Third," agreeably to the picture drawn by Shakspeare of the crook-backed tyrant, "grew bow-legged, knock-kneed, and walked on his ankles," though it is not said that he was born with teeth. We wish he had, that he might have bitten Nance Carey, and also "the woman in the neighbourhood of London." She appears to have been one of those inconsistent characters not unfrequently to be met with in this life, even out of the neighbourhood of London, for she humanely sought to remedy the indications of weakness caused by her own cruelty, the first means having been applied in the shape of irons, which the child was compelled to wear on both legs until he was about seven or eight years of age. It seems that he wore these irons continually. "There were two sets of them—one for day and the other for night. The former had joints, and there were screws on them to screw him up. Mr Duncan, a gentleman who showed him much kindness at that time, says, 'he used to sleep with me and my wife in the irons, and *they hurt us*.'" We should have thought that Mr and Mrs Duncan, fondly attached as no doubt they were to each other, would have preferred sleeping in separate beds to pressing the same hair-matress "with the future Richard the Third" lying between them in irons. The contact of their limbs with the cold metal must have inspired dreadful dreams—of felony without benefit of clergy, trial, conviction, execution, and hanging in chains.

After all this, to which there is

nothing comparable in Xenophon's *Cyropedia*, we cannot but wonder to hear his biographer say, "it would have been easy, indeed, from the handsome quantity of materials before us, to have rendered a very satisfactory account of our hero's origin, but we have refrained. Indeed we feel bound in honour to declare our belief that no such information exists as his biographers can use with *entire* confidence." Why, David Hume himself, the most unscrupulous of all sceptics, would have relied with entire confidence on the testimony borne to the "birth and parentage of EDMUND KEAN." We have that of Edmund Kean, the scene-carpenter, or, as he is called, "the father"—that of Nance Carey, strolling actress and itinerant perfumer, "the mother"—that of "Aunt Price," the father's sister—that of Miss Tidswell—that of Mr and Mrs Duncan, between whom in irons the bow-legged, knock-kneed, crook-backed tryant, who walked on his ancles, did nightly in irons sleep—and, though more indirectly, that of "the woman in the neighbourhood of London." Shall such a cloud of witnesses be dissolved by a breath? No. "The birth and parentage of Edmund Kean" are not "equally unknown,"—they are "equally known"—and proved by more irresistible evidence than could be brought forward to establish the birth and parentage of any one man in a thousand in these realms—and that man—we say it without meaning to give offence—is neither the biographer nor his critic. Neither of us, we make bold to say, could prove in a court of justice, years after our death, that we had been seen when "four months at the breast," or lying in irons, a restless two-year-old, through the night watches, between man and wife. "The birth and parentage of the future Richard the Third," and his medical and surgical treatment, stand elucidated in as full a flood of light as was ever thrown on those of the highest-bred greyhound puppy; and his biographer yet more amazes us by lamenting that he "cannot specify the precise day and hour of his birth." Has he not specified them both through the mouth of Miss Tidswell? "On the 17th of March, 1789, at half-past

three in the morning, Edmund Kean, *the father*, came to me, and said, Nance Carey is with child." A girl of her spirit would never have ordered the father of her babe unborn to be up and stirring had she not been at the very down-lying; and hear Miss Tidswell: "Accordingly I and my aunt went with him, and found Nancy Carey *near her time*. We asked her if she had proper necessaries. She replied, 'No, nothing;' whereupon Mrs Byrne begged the loan of some baby clothes, and Nancy Carey was removed to the chambers in Gray's Inn which her father then occupied; and it was there that the boy was born." He was born on the 20th of March, 1789, five minutes after midnight—Miss Carey felt the first twinge of labour-pains at twenty minutes before "the wee sma' hour ayont the twal"—the witching time of night—so that the whole affair occupied precisely twenty-five minutes. We cannot answer for the seconds—for there was no stop-watch—only an old ticker like a turnip, which performed more than it promised, by giving the fortunate damsel some faint idea of the hours.

"We do not presume to be wits ourselves," said the biographer. Wits ourselves, however, he assuredly is—were he not, unaccountable is the following paragraph:—"It is a custom of authors, when compiling the history of any one of their great men, to usher in his achievements by some magnificent preamble. In this, the writer inflicts upon him a long and improbable pedigree; tracing his ancestry, without help from heralds or affidavits, straight up to the times of Fingal or the Flood. We shall venture to deviate from this ancient custom. We are of opinion, that a heavy genealogical foundation is by no means necessary to support a great man's fame. Other persons, we admit, take a different view of the subject. The Chinese, for instance, who excel even the Welsh in this respect, derive their kings and conquerors generally from the Moon. For our own parts, we should be content to refer to the man within it. Under these impressions, we take leave, upon the present occasion, to tell simply the truth. And should we

be accused, hereafter, of having done this at the expense of our tragedian, why '*Be chesm!*' as the Persians cry out, 'On our eyes be it!' We are willing to endure all the obloquy that shall attach to such an original proceeding." If that be not the playfulness of a man of wit, where in all the wide world may a man of wit be found? Certainly not in Little Britain.

Yet, in spite of all this, the biographer of Edmund Kean, though he goes not back to Fingal and the Flood, makes the most of the origin of his hero. The elder Kean, scenewright and "father," "was, moreover, brother to Moses Kean, a man possessing considerable fame as a general mimic, and who imitated Garrick inimitably;" and his mother Nance was daughter of the celebrated George Saville Carey, author of the *Dragon of Wantley*. "It has been repeatedly asserted that Miss Tidswell was really his mother, and that he owed his existence to her and to the late Duke of Norfolk. The lady, however, resolutely denies the maternity, and there is no forcing upon her an honour which she is inclined to reject."

The delicacy of her friends, in forcing upon her such an honour, is at least equal to her resolution in denying the maternity; but what says the other party, supposed to have been principally concerned—the Duke of Norfolk? "Not only did Miss Tidswell reject our poor hero, but the Duke of Norfolk disclaimed him also; be it observed, however, with fitting respect. It happened thus: Kean was one night playing Richard the Third at Drury Lane, on his first season, when Lord Essex, on going out of his box into the lobby, *encountered the Duke*, and addressed him with the pertinent question—'Why don't you acknowledge your son?' The hereditary Earl-Marshal was naturally *staggered* by such an interrogation, and *retorted*, 'What son?' 'Why, Kean,' answered the Lord; 'it is reported *generally* that he is your son, and that Miss Tidswell is his mother.' 'I assure you,' replied the Duke, 'that I should be very proud to acknowledge him; but this is the first intimation that I have received on the subject.'" With what simple dignity is this tale usher-

ed in—"it happened thus." Then only think of Lord Essex *encountering* the Duke of Norfolk in the lobby of Drury Lane. How courteous the interrogatory—"Why don't you acknowledge your son?" Naturally staggered, as the hereditary Earl-Marshal well might be, what presence of mind in Jocky of Norfolk! How cutting the retort—"What son?" The whole scene, as described, how characteristic of the mind and manners of our old nobility! Alas! "that the blood that ran racing through Kean's veins had no right to claim any alliance with that patrician stream which circled in the hearts of all the Howards." Thus drivels the biographer on to the bottom of the 45th page of his narrative—thus he "dawdles"—as Fanny Kemble would say—thus he "potters an immensity"—and such, in this age of intellect, is prose by a poet. But here is a dramatic scene worthy even of Barry Cornwall. "The following is the history of his first appearance at Mrs Clarke's. A thundering rap is heard at the door. The footman, with an approximation to a grin on his face, enters and announces, 'Master Carey, ma'am,' 'Master Carey?' was the enquiry. 'Yes ma'am; he comes from his mother, *Miss Carey*, who brings the perfumery here to sell. He says he is *Master Carey*.' 'Show him up, by all means.' *Mrs Clarke stood*. The door was thrown open, and a slim pale boy, of about ten years old, enters—very poorly clad, ragged, with dirty hands, face washed, delicate skin, brilliant eyes, superb head of curled and matted hair, and a piece of hat in his hand. With the bow and air of a prince, he delivers his message: 'My mother, madam, sends her duty, and begs you will be so good as to lend her a shilling to take the spangled tiffaney petticoat out of pawn, as she wants it to appear in to-morrow at Richmond.' In answer to this petition, the lady put forth an interrogation; 'Are you the little boy who can act so well?' A bow of assent and a kindling cheek were the sole reply. 'What can you act?' The answer was—'Richard the Third—Speed the Plough—Hamlet—and Harlequin.' 'I should like very much

to see you,' said the lady. 'I should be proud to act to you,' was the return. 'Well, here's the money for your mother,' said Mrs Clarke; 'but—stay,' added she, throwing open the door of the back drawing-room, where her husband sat writing. He was a grave stout man, who had left off going to plays. She brought forward our hero. 'This is little Edmund Carey.' A low bow from Master Edmund Carey finished the introduction."

Pass we over the various equally interesting anecdotes, illustrative of the spirit of his boyish days, and at the age of puberty let us look at him in Scotland—or rather on the border—as first, to use the poetical diction of his biographer, "he cast his eyes on the bonnie blue hills of Scotland." "In one of those indiscreet moments, such as tempt rustics to forsake their friend the plough for the questionable honour of serving King William in a military capacity, he enlisted himself as a member of a ragged company of comedians, which was then traversing the prudent land of North Britain, waging war upon the pockets of the kail-gatherers, and extracting, as it turned out, exceedingly small portions of "siller" therefrom. "By way of diversion, Kean, who was tired in the course of time even of the luxuries of brose and oatmeal, struck out an acquaintance with a gentleman who had a passion for racing. At the time of our hero's introduction to him, this person had engaged in a match where the owners were to ride their own horses. Kean's acquaintance, however, being disabled from using horse exercise, suggested that our hero should be his substitute; which being agreed to, the new jockey mounted with alacrity, whipped and spurred with all his characteristic energy, and finally lost the match with more than ordinary spirit." This is plainly a pet passage with our author, and in it all the Cockney stands confessed. Kean, poor little fellow, had up to this time been a posturer, tumbler, and what not, "in one or other of those irregular troops—Richardson's, Sanders's, Lawton's, &c. who wander about, like bands of Arabs" (not all like bands of Arabs, say we) "from fair to market, and from county to town, be-

witching the eyes and hearts and money of the unenlightened; and reaping just sufficient from each exhibition to drive famine from the door." Enlisting himself, under such circumstances, "as a member of a ragged company of comedians," which was then traversing the prudent land of North Britain," he is likened "to a rustic forsaking his friend the plough for the questionable honour of serving King William in a military capacity." Yet the Cockney who writes so says, "we do not presume to be wits ourselves." He is a mere matter of fact Cockney—and this similitude seems to him to shadow forth the simple truth. It is—he must now see—sheer nonsense. The Cockney affects familiarity with the language, manners, and national character of Scotland. He speaks of her "blue" hills—as if her hills had any peculiar claim to that colour—and thinks it exceedingly clever indeed to use the words "bonnie," "siller," and "brose," which are printed with inverted commas as quotations from our hyperborean tongue. Now, will he tell us what is "brose?" He speaks of "brose and oatmeal;" from which, "according to the best conclusions we are able to form," we infer that he opines there is no oatmeal in Dumfries-shire brose, whereas we are willing to stake all we are worth in the world—and so will be Allan Cuninghame—that it consists of nothing but meal, except water, or, on festal days, milk. Will he explain what he means by "kail-gatherers?" and, at the close of his dissertation, give us his idea of these two lines—

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Strabogie?"

This biographer may talk contemptuously of the luxuries of "brose and oatmeal," faring sumptuously every day on vermicelli soup and veal patés; but poor Kean was not at that time long enough in Scotland for his stomach to *scunner* at such wholesome and not unsavoury viands; he who for months and years had reaped from his painful posturing what was barely sufficient to preserve him from famine. The Cockney is conspicuous, too, in the story of the race. The native of no

other clime would have used such an expression as "horse exercise." It is redolent of the Epping Hunt. "The new jockey mounted with alacrity, and whipped and spurred with all his characteristic energy." Incredible. Such could never have been the conduct of one "who at Bartholomew Fair injured his shins so severely whilst riding in the ring, that his legs, otherwise exceedingly well-shaped, never entirely recovered their original beauty." He must have been up to a thing or two above that—and we take upon ourselves to assert, that he never so much as called upon his horse till within the distance-post, and began to apply the persuaders when close upon the booth denominated the Grand Stand. Difficult as this Cockney—whose hand, no doubt, is "open as day to melting charity"—says Kean found it to extract "siller" from the pockets of the "kail-gatherers" of "the prudent land of North Britain," we find, that in the extremity of this ragged company's wretchedness, "a person with whom Kean had made acquaintance, clubbed with some friends, and sent them a purse containing several pounds." This was almost as liberal as the largesse of Mrs Clarke, wife of "the grave stout man who had left off going to plays," who lent Kean's mother, Miss Carey, a shilling "to take the spangled tiffaney petticoat out of pawn when she wanted to appear in it at Richmond to-morrow."

Some years afterwards Kean again visited Dumfries. "Towards our poor tragedian, Dumfries certainly did not exhibit any very liberal patronage. He arrived there without money, *took refuge* in a poor public house, hired a room, and announced, in the usual attractive style, his intention to give exhibitions of singing and recitations. We do not know what might have been his expectations from the *gratitude!* or admiration of the people of Dumfries, before whom he had played repeatedly some few years previously; but whatever they were, they were speedily converted into certainty. The night for his performance arrived. The entrance-money (he had an eye to the national character) was *sixpence*. Sixpence! Let the reader pause upon the sum, and then let

him know that there was in the house—for *house* read *room*, as aforesaid)—how much? Twenty pounds? Ten? Five? One? Ten shillings, perhaps? Or—we must cut the matter short—there was sixpence in the house? There was one person in Dumfries bold enough to part with sixpence to hear the FIRST TRAGEDIAN OF HIS TIME! recite the beautiful words of Shakespeare. How we should like to know the name of that ONE, (the Great Unknown of Dumfries!) in order that we might celebrate his liberal spirit with due honour."

Dumfries is a beautiful town of the fourth order—and like Kilkenny "it shines well where it stands,"—and that is on the side of the Nith—most lucid of our rivers—the Tweed alone excepted—and the clouds know that they all are clear. Its inhabitants are a cheerful people; and we hope they will not sink under the satire of one who "does not presume to be a wit." Kean arrived among them, it would appear, almost in a state of starvation, from Whitehaven, which we believe is in England. At Whitehaven he had arrived almost in a state of starvation from Waterford, which we believe is in Ireland, where, "to get rid of the debts and difficulties that surrounded him, he gave an entertainment (songs and recitations) at the Assembly-House, *which produced a trifle*; sold some articles of dress which yielded a little more, and thus slenderly provided bade farewell to Ireland." Almost in a state of starvation he had arrived in Waterford from Swansea, which we believe is in Wales—and almost in a state of starvation he had arrived in Swansea from Birmingham—*via* Bristol—both of which populous places we perceive named in the map of England. Indeed the account of the journey on foot made by Kean and his wife from Birmingham to Bristol—and thence to Swansea—would be affecting, but for its affectation, and every other vice of the Cockney-school. They walked slowly, for Mrs Kean was now very infirm—many months gone with child—and arranged that they should travel about ten or twelve miles a-day if possible. "Kean, *dressed in blue from head to foot*, with his dark,

sharp resolute face, a black stock, and *four swords* over his shoulder (suspending the family-bundle of clothes) looked like a poor little navy lieutenant, whom the wars had left on half-pay and penniless, trudging on with his wife to his native village." Yet, excepting from a kind-hearted schoolmistress, and an irascible, but charitable landlady of an inn, they met not with a single look, word, or act of benevolence on their transit through one of the richest districts of England. We are told indeed that this resemblance (to a poor little navy lieutenant and his wife) "procured them, from time to time, some little attentions, and always commanded respect." But some little attentions and much respect are not what empty stomachs yearn for, and they were hungred. A few miles from Swansea, Kean "endeavoured to obtain from the occupier of a cottage a little milk for his wife, who was sinking with fatigue. The churl refused." He was not among the "kail-gatherers of Dumfries-shire"—"brose" would now have been a luxury indeed—and we speak from experience when we say, that not a churl among all the "bonnie blue hills of Scotland" would have refused a cup of milk—had there been any in the house—to a naval man asking it—for a woman fainting by the wayside.

But did Kean really look like "a poor little navy lieutenant?" What signs did he show of the service? He was "dressed in blue from head to foot." But that will not of itself make a man look the least like a navy lieutenant? Was his coat cut according to the regulations? Was he in the naval uniform? Did his button bear the anchor? Nothing of the sort. But then there were "*four swords* over his shoulder, suspending the family bundle of clothes." That was at least three too many, for you seldom see a navy lieutenant on the high-road, at a distance from any sea-port town, with a sword at all, and, indeed, what would be the use of it? Why, to bear the family bundle of clothes. You may tell that to the marines. Then such swords! Not lath, perhaps—but probably tin—but, of whatever metal composed, certainly with no family resemblance to those one

sees in ships—while the less that is said the better about the scabbards. What is "a family-bundle of clothes?" Was it supposed to contain all the lieutenant's *traps* as well as his wife's? or is it generally believed between Birmingham and Bristol that a navy lieutenant, on his return perhaps from a foreign station, seldom possesses more than a spare shirt? We have in our day seen as many navy lieutenants as most land-lubbers, and have frequently met or overtaken one padding the hoof, but never with four swords over his shoulder, either with or without the family-bundle of clothes. Too many of them have wives—indeed, on an average, every officer in the navy has one wife—but who ever saw a navy lieutenant "trudging on with his wife to his native village?" Where the devil were they trudging from? Does the biographer fondly and dotingly believe that navy lieutenants are allowed to take their wives with them to sea—that the ladies belong regularly to the gun-room mess, and that nothing is more common in an officer's cabin than an accouchement? It would seem as if he did, for Mrs Kean was now great with child. There is something exceedingly rural and romantic to our ear in the words "native village." "Our hero" is always born in a "native village." If a sailor—far inland—and thence his passion for the sea. But "our hero"—if a poor navy lieutenant—on going to sea, almost always leaves his wife in her or his "native village," with an aunt or a grandmother. This arrangement prevents the necessity of trudging to and fro Portsmouth, Plymouth, Fal-mouth, &c. which may be one and all remote from "our native village"—and thus saves much shoe-leather. The pay of a "navy lieutenant" is not high, Heaven knows; but "the wars" did not leave our tars "penniless"—though too many of them poor; and indeed no man can be truly said to be "penniless" who is at the same time truly on "half-pay." One seldom has an opportunity afforded him of becoming acquainted with so very silly a passage as this—and it deserves a reprint. "Kean, dressed in blue from head to foot, with his dark, sharp resolute face, a black

stock, and four swords over his shoulder (suspending the family bundle of clothes), looked like a poor little navy lieutenant whom the wars had left on half-pay and penniless, trudging on, with his wife, to his native village."

From Whitehaven to Dumfries Kean travelled in a superior style—in a taxed cart—with the owner thereof—his own wife and two children—like an admiral. "At that time our tragedian had a dog called Daran, so named after the black hero in the 'Exile.' Daran was a fine fellow, who trotted merrily by the side of the family carriage (we hear no more of the family bundle), and killed sheep by the way." In case the provident reader should be desirous of knowing at what expense he may transfer his family, after the before-mentioned fashion, from Whitehaven to Dumfries, be it known that it will cost him four pounds. If he have a dog like Daran, indeed, who can provide mutton for his family, he may perhaps do it for less. For Kean, it is proper to observe, did not use his fourfooted friend as a purveyor. "Whatever the hunter Daran killed, he consumed or left." The "aforesaid cart"—and "the before-mentioned fashion"—are very felicitous phrases—so are "fine fellow," "fourfooted friend," and "our tragedian." "Our biographer," with all his sneers about "silver," is not the man who would give by mistake a sovereign for a shilling, to the Jehu of a cab. In money matters he is by no means magnificent—and speaks of the circulating medium with all the precision of a scrivener. He pretends here to think "four pounds" a ludicrously small sum—a taxed cart a humble vehicle; but "the provident reader" will know better than to travel at such ruinous expense from Whitehaven to Dumfries—for he may steam it in the steerage for a pound with his whole establishment. Had Daran killed a single sheep by the way, he would not have been suffered to kill a second—and as for "consuming" whatever he killed,—there is no mention of mice,—nobody would have said so who knew any thing about the doings of dogs when athirst for the blood of the woolly people. "If you have a dog like Daran, indeed,

who can provide mutton for his family, he may perhaps do it for less"—and get hanged at the public expense.

Seeing that Kean in England, Kean in Wales, Kean in Ireland, was almost always in a state bordering on starvation, why should his biographer discharge all the vials of his wrath on the heads of the people of Dumfries? "We do not know what might have been his expectation from the *gratitude!* or admiration of the people of Dumfries!" Gratitude for what? For having "played repeatedly before them some few years previously!" The whole town—with the gallant De Peyster at their head—should have gone out some miles on the road to Annan to meet the stroller. So had they fitly shown their "gratitude" to the illustrious personage, for "the purse containing several pounds" with which some of the citizens had presented him on his former advent. "The entrance money" (he had an eye to the national character) "was sixpence." Many a time and oft, in the dominions of the lineal descendants of King Lud, had he exhibited himself standing on his head to any Cockney who could raise half that sum; nor, in his empty booth, dreamt of charging England with the crime of national ingratitude. "What, sir, can you expect for sixpence?" yet sixpence is not a sum to be sneered at by a people of "kail-gatherers," who live on "brose and oatmeal." Kean was a better philosopher and political economist than his biographer, and "had an eye" not so much to the national character as to the national resources. Scotland was then, and is now, comparatively a poor country, yet she had then, and has now, fewer paupers than her opulent sister. The lower classes have still something else to do with their sixpences—so they think—than to give them to strolling players, traversing the country in taxed carts, and with sheep-killing Newfoundland dogs. A Cockney must not think to understand the national character till he has mastered the subject of "brose." He asks—"how much was there in the house? Twenty pounds?" Kean "had taken refuge in a public house, and hired a

room to give exhibitions of singing and recitations." In twenty pounds there are eight hundred sixpences—and could this cruel Cockney have crowded into one hired room—say twenty feet by fifteen—eight hundred Christian bodies and souls?

"There was *sixpence* in the house!" Nobody troubled their heads about the announcement "of his intention to give exhibitions of singing and recitations," though made in the "usual attractive style," and poor Kean had—as usual—to sell part of his *library and wardrobe*. However, "There was one person in Dumfries bold enough to part with sixpence to hear the FIRST TRAGEDIAN OF HIS TIME recite the beautiful words of Shakspeare." We daresay he recited them very well—and that Sixpence—the representative of the monied interest in Dumfries—smiled as brightly as on the morn he issued from the Mint. Perhaps there would have been a more overflowing house, had the Dumfriesians been supernaturally inspired with the knowledge of the fact, that the stroller who "wrote out his bills (which he always did to save the expense of printing), and despatched his usual herald, the bellman, with them round the city," or town, or village, was indeed "the first tragedian of his time." But that was not known—to man who is born of a woman and to trouble as the sparks fly upward—till some years later—when it was suddenly revealed to the people on the boards of Drury-Lane. "The ONE—the great unknown of Dumfries"—whose name our friend would like to know, "in order that he might celebrate his liberal spirit with due honour"—was a half-witted annuitant—a resident but not a native—endearingly called "Daft Jock"—but his real name was Bauldie Strang.

In merry Carlisle—a few days afterwards—"the landlord, in answer to the clamours of the children for food, said that he had nothing to give them;" and the assizes having thrown a large quantity of lawyers into the city, Kean addressed a letter to the barristers, proposing to recite only, and to leave the reward to their generosity; but the answer was, that they did not want to hear any thing of the sort. "Our learned friends, accustomed to sharpen their

wits with the rust of Levinz and Comberbach, did not choose to run the risk of becoming dullards by listening to the puerile fancies of Shakspeare." Such teasing trash is enough to irritate one's temper, and we feel half-disposed to give the creature the knout. But we know he would shriek so piteously, that our tender heart could not endure to hear him, so we leave his toby to be tickled by some more truculent critic—*exempli gratia*—OLIVER YORK.

Yet here is an interesting passage—though it begins and ends sillily—and is sprinkled with sillinesses throughout—and, therefore, was called by us the silliest book of the season.

"After leaving Carlisle, our adventurers visited Appleby, Penrith (where their finances compelled them to part with the mutton-eating Daran), Richmond, in Yorkshire, and various other places, and at last found themselves—utterly destitute—at York. It is needless to repeat the everyday wants and troubles which the poor actor and his family, day after day, encountered in this and other peregrinations. Their long journeys, in all weathers,—their arrivals, weary and foot-sore, at the squalid public-houses where they put up,—their scanty meals,—their visits to the pawnbroker and the Jew,—their hopeless appeals to the public taste,—the cries of the children (from fatigue or want of food),—the tears of the woman, and the curses of the man,—all these, fifty times repeated, would make but an unprofitable and tedious history. We content ourselves with giving a few facts, illustrative of our hero's forlorn condition; without exhibiting, at every turn, the poverty and wretchedness of his course. At York, as we have said, he arrived, utterly destitute. So extreme was his need, that he wished to enlist as a common soldier, and actually presented himself, for that purpose, to an officer attached to a regiment at York, who very goodnaturely dissuaded him from his design. He was, perhaps, as desperate of attaining the objects of his ambition, at this particular time, as at any period of his chequered life; and with his despair, his wife's despondency naturally kept pace. She saw no hope

of extricating her infants from the load of misery and want which oppressed them. More than once, she has knelt down by the side of her bed, in which the two half-famished children lay, and prayed that they and herself might at once be released from their sufferings. Happily they were relieved by the intervention of a friend. The wife of a Mr Nokes (then a dancing-master at York) heard of their extreme distress, and went with a heart brimful of benevolence to their aid. She was shown up to the room where Mrs Kean and the children were, and after having ascertained the truth of the report concerning their condition, she spoke kindly to them all, put something in Mrs Kean's hand, wished her good morning, and left the house. On her departure, Mrs Kean opened the paper which this excellent woman had left, and discovered that she had given her a L.5 bank note! She threw herself on her knees, and fainted. They had been rescued from absolute starvation.

"Mrs Nokes's kindness did not stop here. She interested her husband on behalf of her *protégés*; and he (who seems to have deserved such a wife) lent Kean the room in which he received his pupils. An impediment, indeed, was unexpectedly thrown in the way of this kind act, by Nokes's landlord (a person of the name of Flower, a clergyman), who said that 'no theatrical people should have the room;' but this was finally surmounted by the independent spirit of Nokes. He resolved that Kean *should* have the use of the room, and accordingly the tragedian had it, gave his recitations in it, and cleared L.9 by his exertions. Before we leave York for London, the next stage in our hero's journey, let us consecrate one sentence to the memory of this excellent pair. The active benevolence of the wife, and the kindness and resolute spirit of the husband, ought never to be forgotten. We wish that our history were immortal for their sakes."

The Nokeses were a truly excellent pair, and their goodness had a reward "transcending in its worth" such feeble and affected eulogy. Does the writer who "wishes that our history were immortal for their sakes," suppose that such acts of

kindness are rare among such people? Every one who knows any thing of human life, in a Christian country like ours, knows that they are common—and are performed without a thought of their being meritorious on the part of those who cheerfully make the sacrifice. We have ourselves known of hundreds, yet not one of the parties actively concerned in such relief would have thanked us for letting their next-door neighbour know of what they had done, so little did they think of what was in course of nature—for such benevolence is a virtue natural to all goodhearted people who are thoughtful enough to reflect on the precariousness of their own condition.

After a long weary journey, "partly on foot, partly by provincial carts, or by the common waggons," the family were at last within a few miles of London. How else, pray, were people without money to travel? Taxed carts, provincial carts, common waggons, are all comfortable conveyances; and are all ordinarily used by persons in every way more respectable than strolling players. Our tears will not flow for such miseries—they are all in the way of the profession—and many a family have we seen solacing themselves among the straw within those moving mountains that loom not unmagnificently, emerging perhaps from the morning mist, or from some noble grove through which passes some one of the many thousand royal roads of England, seldom seen for a minute at a time without the appearance of human life. Kean never had conduct; and, therefore, he was seldom out of want. Turbulent pleasures he often enjoyed—but how few days—hours—of happiness! He had many good qualities; but virtues as well as vices, are habits—and he never had resolution to persist in well-doing long enough to make it easy and pleasant—his life was broken into fragments—some fiery—some cold almost as death. But we are not going to philosophize—to moralise; but leave that to his biographer. Our travellers were now within five miles of London. "Now," said Kean, "we will walk the remainder alone." "*It was a word and a blow with him.* He dismounted; sent forward the children in the

waggon, under the care of some person who undertook to take care of them, and set off with his wife on their five miles' walk. A misgiving came over her heart, she says; could he mean to lose her two little boys? By no means: Matters were not so bad—with all his faults our player never attempted to act the character of the bad uncle in the "Children in the Wood." "Let the reader pause" upon this sentence—as we were requested to do upon the sixpence in the House at Dumfries. "It was a word and a blow with him." Therefore he no sooner said he would walk, than he dismounted from the provincial cart or common waggon and began to walk. A man, with whom it was not a word and a blow, would have remained in the provincial cart or common waggon, after having said, "let us walk." In like manner, Kean, for it was always "a word and a blow with him," immediately on saying, "I will eat this tripe," ate that tripe, while most men, after making such announcement would have sat for ever with their arms akimbo, and not tasted a morsel. "With all his faults, our player never attempted to act the character of the bad Uncle in the Children of the Wood." That is pure nonsense, un-mixed with baser matter. A father playing the part of Uncle to his own children! A father, without a sixpence, in a fit of despair, losing his two sons in the most populous subur-

ban region of the habitable globe, that they might be found by some charitable persons, and kept from starving, likened to an uncle well to do in the world, sending his two nephews to be murdered in a solitary wood that he might possess their rich inheritance! The only child in a wood here is the baby who prattles nonsense, for which Shenstone's School-mistress, were she now alive, with her birch should have been requested to brush his breech. It is odd enough that there is not one illustration in these two volumes which has any reference whatever to the subject sought to be illustrated—and as odd that not one of the subjects sought to be illustrated has need of any illustration—any more than that two and two make four; and, even odder still, that every illustration employed misrepresents the meaning of the subject illustrated—even the writer's own meaning—as if on every occasion when he utters any thing like common sense he became uneasy till he had made nonsense of it—and then he smiles.

The first volume is entirely occupied with such sort of stuff about Kean, to the time when he was engaged by Mr Arnold for Drury Lane. The second narrates his first triumphs, and his subsequent splendid career. Perhaps we may take a glance with you at the second too—but enough for the present—perhaps more than enough—of the silliest book of the season.

FAMILY POETRY.—NO. VII.

THE CONFESSION.

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,	'Tis not the lack of gold, father, Nor lack of worldly gear;
There's somewhat on my breast!	My lands are broad and fair to see,
The livelong day I sigh, father, At night I cannot rest;	My friends are kind and dear;
I cannot take my rest, father, Though I would fain do so,	My kin are leal and true, father, They mourn to see my grief.
A weary weight oppresseth me— This weary weight of wo!	But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,

'Tis not that she's unkind;

Though busy flutterers swarm around,

I know her constant mind.

'Tis not her coldness, father,

That chills my labouring breast—

It's that confounded cucumber

I've ate, and can't digest.

ARTHUR:

A DRAMATIC FABLE, IN THREE ACTS.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

Dramatis Personæ.—ROTHMOND; ARTHUR; FRIAR CLEMENT;
A SHEPHERDESS; A YOUNG MAN; ROBBERS.

Scenes laid in Scotland before the Reformation.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Friar CLEMENT'S Cell.

FRIAR CLEMENT.

Fr. Cl.—If I were young; if thus I sought to train
My youth to duty, shielding it from cares,
And from their possible blight, 'twere all unwise;
For comes exposure, then the tender-reared
Is like the lithe, dull, sickly grass that grows
'Midst thorns, without the knots and the short joints
Of strength; its shelter reft, livid it curls
And dies if once the wrinkled east-wind blow.
But I am old: I owe the world alone
The example of a putting off of cares.
Yet not austere all, it may be done
With soothing foretastes won from present joy;
The soul allowed with unimpaired sense
To feel the beauty of heaven-lighted earth.
The rocks of the wild goats; the simple flowers,
Spilling the clear dew o'er their delicate brims;
The silver drops of rain; the twinkling woods,
That dry their green wings in the glossy breeze;
The snowy cygnet by the borders dwelling
Of beautiful rivers; to the sight upheaving,
Aye, the fresh swelling sea; the sunny hills
Dappled with shadows, as the cloudy heavens
Go bowing over them; bold cataracts
With weeping trees fringed, glorified in one
Tumult of glory by the setting sun;—
These all are mine; then hushed and decent eve,
Spirit-tempering stillness, or the sound of winds
Going among the high tops of the trees:
Then with her moon forth comes the old solemn night,
Or starry-studded in her dark apparel:
Then fear unknown, remorse, stern soul-compeller,
Sweet is my sleep within unquestioned doors.
And thus the old man of God—such peace is won
From the dear healing of Christ's wounded side—
Keeping the eternal Sabbath of the heart,
Creeps up the quiet unmolested hill
Of contemplation to the high pure climes,
Where the cleansed creatures in white vestments walk,
With unimagined beauty on their faces.—
O! tenderly my duty let me do.

[*He advances to ARTHUR lying asleep in a corner, and wipes his brow.*
Christ ease the trouble that lies very heavy
On the distressed hinges of his heart!

Arthur (awaking). Thou man of God, where is she?

Fr. Cl. Who?

Arth. My sister.

Ha! dreams and mockery all! My dear young sister,
That lovely head, that sweetly moulded form
Lying among the weeds till fishes gnaw thee!

Fr. Cl. Your wounds wax well: a little farther rest,
Then will you rise repaired.

Arth. Yes: and cast off
The withered slough of my remembered being;
And forth come fresh and lubric as the spots
And slippery rings of the unsheathed tender serpent?
Shall sleep do this? Or do you mean to give
The dull black wine of death—if that may do't?
Had I no sister had; were not my mother
A beggar going o'er the windy hills,
Fain for a piece of bread to stumble through
The sightless dark, or wandering by the stars,
I might be well perhaps. But—mock me not,
My soul is very sorrowful to death.
Eternal blessings on thy reverend head
That thou hast healed me—though I should have died!

Fr. Cl. My dear young stranger ———

Arth. Ha! that name upbraids me;
'Tis just that thou shouldst know me, and thou shalt.

[ARTHUR rises up and clothes himself with his mantle.]

Fr. Cl. Nay then, what do you mean? Sure, not to leave me?

Arth. My hour is come: I must not loiter here,
Cowering and pining like the little bird
That pecks her limed wing in some lonely quarry;
Duties have I to do of sad amount.

Fr. Cl. Thy wounds?

Arth. Psha! I am well; thanks to thy care.

Now listen—I'm a bastard:

I am a bastard—the base son of Rothmond.
My mother he betrayed—perhaps he loved her;
His sire perhaps imposed a loftier bride—
But he to shame betrayed her with her children,
His own twin children—Emily and me.
But we upgrew. And in my earliest youth,
I took my mother's cause upon my heart.
Great was my sister's beauty, far beyond
His other daughters'—the legitimate;
Glory for this was on my spirit. I
My boyhood gave to honourable toils,
That from my earnings she might be accomplished,
Might be a crown above our mother's shame.
And was she not? O, yes! thou wert, young sister,
Fashioned in beauty, and attired with grace.
Then, when a man, to battles I'll go forth.
The mighty West was found with its new worlds;
To these all young imaginations turned;
Thither I'll go, highest renown I'll win,
All for their sakes. I went with their dear blessing.
We fought in those vast lands; our souls were up;
I and my fellows all like fresh-bathed eagles,
That feed their bold eyes on the morning sun.
Mine sleepless longings, mine the largest motives
For Emily, for my mother, fiery yearnings
Renown to win, to make us greater far
Than Rothmond's house, that he might both be proud
And humbled for his outcasts. Warlike fame,

I say not *gained*—I *plucked* it desperately,
 As from a pit, unto me. High rewards
 Were mine—this else were little—not so now,
 With them I blessed my mother and my sister.
 But now, but now where shall I hide my head ?
 O! if to lie in penitential caves,
 To bathe in searching fires—but these shall come—
 Any far term of years, might but undo
 My sin!—Well then a worthless love o'erwhelmed me,
 Lured by a Spanish lady in my whirl
 Of spirit mad with proud toils and with honour,
 My duties were forgot: Mother and sister,
 To these I wrote not, gave no needful aid.
 Nor—this I since have learned—had they received
 What in my just days I to them had sent.
 Loosen'd from guilt by a heart-wrenching shock,
 I hastened home: Our home was desolate!
 My sister had been sick; my mother forth
 From poverty had been obliged to roam,
 Standing in narrow lanes to ask an alms,
 Weeping for me, and scourged from haughty gates.
 Well then she is a vagrant—that is settled;
 Begging for my sick sister—all's right there.
 But now then where's my Emily, that sister ?
 Forth she has wandered by the river's bank
 To seek new health; I sought her there retired.
 Far through the woody glade, I saw her met
 By a dark youth: I knew him to be Hulin,
 The adopted son of Rothmond's kindred house.
 He turned and walked by her unguarded side—
 Help man of God! Oh Christ! the sudden fiend
 Has pushed her o'er the near precipitous bank!
 The interval was as a flashing dream,
 Till down the river's rock-tormented gulfs
 Whirling I wrestled with their strangling strength:
 In vain, the flood had swept her to the sea;
 Ne'er to be found by me, though day and night
 I sought her body on the barren shore.
 What next? Stern duty.
 My eyes, and head, and heart grew cool and clear,
 Sheer onwards bent. Dark Hulin fled away
 From swift instinctive terror of my quest;
 But it was deadly, deadly! not high hills
 Dividing kingdoms, blistered worlds of sand,
 Rivers, nor fens, nor ocean many-voiced
 Betwixt us, shall divide us: through the pangs
 Of earthquake, through the twilight of eclipse,
 Wading through blood, through fire, shall I o'ertake him,
 Throughout the spinning reek of the high storms.
 Through many ranged lands we played our game.
 Back to this island came he—I came back.
 Strong yearnings drew me to my mother's home;
 She yet was wanting, she had ne'er returned
 From her mean wanderings—mine shall not be mean!
 I rode along the land in my great hunt.
 Glory at last! we met. You know the rest ?

Fr. Cl. Abroad one afternoon, I saw the winds
 Fall on the vexed forest of old pines,
 Oft tearing up with all their crackling roots
 The enormous trees. The cloak-wrapped traveller
 Dismounting, scudded down the blowing steep
 With his oft-rearing horse, and hasted on.

A tear rose in the wild wind's eye : rains fell,
 Flooding the world: I sought a sheltering tower
 Shattered with years and ruin ; there I sate
 From its lorn windows looking far and wide.
 Two horsemen meet—down spring—their swords are crossed ;
 Starkly one falls ; the other reels above him—
 Staggering, recovers—plants his foot—stoops—lifts
 His fallen adversary—bears him on—
 Stands on the rock that overhangs the river—
 With fiend-like energy heaves him o'er—down.
 Ha ! no he has not followed ; but he lies,
 Where he has fainted, o'er the rock half-drawn.
 Thence I recovered you.

Arth. But not so him,
 His head, his feet are away to the deep sea—
 Destroyer of my sister. O'er my neck
 Heaved, the great waters whelmed him, they devoured him,
 Rolling commingled : ne'er his bones shall rest,
 Just nature ne'er will let his little bones
 Repose in the sad clefts of the sea-caves :
 Them shall the under eddies hunt about,
 and bleach to nothing the mean relics.

Fr. Cl. Nay,
 This vengeful pride—

Arth. My pride is at an end.
 Yea, from this hour, before high Heaven I swear,
 In foul attire—my punishment and penance—
 Laying upon me what my mother bore,
 To wander forth through scurrilous thievish haunts,
 As she has wandered, till I find her out
 Living, or learn on what dull bed she died.
 I owe thee this, my mother ; I have been
 Heedless of thee too long, avenging her.

Fr. Cl. Wait but a week, one little day, until—

Arth. I go : farewell.

[*Exit ARTHUR.*]

Fr. Cl. Ay : never shalt thou rest,
 Chased by the dogs of thought, escaping not.
 ARTHUR re-enters.

Arth. I fear at parting I was somewhat harsh.
 I would not be so, would not be ungrateful.
 Thy kindness I have garnered in my heart,
 And ever, while I live, shall I come back
 From time to time, and tell thee of my life.
 Ere long I'll come and be responsible,
 Lest blame be thine to have healed the homicide.
 Farewell, good father.

[*Exit ARTHUR.*]

Fr. Cl. May those perilous things
 I've seen and heard, be hid ? or must they be
 Revealed by me ? I must see Rothmond soon.
 Would also I the son unto the father
 Could reconcile, the father to the son !
 It must be tried : Heaven guide and bless the attempt.

[*Friar CLEMENT retires into an inner Cell.*]

ACT II.

Scene I.—A Moor, with Sheep feeding on it.

Enter a SHEPHERDESS.

Shep. (sings). The sun went down the afternoon,
 The heights were clear, and the winds were laid ;

I wand'ered with her on the ferny hills,
 And won the heart o' my mountain maid.
 Yonder comes Colin, the dear ballad-maker.
 Mercy be near us! 'tis that strange fast walker.
 They say he is a great man in disguise.
 I must not look as if I were afraid.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. My pretty Shepherdess, happy are you,
 So far and clear came your song o'er the wild.
 Come, tell me now how you
 Can be so happy in these listless places,
 Where nought is to be seen the live-long day,
 But peevish stonechats bobbing on the stone,
 And solitary men in far-off mosses?

Shep. But that nice heather, and these thriving sheep,
 Are not these something? And glad summer days?

Arth. And health? and innocence? and those young eyes,
 With going through the light and through the air,
 So beautifully keen? And peace, and love
 Found in the wilderness? I stand reprov'd.
 Forth come you singing through the morning gleam,
 Over the purple acres of the moorlands.
 Nor know you grief, save when a lost lamb makes
 Pity's sweet drops slide from your crystal eyes.
 Nor fear is yours, save when at noontide you
 Hear the loud thunders rattle on the hills,—
 Shortlived, for you are innocent: Up you spring,
 Your mind serenely brightening as the day.
 If slow to you linger the golden eve,
 You sit you down and watch your desert clock,
 Counting the clear beads of the glassy wells,
 Peace still producing peace; until what time,
 Their glittering breasts suffused with rosy air,
 The high doves homeward to their windows flee,
 You seek your cottage by some flowery shaw,
 And night's deep sleep receives you from the day.
 Thrice fortunate shepherdess! did you but know
 What he before you is; how wretched she,
 He wanders seeking!—Is not yonder figure
 A woman's? I must to her.

Shep. Sir, I know her—
 A poor lorn creature, somewhat crazed in mind,
 That all the day follows the silly sheep
 O'er the green border fells, gathering the locks
 Of wool, to work in the lone winter nights.

Arth. God help her! I must see her: has she been
 Beautiful in her youth—but that's long past?

Shep. O no, sir, plain: but that she cannot help.

Arth. 'Tis not my mother. Maiden, I seek my mother.
 Cities I've search'd for her, the wild sea-shores,
 Rough quarries idle, dreary fens of rushes,
 Forests, and wide unprofitable moors;
 Oft looking for her into pools of rivers.
 But last night, when the rains fell heavily,
 I saw a form on the dun plashy wild,
 Wearily, wearily going; fast I ran,
 But in a moment she had disappear'd,
 And there was nothing on the wide flat waste.
 I cannot find her.
 My senses are bewildered; yet I'll seek her,
 Though I should light a candle and go search.—
 Damsel, her name is Orpah: if you see
 A woman low and sorrowful beneath

Ruin and years, yet bearing the waste marks
 Of passing beauty, wander by this way,
 That's she—my mother—O! speak kindly to her,
 Tell her her son has sought her very long.
 I've bid the people of a thousand hills
 Do this for me: travellers before the sun,
 Wayfaring men that in the twilight haste,
 Unquestioned pass not: Surely at last I'll find her.
 Again, erelong, I will be here: keep watch,
 And I will bless you.

Shep. Sir, morn and evening I'll remember it,
 Were't but for my own mother's sake.

Arth. O! yes.

[*Exit* ARTHUR.]

Shep. I'll not forget, indeed: Poor gentleman!
 Would he were happier, and far better dress'd!
 I never saw a finer looking man,
 Except—No, Colin only has more freshness.
 And then he said such grand things of our life,
 Almost persuading me I never weary!
 He's a true gentleman! I'll not forget.

[*Exit* SHEPHERDESS.]

Scene II.—Before FRIAR CLEMENT'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR CLEMENT and ARTHUR, meeting.

Arth. If blame for me have fallen upon you, father,
 Here bind me with green withes.—I've found her not.

Fr. Cl. No messengers of law have sought you here.

Arth. O! hermit, coming through the close of day,
 I saw the lovely daughters of the land
 Walking on terraces, and on balconies,
 In the evening light, with string'd instruments,
 Oft looking o'er the meads delectable,
 At the fair children wading through the grass,
 Pulling the wild flowers' spotted bells. Down fluttered
 The airy creatures, through the mellow orchards
 Gathering the golden apples in the sunset,
 All beautiful, walking in the prosperous trees.
 How I wept for my mother and my sister!

Fr. Cl. But you are come—

Arth. But I have found her not,
 Though I have sought her from the simple hills,
 Even to the city's places of dishonour.
 The very lazarus-house I have not miss'd;
 Nor the strait madhouse, searching it throughout
 The groans and blasphemies of disjointed spirits,
 Laughter unbounded, strokes, and many cries.
 Shade of my mother, if thou'rt dead, hear this!
 If living, weary creature, where art thou?
 Oh! all the hoards of thy exhaustless heart
 Heaped on my boyhood, turned to fruitless ashes!
 Thou lived'st to think thy one son did forsake thee!
 O'er melancholy hills, by moonlit hedges
 Wandering, the thought filled thy astonished heart;
 And tears for this did moisten thy frail bread.
 Then lying low on thy strange bed of death,
 Oft didst thou raise thy head—it ne'er was I;
 Day or night never came I unto thee.
 Be mine the punishment to wander still
 Hunting the secret of thy sorrowful life;
 To rest not in man's home. Father, farewell!

[*Exit* ARTHUR.]

FRIAR CLEMENT follows to call him back.

ACT III.

Scene I.—The outskirts of a forest.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Aha! here is my lair.
Boreas, bleak chamberlain, that mak'st my bed,
Robbing the elms, thou art the kindest fellow
In all the north.

[He lies down and sleeps among leaves at the root of a tree.

Enter a YOUNG MAN.

Y. Man (discovering Arthur). What have we here? A man among
the leaves?

Wet, and asleep on such an eve as this?
I must awake him ere cold death strike through him.
Ho! sir, pray who are you thus lying low?

Arth. (starting up). A very poor unfortunate young man.

Y. Man. Mock not the unhappy with that piteous voice.

Arth. Ha! do I? You are then upon your way
Down to the low damp forest, where the peeled,
Fat, clammy ground for ever reeks; the rill
Scarce soaks its way through the dead choking leaves;
Where the toad, gross and lazy, squatted sits
Amidst the soapy fungi, and distends
The spotted leather of his wrinkled throat,
With minute puffs from his asthmatic lungs?
Kindly you have awaked me; I for this
Will come at midnight, from your bony fingers,
Firm grasped, I'll take the suicidal knife,
Wipe it upon your hair, and give you burial.

Y. Man. Your words are wild as is your bed, and yet
Too near the mark.

Arth. So then, you will not leave me?
You seem a beautiful forlorn young man,
But will you stand yet? Will you speak to me?
Do you still doubt? Will you compare with me?
With one who but in trivial penance threads
The foul and cankered walks of beggary,—
With thieves consorting; and with freckled children,
The brood o' the wild hedge-nurse; with swarming beggars;
Strollers; infesting gipsies; roaring sailors;
With blind, gnarled, sun-bronzed minstrels; sly, lame creatures,
Tender of foot as is the borrowed horse,
But swift before the beggar-compelling baton;
With remnant soldiers of old wars; with jugglers;
Lunatics; wandering boys; all homeless things;
All furious outcasts; all degraded bastards,—
With these oft sheltered 'neath the howling bridge,
In barns wind-visited, or in dull vaults,
Where drop upon your sleepless eyes rank sweats
From leathern wings of filthy flittermice,
Half-formed and clustering in a blistered stew
About the roof? Faugh! all the while my gorge
Swells at the meanness—yet must I endure it.
Then far and out of sight beyond all this,
There is an ill still begging this base penance!
Go home, sir—be contented—thank your God.

Y. Man (Aside). I will indeed: his woes are more than mine:
Wild gleams are in his eye: let me be thankful;
And God forgive me for those idle moods!

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—Friar CLEMENT'S Cell.

FR. CLEMENT and ROTHMOND.

Roth.—My son! my own young daughter—far she lies
Whelmed in sad waters, wo is unto me!
O! villain Hulin! justly has he perished.
His guilt I knew not: this would Arthur ne'er
Tell, following vengeance for himself alone.
Of his return from foreign parts I knew not,
Nor of his fate: his body ne'er was found:
So be all hid, that Arthur may be safe.

Nay, Holy Father,

You know my weakness; it befits me now
To tell the rest, and let you use it wisely.
Say aught for me to win my son unto me.
Tell him—Heaven knows 'tis true—that when aloof
I stood from them, I waited but that they
Might make the slightest claim; but they were proud
Justly, ungenerous I in my weak pride.
Yet my heart clung to them. The warlike fame
Of Arthur pleased my heart. I've staid long hours
In hidden nooks to see my Emily
Pass by: when all my other daughters died,
I cannot tell the love I bore to her.
Hulin, by me adopted in my pride,
To wed one daughter and uphold our name,
Saw that I loved her much (this is my thought),
And cut her off lest she should share my wealth,
That unimpaired the whole might be his own.
Tell my son all.

Tell him I too am punished, am unhappy.

Know you not where he is?

Fr. Cl. Wandering, he seeks
His mother still in filial hope, in penance,
In the wild luxury of self-abasement;
By old-world trees about the low grey dikes
Sleeping, in caves, or in the homeless woods.
Alive or dead, he knows not of her place.

Roth. Hal! there again perhaps I am to blame;
Yet was it done in pity and old love.

By chance I found her sick by the way-side:
My heart was drawn to her: I ran to her,
To give her help: she fainted at my presence
My care revived her: in my arms I bore her
To one o' my castles by a secret path:
From day to day she raved of her lost children:
From day to day I ministered unto her,
Till she forgave me, and died blessing me:
Her honoured body lies where I shall lie.
The world knows not of this; but be it now
Revealed to Orpah's son—Arthur—my son—
Mine own! May good Christ bless it as the means
Sooner to make us meet! so use it, father.

Fr. Cl. 'Tis much: I will. When Arthur next is here,
And I have told him all, I'll find some way
To bring thee hither by a private message,
As if by chance. O! all may yet go well.

Roth. Take not his first denial: Say, that I—
But your good wisdom best shall dictate to you.
Father, adieu.

Fr. Cl. The moon shines very clear;
I'll forth with you a space, and see the night.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—An open place in the Forest.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. The hour is very still. I've seen the time
 I joyed to wander in these glimpsing woods:
 This had been then a night of finest beauty.
 As I came by, the white cattle on the banks
 Looked large i' the moonlight, calmly ruminating;
 The shallow rivers were all strewn with glass.
 But there nor here Oberon and his train
 Have I beheld, or Queen Titania
 On the green parks or solitary sands,
 Glance trippingly, or from these shadowy rifts
 Of tusky-rooted trees peep quaintly forth.
 To me no high ærial creatures glide:
 They deign not to be seen by such as me:
 Mine are the unspiritual eyes, discoloured with
 Blood, and mean sights of mortal misery.—
 Ay, ay, all this is beautiful; and yet
 Who, knowing man, knows not this lovely hour
 Is stained by him? Forth come the things of guilt
 To affront the holy beauty of the moon.
 There hangs despair, and gasps away his life;
 Here glaring murder hides his dropping knife;
 To theft, to lust the shadowy hour is dear;
 And treason's eyes throughout the night are clear.
 (*Cries for help are heard, and the clashing of swords.*)
 Ha! there they go! but I must help the weak.

[ARTHUR runs out.]

Scene IV.—Another part of the Forest.

ROTHMOND is seen fighting with two Robbers—ARTHUR comes in armed with a stick.

Arth. Two upon one! Foul play I doubt me then.
 Masters stand back, or have me too a foe.
 (*As ARTHUR tries to come between, he is stabbed from behind by one of the Robbers.*)

Arth. (*turning round upon his assailant*). What! has the mean hand
 of a ruffian slain me?

Would this were the great battle I have seen!
 My spirit has come to little things
 If I must die here—yet not unavenged!
 Shine out thou moon, and let me see this foe.
 Down, villain! ha! some mettle? yet thou must!
 There! there! and that! and that! hast yet enough?
 Be down, sir! down! go down! I sweep thee thus.

(*The Robber falls dead, and his comrade, who has been fighting with ROTHMOND, seeing it, runs off.*)

Roth. (*advancing to ARTHUR*). My brave deliverer, art thou hurt for me?

Arth. (*staggering*). Ha! what? Rothmond? my hand at least has been Nature's just instrument: then be it so!

[ARTHUR falls.]

Roth. I have a thought—my soul! should it be he!

Arth. My mother Orpah, come, O come to me!
 Nay, meet me then, my very dear young sister:
 We are lost children, gone away from her,
 If yet she live. O! mother of our blood,
 I'll bless thee last:—Our good Lord Christ uphold thee
 All thy dear life; and, past the grave's deep sleep,
 Wake in his careful everlasting arms!

[Dies.]

Roth. If but one little word were given to me
 From his forgiving heart, I'd be a man
 Clad with salvation round about. I am
 The son of last perdition—he is dead!
 I will not speak: I will not cry on God
 To strike me low: No; I will bear this life,
 Will bear the punishment which that life is.
 Oh! I could lift him in my arms away;
 But I will touch him not: what right have I
 Now to be kind, when I have brought him down?
 I will not speak, even: will not say my heart
 Is crushed among the dust—But God he knows!
 Only one little act—'tis not too much,
 'Tis not presumptuous—with this robe of mine
 I'll cover up his face, to keep away
 The beasts of night.

(Covers ARTHUR with his mantle.)

What next? Yes, I will go

To Father Clement: let him do the rest,
 For I'm not worthy.—

List, ye sons of men,
 Who in your youth of blood dare—will ye dare?—
 Beget immortal beings, them to fling
 Forth from your prayers, forth from your shielding love,
 Anguish goes with me, and the whips of Hell.

[Exit ROTHMOND, oft looking back to his son's body.]

END OF THE FABLE.

LINES,

ON SEEING AGAIN, AFTER AN INTERVAL OF SOME YEARS, A LIKENESS OF ———,

BY A LADY.

“The next moment I found myself alone with one who had once been to me as the dearest of dear friends. But there she stood, drawn up, and cold, and white as a marble Madonna; and if there were any expression in her countenance, it was that of scorn mingled with aversion. Nevertheless, as I recollected her former tender love, I was affected, and said, ‘Dear sister, you will not, I am convinced, promote any measures of severity towards me which can be avoided. Remember how we once loved each other, and that we were once as real sisters! Plead for me, that I may be heard before I am condemned; let me at least hope, even should the worst befall me that man can do against me, that I may possess your pity!’ Insensibly, as I had spoken, I had drawn towards her; but she stepped back as I approached, and with an expression of consummate contempt, which slightly elevated her beautiful lip—for, ah! she was superlatively beautiful in her external form—she motioned with her hand to me to stand back.” * * * This extract, from a little work entitled “The Nun” (by Mrs Sherwood, I believe), may help perhaps as a previous hint to the imagination, to prepare it for the obscurity of a poem, which was not intended to express much more than a picture, or a series of different pictures of the same individual, would do.

BEAUTIFUL Painter! once so dear
 To her whom thou hast imaged here,
 Go take thy pencil now again,
 And paint thy friend—but not as then.

Paint her with a brow on which
 A thought of anguish lingers :
 Cast o'er her eyelids bitterly
 Her trembling tear-wet fingers ;
 And breathe through all her altered mood,
 The consciousness of solitude,
 With little, little thought or care,
 If grief of heart subdued her air ;
 But for those eyes that dwelt on thee
 In poet-dreams so lovingly,—
 I say not now express their look,
 Hide the glance thou need'st not brook.

And the dark folds of heavy hair
 (Which thy soft hand with graceful care
 Wreathed playfully with snowy flowers)
 Fling negligently down as veil,
 Over the cheek that owned thy powers,
 So oft by sudden faintness pale,
 When afterwards thy love became
 Intensest hatred's smothered flame ;—
 Over the neck by sorrow stooped,
 And the proud temples humbly drooped ;—
 Falling to earth like midnight rain
 Disordered—let them so remain :
 And let the lips which thine have prest
 Seem troubled by her mind's unrest.

And place this portrait by the side
 Of one that looks with tranquil pride,
 And the deep silence of disdain,
 Full on thy troubled conscience now ;—
 Whose smile ne'er hinted aught of pain,
 But whose erect and courteous brow
 Haunts with unpleasant awe thy life,
 Awakening shame, and doubt, and strife :—
 Both are the same, those hidden eyes,
 And those that beam with smiling lies.
 Forget all that !—'tis past—'tis o'er :—
 Such looks shall trouble thee no more.
 For the last time that face pourtray ;
 And let a purer light than day
 Stream on her lifted absent eyes :
 Let Love too deep for utterance seem,
 Communing with her from the skies ;
 And let the stillness of a dream
 O'ershadow her :—and open spread
 Under her no more trembling hand,
 That Volume for which hearts have shed
 Life's richest drops, and gladly bled ;
 Those leaves which of a peaceful land
 Breathe to the weary ;—let her be
 Subdued to meekness visibly ;
 Like one who can at last forgive,
 And bear unkindness quietly.
 Oh ! see thou let *that* meaning live
 Upon her lips :—all else resign—
 Persuasiveness, and conscious power,
 Yet paint her not a broken flower,
 Far less aught sinless or divine ;
 Not of the beautiful (and yet
 What some can never well forget),

But one for whom a veil is rent—
 A dawn arisen—a midnight spent—
 On whom the peace of the forgiven
 Is shed abundantly from Heaven.

E. M. H.

A YOUNG GIRL SEEN ONCE, ON A BEAUTIFUL EVENING IN MAY, IN CHURCH.

Was she an orphan? Can another grief
 So wholly chasten? Can another wo
 So sanctify? For she was (as a leaf
 Of hue funereal 'mid the spring's young glow)
 Robed in emphatic black. The soul of night
 Fill'd her rich simply-parted ebon hair
 And raven eye-lashes, and made her bright
 With solemn lustre day can never wear.

Two younger buds—a sister at each side,
 Like little moon-lit clouds beside the moon,
 Which up the sky's majestic temple glide,
 Clad darkly, too, she led; but music soon
 Moved over her, and, like a breeze of heaven,
 Shook from her lips the fragrance of her soul:
 And then the thoughts with which my heart had striven
 Spoke in my gaze, and would not brook control.

I bent upon her my astonish'd eye,
 That glowed, I felt, with an expression full
 Of all that love which dares to deify:
 That adoration of the beautiful
 Which haunts the poet:—I forgot the sighs
 Of whisper'd prayer around me; and the page
 Of hope divine; and the eternal eyes,
 That look through every heart in every place and age;
 I gazed and gazed as though she were a star
 Unconscious, and unfallen, that shone above, afar.

But, eloquently grave, a crimson cloud
 Of deep disquietude her cheek o'erspread
 With exquisite rebuke:—to them I bowed
 (With a reflected flush), like her's, my head,
 Feeling I had disturbed the current meek
 Of her translucent thoughts, and made them flow
 Painfully earthward: but she veiled that cheek,
 Veiled even its sweet reproach and sacred glow;
 Like those pure flowers, too sensitive to brook
 Noon's burning eye, or its oppressive look
 That shut in beautiful displeasure up
 Each brilliant petal of their hearts' deep cup.

E. M. H.

SABBATH SONNET.

COMPOSED BY MRS HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND DEDICATED
TO HER BROTHER.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow paths their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
The Halls from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound;—yet, oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

We cannot allow these verses to adorn, with a sad beauty, the pages of this Magazine—more especially as they are the last composed by their distinguished writer, and that only a few days before her death—without at least a passing tribute of regret over an event which has cast a shadow of gloom over the sunshiny fields of cotemporary literature. But two months ago, the beautiful lyric, entitled *Despondency and Aspiration*, appeared in these pages, and now the sweet fountain of music from which that prophetic strain gushed has ceased to flow. The highly-gifted and accomplished, the patient, the meek, and long-suffering *FELICIA HEMANS* is no more. She died on the night of Saturday the 16th May, at Dublin, and met her fate with all the calm resignation of a Christian, conscious that her spirit was winging its flight to another and a better world, where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

Without disparagement of the living; we scarcely hesitate to say, that in *Mrs Hemans* our female literature has lost perhaps its brightest ornament. To *Joanna Baillie* she might be inferior not only in vigour of conception, but in the power of metaphysically analyzing those sentiments and feelings, which constitute the bases of human action; to *Mrs Jameson* in that critical perception which, from detached fragments of spoken thought, can discriminate the links which bind all into a distinctive character;—to *Miss Landon* in eloquent facility;—to *Caroline Bowles* in simple pathos;—and to *Mary Mitford* in power of thought;—but as a female writer, influencing the female mind, she has undoubtedly stood, for some by-past years, the very first in the first rank; and this pre-eminence has been acknowledged, not only in her own land, but wherever the English tongue is spoken, whether on the banks of the eastern Ganges, or the western Mississippi. Her path was her own; and shoals of imitators have arisen alike at home, and on the other side of the Atlantic, who, destitute of her animating genius, have mimicked her themes, and parodied her sentiments and language, without being able to reach its height. In her poetry, religious truth, and intellectual beauty meet together; and assuredly it is not the less calculated to refine the taste and exalt the imagination, because it addresses itself almost exclusively to the better feelings of our nature alone. Over all her pictures of humanity are spread the glory and the grace reflected from purity of morals, delicacy of perception and conception, sublimity of religious faith, and warmth of patriotism; and turning from the dark and degraded, whether in subject or sentiment, she seeks out those verdant oases in the desert of human life, on which the affections may most pleasantly rest. Her poetry is intensely and entirely feminine—and, in our estima-

tion, this is the highest praise which could be awarded it—it could have been written by a woman only; for although in the “Records” of her sex we have the female character delineated in all the varied phases of baffled passion and of ill-requitted affection; of heroical self-denial, and of withering hope deferred; of devotedness tried in the furnace of affliction, and of

‘Gentle feelings long subdued,
Subdued, and cherished long;’

yet its energy resembles that of the dove, “pecking the hand that hovers o’er its mate,” and its exaltation of thought is not of the daring kind, which doubts and derides, or even questions, but which clings to the anchor of hope, and looks forward with faith and reverential fear.

Mrs Hemans has written much, and, as with all authors in like predicament, her strains are of various degrees of excellence. Independently of this, her different works will be differently estimated, as to their relative value, by different minds; but, among the lyrics of the English language which can scarcely die, we hesitate not to assign places to *The Hebrew Mother*—*The Treasures of the Deep*—*The Spirit’s Return*—*The Homes of England*—*The Better Land*—*The Hour of Death*—*The Trumpet*—and *The Graves of a Household*. In these “gems of purest ray serene,” the peculiar genius of Mrs Hemans breathes, and burns, and shines pre-eminently; for her forte lay in depicting whatever tends to beautify and embellish domestic life—the gentle overflowings of love and friendship—“homebred delights and heartfelt happiness”—the associations of local attachment—and the influences of religious feelings over the soul, whether arising from the varied circumstances and situations of man, or from the aspects of external nature. We would only here add, by way of remark, that the writings of Mrs Hemans seem to divide themselves into two pretty distinct portions—the first comprehending her *Modern Greece*, *Wallace*, *Dartmoor*, *Sceptic*, *Historic Scenes*, and other productions, up to the publication of the *Forest Sanctuary*; and the latter comprehending that volume, *The Records of Woman*, *The Scenes and Hymns of Life*, and all her subsequent productions. In her earlier works she follows the classic model as contradistinguished from the romantic, and they are inferior in that polish of style and almost gorgeous richness of language, in which her maturer compositions are set. It is evident that new stores of thought were latterly opened up to her, in a more extended acquaintance with the literature of Spain and Germany, as well as by a profounder study of the writings of our great poetical regenerator—Wordsworth.

At this time, and in this place, suffice it to say, regarding the late Mrs Hemans, that she died in her forty-first year. She was born in Liverpool:—her father was a native of Ireland, and, by her mother, a German lady, she was descended from a Venetian family of rank. She married in early life—unhappily;—and left five sons, more than one of whom are of high promise. She passed many years in the quiet seclusion of *St Asaph’s* in North Wales with her mother; three at *Wavertree*, near Liverpool, after the death of that revered parent; and thence she removed to Dublin, where so recently she breathed her last.

As most erroneous impressions regarding the pecuniary circumstances of the late Mrs Hemans have been recently made on the public mind,—through what channel we know not,—we have much pleasure in saying, that such statements were quite unfounded. Indeed, the exertions of her own fine and fertile genius—appreciated as it was by the world—made such a circumstance sufficiently improbable, and must have rendered her moderately independent, even had she not possessed a regular allowance from her husband, as well as from her brother, *Sir Henry Browne*. On her younger brother, *Major Browne*, she had an unlimited credit; and to either of these relatives it would be scarcely a compliment to say, that they would have despised themselves, had they allowed so noble a creature as their sister to have experienced the pressure of that, or of any other distress, which it was in their power to remove.

Δ.

TOMKINS ON THE ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.

THERE is something hard to scan in the destiny of pamphlets. Few have long life—but 'tis not always the weakest that die first—many a fine thumping boy, to whom, when yet in the midwife's hands, the gossips predicted a long life, sickens as soon as he begins to squall, and ere nightfall is he buried—while your ricketty wretch, not a span long, and with the face of a changeling, will keep whimpering for weeks, till he expires apparently of old age. Nor does the term allotted on earth to the race of leaves seem to depend on the character or constitution of their parents. Stout tall fellows often beget brats, that, without violence to language, may well be called abortions; while nothing more common than to see thin slips of literary lads the fathers of a promising political progeny, that for a season make a noise in the world. We have known a pamphlet, that owed its existence to a Cockney in a consumption, outlive the author of that existence for a moon and half a moon—nay, flourishing as a leader in the *Morning Advertiser* long after he had sunk into a nameless grave.

But we must not dwell on this theme—it is too melancholy; and the duty of every man who loves his country at this crisis is to keep up his spirits. So let us be cheerful, and take a look at Mr Tomkins. Who the deuce do you think they say he is? Why LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX! The *Quarterly Review* boldly asserts—the *Edinburgh Review* slyly insinuates—the *Examiner* sincerely hopes—the *Sun* luminously declares—the member for *Knarborough*, though called to order, pertinaciously persists, nor will take any denial—Mrs Grundy loudly vociferates, and the neighbours catch the cry—the whole world, in short, have conspired to swear—that Isaac Tomkins, alias Peter Jenkins, is no less a personage than Henry Brougham.

The *Quarterly Review*—the *Edinburgh Review*—the *Examiner*—the

Sun—Mr Richards—Mrs Grundy—the neighbourhood—and the whole world—we beg their pardon—have all lost their senses—and their friends should lose no time in putting them into confinement. Some necromancer “has cast the glamour owre them;” and they have become a prey to ocular deception. We know the distinguished author of the *Colonial Policy of the British Empire* well—of the many *Statesmen's Manuals* in the *Blue* and *Yellow*—of the *Inaugural Discourse* about Cicero and Demosthenes, delivered when he was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—of the *Introductory Essay*—yet warm from the press—to Paley's *Natural Theology*, in which he leaves that sophistical sceptic, David Hume, not a leg to stand on—and we now come forward to vindicate him from the base and baseless charge of personal identity with Tomkins, the son of Tomkins, whom we have known for years.

Who then, you ask, is Tomkins? Be patient and we may tell you—he is not only not Lord Brougham and Vaux, but he is—a Bagman. A Bagman? Yea, even so. In the hard line, or in the soft? In the hard. We remember him book-keeper in a coach-office—from which place of power and profit he was dismissed for habitual incivility to the passengers of the *Slow* and *Dirty*, since known as the *Morning Star*. Now he is a traveller—and gigs it through the midland counties—taking orders for patent fenders. He is a big, burley, not bad-looking, ungentlemanly sort of person—like a cousin of Cobbett's—clothed in brown cords and cloth gaiters—blue coat and metal buttons—vest orange with a violet sprig—and with a white hat round which a crape intimates to bar-maid and landlady that he is a widower looking out for a second or third wife. And far be it from us to doubt that he would make a very fair husband—for though he is seldom seen in the common room without a tumbler of hot

brandy and water in his fist, and though all who are admitted to any thing like intimacy with him cannot fail to perceive that he is addicted to rich cheese, it would be unjust to say that he is either a drunkard or a glutton. He is merely a coarse vulgar bagman in rude health—and known on the road indifferently by the familiar and endearing appellations of Ten-tumbler or Talking Tomkins. Though his name be Isaac—he is not by birth a Jew—and is at least of Christian origin. Indeed he is a Unitarian.

But at present we have nothing to do with his religious belief—nor indeed with his personal character, which, that we may not be misunderstood nor prosecuted, we hereby publish is respectable; we deal but with his political creed—and beg pardon for having even thus slightly alluded to his professional pursuits as a Brazier's Bagman. But every periodical well knows how difficult—nay how impossible it is—to avoid the appearance of personality in the introduction to an article, and will, we feel assured, sympathize with us in the sorrow we shall suffer, if we find that we have said a syllable that may be offensive to the feelings of Mr Tomkins.

Yet we may, perhaps, be permitted to say, that when travelling along the royal road of political literature, a gentleman engaged in the hard line cannot reasonably expect the same sort of treatment that is usually shown to such as travel in the soft—particularly if the commodity he deals in be brass. We ring it to ascertain if it be not cracked—we smite it to see if it bear the blow without dint though it may dirl—and should it not stand the test, we deal no more with that firm or foundry, and thenceforth eschew the samples of Ten-tumbler or Talking Tomkins.

Troubling ourselves no longer, then, with the extension of this illustrative parallel, let us, if possible, avoid all personalities—and restrict ourselves to the Pamphlet. "Thoughts on the Aristocracy of England," by a Bagman in the hard line! Isaac Tomkins—formerly book-keeper to the Slow and Dirty in the Coach Office of the Hen and Chickens, Brummagem—

and now traveller in the same town for "my Uncle's House"—has no right to append to his name—patrician though be its sound—the title "Gent." Far be it from us to say that Bagmen by courtesy are not gentlemen—but such as are so, have not "Gent." on their calling cards which they drop on counters when seeking orders. Still more absurd is it to arrogate to themselves that title on becoming pamphleteers. But Isaac Tomkins, like every other Radical, is at heart an Aristocrat. Not only has he "Gent." printed on "here is my card, sir"—and on the face of his "my brochure, ma'am;" but he writes it with a flourish after his name in love-letters, with all the pride of penmanship, "Yours, my angel, to all eternity—Isaac Tomkins, GENT."—nay, has it stained in durable ink on the tail of his shirt.

What are the chief causes of the complaints made against the "Aristocracy of England" by this "Gent.?" Familiarity breeds contempt—and he has for so many years lived with them day and night, that he has at last fairly sickened with disgust of all their ways—and thrown up his stomach. Bagmen, as a body, are notoriously given to boasting—and Isaac writes as if he had had the *entrée* to all the courts of Europe. He cannot deny, in the face of all his own experiences, that there is an indescribable charm in the manners of high life. But as for the morals—and the intellectuals—alas! they are low indeed—far lower than the lowest he ever philosophized on by the light of a flash of *blue ruin*, in the darkest den in Gin Alley, to an audience fit not few of drabs and dustmen. Still there is a charm in the manners which used to overcome—to subdue the Bagman—and that seems to have so stolen on his sterner soul through the yielding senses, during the composition of the following paragraph, that he must almost have sighed—so powerful is passion over reason—to return once more—if but for an hour—to those haunts which he had forsworn for ever! "It must be admitted," sighs Isaac, "that there is a very great, a very real charm in those circles of society. The elegance of manners which there prevails is perfect; the taste which reigns over all is complete; the tone

of conversation is highly agreeable; *infinitely below that of France indeed*—but still most fascinating. There is a lightness, an ease, a gaiety, which to those who have no important object in view, and who deem it the highest privilege of existence, and the utmost effort of genius, to pass the hours agreeably, must be all that is most attractive." Alas! alas! Isaac! thou art far from having yet reached the heavenly heights on which sits the stoical wise man, unassailable by all terrestrial temptations! Fain at that moment, O! gent—gent—wouldst thou have returned to all the follies, and frivolities of high life—and purchased readmission to Almacks, even by the sacrifice of thy very pamphlet! Yeta far higher privilege of existence hast thou—than merely to pass "the hours agreeably"—a "more important object in view"—and one far worthier "the utmost efforts of thy genius." For not to the soft line, Isaac! wert thou bred or born, but to the hard—and by persisting to the end in the road thou hast so often travelled, far aloof from all those fascinations, thou wilt work out for thyself a monument more lasting even than brass. Wouldst thou sacrifice for mere elegance of manners, though it be perfect—for mere taste, though it be complete—for mere tone of conversation, though highly agreeable—for mere lightness, ease, and gaiety, though they be all that is attractive—wouldst thou for these sacrifice thy salary of some three hundred a-year over and above travelling expenses, and incur the risk, or rather the certainty of seeing thy name, Isaac Tomlins, GENT., for a short time in the Gazette—and then slipping away for ever into idle obscurity out of the list of bankrupts superseded?

But why, we ask, that saving or condemnatory clause in your paragraph in praise of the "very great, the real charms in those circles of society?" Why, we ask, "highly agreeable as the tone of conversation there is," "still most fascinating," speakest thou of it as "infinitely below that of France?" The tone of conversation in France will prove too much for thee—if it be indeed infinitely above "most fascinating;" and to thy virtue, Isaac, the syren

tone will be more surely fatal, sinking, through thy ignorance of the French language, more simply, and for that reason more profoundly, into thy soul.

"After this ample admission," continues Isaac, "let us add, that whoever, after passing an evening in this society, shall attempt to recollect the substance of the conversation, will find himself engaged in a hopeless task." If the conversation had been in French, Isaac would have been able to recollect neither substance nor shadow—for he is at the length of his tether in that tongue at "*Parlez vous Francois, Monsieur! Voulez vous, Maddam!*" But what sensible person dreams of "recollecting the substance of conversation?" Conversation should have no substance—for substance is heavy matter—and heavy matter—especially if drawled out—is soporific—and 'tis bad manners to fall asleep in social life. Isaac—who is at times a bit of a poet in his way—and then his fancy glows bright as one of his own warming-pans—says it would "be easier to record the changes of colour in a pigeon's neck, or the series of sounds made by an Æolian harp, or the forms and hues of an aurora borealis." No accountable creature, he maintains, has a right to pass his time thus—though he grants that "if man had nothing to do here below but to spend without pain or uneasiness the hours not devoted to sleep, certainly there would be no reason to complain of these coteries." Here he ought to have stopped—but elated beyond all measure by the effect on the writer of that fine passage about the pigeon's neck, the Æolian harp, and the aurora borealis—which the reader sees at once to be veriest drivel—he waxes exceedingly wroth with "the very great, the very real charm in those circles of society," and granting still that "all is pleasing, all pretty, all serviceable in passing the time," exclaims, on account of "all being unsubstantial,"—"compared with this chess becomes a science—drafts and backgammon are highly respectable. Compared with this, dancing, which is exercise, and even games of romp, are rational modes of passing the hours. Compared with

this, it is worthy a rational being to read the most frivolous romance that was ever penned, or gaze upon the poorest mime that ever strutted on the stage." After such a burst, Isaac appears, as might have been expected, in profuse perspiration, and you may hear the big sweat-drop plash on the paper. We beg of him—now that he has wiped his face and forehead with his bubbly-cloutikin—to borrow our unprejudiced eyes that he may see in its true light the above nonsense. Not another Bagman in all England but Talking Tomkins would have thus complained of the conversation of any coterie for being less scientific than chess. Conversation as scientific as chess, would, in any coterie, cause cholera or the plague. Chess is a science, compare it with what you choose; and Isaac should not so contemptuously treat it, for he does not know a knight from a rook, a pawn from a queen. But what can our impassioned—we had almost said—our infuriated Bagman—really mean by thus giving the preference—in a scientific, rational, and salutary light, to chess, drafts, backgammon, dancing, and games at romps, such as blindman's buff, hunt the slipper, prick-medandy, and houghmagandy, to the evening amusements, whatever they may be, of those coteries, or circles of society, where all is perfect elegance, and complete taste, where all is ease, lightness, gaiety, and fascination? There are times and places for all things—but we did not know that the aristocracy of England had excommunicated themselves from chess, drafts, and backgammon, for sake of the less scientific and respectable amusement of highly agreeable conversation; to dancing—especially that infatuating form of it—the waltz—we had always till now believed them too passionately addicted—not because, as Mr Tomkins says, "which is exercise"—for that is a vulgar view surely of that dangerous duet, in which you and the sweet creature go wavering away, entangled in embracement, like two butterflies meeting in the sunshine, as if they were never more to part—nor indeed do they, till, alas! the blissful bridegroom dies—but because dancing—

as Sir Joshua or somebody else said—is the poetry of motion—and poetry, all the world knows, is passion and imagination so mingled, that matter seems spiritual, and spirit seems material, the product of the union between mortal and immortal being, the sole emotion on this side Heaven that deserves the name of Delight and Love.

The Bagman informs the mercantile world that "the want of sense and reason which prevails in these circles is wholly inconceivable. An ignorance of all that the more refined of the middle, or even of the lower classes, well know, is accompanied by an insulting contempt for any one who does not know the staple of their only knowledge. An entire incapacity for reasoning is twin sister to a ready, and flippant, and authoritative denial of all that reason has taught others. An utter impossibility of understanding what men of learning and experience have become familiar with, stalks hand in hand, insolent and exulting, with a stupid denial of truths which are all but self-evident, and are of extreme importance." Talking Tomkins conceits that he has a powerful genius for personification. "Gentlemen—there are a pair of you," said the Devil, looking at his legs—and we presume they were twins. But "Utter Incapacity of Reasoning" is a Free Martin; for she is twin sister to "Ready and authoritative Denial," who is manifestly a male. Now it is well known that the sister of a male twin is always barren; so that should "Utter Incapacity of Reasoning" ever enter into wedlock even with the most potent genius, she will give vent but to wind. This is wisely ordered by Nature; for were she to conceive, for example, to Cross Purposes, what sophisms would she not spawn! Nevertheless there is always something interesting about Twins—and how perplexingly pretty, coming into the dining-room after dinner to show themselves to the company, with their sleek yellow hair combed down their low foreheads over their inexpressive eyes, linked arm and arm, would look Miss Utter-Incapacity-of-Reasoning, and Master Ready-and-Flippant-and-Authorita-

tive-Denial, each thumb in mouth, while without delay both simultaneously seized on the same stopper, and in the mysterious sympathy of double birth began sucking away at the crystal, as if they expected it to overflow with milk and honey ! Ere yet the attractive Twins have ceased their mumbling, the door opens, and lo, Utter-Impossibility-of-Understanding-what-men-of-learning-and-experience-have-become-familiar-with, stalks in hand in hand with Stupid-Denial-of-truths-that-are-all-but-self-evident. What a Scotch Dessert ! But now ensues a regular row. For Ready-and-Flippant-and-Authoritative-Denial-of-all-that-reason-has-taught-others, flinging from him with characteristic violence the hand of his Twin Sister, Entire-Incapacity-of-Reasoning, amorously encircles the waist of Stupid-Denial-of-Truths-which-are-all-but-self-evident; while Utter-Impossibility-of-Understanding-what-men-of-learning-and-experience-have-become-familiar-with, flies at him like one of the Lapithæ at a Centaur, and then, baffled in his attempt to rescue his long beloved from her ravisher, springs upon Twin Sister, Entire-Incapacity-of-Reasoning, and smotherers her with kisses till she blushes black, and trembles like a Truism in her teens. O rare Isaac Tomkins !

But only see with what exquisite skill he passes from the boldest to the baldest of styles—like a juggler displacing in your palm a rough young sovereign by the smoothest of all old possible shillings ! “Every female of this exquisite class”—quoth Isaac Tomkins, GENT—“is under the exclusive dominion of some waiting maid, or silly young lover, or slander-mongering newspaper; and if not under the sway of one paper, *lives in bodily fear of two or three*. Bribes, entreaties, threats, are by turns employed to disarm these tyrants; and however tormented the wretched victim may be, she is forced by some strange fatality or propensity to read what most tortures her.” This comes of tipling in houses of call with servants out of place. Flunkies, Valets, and butlers then all abuse ladies’ maids, and our credulous Bagman believes all that is bad of the Abigail. We doubt if the dominion of ladies’ maids over

their young mistresses be as exclusive, and we cannot for a moment doubt that it is not nearly so barbarous—as the dominion of barmaids—to say nothing of those gay creatures of the element commonly called chambermaids—under which is enthralled “every male of that exquisite class,” of which Ten-tumbler Talking Tomkins has long been one of the brightest ornaments. Has he forgot the mob-cap in the Hop-pole, Worcester? Hers was exclusive dominion indeed—nor could Tomkins’ Patent Fenders guard from the fire of those eyes the too combustible Bagman. In the exclusive dominion of “a silly young lover,” we see nothing peculiar to the condition of females in high life; but it is distressing indeed to think that “every female of this exquisite class who is not under the exclusive dominion of some waiting-maid or silly young lover,” “lives in bodily fear” of two or three slander-mongering newspapers. We do not wonder that two or three such periodicals should sometimes cause her much mental disquietude, but cannot imagine how they contrive to keep her in perpetual “bodily fear.” But only hear Isaac !

“Of the press, then, they (the Aristocracy of England) live in habitual dread; but it is a fear which, being altogether void of wisdom, produces good neither to its victims nor its objects. Frightened to death at any unfavourable allusion to themselves or their ways, they support with the most stoical indifference all attacks upon their professed principles, all opposition to the policy they fancy they approve. Furious to the pitch of Bethlem or St Luke’s, if they themselves be but touched or threatened, nothing can be more exemplary than the fortitude with which they sustain the rudest shocks that can be given to the reputation of their dearest and nearest connexions. Nay, they bear without flinching, with the patience of anchorites, and the courage of martyrs (but that the pain is vicarious), the most exquisite and long-continued tortures to which the feelings of their friends and relations can be subjected. This is no exaggeration; for it is below, very much below, the truth. They delight in the slander of that press, the terrors of which

daily haunt them, and nightly break their slumbers. Nothing is to them a greater enjoyment than to read all that can be said against their friends. They know, to be sure, that all is false; but, judging by themselves, they know that all of it gives pain. The public, they are quite aware, believe little of it; for of late years the press has taken pretty good care to make its attacks very harmless in that respect; but then they feel that those friends who are the objects of the abuse are probably as sensitive as themselves. Thus, the class we are speaking of form in reality the slander-market of the day; and yet, with a miraculous inconsistency, they are in one everlasting chorus against 'the license of the press,' which, but for them, would have no being; but for their follies, no object; but for their malice, no support; but for their spiteful credulity, no dupes to work upon; but for their existence, no chance of continuing its own. *They*, indeed, turn upon their own instruments—make war upon the tools they work with—the very limbs they sustain and move! It is the rebellion of the members reversed; for here we have the overgrown belly attacking the limbs!

Here Tomkins comes it very strong over the Aristocracy—and we think we hear him, as he lays down his pen and complacently contemplates the author's person, reciting to himself, with a grunt like that of a prize-board, the impressive close of what we believe is called a diatribe—"here we have the overgrown belly attacking the limbs!" What can have so embittered the Bagman with the Sunday Papers? He must be travelling under the delusion that he is the main object of their accumulated calumnies every Lord's Day. Through all his bravadoes you see that, "if not under the sway of one paper, he lives in bodily fear of two or three." "Half-and-half—hot!" cries to the waiter imperiously Ten-tumbler Talking Tomkins, and sets himself with more ardent spirits to squabash the Aristocracy of England. But the last paragraph shows that he was "the worse of liquor;" that potion has not sobered him; he has had his dose—and boots and the hostler en-

ter to show the gentleman to bed, who imagines that he is supported up stairs by four chambermaids.

We said that the last paragraph shows that Isaac Tomkins, Gent., was "the worse of liquor." He is therein heard maundering as men "in liquor" almost always maunder—and with "emphatic sincerity" to give indistinct utterance to much untruth. He is no longer Master of the Philosophy of the Emotions. He speaks of the same persons as being "*frightened* to death at any unfavourable allusion to themselves or their ways," and at the same time "*furious* to the pitch of Bethlem or St Luke's, if they themselves be but touched;" "the terrors of the press daily haunt them, and nightly break their slumbers," and yet "the public, they are quite aware, believe little of its slander, for of late years the press has taken pretty good care to make its attacks very harmless;" "they know, to be sure, that all is false that is said against their friends," yet do their friends all belong to that "exquisite class" which "forms in reality the slander-market of the day," and "but for them, would have no being; but for their follies, no object; but for their malice, no support; but for, &c. &c." Nobody can read this muddle-pated palaver, without seeing that Master Tomkins while inditing it was on the eve of being carried to bed. "It is the rebellion of the members reversed; for here we have the overgrown belly attacking the limbs;" and it must be allowed, whatever may be urged in their defence on the score of the enormous size of the above belly, that the limbs make but a feeble resistance.

Isaac resumes his task in the morning, taking it up at the word "stolen goods," and goes on to assert, with a severe headach, that the Aristocracy of England "confine their encouragement to the vilest portion of the press;" and then he adds, somewhat unnecessarily, "the respectable journals are no favourites of theirs." "From the sacred haunts of the Corinthian Order" every newspaper is excluded, or, what is still worse, "extruded," which "conveys any solid instruction upon a useful or important subject,

interesting to the species which the writers adorn—and the patricians do their best to degrade. Even wit the most refined finds no echo in such minds; and if it be used in illustrating an argument, or in pressing home the demonstration, which it may often be, the author is charged with treating a serious subject lightly, and of jesting where he should reason. Broad humour, descending to farce, is the utmost reach of their capacity; and that is of no value in their eyes unless it raise a laugh at the expense of a friend. Buffoonery is a denizen at all courts, but most commonly indigenous; and after the court's example patrician society is fashioned."

Nothing impairs the memory so much as habitual hard-drinking, even though it seldom send the memorialist to bed—with boots and ostler for his supporters—as it last night sent Ten-tumbler Tomkins. He has clean forgotten that the "exquisite class," whom he here accuses of the love of broad-jesting and buffoonery, and every thing, indeed, coarse, gross, and brutal, were painted by him, only so far back as the afternoon of yesterday, as distinguished for "perfect elegance of manners," "complete taste," and a "tone of conversation, infinitely below that of France indeed, but still most fascinating"—"a lightness, an ease, and a gaiety," and "all that is most attractive;" yet this "patrician society is fashioned after the example of that buffoonery which is a denizen in all courts, but most commonly indigenous;" and, equally strange to say, so shifting, so shadowy, and so aerial are the broad jests of their buffoonery, "that it would be easier to record the changes of colour on a pigeon's neck, or the series of sounds made by an Æolian harp, or the forms and hues of an Aurora Borealis."

"From a contemplation of the Aristocracy, the result of sorrowful observation, not of irritable displeasure, we naturally turn to its lamentable but inevitable consequences." At drawing an inference, the Baggan shows such strength, that we will back him even against any one of Meux's dray-horses, only he is too fat—and we should have to give him a drench and a sweating or two, "that

the overgrown belly might not get the better of the limbs." He is of opinion that society cannot long remain in this most unnatural state—"that the whole faculties and accomplishments of a great people cannot be severed with impunity from the wealth, the rank, the privileges, and the personal and individual interests that exist in the state." He is of opinion that "the middle, not the upper classes, are the nation—the people—in every rational or correct sense of the word." The Aristocracy are no part of the nation or people—neither, it appears, are the lower classes—the nation for people is composed, it would seem, according to Tomkins, of the Ten-Pounders. "The L.10 franchise itself would tend to produce similar mischiefs were it confined to a few, and were it of more difficult acquisition to those who inherit it not. Its great advantage and easy attainment prevents the possibility of its working evil by creating a privileged class in the community." Only imagine to yourself for a moment what would be the condition of Great Britain "if the L.10 franchise were confined to a few." Why, in that case it would produce mischief similar to those she suffers for her present Aristocracy. "The whole faculties and accomplishments" of a great people would be severed from the "wealth and rank" of an Aristocracy trampling, in the pride of the L.10 franchise, on "the middle ranks, who alone are the nation—the people—in every rational or correct sense of the word." Their haughty tenements, that had reared their roofs for weeks to heaven—some of them on two stories—would be levelled with the earth. Of such a state of things some future, in the words of the present Tomkins, might say, "How long are they likely to suffer a few persons of overgrown wealth, laughable folly, and considerable profligacy, to usurp, and exclusively to hold, all consideration, all individual importance?"

Isaac then treats us with an original image. "Can the scales of society be kept strictly adjusted, when the unnatural force, violently exerted in favour of the feather, makes the unaided gold kick the beam?" The feather is the Aristocracy.

crazy of England—the unnatural force violently exerted in its favour is left to the imagination, so is the power that sets it into activity—for it cannot surely be the feather itself—while the unaided gold that kicks the beam is, we presume, the middle classes, who thus become in fact the upper in a way that must be any thing but agreeable—as we can see no pleasure in kicking a beam—though it should be the beam of the scales of society, which, we cheerfully grant, can never so be kept steadily adjusted. In spite of all this, we are willing to back unaided gold *versus* feather for a cool hundred at the game of scales—let feather violently exert whatever unnatural force he has a mind to—and Tomkins may fix his day for the match.

Isaac's admiration of the middle ranks is so excessive as to border on the idolatrous—yet would he refuse a peerage? “They read,” quoth he, “they reflect, they reason, they think for themselves; they will neither let a pope, nor a prince, nor a minister, NOR A NEWSPAPER, form their opinions for them; and they will neither, from views of interest nor motives of fear, be made the dupe or tool of others.” How happens it then that they suffer “those burthens by which the aristocracy grind the faces of their inferiors?” Why does he call “the Derby farmers gulls?” Why scold the “Brighton liberals who opposed an honest Tory, and preferred to an honest reformer a man notoriously receiving pay as a servant in the King's household?” Why does he say “nobody can pity either Winchester or Brighton, they have met exactly what their silly conduct, to call it no worse, deserves?” What matters it that “they read, they reflect, they reason, they think for themselves”—if they are gulls and silly ones, “to call them no worse?” What matters it although “they will neither let a pope, nor a prince, nor a minister, NOR A NEWSPAPER form their opinions for them,” if they thus shamefully sacrifice the opinions which they have formed for themselves? What matters it that they will neither, from fear nor interest, be made the dupe or tool of others, when Talking Tomkins asks with anguish “whose

fault was it that Captain Pechel turned out Mr Faithful?”

The middle orders, it seems, after all are not ready for the millennium. “The progress of knowledge” will raise the character up to the mark—but Isaac adds, “when the basis of the present distinction is gone, that remedy will prove effectual—not till then.” For hear the Bagman.

“The nobility of England, though it forms the basis and the bulk, forms not the whole of our aristocratic body. To all practical purposes we must include under that name all their immediate connexions, and even all who live in the same circles, have the same objects, and from time to time attain the same privileges. The law of the constitution is, that only a peer's eldest son succeeds to his father's honours, and therefore we constantly hear it said that all the rest of the family belong to the body of the people. Nothing can be more true as regards legal rights—nothing more false as regards political and social bias. It is certain that the eldest son alone is deemed by our institutions to be born a lawgiver, a senator, and a judge; that he alone, be he ever so ignorant, stupid, and vicious, is allowed to decide upon the great questions of policy and of jurisprudence, and to sit in appeal upon the decisions of all the legal tribunals of the country, and to judge without review all his fellow-citizens for property, liberty, limb, and life. These high functions are so essentially inherent in him, that no bankruptcy, no idiotcy (short of being found lunatic by commission), no criminality, can deprive him of his judicial and legislative attributes. He may have committed felony, and been transported—or perjury, and been pilloried—or fraud, and been upon the tread-mill; yet, the day after his sentence expires he may take his seat next the Lord Chancellor or the Archbishop of Canterbury, and turn by his vote the fate of a great measure for diffusing universally the justice which he has contemned and outraged.”

Lord Stanley, in his letter to Sir Thomas Hesketh, anent Conservative Associations, declares that he is not aware of any attempt having been made in any high quarter to

abridge or abrogate the powers and privileges of the House of Lords, or the hereditary peerage. Can it be that he has never read Tomkins either in the tenth edition, or in the eulogy on his pamphlet—attributed to one of the ablest men in England—in the *Edinburgh Review*? Those powers and privileges which Lord Stanley thinks secured to his order in the respect entertained for them in the minds of an enlightened people, Tomkins, to the entire satisfaction of the master spirit of the great organ of the Whigs, calls “these high, precious, absurd, and revolting privileges;” nor till they are destroyed will knowledge itself prove an essential remedy to the evils under which the people groan—and they are indeed more to be pitied than blamed for groaning, since their faces are ground by the feet of the Aristocracy to the dust. “The sons of Peers,” says the Bagman, “cannot ride down the peasants or the shopkeepers with impunity; but so neither can the Peers themselves.” But what the better are the peasants and shopkeepers at not being ridden down by Peers or the sons of Peers, if it be true, according to Tomkins, that the entire Aristocracy of England are daily employed in grinding their faces in the dust with their feet?

It is not every day that a Bagman publishes a political pamphlet attributed by all the world—except Christopher North, to Lord Brougham. Therefore another quotation.

“The question is this. A substantial farmer, or a reputable shopkeeper, intending to let two or three of his sons continue in his own business, has the spirit and the means to give one of them, who shows good abilities, a better education, that he may be a parson or a lawyer. The lad goes to Oxford, and he there meets the younger son of the squire or the nobleman, about his own age.—Now which of the two finds it easiest to get on in the world? Which is soonest received into the company of men of influence in the college? Which makes his way best to notice, wherever it is of importance to him that he should obtain notice? Which has, first at college, and afterwards in town, most favour bestowed on his efforts? Which

rises the fastest and mounts the highest, surpassing their abilities and understanding equal? Does it not require that the obscure man should be a first-rate genius to climb the heights of his career, be that civil or military, ecclesiastical or political? In England these questions can be answered in one only way.

“But suppose we come away from matters of substantial interest, and say a word of society merely. The one of the two youths whom we are supposing to be started together in life is born to admittance every where, and to the unsolicited enjoyment of the most refined society; the other may arrive at the same favour after he has made himself famous by his talents, or powerful by his success, when the silly creatures who preside over such intercourse would feel themselves neglected if he were not found among their attendants. As for the daughter of the tradesman or the yeoman, no fancy can help us to picture her in those haunts of fashion, be she as fair as Venus, as chaste as Diana, as wise as Minerva, unless she has been able to repair the ruined fortunes of some noble rake by the legacy of an uncle in the East Indies. For the brother, Parliamentary eloquence, (not learning or solid wisdom), party devotion, or professional success, may cast a plank across the gulf which separates the circles of high and middling society. For the sister there is but one bridge, and it must be made of solid massive gold. Passing across it, she will be admitted to the enjoyment of having her relations sneered at, and, if her ears are very acute, herself nicknamed among those whom she saves from want of bread; she will listen to the horrors of vulgar life, the atrocities of underbreeding, the hatefulness of honest industry, the misfortune of humble birth, until she dares not look about her or behind her, but is haunted by the recollection of her origin, as if it had been a crime, and is brought to be more ashamed of her humble and virtuous family than if they had borne her in the hulks or bred her on the tread-mill.”

One might suppose, from the confident tone in which Tomkins here speaks of Oxford, that he had been a gentleman commoner of Christ-

Church, and refused admittance into the Aristocratical society of the dominions of the famous Dean. Whereas Isaac was but once in the city for half-an-hour at supper, in the traveller's room of the Angel, while his old friend, the Slow and Dirty, was on its transit from Manchester to the Metropolis. Would he seriously wish that the fourth son of a substantial farmer, or a respectable shopkeeper (for Dad intends to let two or three of his sons continue in his own business), should associate with the sons of noblemen? Why? Or with the sons of some mercantile millionaire? Why? He might himself, with equal propriety, offer to give the Duke of Northumberland or the Earl of Derby a lift in his gig. "Which has at college most favour bestowed on his efforts?" Let him look at the bishops, and the judges, and the scholars of England. The fourth son of his own washerwoman, if a lad of first-rate talents, would have been a first-class man along with Mr Stanley or Mr Howard. Merit, however humbly born, is surer of "climbing the heights of his career" in the schools at Oxford, than even in the coach-office of the Hen and Chickens at Manchester, where Tomkins himself reached the summit of his ambition, though, alas! from its giddy height, he fell. "To climb the heights" of a career, be that civil or military, ecclesiastical or political, is by no means an easy matter; but an incalculable number of "obscure men" have done so who were not "first-rate geniuses." First-rate geniuses, even in the most genial seasons, have never in this climate been as plentiful as blackberries even among the middle classes—indeed, we question if Talking Tomkins himself be a first-rate genius, though he has reached the acme of fame by figuring in Blackwood's Magazine. Though certainly "not born to the unsolicited enjoyment of the most refined society," yet lol he has gained admittance into it by his own merits—not into that "exquisite class" misnamed "refined society," where "silly creatures preside," but into that rightly called so indeed, at the head of which, in mildest majesty, sits Christopher North. Nay, higher honours still may be in store for

him—what if the whole civilized world were to see and hear Talking Tomkins at our right hand, at the very next Noctes Ambrosianæ, while Tickler and the Shepherd sat mute, with upturned eyes, astonished at the eloquence of the inspired Bagman?

The males of the middle classes, then, we maintain, have no reason to complain of being excluded by aristocratical distinctions from a fair chance of attaining the object of man's highest ambition on earth. But how is it with the females? There's the rub. We acknowledge that considerable difficulties lie in the way of the daughters of tradesmen and yeomen between their fathers' dwelling, be it in shady lane or on sunny hill, and "those haunts of fashion," where over the "most refined society" the "silly creatures" preside. Yet if she be in verity, and not merely in the enamoured imagination of Tomkins, which pictures to him a Tri-une Vision, in itself lovelier than the Triple Glow that on Mount Ida distracted Paris, if she be indeed Venus, Diana, and Minerva all in One, in the shape of a tradesman's or yeoman's daughter, we undertake to introduce her ourselves—though the shift on her back be her only patrimony—into the society of Devonshire House, and to insure her by the end of the season a coronet. Let other damsels, to whom nature has been as niggardly as fortune has been profuse, "repair the ruined fortunes of some noble rake by the legacy of an uncle in the East Indies." But Lady Venus Diana Minerva Tomkins Talbot shall have fair issue and long life with her lord—and though her birth was humble, she will dare, we answer for her, "to look about her and behind her" with a queenlike eye—and if any of her noble husband's relatives are so foolish as to "be more ashamed of her humble and virtuous family than if they had been born in the hulks or bred on the treadmill," she will think on what Tomkins has told her, and be comforted—that from the pillory itself a Peer may walk to the House of Lords, and, shaking his ears, sit down between Ex-Lord-Chancellor Brougham and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Could Tomkins but bring himself to believe all this, he might yet gradually grow into one of the most contented of Bagmen. Such may be the destiny of his own daughter—yet unbegotten—but her triumph will be greater if he drop the “gent.” We think that we see symptoms towards the close of his pamphlet that he has but faint hope, after all, of effecting the abolition of the Aristocracy of England. True that he abuses them to the last gasp; but craft, and cunning, and hypocrisy, and double-dealing belong but to fear—and they are transparent through the advice he gives the Radicals how to behave to the “exceptions.” “Exceptions there are. Excellent sense in one; in another, good education for about the worst educated country in Europe; (Isaac! Isaac!) in a third party zeal; in a fourth personal spleen,—may alienate members of the body from their natural connexions, and enlist them in the cause of the people. For the aid of these men the country can never be too grateful. Far from repelling them with insult, and damping their *generous efforts* in our behalf by a cold and sullen reception, it is our duty and *our interest* to hail their arrival among us with open arms. *They are of infinite use to us. Their motives should not be too narrowly scrutinized.* They are worthy of all acception; and if we know either what becomes us, or what serves us, we shall affectionately and gratefully receive them.” Isaac is wonderfully familiar with every thing in France. The tone of conversation there is infinitely above that of our “exquisite class;” and he tells us, in a foot-note, “that even under the absolute monarchy, the claims of letters and talents were always admitted; the nobility cultivated wit and learning, and were a race infinitely superior to our own, in proportion as literary men were admitted into their society on a footing of equality.” Be that as it might, certainly the Jacobins in France had good reason to say of the nobility, “it is our interest to hail their arrival among us with open arms. They are of infinite use to us. Their motives should not be too narrowly scrutinized.” Their motives were submitted to no scrutiny whatever—

and to prevent any botheration about them, “soon after their arrival among us was hailed with open arms,” their heads were cut off, and, though a little saw-dust might have prevented it, the blood suffered to ooze through the ill-fitted planks of the scaffold upon the heads of the women and children amusing themselves in the apartment below with the antics of monkies, that relieved the grim monotony of bearded pards and maned lions, which the mob facetiously called wild beasts.

Yet Tomkins manifestly trusts but little to the aid of any number of such ninnies—for “the body at large is our foe; that is incapable of conversion. Mr O’Connell may threaten, Mr Brougham may educate for ages! that body is beyond all the fears which the former can excite, and all the improvement which the latter can produce.” What then alone remains to be done? Farther the deponent sayeth not—but tipping the wink to his palls, he puts his tongue in his cheek, and as he significantly draws his fingers across his neck, a general grin, accompanied with a general chuckle, shows that action is indeed the soul of oratory, and that the supply will be equal to any demand that in good time may be made for executioners.

There is nothing else for it. “For them sinecures exist—for them jobs are done. They it is that profit by the overpayment of the public functionaries. They it is that amass wealth by the tax imposed upon the bread consumed, and alone consumed by the people. For their sons an overgrown army provides commissions and staff appointments. For their sons a bloated Church Establishment displays deaneries, and prebends, and bishopricks.” In vain “Mr O’Connell may threaten, and Mr Brougham educate for ages.” Why, then, wait for ages for what can never happen? Mr Brougham (he cannot mean William Brougham, the Master in Chancery—for we never heard of him educating any body, since at Cambridge he failed to educate himself) has no chance against the public schools with his private University of London. For “to teach their children Tory principles, the public schools

—the best education in England, and one utterly below contempt—(Isaac! Isaac!) trains the patrician infant to lisp in slavish accents. To confirm the lessons of Eton and Winchester, Oxford opens her Conservative arms, and eradicates whatever feelings of humanity, whatever reasonable opinions the expanding faculties of the mind may have engrafted upon the barren stocks of Henry the Sixth, and William of Wickham. The fact is, that go where you will, in these times, *even in liberal circles*, you find the youth—the fashionable youth—all embodied with the mothers and the tutors *against liberal principles*, and bent on resisting all improvement." Down, then, to the dust—the bloody saw-dust—with the "hated Aristocracy of England!" Nay—nay—sly Isaac will not say so—*totidem verbis*, (he mis-understands a little Latin)—but whispers *sotto voce*, (that is Italian, Isaac,) "no man can desire to see the House of Lords abolished!" Why, does he not know that Lord Brougham and Vaux, now that he has lost his wig, is willing to resign his coronet, if he were permitted to return to the bar? And what, without him to preserve order by the force of example, when the authority of Denman was impotent to enforce it, would be the House of Lords?

Isaac Tomkins (for we will on no account call him Peter Jenkins) seems almost as surly with the Commons as with the Lords. "Only look at the House of Commons," he cries, "to take an example from what indeed lies at the root of the evil tree, whose bitter fruit we are all of us now eating. The Aristocracy represent us in Parliament. Do not let us disguise the truth from ourselves. OUR REPRESENTATIVES HAVE DECEIVED US; DO NOT LET US DECEIVE OURSELVES. A CONSIDERABLE MAJORITY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IS AGAINST ALL REFORM. That majority, in its heart hates the people. Its fears are pointed to the progress of improvement; its care is for the privileged orders; its darling object is to keep all things as much as possible in their present state, and just to give us as much relief as they cannot either resist or evade giving. They do not, in

substance or effect, differ from the House of Lords, which is their natural ally, and their only lawful superior, to whose interests they are quite willing to sacrifice their constituents at any moment they can do it in safety. The Lords will not oppose a reform, when they are afraid of being swept away if they do. The bulk of the Commons—a majority of 100 at the least—will let reform pass, which they dare not resist without being sure of losing their seats. Do I, or does any body, think the Lords friendly to any kind of reform, merely because they let some reforms pass? Not at all: they do it because they cannot help it. Does any one dream that above 200, or at most 250, of the Commons really love reform, merely because the other reformers, the merely *nominal Liberals*, do not dare throw out reform bills and motions? Not a bit of it: they hate reform bitterly—hate it for its own sake—hate it for their sakes—hate it for the sake of the House of Lords, whom they really love, and where most of them hope to sit. But they fear us as well as detest us, and they must vote whether they will or no on many questions. Only see the effects of this. It is like the argument of *measures not men*. Those members only give us just as much support and protection as they cannot possibly withhold; and in all other cases they refuse to stir for us. Hence neither Lord John Russel could frame an amendment worth a straw, excepting for merely party purposes; nor could Mr Hume support the people's most important right, to stop supplies till grievances were redressed. Hence all motions of any value are put off, because there is a struggle to turn out one set of aristocrats, and put another in their place. Hence, if the hearts of a very large majority of the House, and even a considerable number of the Opposition, were opened, and we could endure so hideous a sight—we should find not one trace of the country's good—not one vestige of the people's welfare—not the faintest impression of the public opinion—but all would be heats, hatreds, furies, fears (not a reflection of the public wishes,) about selfish objects, never rising nearer to the tone and temper of patriotism than so far as

party feeling now and then borrows its hues for an ornament, and wears its garb for a disguise. Those men who, I know, are the majority of the House—who, I am almost certain, are some of the Opposition—vote from a fifth to a fourth because they dread the loss of their seats, some because there are places which they possess or expect. They will try to patch up an expiring and impossible ministry, or to hatch a middle scheme to gratify jobbers, and frustrate all the hopes of the country, or make a new cabinet altogether; in which it is a hundred to one that we, the people, shall hardly find any men who are thoroughly disposed to do us justice, and whose heart is in the work of helping the people. I do not blame those men—the chiefs of the liberal and popular portion of the Whig party; on the contrary, I feel the debt of gratitude we owe them. But what can they do with such a system? They dare not break with the Aristocracy, to which almost all of them—more than nine in every ten—actually belong; they dare not fly in the face of the Court, which, as things are now arranged, may turn out a ministry without notice, and without the least reason assigned, and, after plunging the country in confusion, retreat and suffer no kind of penalty or even inconvenience from its intrigue. They cannot work miracles in such a House of Commons, or make bricks without straw. They could not act for our true interests, even if they really felt as they ought, and actually wished what we desire; because they are only supported by a mixed body in the House of Commons, and opposed by a very determined and interested mass of steady, unflinching, unscrupulous enemies to all reform. Our friends are the minority; and the rest of the opposition, who in case of a change will be the ministerial body, is composed of men in whom the country never can again place any trust; because they have got into Parliament under false pretences; wheedling us one day with promises of strong votes, and breaking these promises the next; gaining seats by pledges of reform, and forfeiting those pledges the moment they were sworn in.”

This was written by Issac during the Conservative Government—and we must in justice confer another epithet on him—the Prophetic Bagman. “They will try to patch up an expiring and impossible ministry—or to hatch a middle scheme to gratify jobbers, and frustrate all the hopes of the country, or make a new Cabinet altogether; in which it is a hundred to one that we, the people, shall hardly find any men who are thoroughly disposed to do us justice, and whose heart is in the work of helping the people.” In a postscript he glories in the fulfilment of his prophecies—not being very particular in mentioning which of them—for cunning Isaac is cunning Isaac still, even in his inspired fits—and in more senses than one has an eye to the future—“Out the Tories went,” saith he, “in the full hope of coming back again, from the difficulty of making a Liberal Government. There are Lords enow in it. Nine Lords and three Commoners.” And among the nine Lords he nowhere espies Lord Spencer, Lord Durham, or *Lord Brougham*. Nevertheless he declares, that the new ministers are so much better than the other set, that the people may reasonably look for great good from them—for that “we must not be run away with by names, and fancy that Lords may not be very good men and good reformers too!” All the while, however, he makes wry faces; and ’tis easy to see, that, without Lords Spencer, Durham, and Brougham, “an attempt has been made to patch up an expiring and impossible ministry.” He finally comforts himself with the reflection, “that they, we may be sure, are prepared to support the new Cabinet, in all that may serve the country; and that they will be most useful watchmen for us and our interests; more useful perhaps in that capacity than in power.” Watching is a weary occupation, and the three noblemen, set aside unto the office, do not look as if they much relished walking about, in wrap-rascals, and with lanterns, ever and an showing how “useful they are in that capacity,” by calling out in hoarse husky voices—“a cloudy night.” One of them indeed has never been seen on his beat at all—

having the jaundice; another has asked leave to go into the country to look after some oxen—and the only one remaining, who is rather eccentric occasionally, alarms the neighbourhood by announcing the dawn during “the very waist and middle of the night,” when all is as dark as Erebus. Still he may, “perhaps, be more useful in that capacity than when in power.”

Take these Times of ours as they go, and they will be found to be not so very much amiss in their way, in spite of Talking Tomkins. With mutton at fippence a-pound—prime pieces—(with the gigots a sheep-head and trotters are thrown in gratis)—bread ditto the quarter loaf—Guinness’ Dublin porter at four shillings the dozen—small beer—yet not so very small neither—at a brace of farthings a-bottle—and with all the other necessaries and luxuries of life proportionably cheap—house-rent, indeed, so low, that many persons do not think it worth while to pay any—who but a Tomkins would take up his trumpet and blow a blast so loud and dread against the Times? Why seek to reduce the Aristocracy of England till he has reduced his own “overgrown belly?” Yet let him not misunderstand us—we do not insist—not we—on his reducing “his overgrown belly”—nay, we are willing, if he would but keep a civil tongue in his mouth, to declare that it is not overgrown, but the beau ideal of the

belly of a Bagman. But if he will persist in his attacks on all our great national institutions—civil and ecclesiastical—sacred and profane—swearing that they are all overgrown—then we will persist in our attacks on his overgrown belly, and shout aloud that it is much more bloated even than our Church Establishment—that it resembles the royal prerogative in the days of Dunning—“that it has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.”

And before sitting down, may we be permitted to address a single word to Lord—or, as Isaac Tomkins calls him—Mr Brougham? Great Britain believes *him* to be the Bagman. We have now done our best to disabuse that noble-minded island of a belief so derogatory to the character of one of her most illustrious sons. His has been a high career—and, looking up into the sky, men have said to one another—“that is an eagle.” They knew him by his cry—by his poise—by his pounce—by his flight. But this bird is a buzzard. He would fain aim high indeed—but his prey is on the ground—for he is a mouser. A buzzard! No—a dunghill—mere poultry—and of the basest breed that ever scraped a midden. Yet Whig ornithologists call him the Bird of Jove. How is this? Proud Bird of the Mountain! by what black art hast thou been metamorphosed into a Malay?

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

WE heartily approve of Anniversary Dinners—and assist at some half-dozen or so a-year—along with a few hundred friends of kindred sentiments and opinions on Politics, Poetry, and the Fine Arts. We care not for a few shades of difference—so that our minds be all of one colour—the unchanging blue—nor yet for a few clouds—for they are characteristic of a Scottish sky, and serve but to show, as they pass away, the endurance of the firmament.

Poetry is one of Nature's best productions—and it grows nowhere else more vigorously and richly than in Scotland. No matter what soil. Wherever the gowan grows it grows—wherever the grass grows it grows—wherever the heather grows it grows—and where can you see such gowans, such grass, such heather as ours—therefore such poetry. Of old it ran in lines of wild lovely light along the dark hills of Morven—In our own time it arrayed the bare fields of Mossiel in beauty that will never die. What visions hath it made to settle on every lonely place wherein they rose like exhalations—from the age when, to the harp of Ossian, came floating through the mist the spirits of the heroes, to that of the Last Minstrel, whose lays evoked the shades of other warriors from their Tombs!

We heartily approve of Anniversary Dinners in commemoration of the birthdays of great poets—more especially of our great native poets. Not that we should object to assisting at one in commemoration of the birthday of Spenser, Milton, or Shakspeare—though they were not Scotsmen. Indeed, we live in hope of drinking a bumper, in solemn silence, to the memory of the Swan, along with the Shakspeare Club at Stratford-upon-Avon, who, with a reverential love, worthy of men proud of belonging to the neighbourhood of his birthplace, are now busied in guarding from the tooth of time the sacred stones which he hoped never might be disturbed, when, in melancholy mood, he was

dreaming—wondrous spirit! of his own dust.

Not for many years to come will there be an Anniversary Dinner to commemorate the birthday of Scott. Dryburgh Abbey must seem to be removed away—not in place—for there it stands—nearer and nearer in our imagination—mouldering in its ivy to the music of its own Tweed—but far away in the sorrow-looking serenity of time—when all of him that was mortal shall be blended “with rocks, and stones, and trees,” and the poet felt to be immortal in his song. So is it now with Burns. We—even we—have presided at Anniversaries of his birthday—made speeches—for better or worse—and proposed his memory—the memory of the man—with all his failings and all his virtues—very sad and very glorious—but not the memory of the poet—for he is not dead—and were there not a lark nor a linnet in Scotland, sweet voices would still be heard singing there—for all over her banks and braes will her maidens be lilting to her dear old traditional airs the ballads of her own Robert Burns.

But though poetry be our delight, and we glory in our poets, start not on hearing us declare that politics stand, in our estimation, on the same level—and that we can bestow equal praise on warriors and statesmen. Did not Akenside himself say—

“Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat,
Stands far removed the bard?”

True, that in the same noble stanza, he asserts the bard's superior sway, and declares “more lasting his award.” Be it so—nor shall we now seek to assign the due precedence that by nature belongs to one or other of the worthies. Suffice it, that heroes, legislators, bards, are all—Conservative. We speak but of the greatest—and among them there never was a Destroyer.

Anniversary dinners, therefore, commemorative of the birthdays of great heroes or statesmen—or of days on which they achieved some

great Conservative triumph—are our delight—and at such congregations of the Faithful there is poetry in politics. Homer, and Pindar, and Eschylus would have rejoiced to assist at such anniversaries, as at religious festivals sacred at once to the deities, the demigods, and the heroes. Nor would they not, during the intervals of the oratory, have not listened well-pleased to Spindler's band discoursing appropriate music.

Anniversary dinners, it is said, and truly, are often dull—and what is worse, they are often sour—as Whig. That faction—for there is no party—are miserable even at meals. They get up a great Whig Festival—we make no allusion to that in honour of Lord Grey, which, though in much indecent, was deservedly his due—and all the time they are eating, the appointed orators are ruminating the libels they are *seriatim* about to void—chewing the cud of bitter reflections—while the mutes who are to listen, and emit the monosyllable “hear,” are masticating like so many Mastodontons—an obsolete animal which, whatever Buckland may say, we maintain to have been omnivorous. The usual toasts are slurred over in a sort of peevish silence that has some resemblance to a sound—for the King, the Queen, the Royal Family (they seem to think they have some reason for shouting at the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria), the Navy, and, more than all, the Army, are toasts that infuse poison into the wine-cup, and change bad port into worse claret. Then used to come, or something like it—“the House of Brunswick, and may they never forget the principles that seated them on the throne of these realms.” What those principles were they do not care, now a-days, to say; perhaps one of the chief was to support the Popish ascendancy; but it is now made a separate toast in very simple terms—“The alienation to other purposes of church property in Ireland,” to which is added in a general whisper—“and in England.” Then comes what may be called the Toast of the Evening—“The cause of Liberty all over the World—which is like the air we breathe—if we have it not we die.” Soon as the thunder has subsided,

a pedantic-looking, short-sighted, would-be-sheriff-like, wan-and-wizend faced man, in a bobbish scratch-wig, who gives assurance that if the schoolmaster be abroad he has left his shadow at home, rises pragmatically to propose “The Freedom of the Press,” in a speech hashed up from a cold stale article in the Edinburgh Review. Down squats he of a sudden—and in good time is succeeded by a pompous prig, who appropriately gives Lord Durham, and undertakes to show that there was no essential difference between his political opinions and those of Lord Brougham—for that driving fast and driving slow, and driving a medium pace is merely a question of degrees;—and after having made rather up-hill work of it—he pauses to put on the drag—when, pretending to believe that he has reached the end of the stage, the mutes overwhelm him with acclamations, under the weight of which “the gentleman resumes his seat.” The room is crowded to suffocation—and the “air they breathe” becomes every moment liker and liker the liberty of their Press—foul and fetid—and though “they have it,” many individuals look as if they were about to die. The hurraing, however, keeps pace with the humming and hawing to a late hour—and drowsy patriots start from snoring sleep to drink in more solemn silence, “The memory of Hardy and the rest—victims to the policy of Pitt, and martyrs in the cause of Reform!” Then—as like as you may please to think it to the brass band of a regiment, wailing a lament over a soldier's bier, when borne on the shoulders of chosen comrades on its way to the grave—but liker perhaps to the street-firing of that small infantry armed with pop-guns—innumerable Whiglings all at once gin blow their penny-trumpets in instrumental threnes for the fate of the traitors—but chief for him who left his last and lost his all for freedom—nor when “Doom'd the long realms of Sydney Cove to see,” could St Crispin save his Son!

True, we are Tories; and it may be said by the *juste milieu* that we are prejudiced against the Whigs. To say so would be as foolish as to accuse us of prejudice in thinking a

man a scamp who had not only been convicted at least ten times of larceny—but twice pilloried—and who had begun to feel his way with the public through the instrumentality of begging letters, on his sly return from transportation for life. We are not prejudiced against the Whigs—the old Whigs we have ever respected—and if any one of them be yet alive, we beg him to accept our assurances of respect. It is of the new Whigs we speak—though they too have all the appearance of premature old age—and we defy the hermit in his cell to have any prejudice against them—for he must have long known what they are—supposing that he takes in but a moderate weekly paper.

Of all days in the year most hateful to the Whigs is the 18th of June. True, they believe, that, but for the arrival of the Prussians, the French would have been victorious; that, but for that “untoward event,” as Wellington had not provided for a retreat, his army would have been driven into the wood of Soignes, the wood set on fire, and all of them burnt to a cinder. That he in fact lost the battle of Waterloo is *certain*; and then what great general ever before had the folly to fight in solid squares? There was nothing in the march to Paris. What was it in comparison with Napoleon’s on his escape from Elba? And think of the Duke’s conduct in the affair of Ney! He had not the heart to save the “life of the Bravest of the Brave,”—he saw in him but the double-dyed Traitor. That Britain should have ever been grateful for services like those was from the first an angry thought—but that twenty years after the “carnage of Waterloo,” the nation should still honour Wellington—and that on the return of the day on which he endangered the lives of the whole British Army—there should be heard a voice like that of the sea—steady—solemn—and even joyful—or as if the wide air were vocal—sickens a Whig with shame for his country and his kind—till he sighs for a home beyond the Atlantic, in the wildernesses behind the back settlements—or in the prairies of the Far West—where rumours of the triumph of those cursed Conservative principles may never reach him

more, and he may help, with the assistance of some squaws, to people the idle flats of that vast continent, with a race of reddish free men, in whose veins shall run not a drop of black Tory blood.

Never did we assist at a nobler Anniversary Dinner—and we have assisted—as we think we said—at about half a dozen on an average—every year during the last half century—than on the 18th of this beautiful June. We never speak now in public—for the loss of all our front teeth makes us whistle—and we hate whistling except in a private meeting—such as the Noctes—where, upon his affectionate disciples, it has a touching effect from the mouth of the Sage. We were—after the dishes had disappeared—and *Te Deum* had been sung—all eye—all ear—no tongue. We saw three hundred of the flower of our Scottish Conservative youth—here and there a grey head like our own interspersed—such as Colonsay’s—who, like ourselves, and even more than ourselves, had reason to be proud in such an assemblage. All the speeches we heard were excellent—and, we believe, have been reported; but we left Edinburgh in the morning—of course without having been in bed—for “lone St Mary’s Lake,” where we now write on our inspiring own little, round, black, worm-caten table, and as no newspaper was ever known to reach this place during the month in which it was given to the public, we know not whether or no the shorthand writers have, with their accustomed accuracy, extended their notes. We once thought of writing out all the speeches from memory—and have done so indeed with those of three of our most talented (we do not agree with poor Coleridge in disliking that word) young Conservatives—Messrs Forbes, Mure, and Swinton—but as Maga, we understand, has but half a sheet to spare to us, we must confine ourselves to the two principal speeches of the day—those of the distinguished chairman, Duncan M’Neil, Esq., formerly Sheriff of Perth—Solicitor-general during the late Administration—to the entire satisfaction of the bar. His great learning and abilities had gained him a reputation as a lawyer second to none; and in the

courts his eloquence—always suited to the subject—was known to be of a high order. But Mr M'Neil has never been ambitious of public display; and we believe, that except on one occasion, a few years ago, when a large body of the citizens of Edinburgh met to declare that they desired no revolutionary change in the British Constitution, his voice has not been heard in any political assemblage—but then it was heard with universal respect and admiration. We shall, indeed, be much mistaken, if the two Addresses, with which we now grace and strengthen our pages, be not more than admired even there—without the effect of that forceful delivery, in which, scorning all mere rhetorical arts or artifices, he poured forth, with all the earnestness of a generous heart, and all the power of a commanding intellect, a rapid succession of noble sentiments, that found a response in every bosom—and were in every way worthy of the events, the characters, and the principles which inspired them.

The Chairman said—“The toast I am about to propose is, perhaps, of all those on the list, most peculiarly the toast of this evening. The 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, arouses in the mind of every true-hearted Briton a multitude of associations pleasing and honourable to him who feels them, because they are indissolubly connected with the honour and glory of his country. (Cheers.) We, as Scotsmen, reflect with pride on the achievements of that day and the heroism of our countrymen, perhaps of our relatives and friends. Time has now mellowed the grief which such scenes unavoidably carry into the bosom of many a loyal family. The suns of twenty summers have now dried up the tears which dimmed the eye of many a true patriot, and those whose fresh grief for the loss of some who were dear to them left no room for any other feeling, now find in that loss a source of proud and enviable reflection. (Cheers.) The surviving conquerors found their reward in the gratulations which awaited their return. In some instances, the honourable badges which for a time adorned their breasts have now become as it

were the household gods of another generation. (Loud cheers.) But the humblest relative of the humblest man whose fate it was not to return from that field, sees in the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen the noblest monument which the most ambitious could aspire to; and he sees in celebrations, such as that which we are this day engaged in, the strongest ground to hope that the monument will be as lasting as is the sleep which seals the eyes of those whose deeds we commemorate. (Cheers.) The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo carries our associations into a wider and perhaps a higher range. We, as Britons, reflect on the long and arduous struggle in which our country was engaged—the constancy and fidelity with which she maintained that struggle, and upheld those principles on which it was commenced, and that too amidst the dark and doleful predictions of those whose voices never foreboded good, because their minds were set on evil (Loud cheers).—We reflect on the brilliant success which attended her arms by sea and land—the admiration which she extorted from her enemies, the confidence which she inspired in her friends; and we see her final triumph not only in the matchless victory we are now commemorating, but in the high position, which by common consent was then assigned to Britain, in the commonwealth of nations. (Cheers.) Beyond even these reflections, we, as lovers of freedom and of right, think of the noble resistance which our country offered to the unprincipled aggressions of restless republicanism; we think of the kingdoms which she liberated from thralldom, and we remember that the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo is to more than one nation, and to many millions of beings, the anniversary of freedom and of independence.—(Great cheering.) These and such as these are the reflections which occupy our minds on this day; and I envy not the patriotism, I covet not the philosophy, of those who either have not the hearts to sympathise with them, or have not the courage to avow them. But, whatever may be the associations to which the recurrence of this anniversary gives

rise, in whatever current our thoughts may run, to whatever point they may tend, there is one feeling which does not desert us, which is always present, always predominant, and that is a feeling of deep and boundless gratitude towards the living hero of that eventful day—(tremendous cheering)—and not of that day and that field alone, but of many a day and many a field which with pride we see engraven on the banners of our troops, and recorded in the annals of the world. Glorious as the services have been which that illustrious man has rendered to his country and to the cause of freedom in the field, these speak but half his merits: the advantages which he gained in battle he preserved and improved in council. (Cheers.) Through his wisdom and mediation, the friends of humanity witnessed the final triumph of their cause in Africa—the friends of peace and social order saw wrongs redressed, just rights restored, and tranquillity established in Europe—the friends of good government, of retrenchment and economy at home, saw the most safe and efficient measures applied with a degree of skill and sincerity unequalled in any other period of our history—the friends of Britain saw her prosperous and respected. (Cheers.) All this he achieved without the rupture of ancient alliances—without the aid of armed neutralities—without that novel posture of nations—that new position of affairs, for which our language has not yet found a name, but which I may describe as a state of *active non-intervention*, which, like a modern Janus, is at once the emblem both of peace and war.—(Cheers and laughter.) These were not the engines with which he wrought—these were not the emblems of his policy—these belong to the other side of the picture; and if there be one disheartening association connected with the events we are this day commemorating, it is forced upon us by the sad truth which the experience of a few years has taught us, that the greatest advantages which the greatest valour can gain, weakness may throw away, and the greatest good which wisdom can accomplish, folly may destroy. But even that painful reflection has

its antidote. He who saved Britain in the time of her greatest peril—he who never disobeyed the call, or disappointed the hopes of his country—he still lives to participate in the fresh glory of re-establishing her in the position which she once occupied—(Cheers)—and his country still places undiminished confidence in him. Of that confidence the most signal proof was lately given, when, without a murmur, he was permitted to retain the whole powers of Government in his single hand. (Loud cheers.) The people of this country, justly jealous of any encroachment on their liberties, or of any precedent which might lead to such encroachment—recently excited by a course of political treatment, which was calculated to create the greatest possible degree of irritability and impatience—saw the whole reins of Government committed for a time to one who had been industriously misrepresented to them as the enemy of liberality and the friend of arbitrary power. Yet they felt no alarm—they indicated no impatience. They knew his noble nature—his disinterested patriotism—his devoted loyalty—and they knew that they were safe with him. (Cheers.) This was perhaps the noblest of all his triumphs—perhaps the noblest triumph of any man—for it was the triumph of established character and tried worth over all the angry and turbulent passions which agitate the breasts of men in seasons of political excitement, and over all the base arts by which these passions are too easily perverted to selfish and interested purposes. Of any other man the country might and would have been justly jealous—but of him she felt no jealousy. His fidelity to her had been tried by every test, in every clime, and under every change of circumstances. She had seen him tried in war—she had seen him tried in peace.—She had seen him step by step, with steady pace, “climb the steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar.” She had seen him actually attain its lofty summit—and from that giddy height calmly survey the world beneath, with no other emotion than that of an increased desire to serve his Sovereign and his country. (Loud cheers.) She

had observed every stage of his progress—she had watched every action of his life, and she thought as the bard, the living genius of his native Isle, has sung

“——— Oh! there is not

One dishonouring blot

On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!”

(*Tremendous cheering.*)

To him, then, let us dedicate this toast. Let us offer our humble tribute to that fame which the world acknowledges to be unrivalled, and let us do so with a pious wish that the life which has been exposed to so many perils for his country's good, may long be preserved as his country's pride—“The Duke of Wellington.”—(Drank with enthusiastic cheering.)

The Chairman.—“The next toast I have to propose is the health of a statesman whose fate it has been of late to attract a larger share of the hopes and wishes of his fellow-countrymen than has fallen to the lot of any statesman of his time. (Cheers.) In characterising Sir Robert Peel as the greatest statesman of the age, I do not speak in the language of party feeling or of political partiality—I keep within the bounds of the language which has been used by political opponents, and very far within the bounds of that language in which the voice of the nation, issuing from every town and district of the country, has spoken of him and to him. (Cheers.) It is impossible for us to look at the present position of Sir Robert Peel without seeing in it a striking illustration of the best and the worst workings of our political system. Can there be a stronger proof of the excellence of such a system than that the avenues which lead to the highest honours in the state—to the most important offices in the Government—should be open, not theoretically, but practically open—to rising talent and growing worth, stimulated by honourable ambition, from whatever sources they may have sprung? Can there be a greater reproach to such a system, than that the greatest talent and worth, when ripened by experience, tried, proved, and universally acknowledged, should be excluded from the active government of the country? (Cheers.) Sir Ro-

bert Peel, without the aid of any adventitious circumstances—without any high aristocratic alliances, found the avenues to preferment open by the constitution to him as to others. By the power and buoyancy of his own talent and character, he boldly advanced along them till he reached the highest offices in the state. Yet, Sir R. Peel, with all that character—with all that talent—matured by the greatest experience—proved by the severest tests—acknowledged by the most unwilling witnesses, stands excluded from the councils of his Sovereign. Why is it so? Is it that he lacks of sincere attachment to the Constitution? That cannot be charged against him who imbibed its principles from the purest fountains—who studied its excellencies in the best schools of practice—whose earlier life was employed in endeavouring to improve its application—whose later years have been one continued scene of manly, and temperate, and prudent resistance to the reckless attacks which were directed against it. (Cheers.) Is it that he is too much of a bigot to conform himself to the changes which wisely or unwisely have been forced upon us in opposition to his declared opinions? No man can stand more perfectly free from that imputation. The very grounds on which his resistance was rested—the political creed which he holds, and which stimulated that resistance, also teaches him to respect and maintain the constitution as now established in its letter and in its spirit, and of his determination to do so he has given not only the strongest assurances, but the most convincing practical proofs. Is it that he has evinced too great thirst for place—that he has offered too factious an opposition to the efforts of another party to carry on the Government? Against that idea witness the whole tenor of his conduct while in opposition—witness his consistency and forbearance—witness the times without number when he rendered his powerful aid to a feeble and tottering administration, and rescued them from dangers into which their own weakness and obstinacy had brought them in spite of all his warnings. (Great cheering.) Is it that he is wanting either

in the firmness or in the moderation and temper requisite to wield the power of Government? Witness his bearing while he lately wielded that power, and as to which among friends and foes there is but one opinion. Is it that he wants the confidence of the Sovereign? We have the best reason to believe that this is not the case. Is it that he wants the confidence of the country? The country itself has testified the reverse. I lately alluded to the extraordinary confidence which, under peculiar circumstances, the country had recently reposed in another distinguished individual. In that confidence Sir R. Peel also largely shared. His absence was avowed as the cause of the suspension of arrangements, and that cause was satisfactory to the country. It was something, indeed, that he had been marked out as the fittest man to hold the highest office in the Government, not only by the choice of the Sovereign, but, as was understood, by the opinion also of that illustrious man, whose disinterested patriotism is equalled only by his extraordinary discernment of character. (Loud cheers.) It was something that he had been so marked out, but it was a great deal more that he was known to be worthy of the distinction. The country, satisfied with the choice, waited with becoming patience, but with deep and almost breathless anxiety for his return. The eyes of all Europe were intently bent upon him. The political world awaited the announcement of his purpose, and that announcement gave general satisfaction. His declaration of the principles on which he was to conduct the Government was such as even his opponents could not object to, and the sincerity of that declaration was proved by the measures he introduced. Each succeeding day gave fresh proofs of his immeasurable superiority over those with whom he had to cope, and fresh earnest of the benefits which the country might expect to reap from his Administration. (Cheers.) Although his tenure of office was short, it was successful in removing some of the prejudices which had been instilled into the minds of the people—in demonstrating to them, that the opinions and principles which

he advocated were not only not incompatible with liberal government, but were essential to its preservation, and in reminding them of what was in danger of being forgotten, namely, the vast importance of sincerity and integrity as ingredients in the character of public men; and let me remind you of the strong and ardent expression of feeling which burst forth simultaneously from every corner of the land on the occasion of his judicious and dignified retirement from power. After this, can it be said that he does not possess, in the highest degree, the confidence of the country? (Loud cheers.) Why then, I again ask, is the country deprived of the benefit of his services? Because that sacrifice is required to public principle!—that new idolatory, or, I should rather say, that new form of old hypocrisy. Public principle, indeed! Yes, that same public principle which expelled wisdom, and honour, and experience from the seat of impartiality, to place in it the avowed organ of a party—that same public principle which wrested the adjustments of our foreign relations from the hands of the most skilful diplomatists of the age, to place them in the hands in which you now see them—that same public principle which deprived the country of the benefit of the highest judicial talents that almost ever adorned the highest judicial office, without being able to find in its own ranks, I shall not say a worthy successor, but any successor at all. That in our new political nomenclature is called public principle! Call it rather by its true name—call it the spirit of faction thirsting for power, and determined to quench that thirst at any hazard to the Constitution, and then you have the true cause why the country is deprived of the services of the only man fit to guide the state safely through its present difficulties—(Great cheering.) Fondly would that faction hide its imbecility under the shadow of his talent, and screen its selfishness behind the broad shield of his character, if these could be separated from the opinions and principles which he so steadily and so worthily advocates. But those who compose that faction are incapable of seeing or feeling that

these opinions and principles are inherent parts, ay, and among the brightest parts of that very character which extorts their admiration. As well might they expect to have the value of the diamond without its lustre as to have such a character without such principles. (Cheers.) Fortunate it is for the friends of those principles—fortunate for the country whose salvation depends on the maintenance of them, that in these times there has stood forward a man, whose unwearied defence of the constitution, amidst the most disheartening circumstances, has never relaxed—whose purity and sincerity of purpose have never been impeached—whose calmness and judgment, amidst the greatest heat of party contention, have help-

ed to stay the reckless arm of destructiveness, and if not altogether to avert, at least to soften the blow—whose mildness in opposition—whose moderation in power have rallied round him the feelings, hopes, and expectations of a large and increasing portion of the community—who, while adding to his own fame and character, has added immeasurably to the fame and character of that party, if I may call it by no higher name, with which he is connected by the indissoluble bond of sincere and ardent desire to uphold the institutions of the country in their purity, and to promote the best interests of the empire." (The toast was drank amidst loud and long continued cheers.)

STODDART'S ART OF ANGLING IN SCOTLAND.

WE have been gradually ageing since the comet, but not till last spring were we persuaded—that we were positively old. Our glass it was not that told us the unpainful truth; for it has stood for a good many years with its face to the wall—a position it took up of its own accord that it might not at some sullen hour throw any disagreeable reflections on its gracious master. In early manhood we accustomed ourselves to shave in the dark, so we have not seen our *os sublime* since the King's visit to Scotland, except an occasional glimpse of our fine features, snatched stealthily, along with that of our still stately figure, as we have been passing in some festal hall before the mirror, that in its magnificent gilt frame seemed to reveal to our imagination Ourselves gliding along with a multitude of other changing shadows. We confess that sometimes when, standing on a primrose bank, we prepared to plunge into the liquid element, we have Narcissus-like bent over the fair image below, not without admiration of its fit proportions; but we have always hastened to break the charm that held us wrapt in a too delight-

ful egoism, by plunging a somerset into the pool, sometimes perhaps in the vain hope of embracing a Naiad.

How then have we come to know that at last we are positively old? Have they who look out of the windows been darkened? Heaven be praised! we can still see a faint smile on our Mary's face while, seated at her own table, remote from ours, she lifts it up from tower or tree, seeming the one to crumble, the other to grow, at the delicate touch of her magic pencil, and we hear her voice distinctly as ever—though, not to disturb us, she speaks in a whisper to her doves pecking at the window to remind their mistress that they live not on sunshine.

How, then— we ask ourselves once more—have we come to know that at last we are positively old? That passion, which once was a fever at our heart, is dead within us—we *care not for angling*—and without emotion we can look at the rod—exclaiming, "we see, not feel, how beautiful thou art"—arching in the sunshine from Mrs Phin's shop window on a showery forenoon of spring!

We lived last summer all by ourselves in a house that would have held a hundred—far away among the hills—and as every glen and glenikin had its river, or its stream, or its burn, or its rill—the world who had heard of our retirement, though not of the precise place the hermit had chosen to consecrate and immortalize by a temporary sojourn, imagined in its wisdom that Christopher mounted his Sporting Jacket and his Pannier every morning, and never ceased angling till the sun sought the sea, and the rooks the wood. We never once threw a fly! Not that skill had parted from our right hand—or yet from our left—and we are ambidexter; but that all passion for the pastime utterly left our heart. We never once untied our book, though it contains tackle that would tempt the most timorous trout to be taken even during the stifling sultriness that sulphureously precedes a thunder-storm. As for our pannier, it was inhabited by a leash of leverets, who used to scamper about in it till they grew into positive—absolute hares—and then we let them cock their fuds away into the woods. Our Rod—a classical scholar sees in it the Roman Fasces—like “the Times, was out of joint.” During the whole season we forgot our own gut as clean as if it had been the gut of Gibraltar. FUMUS TROES.

Nay—nay—you must not look so sad, my boys—for old Christopher sympathizes still with the passion in your breast that burns no longer in his own—and a happiness he knew not of before now tranquillizes his whole being, as he sinks away into dreams and visions filled with the murmur of waters, nor are such trances broken by the thunder of the cataract. Ah no! my boys! not broken—deepened into awfulness by the sound that intensifies the silence, as if it were life itself in the solitude prevailing over the mystery of death!

Why—we bade you not look so sad, my boys—yet here have we been mauling away in our dotage (no—no—no—from all parts of the house) so malagurously, that out of pure politeness your faces are as blank as so many lottery tickets. Ah! my dear boys! we close our

eyes that we may see an Apparition. A loveliest lady all arrayed in green—and on her head—such is one of her many graceful fancies—with expanded wings—seeming to winnow the air as she moves along—a Bird of Paradise. You are thinking now of the Queen of Fairyland—or haply of her who is sometimes seen by poet's eye among the silvan sprinklings round about the edges of forest gloom—the Lady of the Wood. No Christian creatures they—though beautiful—admire we must, but we may not love them—and fear whispers, they are unhallowed, as affection would meet the preternatural's embrace. But thou in thy humanity art purer far than any Fay—as thou stoopest thy stately head—half to hide thy blushes, half to let thy lips meet ours—oh! that kiss! that kiss! Below her shoulders—on her delicate back—my boys—the heavenly hollow of her back—hangs a pannier by a belt buckled below and between her breast. And see—hindering the lid—the snout and the tail of a—Fish. In her downy dexter fist a salmon-rod eighteen feet long—which now waving with arms of snow, she commands the river from bank to brae, and ten fathom off from the greensward that hides her small feet in primroses, lets drop the gorgeous mime among the very foam-bells formed by the nostrils of a grilse, that never more shall behold the sea! Ah! Alice Aglionby, the Angler of Eden! forty springs have come and gone seeking thee in vain among the rocks of the Barons' Wood—methinks the Nunnery yet looks sad for thy unforgotten sake—more dismal since that day has been the earth-deadened voice of Croglin in his subterranean dungeon, lamenting her who stepped into the seeming sunshine, and ere the clouds had shadowed it, was a corse on earth—a spirit in heaven.

We shall never angle more—but many a book on angling shall we read and review—not for the Magazine, mind ye—not for the Magazine—for we write little or nothing in it now—our delight being to prose away by word of mouth, for hours together, on all manner of easy subjects, with a pen all the while in our hand—pretending that we are still a

literary man and a voluminous author—and that we think nothing of writing a fifty pound sheet between breakfast and dinner—whereas the public would pity us if she saw us at a pinch—“doing something for this number”—at the rate of a semicolon an hour—a full stop at the close of the Longest Day. Yet verily we believe that we shall be able to review, even for the Magazine, books on Angling to the last. No long trains of ratiocination are required; and we have got an Automaton Amanuensis from Germany that relieves us from all manual labour, and assuredly while writing an article to our dictation, he almost looks as if he were alive.

The last anglimaniacal volume we descanted on was Stephen Oliver's “Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing in the North of England;” and we now turn to Thomas Todd Stoddart's “Art of Angling as practised in Scotland.” George Agar Hansard's useful manual, “Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales,” we shall reserve for another and no very distant day; and we have long purposed a confabulation with those cunning craftsmen, Gregory Greendrake and Geoffry Greydrake, Esq., whose “Angling Excursions in the counties of Wicklow, Meath, Westmeath, Longford, and Cavan,” take us over much new ground, and over much old ground, which we have not trod for many a day, nor ever again will do in the flesh. Captain Medwyn is an accomplished gentleman, but no angler, and his “Fly-Fishing in Wales,” though it contains much agreeable reading—unless he send a presentation copy—will never find its way into the library of the Walton Club. “Wild Sports in the West of Ireland” (is that the title?) is in all respects better; but neither does the author of these volumes—we take it upon ourselves to assert—angle like a mole-catcher. Some of the narratives about other sorts of queer fish than those which rise at a fly are highly spirited—and far more than the “Stories of Waterloo,” gave earnest of those talents for invention and description, which are every where conspicuous in “A Life”—three volumes, which we read at a hand gallop in as many hours, and have seldom been more interested

by any work of fiction; for extraordinary as the incidents are, and the characters rather uncommon, the whole “is a good bit of truth.” Is the writer of “The Bashful Irishman” an angler? He writes like a man who could give the butt. It was, in our opinion, the most amusing book of the season—the character of the hero is so admirably self-supported, that we more than once began to get angry with the author, as if he were treating too lightly rather serious matters; but therein is shown his skill and his power—for the autobiographer, unconscious of his own characteristics, does not confess his misdeeds, but avows and records them with a *naïveté* that comes absolutely to be engaging, and we are sure that no one ever read the memoirs to the end without being glad—we had almost said grateful—that the “Bashful Irishman” escaped the gallows. Somebody told us that the author is the same gentleman who, a good many years ago, wrote Warreniana—very clever imitations of the styles of many of our living authors. He has both wit and humour—his vivacity is of the right sort—unaffected and fearless—and we hope his pen will not be idle, for he has not talent merely, but genius.

So has Tom Stoddart. “The Lunacy or Death-wake, a Necromant, in Five Chimeras,” an ingeniously absurd poem with an ingeniously absurd title—written in strange namby-pamby sort of style between the weakest of Shelley and the strongest of Barry Cornwall, had yet here and there feeling and fancy, and could not have been kept down, generally, to such a pitch of poorness, without a wilful determination to be as silly as possible, and a curiosity, perhaps laudable, to ascertain how far a young poet might go without being confined in the man. We have seen occasional verses of Mr Stoddart's of much beauty, though stained with peculiarities which look like affectations; and there is a poem of his in Mr Watt's last Souvenir—the Mythologist—which though nearly unintelligible as a whole to us, and we venture to say, entirely so to himself, has some stanzas quite Coleridgean, full of the imagery of old Egypt.

We have good hopes of him as a poet—if he will only be a little more rational, and after his long and intense study of all the Poetasters, will but read one or two of the Poets of England.

Mr Stoddart is devoted to the Gentle Art. We were going to say that his life is divided between Poetry and Angling; but we say better, that it is a compound of both—for he was born when the sun entered Pisces. He has been known during the time he was playing a salmon to compose a series of sonnets—nor to those who know his genius does the feat appear at all wonderful, as he tells us that he has occasionally been thus occupied on the shores of St Mary's Loch for several hours without any intermission or refreshment. His poetical reveries, however, when he has been angling for fishes, have sometimes been broken in upon in a singular manner by birds. He says, "it is well known to anglers, that the more familiar sorts are frequently captured with the fly." If this happen frequently to anglers who are not fishing for birds, there can be no doubt that an expert birdfisher, by taking his station on a bridge, might, in some rivers, in a few hours, fill a tolerably large pannier with swallows. Ourselves once caught an owl. But not with the fly—nor the worm—nor yet with the minnow—with the live mouse. Soon as he felt himself hooked, he sailed away to Josey's Barn—in at a bole—and on to a balk—but after a desperate struggle, and with the aid of a terrier, we captured him on the hay-mow—had him stuffed—and he is now in the museum of our University—a venerable image—with an inscription on his pedestal recording our exploit and his fate. Mr Stoddart says—"We once saw what we thought was a great curiosity, passing over our heads while angling on the Earn, in Perthshire. This was a white eagle of a large size, and holding a steady flight, as if at a considerable distance from its nest." We expected—at least hoped—that our excellent friend was about to add, that he had captured him with the fly; but we believe a white eagle is as rare almost as a black swan, and as it is only "the more familiar sorts" that are frequently taken with

the rod, though the phenomenon rose, it was not at "the Professor." Mr Stoddart, however, "once took a snipe by this means at Meggat Foot, while in the act of throwing our line over a trout which we had just raised. Also, on the Tyne, in East Lothian, we landed a bat, of which, at the moment, there were five or six playing about our tackle. At another time, we got hold of a wild duck, which sprung up at our feet when lashing the Machony, a small stream near Muthill, in Perthshire. The bird somehow proved too strong for us, and carried away our cast of flies in a twinkling. We luckily, however, found left behind a full-grown flapper whereon to revenge ourselves. A friend of ours brought in, near the Water of Leith, several swallows in succession one windy afternoon; on small midge flies, which, on passing, they darted at eagerly. On Lochranean, Spittal of Glenshee, Colonel Macdonald of Powderhall happened, while fishing from a boat, to run in among a flock of sea-gulls, and actually captured a score of them with his tackle, notwithstanding their most vigorous resistance."

We have quoted freely from this chapter, because we suspect "the art of angling, as practised in Scotland, by Thomas Tod Stoddart and his friends," is not generally understood by our subscribers in the south. Besides snipes, bats, wild ducks, flappers, swallows, sea-gulls, and "the more familiar sorts" of birds which an accomplished angler would scarcely condescend to capture if he could help it, the author of the "Lunacy" "sometimes chances to hook other creatures of various sorts"—and a brother of the rod, when trying a famous salmon cast, hooked an ox. "The animal of course took to his heels, dragging after it the astonished fisher, who, in order to save his pirn-line, which was soon run out, forthwith exerted himself to keep pace with the rapid brute, although compelled at last to submit to the necessity of losing his tackle." It is easier to hook an ox than to catch him; yet we have known him led by the nose with a single hair. We have seen the Shepherd in the Tweed very bloody among trees; and we remember having ourselves hooked a haystack

which a gentleman, from Edinburgh, "who had come out to the shooting," had missed a few moments before with both barrels; but though it did not "of course take to its heels," "we were compelled at last to submit to the necessity" of letting it escape.

The chapter from which we have made these extracts is entitled "Re-collections and Advices," and is full of amusement and of instruction. Notwithstanding the somewhat startling stories of the snipe and wild-duck, the author is far from affecting the marvellous, and "to impose silence upon vaunters, and undeceive the credulous, allows it to be known plainly, that no Scottish angler with the fly ever did, *upon an entire average*, manage to capture one trout, upwards of a pound weight, for every hundred falling short." True as to the Tweed—certainly not as to Loch Awe. Thirty pounds weight—he rightly says—is considered "a good day's work on the Tweed, and few anglers are able to take so much." George Graham Bell, Esq., advocate, achieved—we are told—and we believe it—with the bait (that is the worm) about fifty pound in four hours—when the river was flooded and full of snowbrew. "The largest yellow trout taken by him on that occasion weighed five pounds." We have ourselves—with the fly—killed half a hundred weight—in the Tweed—but 'twas after a long day's work—and though many were pounders—not one a giant. As for numbers, there are streams and lochs in the Highlands where a craftsman may kill incredible crowds. "A friend of ours, Mr John Wilson, jun. captured in the space of six or seven hours no less than fourteen score, some odds, from a small loch situated in the Caledonian Forest, near Loch Laggan; and this on a close sultry day without a breath of wind."

The advices Mr Stoddart gives to anglers are so excellent—that we shall quote—and hope you will follow them—especially the last.

"The best craftsmen in Scotland are, perhaps, to be found among the lower orders, despite of their clumsy rods and rough tackle. We have met with such as were loading their creels at every throw, and yet seemingly without effort or science. In fact, the best proof of a good

angler is his ability to conceal his skill. An indifferent looking fisher often proves better than one who is all method and nicety, and wishes to let you know it. Our custom, when a brother angler heaves alongside, is to act our worst, and so prevent him from spoiling the water out of spite, which he is very apt to do, for the benefit of one he considers more skilful than himself.

"And here we would advise, among other things, always to give the precedence to him who seems determined to take it from you, by his rapid advances towards the pools you are engaged on; for, be assured, he is at once vulgar, ignorant, selfish, and upstart, and demands only your silent contempt. Even rustic anglers respect the rights of those before them, and consider it unlucky to pass each other, unless from necessity, or mutual understanding. Never refuse to show another the contents of your creel should he ask you; but do not blazon them abroad to every one you meet, for vaunters gain no respect by their readiness to chagrin others. If you can help a brother angler in a difficulty, do it, whether by the gift of a few hooks, which cost you almost nothing, or by assisting to mend his rod when broken. Any such small service you will generally find well repaid. Do not grudge a mouthful of what was intended for your own refreshment, to one, although a stranger, who seems to require it as well as yourself. Be more civil to the gamekeeper than the squire, if caught in a trespass, but always put on a good-humoured face, in order to get easily out of the scrape. When attacked by a watch-dog, give him across the head with the but of your rod, and send a stone after him to keep him company to his kennel. Should a bull attack you, trust to your heels, or, if too late, stand steady, and jerk yourself out of the way the moment he lowers his horns; he will rush on several yards, as if blindfold, and take a couple of minutes before he repeats his charge; use these to your advantage. Never carry another man's fish, nor part with your own to adorn an empty creel; in the one case you are tempted to bounce, and in the other you act the tempter. When angling, always keep one eye upon Nature, and the other upon your hooks, and ponder while you proceed. Never fall in love with one you meet by the water side; there are situations when every woman looks an angel."

What follows is in Tom Stoddart's most eloquent vein—and as good in its own way as any thing in Isaac Walton.

"And, last of all, keep up the fraternity

of the craft. Anglers are a more gifted and higher order of men than others, in spite of the sneers of pompous critics, or the trumpery dixit of a paradoxical poet. In their histories, there are glimpses snatched out of heaven—immortal moments dropping from Eternity upon the forehead of Time. As a gift of his calling, poetry mingles in the angler's being; yet he entreats for no memorial of his high imaginings—he compounds not with capricious Fame for her perishing honours—he breaks not the absorbing enchantment by any outcry of his, but is content to remain 'a mute, inglorious Milton,' secretly perusing the epic fiction of his own heart.

"Blame him not that he hoards up the pearls of his fancy—that his forehead is unbared for no honour—that he hath buried his virtues in a lowly place, and shrunk from the gaze and gathering of men—that he courts no patron smile, and covets no state preferment—that he is barely heedful of crowns and their creatures, of party struggles and party declensions—that he wills for no privilege but that of his meditative pastime, and runs not headlong among the meshes of care, in which are so intricately entangled the wealthy, the ambitious, and the powerful. He is happier in the nook of his choice, than the usher of sovereign mandates on the throne of his inheritance.

"And when he quits his humble heritage
It is with no wild strain—no violence:
But, wafted by a comely angel's breath,
He glides from Time, and on immortal sails
Weareth the rich dawn of Eternity."

Tom, in our opinion, describes rivers better than he does lochs, yet he describes lochs well, and like a poet.

"Lochs!—we love the word lochs, as applied to those hill-girdled expanses which decorate our native land. Lake is too tame a designation—a shallow epithet. It has nothing to do with mountains and precipices, heaths and forests. Beautiful it may be, very beautiful! Winandermere is very beautiful; Derwent water is very beautiful; Buttermere, Ullswater, and Coniston, are very beautiful; nay, in truth, they are of a higher nature than beautiful; for these all lie among hills—but not Scottish hills; not the unplanted places—dwellings of the storm and the eagle.

"What is of all things on earth the most changeable appears so the least,—we mean water, taken in a wide sense, as the sea, or a loch. There is no mountain in the land which we can certify as presenting the same aspect it did five centuries ago. Forests then grew where the

bare turf lies, and what is now wooded may have been naked and desert. SA with valleys; the ploughshare hath altered Nature, and maissions occupy the lair of the brute and the resort of the robber; but waters, seas, lochs, and many rivers, are still the same. Our forefathers saw them, calm or agitated, as we behold them. The olden names are as appropriate as ever. Looking on them, we see histories verified, legends enhanced; we descry the fording of armies, the flight of queens, the adventures of forsaken princes, hunted like wolves in their own shackled realm—a price on their anointed heads—

"The sleuths of fate unbound
To track their solitary flight
O'er the disastrous ground!

"Loch Lomond! Loch Awe! Loch Laggan! Loch Erich! Loch Rannoch! Loch Tay! Loch Earn! Loch Lubnaig! Loch Achray! Loch Ketturin!—why need we name more?—and yet hundreds there are, wild and magnificent as these, which we love as well, wherein all day long we have angled, with an angler's hope and patience, with a poet's thoughts expanding within us, fearless of the world's contempt, and speaking of Nature as we speak not to men, but guilelessly, having no distrust, and eloquently, dreading no rebuke. St Mary's Loch, of all, is our best beloved—Yarrow's nurse—a sheet of water, not sublime, nor yet singularly beautiful, for it wants a fringe of wood and a few islets, and those swans, described by Wordsworth so poetically, but strangers ever, unless in the depth of a severe winter, to its bright and quiet surface; yet, truly, there is a winning something about it—a "pastoral grace," that lures the angler's heart. Nor does it want substance for pastime; well adapted to the nurture of trout, it is altogether a favourite resort. Yet the fish caught therein, if we except one variety, are in general soft and flabby, not agreeable to the taste, and very far from equalling those found in the Highland lochs or in Loch Leven. The fact is, its very fitness is the cause of its being overstocked. There are in the neighbourhood too many breeding streams, and the outlet by which the young fry would naturally descend, being difficult to discover, they are compelled in great shoals to remain in the loch, until directed in their escape by some heavy flood, which is felt throughout the whole mass of waters. Salmon also, and sea-trout, which find their way up in winter, are, owing to the same circumstance, necessitated to spend the summer months in this prison. We have taken them with a trout-fly in June, seemingly quite clean and silvery, but large-headed, and worn down to half their

proper thickness; nay, at that time we have beheld twenty or thirty of those huge fish leaping about in different parts of the loch, unable, we allege, to make good their exit. Such, also, is the case in Loch Tay, and we suspect in every loch approachable from the sea, as Loch Awe and others, although in these two the body of effluent water is much larger than that which leaves St Mary's."

Nothing can be better than the following Angler's description of the Tweed:

"The Tweed, comparing it with the other Scottish rivers, is by no means rapid. The Dee, the Spey, the Lochie, and many parts of the Tay and Clyde, proceed with greater swiftness, and on the whole are infinitely more broken and interrupted. Of all rivers, this quality belongs solely to it, namely, that it is from head to foot beautifully proportioned and justly meted out. There is an evenness and impartiality about it, which distinguish no other stream; its pools and shallows are harmoniously arranged—

It murmurs and pauses, and murmurs again.

Here we perceive no rocky shelves, no impertinent cataracts, saying to ascending fish, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy proud fins be stayed.' Nothing of the kind. Nor is there, on the other hand, any inert tendency; no long, dead, sleeping levels, in which pike may secure themselves. The whole is planned according to an angler's taste; every inch of water accessible to the wader, without danger or interruption. Its banks, also, are in keeping with its other advantages—not naked and barren, neither spongy and overgrown with rushes, nor yet crowded with close and impervious wood, but mostly dry and inviting, fringed in many parts with oak, ash, elm, and beech, and in others hung over with the pleasant alder, among the roots of which is often harboured a goodly and well-grown trout, impatient for some dropping fly or incautious worm. Most to our favour, however, is its choice formation of bottom or channel, fertile in food, provided with shelter, and admirably fitted to the purpose of spawning. A medley it is of gravel and sand, interspersed with largeish stones, just capable of being removed by the hand. Now and then, it is true, these latter assume more considerable dimensions; nay, occasionally a point of rock may be discovered, yet so judiciously arranged as not at all to cause prejudice to any one stream. Clay you seldom meet with; it is a barren unprofitable substance, impervious to every

species of water animalculæ; we mean not by it, the muddy refuse which is often found even in Tweed, proceeding from vegetable decomposition, and not in the least unfavourable to the support of fish, but that hard yellowish till of which the agriculturist complains, as drawing off no moisture, and harbouring no nourishment.

"Another leading feature of the Tweed is, that its whole development is gradual, its extension almost imperceptible. It proceeds not, like the Tay or Lochie, from the womb of a large reservoir, supplied but scantily during its course, but commences in more modest and humble style, emergent from slender and silvery fountains, without show or vaunt, or any symbol of its progressive greatness. Yet anon it maketh considerable gains from surrounding hills, assuming a more dilated and goodly aspect; rivulet after rivulet adds to its breadth, as it widens up gently and unconsciously with the valley through which it flows: nor is each petty feeder without its use—a nursery for the young fry it annually sends forth, shoal on shoal, to disport among roomier waters in the leading stream. As it descends, these resources become larger, often contending for the precedence, and yet in nowise worthy of such distinction. The Tweed itself preserves the superiority in depth and directness, as well as length of course and travel."

But Mr Stoddart gives us likewise an Angler's description of the Tweed in a very sweet and very spirited song.

SONG.

"Letither anglers chuse their ain,
An'ither waters tak' the lead,
O' Hielan streams we covet nane.
But gie to us the bonnie Tweed!
An' gie to us the cheerfu' burn,
That steals into its valley fair—
The streamlets that, at ilka turn,
Sae saftly meet an' mingle there.

"The lanesome Tala an' the Lyne,
And Manor, wi' its mountain rills,
An' Etterick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow, frae the forest hills;
An' Gala, too, an' Teviot bright,
And mony a stream o' playfu' speed,
Their kindred valleys a' unite,
Among the braes o' bonnie Tweed.

"There's no a hole abune the Crook,
Nor stane, nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumlie rin, nor faery brook,
That daunders through the flowery
heath,

"But ye may fin' a subtle trout,
A' gleamin ower wi' starn and bead ;
An' mony a saumont sooms about
Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

"Frae Holylee to Clovenford
A chancier bit ye canna hae,
So, gin ye tak' an angler's word,
Ye'd through the whuns and ower
the brae,

An' work awa, wi' cunnin' hand,
Yer birzy heckles, black and reid ;
The saft sugh o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed.

"Oh, the Tweed! the bonnie
Tweed!
O' rivers it's the best—
Anglers here, or anglers there,
Troots are sooming every where,
Angle east or west."

And here is even one tribute more
to the Tweed, which we cannot help
quoting—for though the style of
some of the stanzas be rather too
Tom-Stoddartish, the strain is full of
feeling, and is breathed from the
heart.

"TO THE TWEED.

"Twined with my boyhood, wreathed on the dream
Of early endearments, beautiful stream!
The lisp of thy waters is music to me,
Hours buried, are buried in thee!

"Sleepless and sinless, the mirth of thy springs!
The light, and the limpid, the fanciful things,
That mingle with thine the gleam of their play,
And are lifted in quiet away!

"River! that toyeth under the trees,
And lures the leaf from the wandering breeze,
It glides over thee, like the gift of the young,
When he rock'd at the bow where it hung,

"The voice of the city, the whisper of men,
I hear them, and hate them, and weary again
For the lull of the streams—the breath of the brae,
Brought down in a morning of May.

"Go! hushed o'er thy channels, the shadow'd, the dim,
Give wail for the Stricken and worship to him,
That woke the old feats of the outlaw'd and free,
The legends, that skirted on thee.

"Broken the shell; but its lingering tone
Lives for the stream of his fathers—his own;
And the pale wizard hand, that hath gleaned out of eld,
Is again on thy bosom beheld.

"He hears not, but pilgrims that muse at his urn,
At the wailing of waters all tearfully turn,
And mingle their mourning, their worship in thine,
And gather the dews from his shrine.

"Tweed! winding and wild! where the heart is unbound,
They know not, they dream not, who linger around,
How the sadden'd will smile, and the wasted re-win
From thee—the bliss wither'd within.

"And I, when to breathe is a burden, and joy
Forgets me, and life is no longer the boy,
On the labouring staff, and the tremorous knee,
Will wander, bright river, to thee!

"Thoughts will come back that were with me before;
Loves of my childhood left in the core,
That were hush'd, but not buried, the treasured, the true,
In memory awaken anew.

"And the hymn of the furze, when the dew-pearls are shed,
And the old sacred tones of my musical bed,
Will close, as the last mortal moments depart,
The golden gates of the heart!"

We are sorry to find that we have little more than a page allowed us for the rest of our article, which, strictly speaking, has been but begun, and would require at least another sheet. We shall therefore return, in our next Number, to the "Art of Angling, as practised in Scotland, by Thomas Tod Stoddart, Esq." Mean while we recommend the volume (price half-a-crown—it

is well worth half-a-guinea) to all brethren of the angle as a most amusing and instructive manual—and we advise them to order their copies without delay, if they wish to benefit this season from the wisdom of the experienced sage, for the appearance in *Maga* of the following two angling songs—among the best ever written—will speedily sell off the edition.

SONG.

"Bring the rod, the line, the reel!
Bring, oh bring the osier creel!
Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
Bring me showers, and clouds, and winds.
All things right and tight,
All things well and proper,
Trailer red and bright,
Dark and wily dropper—
Casts of midges bring,
Made of plover hackle,
With a gaudy wing,
And a cobweb tackle.

"Lead me where the river flows,
Show me where the alder grows,
Reeds and rushes, moss and mead,
To them lead me, quickly lead,
Where the roving trout
Watches round an eddy,
With his eager snout
Pointed up and ready,
Till a careless fly
On the surface wheeling,
Tempt him rising sly
From his safe concealing.

"There, as with a pleasant friend,
I the happy hours will spend,
Urging on the subtle hook,
O'er the dark and chancy nook,
With a hand expert
Every motion swaying,
And on the alert
When the trout are playing;
Bring me rod and reel,
Flies of every feather,
Bring the osier creel,
Send me glorious weather!"

SONG.—THE TAKING OF THE SALMON.

"A birr! a whirr! a salmon's on,
A goodly fish! a thumper!
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,
And if we land him, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,
The strong, the quick, the steady;
The line darts from the active wheel,
Have all things right and ready.

"A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out,
Far on the rushing river;
Onward he holds with sudden leap,
Or plunges through the whirlpool deep,
A desperate endeavour!
Hark to the music of the reel!
The fitful and the grating;
It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried—now abating.

"A birr! a whirr! the salmon's off!—
No, no, we still have got him;
The wily fish is sullen grown,
And, like a bright imbedded stone,
Lies gleaming at the bottom.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis hush'd, it hath forsaken;
With care we'll guard the magic wheel,
Until its notes awaken.

"A birr! a whirr! the salmon's up,
Give line, give line and measure;
But now he turns! keep down ahead,
And lead him as a child is led,
And land him at your leisure.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis welcome, it is glorious;
It wanders through the winding wheel,
Returning and victorious.

"A birr! a whirr! the salmon's in,
Upon the bank extended;
The princely fish is gasping slow,
His brilliant colours come and go,
All beautifully blended.
Hark to the music of the reel,
It murmurs and it closes;
Silence is on the conquering wheel,
Its wearied line reposes.

"No birr! no whirr! the salmon's ours,
The noble fish—the thumper:
Strike through his gill the ready gaff,
And bending homewards, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark! to the music of the reel,
We listen with devotion;
There's something in that circling
wheel
That wakes the heart's emotion!"

THE FEMALE CHARACTERS IN OUR MODERN POETRY.

No. II.

ONEIZA—IN THALABA. SOUTHEY.

THOUSANDS of thanks have been showered on us by boys and virgins, and communicants of riper age, for the exquisite poetry which, a month or two ago, we stole for their delight from Southey's *Curse of Kehama*. None of them had ever had the poem itself in their hands—nay, so much as seen its outside; some had been told that it was so extravagant and unnatural, that it would be worse than a loss of time to young people to read it; others had been assured that it was what critics call "a splendid failure;" the more philosophical among them had been convinced by various dissertations in our periodicals, that no genius could reconcile to European imaginations the monstrosities of the Hindu Mythology; and all had more or less partaken of the general regret, often expressed, less in sorrow than in anger, by haught editors and coxcombical contributors, that Mr Southey should so miserably abuse and misuse the gifts which those authorities were good enough to allow God had given him—attributing such conduct of the understanding partly to an unaccountable infatuation, but chiefly to his living at Keswick.

Have we not reason then—we shall not say to be proud—for pride was not made for man—but to be glad of our paper on that poem? We have only to request that all those enthusiastic young creatures will transfer all their gratitude—except a warm little piece which we shall wear as a comforter—from Christopher North to Robert Southey. No other merit is ours than that of having afforded them an opportunity of enlarging the domain of their imagination by the addition of a province peopled with new forms of life. What before had been the sum of their knowledge about the Hindoos? That they were mild, and lived on rice. Now they know that "we have all one human heart;" that God in his mercy is kind even

to his idolatrous children—that our fallen nature, even when worshipping images, which it has set up in ignorance of Him who is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, is even then obeying an instinct that separates it from the beasts that perish; and that, inasmuch as they who fall on their faces before such supposed sanctities are sincere and humble, such prostrations, and such services, and such sacrifices—rueful though they sometimes be and ghastly—shall be accepted at the Throne of Grace, and the names of millions who knew not Christ, for Christ's sake written in the Book of Life. That this our doctrine is orthodox—that it is the Catholic Faith—we have no more fear—in other words, we do as humbly and firmly believe as that we see the sun in heaven—as that we feel the soul to be immortal—as that we know there is a God—as that we believe He sent his Son on earth to save sinners.

All highest poetry, we have often said, is sacred poetry; in all Southey's great poems there is a religious spirit; its presence is constantly felt—even as we are made to look on the most foul or fearful forms of superstition. Therefore we have not hesitated for a moment to speak of what too many would call a profane poem in language taken from the Bible. In Coleridge's *Table Talk*—two delightful volumes which, after having been reviewed in all the *Quarterlies* years ago—so the time seems to us—has been published at last—we were happy to see an opinion of this poem expressed almost in the very words we used—"He admired the art displayed in the employment of the Hindu monstrosities, and begged us to observe the noble feeling excited of the superiority of virtue over vice; that *Kehama* went on, from the beginning to the end of the poem, increasing in power, while *Kailyal* gradually lost her hopes and her protectors; and yet by the time

we got to the end, we had arrived at an utter contempt and even carelessness of the power of evil, as exemplified in the Almighty Rajah, and felt a complete confidence in the safety of the unprotected virtue of the maiden."

We have been asked by an intelligent young writer in a print which for many reasons we regard with respect and kindness, why we commenced this series with Kailyal in Southey's poem, the *Curse of Kehama*? Because the character is one of the most beautiful in our modern poetry—because it was drawn many years ago, and takes precedence on that score alone of many others whom the world have since perhaps unduly admired—because though known well to all who know our highest literature, it was unknown to very many who are now seeking to soar into those ethereal regions which every pure spirit may reach, for to all hath nature given wings—because we have had but few opportunities of speaking, as we have often desired to speak, of Southey's delightful genius, and rejoiced to commence our Series with some of the holiest of his inspirations.

We learn from the same enlightened young friend that Scott, who we know admired Southey the Poet as much as he loved Southey the Man, in praising highly the power and genius displayed in the *Curse of Kehama*, expressed his wonder that Kailyal should have been represented as in love with a Glendoveer. Our young friend seems to partake in that wonder, and thereby shows that he has not read what we said about their affection, than which nothing can be more perfectly natural, more perfectly beautiful; for Kailyal is not *in love* with the Glendoveer; nor is the Glendoveer *in love* with Kailyal; *they love*, and their love is a light in the darkness—it tranquillizes divinely the human trouble of that tale of tears. We have all heard of the Loves of the Angels—and the Glendoveer is an angel. But no passion dims or brightens his celestial wings, he folds them round his Kailyal, as we imagine its guardian angel does round an infant asleep. The Glendoveer came not down in the Ship of Heaven to woo a mortal maid for her

love, willing to forsake for her earthly bowers, the bowers of Swerga. He was with her on her destiny strange and high—for her sake he suffered—for sake of her father—and why, then, should Sir Walter have wondered that Kailyal loved the Glendoveer, and that the Glendoveer loved Kailyal? He said so once, and never thought so afterwards—for all that we have said now and formerly he must have felt and known as well or better than we; and he needed not to be told, that in the Hindu Mythology, the humans loved the Apsaras or Nymphs of Heaven, who languished in return—and that the Devas and the rest of celestial seed mingled with the humans—but never in the poetry of the Orientals—and their dramatic is delightful, as may be known in the Translations by the Sanscrit Professor at Oxford—was such love so tender and so true as in the hearts of Southey's Kailyal and Southey's Glendoveer.

"But is there not much sameness in all Southey's female characters?" Much; and there is as much and more in Shakspeare's—we mean in all the good ones—and in all the wicked ones—for we grant that there is no sameness in Cordelia and Lady Macbeth. Bless Heaven, that there is a sameness in Filial Piety—in Conjugal Affection—in Virgin Love. Let the Poets, then, to whom are given "the vision and the faculty divine," show us Virtue—which is for ever the same—"doing and suffering" in different shapes and in different trials—but all who ever wore on earth any one of its shapes—all beautiful, because of the spirit within—victorious at last—though their triumph may, to shortsighted mortals, almost blinded with tears, seem so very woful, that they shall knock at the gates of the grave, and demand back the dead!

Oneiza, whom we are about to look on, and accompany on her way from her tent to her tomb, is merely a repetition, it has been said, of Kailyal. We shall see—but not till over Thalaba's head tumble the Domdaniel caves—and there is a meeting of the divided in heaven.

Who wanders, and on what quest, through the sands of the desert?

Abdaldar, the Sorcerer, in search of Thalaba, the son of Hodeirah. Eight of that dreaded line have been murdered by the evil magicians, and while one remains there is fear in Domdaniel. His blood alone "can quench that dreaded fire"—"the fire that threatens the Masters of the Spell." And how shall the Sorcerer know the Destroyer? On his hand is a ring in which is set a gem that burns "like a living eye of fire."

"When the hand that wears the spell
Shall touch the destined boy,
Then shall that eye be quenched,
And the freed element
Fly to its sacred and remembered spring."

From tribe to tribe—from town to town—
from tent to tent, had passed
Abdaldar; and

"Many a time his wary hand
To many a youth applied the ring,
And still the imprisoned fire
Within its crystal socket lay compressed,
Impatient to be free!"

He hied him over the sands of the scorching Tehama—he had sought him over the waterless mountains of Nayd—in Yemen the happy—and in Hejaz, the country beloved by believers—over all Arabia, the servant of Eblis had sought, but found not, the Destroyer. What sees he now?

"At length to the cords of a tent,
That were stretch'd by an Island of
Palms,

In the desolate sea of the sands,
The seemingly traveller came.

Under a shapely palm,
Herself as shapely, there a Damsel stood;
She held her ready robe,
And look'd towards a Boy,
Who from the tree above,
With one hand clinging to its trunk,
Cast with the other down the cluster'd
dates.

"The Wizard approach'd the tree,
He lean'd on his staff, like a way-faring
man,
And the sweat of his travel was seen on
his brow.

He ask'd for food, and lo!
The Damsel proffers him her lap of
dates;
And the Stripling descends, and runs to
the tent,
And brings him forth water, the draught
of delight.

"Anon the Master of the tent,
The Father of the family,

Came forth, a man in years, of aspect
mild.

To the stranger approaching he gave
The friendly saluting of peace,
And bade the skin be spread.

Before the tent they spread the skin,
Under a Tamarind's shade,
That, bending forward, stretch'd
Its boughs of beauty far.

They brought the traveller rice,
With no false colours tinged to tempt
the eye,

But white as the new-fallen snow,
When never yet the sullyng Sun
Hath seen its purity,

Nor the warm Zephyr touch'd and taint-
ed it.

The dates of the grove before their guest
They laid, and the luscious fig,
And water from the well.

The Damsel from the Tamarind tree
Had pluck'd its acid fruit,

And steep'd it in water long;
And whoso drank of the cooling draught,
He would not wish for wine.

This to the guest the Damsel brought,
And a modest pleasure kindled her cheek,
When raising from the cup his moisten'd
lips,

The Stranger smil'd, and prais'd, and
drauk again.

"Whither is gone the Boy?

He had pierc'd the Melon's pulp,
And clos'd with wax the wound,

And he had duly gone at morn
And watch'd its ripening rind,
And now all joyfully he brings
The treasure now matur'd.

His dark eyes sparkle with a boy's de-
light,

As out he pours its liquid lusciousness,
And proffers to the guest.

"Abdaldar ate, and he was satisfied:
And now his tongue discours'd

Of regions far remote,
As one whose busy feet had travell'd long.

The father of the family,
With a calm eye, and quiet smile,
Sate pleased to hearken him.

The Damsel who remov'd the meal,
She loitered on the way,
And listened with full hands
A moment motionless.

All eagerly the Boy
Watches the Traveller's lips;

And still the wily man,
With seemingly kindness, to the eager Boy
Directs his winning tale.

Ah, cursed one! if this be he,
If thou hast found the object of thy search,
Thy hate, thy bloody aim,—
Into what deep damnation wilt thou
plunge

Thy miserable soul!—
 Look! how his eye delighted watches
 thine!—
 Look! how his open lips
 Gasp at the winning tale!—
 And nearer now he comes,
 To lose no word of that delightful talk.
 Then, as in familiar mood,
 Upon the stripling's arm
 The Sorcerer laid his hand,
 And the fire of the Crystal fled.

“While the sudden shoot of joy
 Made pale Abdaldar's cheek,
 The Master's voice was heard:
 ‘It is the hour of prayer,—
 My children, let us purify ourselves,
 And praise the Lord our God!’
 The Boy the water brought;
 After the law they purified themselves,
 And bent their faces to the earth in
 prayer.

“All, save Abdaldar; over Thalaba
 He stands, and lifts the dagger to destroy.
 Before his lifted arm receiv'd
 Its impulse to descend,
 The Blast of the Desert came.
 Prostrate in prayer, the pious family
 Felt not the Simoom pass.
 They rose, and lo! the Sorcerer lying
 dead,
 Holding the dagger in his blasted hand.’

We already love Oneiza. The picture of one evening in that Tent reveals to us the character of the Arab family, and of the desert life. Peace, innocence, and piety! The interposition of Heaven at the hour of prayer—sending the simoom to blast the sorcerer—is not felt as a sublime thought in the genius of the bard, but as a sacred thought in the faith of the believer. The conversation that ensues between Thalaba and Oneiza is but of a few words—but very illustrative of their respective characters—

“THALABA.
 Oneiza! look! the dead man has a ring—
 Should it be buried with him?”

ONEIZA.
 O yes—yes!
 A wicked man! whate'er is his must
 needs

Be wicked too!

THALABA.
 But see,—the sparkling stone!
 How it hath caught the glory of the Sun,
 And streams it back again in lines of
 light!

ONEIZA.
 Why do you take it from him, Thalaba?—
 And look at it so near?—it may have
 charms
 To blind or poison; throw it in the grave!
 I would not touch it!

THALABA.
 And round its rim
 Strange letters—

ONEIZA.
 Bury it—oh! bury it!”

Moath comes from the Tent—and that moment Oneiza is mute. Arabian daughters speak not in presence of their fathers—till asked by eye or hand readier than voice; and the more than gentleness of the maid—her silence and her stillness—we have always felt to be charmingly characteristic, contrasted with the lightness and alacrity of all her motions, when engaged in her tenthold affairs and ordinary domestic duties. She is timid—as well she may be—even standing by the side of Thalaba—so near that unhallowed corpse. But her fears are for him more than for herself—she shudders to see the sorcerer's ring in his hand. “Bury it—bury it!” Moath, too, prudent in age, counsels him to heap the sand over it—saying—

“This wretched man
 Whom God hath smitten in the very
 purpose
 And impulse of his unpermitted crime,
 Belike was some magician, and these lines
 Are of the language that the demons use!

ONEIZA.
 Bury it! bury it! dear Thalaba!”

But Thalaba ponders on all that Moath says about the virtue of rings and stones, and moved by one of those unaccountable impulses that often urge men on to their destiny of good or evil, wondering why the strange man should have attempted his life, and connecting the ring and “its living eye of fire” with himself more than he knew, he disregards Moath's counsel—though youth be obedient to age—and says—

“My Father, I will wear it.

MOATH.
 Thalaba!

THALABA.
 In God's name, and the Prophet's! be
 its power
 Good, let it serve the righteous: if for
 evil,

God, and my trust in Him, shall hallow it.

So Thalaba drew on
The written ring of gold.
Then in the hollow grave
They laid Abdaldar's corpse,
And levelled over him the desert dust."

But the place is polluted, and they must go to some other oasis. In the following six short lines what power of picturing to the eye!

"Then from the pollution of death
With water they made themselves pure;
And Thalaba drew up
The fastening of the cord;
And Moath furled the tent;
And from the grove of palms Oneiza led
The camels, ready to receive their load."

The tent is again pitched, and at midnight an Evil Spirit—visible but to him—tries to draw the ring from Thalaba's finger. Commanded by the chosen youth, in the name of the Prophet, the Spirit tells him the name of his Father's murderer—Okba, the wise magician—and the Destroyer bids him bring the bow and arrows of Hodeirah.

"Distinctly Moath heard his voice; and
She,
Who, through the veil of Separation,
watched
All sounds in listening terror, whose sus-
pense
Forbade the aid of prayer."

There is some poetry so very beautiful, and the beauty, though exquisite, is at the same time so patent to every eye that communicates with a human heart, that what in this world can a critic do with it—yet Christopher North is not a critic—but print the whole of it, without leaving out a single syllable, and then simply say, "Read that, my beloved! and whilst thou art reading let me gaze into thine eyes—and, dearest! never mind though they should be first dimmed a little—then wet—then filled, and then drowned with tears!" It is even so with this Tent in the Arabian wilderness. The Evil Spirit had laid Hodeirah's bow and arrows at the feet of Thalaba!

"Nor ever from that hour
Did rebel spirit on the Tent intrude,
Such virtue had the Spell.
Thus peacefully had the vernal years
Of Thalaba past on,
Till now, without an effort, he could
bend

Hodeirah's stubborn bow.
Black were his eyes and bright,
The sunny hue of health
Glow'd on his tawny cheek.
His lip was darken'd by maturing life;
Strong were his shapely limbs, his stature
tall;
Peerless among Arabian youths was he."

Whence had he come to the Tent of Moath? Moath met him in the wilderness where he had been left alone, when Azrael released his mother from her woes. "Me too, me too!" had then exclaimed young Thalaba; but

"Son of Hodeirah! the Death-Angel
said,
It is not yet the hour.
Son of Hodeirah, thou art chosen forth
To do the will of heaven;
To avenge thy father's death,
The murder of thy race;
To work the mightiest enterprise
That mortal man hath wrought.
Live! and REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARKED THEE FROM MANKIND."

So told he his tale to Moath—and Oneiza had heard it—but in her perfect happiness, as she and Thalaba grew up together, she had forgotten it; if a fear sometimes overshadowed her, and lay like a gloom on the Tent—shall she suffer some few strange words, uttered long ago, to distract her—

"Oneiza called him brother; and the
youth
More fondly than a brother loved the
maid;
The loveliest of Arabian maidens she!
How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by!"

We said, "Oneiza in her perfect happiness;" and why said we so—seeing there never was and never will be perfect happiness on earth—not even in a Tent inhabited by love, beauty, innocence, and piety, struck and pitched at will in one oasis beyond another oasis in the Arabian deserts? Oneiza weeps. Yet in spite of her tears, and in spite of our own—and in spite of all the lessons life has read us, and all the knowledge that experience has hoarded up, we say again, "Oneiza in her perfect happiness;" for all it wants of perfection is, that it should endure for ever; but that want is only known to us, it was not known

to Oneiza, or if it were known, but
momently, and at these moments
only did she let fall a tear!

“ But ever round his station he beheld
Camels that knew his voice,
And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza’s
call,

And goats that, morn and eve,
Came with full udders to the Damsel’s
hand.

Dear child! the Tent beneath whose shade
they dwell

It was her work; and she had twin’d
His girdle’s many hues;
And he had seen his robe
Grow in Oneiza’s loom.

How often, with a memory-mingled joy
Which made her Mother live before his
sight,

He watch’d her nimble fingers thread the
woof!

Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and
toil’d,

Tost the thin cake on spreading palm,
Or fix’d it on the glowing oven’s side
With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

“ ‘Tis the cool evening hour:
The Tamarind from the dew
Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
Before their Tent the mat is spread,
The Old Man’s awful voice
Intones the holy Book.

What if beneath no lamp-illum’d dome,
Its marble walls bedeck’d with flourish’d
truth,

Azure and gold adornment? sinks the
word

With deeper influence from the Imam’s
voice,

Where in the day of congregation, crowds
Perform the duty-task?

Their Father is their Priest,
The Stars of Heaven their point of prayer,
And the blue Firmament

The glorious Temple, where they feel
The present Deity!

“ Yet through the purple glow of eve
Shines dimly the white moon.
The slacken’d bow, the quiver, the long
lance,

Rest on the pillar of the Tent.
Knitting light palm-leaves for her bro-
ther’s brow,

The dark-eyed damsel sits;
The Old Man tranquilly
Up his curl’d pipe inhales
The tranquillizing herb.

So listen they the reed of Thalaba,
While his skill’d fingers modulate
The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy
tones.

Or if he strung the pearls of Poesy,

Singing with agitated face
And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach
the heart,

A tale of love and woe;
Then, if the brightening Moon, that lit
his face,

In darkness favoured hers,
Oh! even with such a look, as fables say,
The mother Ostrich fixes on her egg,

Till that intense affection
Kindle its light of life,
Even in such deep and breathless tender-
ness

Oneiza’s soul is centered on the youth,
So motionless, with such an ardent gaze,..
Save when from her full eyes

Quickly she wipes away the swelling
tears
That dim his image there.

“ She call’d him Brother! was it sister-
love

Which made the silver rings
Round her smooth ankles and her tawny
arms,

Shine daily brighten’d? for a brother’s
eye

Were her long fingers tinged,
As when she trimm’d the lamp,
And through the veins and delicate skin
The light shone rosy? that the darkened
lids

Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye?
That with such pride she trick’d
Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day
Wreath’d the red flower-crown round
Their waves of glossy jet?
How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by!”

Oneiza knows that Thalaba must
ere long leave the Tent. But to re-
turn! She knows he is commission-
ed, and she has ceased to tremble at
the name, Destroyer.

“ ‘When will the hour arrive?’ exclaim-
ed the youth;

‘Impatient Boy,’ quoth Moath, with
a smile;

‘Impatient Thalaba!’ Oneiza cried,
And she too smiled; but in her smile
A mild reproachful melancholy mixed.”

He waits but for a sign from heaven
to go, and lo! a cloud of locusts
from the desolated fields of Syria.

“ While thus he spake, Oneiza’s eye looks
up

Where one towards her flew,
Satiated, for so it seem’d, with sport and
food.

The Bird flew over her,
And as he past above,
From his relaxing grasp a Locust fell; . .

It fell upon the Maiden's robe,
And feebly there it stood, recovering slow.

"The admiring girl survey'd
His out-spread sails of green;
His gauzy underwings,
One closely to the grass-green body furl'd,
One ruffled in the fall, and half unclos'd.
She viewed his jet-orb'd eyes;
His glossy gorget bright,
Green glittering in the sun;
His plummy pliant horns,
That, nearer as she gaz'd,
Bent tremblingly before her 'breath.
She view'd his yellow-circled front
With lines mysterious vein'd;
'And know'st thou what is written here,
My father?' said the Maid.
'Look, Thalaba! perchance these lines
Are in the letters of the Ring,
Nature's own language written here.'

"The youth bent down, and suddenly
He started, and his heart
Sprung, and his cheek grew red,
For these mysterious lines were legible, . .
WHEN THE SUN SHALL BE DARKENED AT
NOON,

SON OF HODEIRAH, DEPART.
And Moath look'd, and read the lines a-
loud;
The Locust shook his wings and fled,
And they were silent all.

"Who then rejoiced but Thalaba?
Who then was troubled but the Arabian
Maid?
And Moath sad of heart,
Though with a grief suppress, beheld the
youth
Sharpen his arrows now,
And now new-plume their shafts,
Now, to beguile impatient hope,
Feel every sharpen'd point.

"'Why is that anxious look,' Oneiza
cried,
'Still upward cast at noon?
Is Thalaba aweary of our tent?'
'I would be gone,' the youth replied,
'That I might do my task,
And full of glory to the tent return,
Whence I should part no more.'

"But on the noontide sun,
As anxious and as oft Oneiza's eye
Was upward glanced in fear.
And now, as Thalaba replied, her cheek
Lost its fresh and lively hue;
For in the Sun's bright edge
She saw, or thought she saw, a little
speck. . .
The sage Astronomer
Who, with the love of science full,

Trembled that day at every passing
cloud, . .

He had not seen it, 'twas a speck so small.

"Alas! Oneiza sees the spot increase!
And lo! the ready Youth
Over his shoulder the full quiver slings,
And grasps the slacken'd bow.
It spreads, and spreads, and now
Hath shadowed half the Sun,
Whose crescent-pointed horns
Now momentarily decrease.

"The day grows dark, the Birds retire
to rest;
Forth from her shadowy haunt
Flies the large-headed Screamer of the
night.
Far off the affrighted African,
Deeming his God deceas'd,
Falls on his knees in prayer,
And trembles as he sees
The fierce Hyena's eyes
Glare in the darkness of that dreadful
noon.

"Then Thalaba exclaim'd, 'Farewell,
My father! my Oneiza!' the old Man
Felt his throat swell with grief.
'Where wilt thou go, my Child?' he
cried,
'Wilt thou not wait a sign
To point thy destin'd way?'
'God will conduct me!' said the noble
youth.
He said, and from the Tent,
In the depth of the darkness, departed.
They heard his parting steps,
The quiver rattling as he past away."

Which makes you happiest—you
know in what spirit we ask—the pic-
ture of Ladurlad and Kailyal in their
cane cottage, within the shadow of
that wondrous banyan tree—in the
rich fields of Hindostan—or of Moath,
and Oneiza, and Thalaba in their
tent in the Arabian desert? They
have been accused, as you know, of
the sin of sameness—dwellings and
inmates—and would that some other
poet were inspired by the spirit of
sympathy and imitation, to give us
a third picture, as like either of the
other two as they are to one an-
other! Will the critic try? Moath
is a widower, and so is Ladurlad—
and each has one daughter, who loves
her father. In neither case would
it have been advisable that there
should be two, or a larger number.
Though no Malthusians, we cannot
help thinking there is something very
interesting in an only child. Oneiza
and Kailyal are both pious, and

therefore "beautiful exceedingly;" but with Oneiza filial duty is a pure delight, that has no other knowledge of itself than that it is love; with Kailyal it assumes the aspect rather of a profoundest pity and an awful sorrow; and if joy at any time be hers, it is in the thought—or, more blessed still—the *sight* of the solace or the support that her joy yields to her father's misery—therefore it is that she dances before him—and therefore, like the bird of night, she sings. And then Thalaba! had he been some ordinary young Arab, to whom Oneiza was engaged; and had they been waiting with a natural impatient patience for the time when they might pitch a tent of their own, and leave old Moath to manage his own camels—even then the picture would have been a pleasant one; nor should we have been entitled to find fault with such a betrothed. But being what he is—that tent is not only beautiful but glorious in the desert—and what other poet could have pitched it there at nature's bidding, and let it for her to such tenants at will or for life?

Where now is Thalaba? In the Paradise of Sin—Aloadin's enchantment—among mountains that belong to earth—yet seem not of it—swimming with all voluptuousness—where souls seem but senses, and desire no other heaven. Thither had he been led to be tried and to triumph—after having overcome perils strange and manifold—and can it be that he has forgot Oneiza?

"With earnest eyes the banqueters
Fed on the sight impure;
And Thalaba, he gazed,
But in his heart he bore a talisman,
Whose blessed alchemy
To virtuous thoughts refin'd
The loose suggestions of the scene impure.
Oneiza's image swam before his sight,
His own Arabian Maid.
He rose, and from the banquet room he
rush'd,
And tears ran down his burning cheek;
And nature for a moment woke the
thought,
And murmured, that, from all domestic
joys
Estranged, he wandered o'er the world
A lonely being, far from all he loved.
Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
That momentary murmur shall be writ-
ten!

"From tents of revelry,
From festal bowers to solitude he ran;
And now he reach'd where all the rills
Of that well-watered garden in one tide
Roll'd their collected waves.
A straight and stately bridge
Stretch'd its long arches o'er the ample
stream.
Strong in the evening, and distinct its
shade
Lay on the watery mirror, and his eye
Saw it united with its parent pile,
One huge fantastic fabric. Drawing
near,
Loud from the chambers of the bridge
below,
Sounds of carousal came and song,
And unveil'd women bade the advancing
youth
Come merry-make with them!
Unhearing, or unheeding, Thalaba
Past o'er with hurried pace,
And plunged amid the forest solitude.

"Deserts of Araby!
His soul returned to you.
He cast himself upon the earth,
And clos'd his eyes, and call'd
The voluntary vislon up.
A cry, as of distress,
Arous'd him; loud it came and near!
He started up, he strung his bow,
He pluck'd the arrow forth.
Again a shriek—a woman's shriek!
And lo! she rushes through the trees,
Her veil all rent, her garments torn!
He follows close, the ravisher—
Even on the unechoing grass
She hears his tread, so near!
'Prophet, save me! save me, God!
Help! help!' she cried to Thalaba;
Thalaba drew the bow.

The unerring arrow did its work of death.
He turned him to the woman, and beheld
His own Oneiza, his Arabian Maid."

"My father, O my father!"
Oneiza tells Thalaba how she was
seized in sleep—and torn from their
tent now sunk in the sand—and that
her father is a wanderer in the wil-
derness. And who hath prepared
this garden of delight, and wherefore
are its snares?

"The Arabian maid replied,
'The women, when I entered, welcomed
me
To Paradise, by Aloadin's will
Chosen, like themselves, a Houri of the
Earth.
They told me, credulous of his blasphem-
ies,
That Aloadin placed them to reward
His faithful servants with the joys of
Heaven.

O Thalaba! and all are ready here
To wreak his wicked will, and work all
crimes!

How then shall we escape?'

'Wo to him!' cried the Appointed, a stern
smile

Darkening with stronger shades his
countenance;

'Wo to him! he hath laid his toils
To take the antelope,
The lion is come in.'"

No wonder that Oneiza is fear-
stricken, and despairs of escape from
the Paradise of Sin. Kailyal had no
fears—for they were all swallowed
up in love and pity for her miserable
father—his persecutions more than
her own wrongs awoke a spirit with-
in her that scorned the Man-al-
mighty as if he had been but a slave.
Oneiza had been torn far away from
her father—and found herself sud-
denly surrounded with unimagined
evil in the realms of Sin. She look-
ed in the face of Thalaba—and the
Appointed

"Raised his hand to heaven.

'Is there not God, Ooeiza?

I have a talisman, that, whoso bears,
Him, nor the Earthly, nor the Infernal
Powers

Of Evil, can cast down.

Remember Destiny

Hath mark'd me from Mankind!

Now rest in faith, and I will guard thy
sleep.'

"So on a violet bank

The Arabian Maid laid down,
Her soft cheek pillow'd upon moss and
flowers.

She lay in silent prayer,
Till prayer had tranquillized her fears,
And sleep fell on her. By her side

Silent sate Thalaba,

And gazed upon the Maid,

And as he gazed, drew in

New courage and intenser faith,

And waited calmly for the eventful day.

"Loud sung the Lark, the awaken'd
Maid

Beheld him twinkling in the morning
light,

And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.

The flush of fear inflam'd her cheek,

But Thalaba was calm of soul,

Collected for the work.

He ponder'd in his mind

How from Lobaba's breast

His blunted arrow fell.

Aloadin too might wear

Spell perchance of equal power

To blunt the weapon's edge!

Beside the river-brink

Rose a young poplar, whose unsteady
leaves

Varying their verdure to the gale,

With silver glitter caught

His meditating eye.

Then to Oneiza turn'd the youth,

And gave his father's bow,

And o'er her shoulders slung

The quiver arrow-stor'd.

'Me other weapon suits;' said he

'Bear thou the Bow: dear Maid,

The days return upon me, when these
shafts,

True to thy guidance, from the lofty
palm

Brought down the cluster, and thy glad-
den'd eye,

Exulting, turn'd to seek the voice of
praise.

Oh! yet again, Oneiza, we shall share
Our desert-joys!' So saying, to the bank

He mov'd, and stooping low,

With double grasp, hand below hand, he
clench'd,

And from its watry soil

Uptore the poplar trunk.

Then off he shook the clotted earth,

And broke away the head

And boughs, and lesser roots;

And lifting it aloft,

Wielded with able sway the massy club.

'Now for this child of Hell!' quoth
Thalaba;

'Belike he shall exchange to-day

His dainty Paradise

For other dwelling, and the fruit

Of Zaccoum, cursed tree.'

"With that the youth and Arab maid
Toward the centre of the garden past.

It chanced that Aloadin had convok'd

The garden-habitants,

And with the assembled throng

Oneiza mingled, and the appointed
Youth.

Unmark'd they mingled, or if one

With busier finger to his neighbour notes

The quiver'd Maid, 'haply,' he says,

'Some daughter of the Homerites,

Or one who yet remembers with delight

Her native tents of Himiar!' Nay!
rejoins

His comrade, 'a love-pageant! for the
man

Mimics with that fierce eye and knotty
club

Some savage lion-tamer, she forsooth

Must play the heroine of the years of
old!

"Radiant with gems upon his throne of
gold

Sat Aloadin ; o'er the Sorcerer's head
 Hover'd a Bird, and in the fragrant air
 Waved his wide winnowing wings,
 A living canopy.

Large as the hairy Cassowar
 Was that o'ershadowing Bird ;
 So huge his talons, in their grasp
 The Eagle would have hung a helpless
 prey.

His beak was iron, and his plumes
 Glittered like burnish'd gold,
 And his eyes glow'd, as though an inward
 fire
 Shone through a diamond orb.

“ The blinded multitude
 Ador'd the Sorcerer,
 And bent the knee before him,
 And shouted out his praise,
 ‘ Mighty art thou, the Bestower of joy,
 The Lord of Paradise ! ’
 Then Aloadin rose and waved his hand,
 And they stood mute, and moveless,
 In idolizing awe.

“ ‘ Children of Earth,’ he cried,
 ‘ Whom I have guided here
 By easier passage than the gate of
 Death ;

The infidel Sultan, to whose lands
 My mountains reach their roots,
 Blasphemes and threatens me.
 Strong are his armies, many are his
 guards,

Yet may a dagger find him.
 Children of Earth, I tempt ye not
 With the vain promise of a bliss unseen,
 With tales of a hereafter Heaven
 Whence never Traveller hath returned !
 Have ye not tasted of the cup of joy,
 That in these groves of happiness
 For ever over-mantling tempts
 The ever-thirsty lip ?

Who is there here that by a deed
 Of danger will deserve
 The eternal joys of actual paradise ? ’

“ ‘ I ! ’ Thalaba exclaim'd,
 And springing forward, on the Sorcerer's
 head
 He dash'd the knotty club.

“ He fell not, though the force
 Shattered his skull ; nor flow'd the blood,
 For by some hellish talisman
 His life imprison'd still
 Dwelt in the body. The astonish'd crowd
 Stand motionless with fear, and wait
 Immediate vengeance from the wrath of
 Heaven.

And lo ! the Bird . . the monster Bird,
 Soars up . . then pounces down
 To seize on Thalaba !
 Now, Oneiza, bend the bow,
 Now draw the arrow home ! . . .

True fled the arrow from Oneiza's hand ;
 It pierc'd the Monster Bird,
 It broke the Talisman, . . .
 Then darkness cover'd all, . . .
 Earth shook, Heaven thunder'd, and
 amid the yells
 Of Spirit's accurs'd, destroy'd
 The Paradise of Sin.”

Southey and Scott have, each of them, more than once or twice either, spoken of their Master Spenser. Both Moderns are great Poets—and Southey's genius—in as far as it is moral, imaginative, and picturesque, bears a resemblance—with a difference—to the Ancient's; but Scott's none at all. Read Marmion and then the Fairy-Queen! Spenser wantons—revels—and riots in palaces of pleasure, and gardens of delight, and bowers of bliss, and isles of joy, and his voluptuousness would be sensuality, were it not that as his soul seems to languish, and almost to die away in the delirium of the senses, his love and genius for the Ideal as well as the Beautiful (for surely these two are sometimes different) come to her aid, and by showing a crowd of fair images not unallied to pleasure yet seeming superior to pleasure, tempt her, it may be said, away from temptation, till, as if rousing herself from a dangerous dream, till then too delightful to be resisted, she has power given her to break its silken chains, and rise up unstained from what had else soon been pollution. Southey, as Spenser was, is a man of a tender spirit—but not only is he inferior to his “Master” in warmth of passion, but he is superior to him in austerity of moral thought—if we might say it without wrong to the gentle Edmund—in the purity of self respect. A licentious image in Southey's poetry would be something shocking—monstrous; perhaps in it passion is too cold—true it is that no where else are to be seen so sincere the affections. Spenser would have subjected Oneiza to no unhallowed touch in the Paradise of Sin, but we think he would have brought before our eyes how she was endangered; while it is certain that he would have subjected Thalaba to some perilous allurements, which would have been painted *con amore*, and with a prodigality of passion. Which would

have been best? Both. For at this moment the memory of Thalaba's education in Moath's Tent assures us that the Appointed indeed acted according to his character in dealing as he did—dashing it into dust—with the Paradise of Sin.

“It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,

That, in a lonely tent, had cast
The lot of Thalaba.

There might his soul develope best

Its strengthening energies;

There might he from the world

Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,
Till at the written hour he should be found

Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.”

Pleasure could not tempt Thalaba, but Pride could, and the Appointed was to dree for the guilt of that sin a ghastly punishment.

“O Sultan, live for ever! be thy foes
Like Aloadin all!

The wrath of God hath smitten him.”

The Sultan of the land bids the victorious Arab “stand next to himself,” and Thalaba, clad in purple, and crowned with a diadem, is led on the royal steed through the city, while heralds go before and cry

“Thus shall the Sultan reward
The man who serves him well!”

And Thalaba shall espouse the Sultan's daughter, and be a Prince of the Land. Where is Oneiza? From her bow had flown the shaft that slew the Monster Bird and saved Thalaba, and broke the talisman that held together the Paradise of Sin, at that breaking, in a moment dust. Far aloof she thinks of her father searching for her in vain through the wilderness; she thinks of Thalaba with the diadem on his forehead, and her soul is sad. But what do we mean by jotting down words like these? Read here “the consummation and the final woe!”

“When from the pomp of triumph
And presence of the King

Thalaba sought the tent allotted him,
Thoughtful the Arabian Maid beheld

His animated eye,

His cheek inflam'd with pride.

‘Oneiza!’ cried the youth,

‘The King hath done according to his word,

And made me in the land

Next to himself be nam'd!..

But why that serious melancholy smile?..

Oneiza, when I heard the voice that gave me

Honour, and wealth, and fame, the instant thought

Arose to fill my joy, that thou wouldst hear

The tidings, and be happy.’

ONEIZA.

Thalaba,

Thou would'st not have me mirthful
am I not

An orphan, . . among strangers?

THALABA.

But with me!

ONEIZA.

My Father, . .

THALABA.

Nay, be comforted! last night

To what wert thou expos'd! in what a peril

The morning found us! . . safety, honour, wealth,

These now are ours. This instant who thou wert

The Sultan ask'd. I told him from our childhood

We had been plighted; . . was I wrong, Oneiza?

And when he said with bounties he would heap

Our nuptials, . . wilt thou blame me if I blest

His will, that bade me fix the marriage day!

In tears, my love? . .

ONEIZA.

REMEMBER DESTINY

HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND!

THALABA.

Perhaps when Aloadin was destroy'd,
The mission ceas'd; else would wise

Providence

With its rewards and blessings strew my path

Thus for accomplish'd service?

ONEIZA.

Thalaba!

THALABA.

Or if haply not, yet whither should I go?
Is it not prudent to abide in peace

Till I am summon'd?

ONEIZA.

Take me to the Deserts!

THALABA.

But Moath is not there; and wouldst thou dwell

In a Stranger's tent? thy father then might seek

In long and fruitless wandering for his child.

ONEIZA.

Take me then to Mecca!

There let me dwell a servant of the
Temple.

Bind thou thyself my veil, . . . to human
eye

It never shall be lifted. There, whilst
thou

Shalt go upon thine enterprise, my prayers,
Dear Thalaba! shall rise to succour thee,
And I shall live, . . . if not in happiness,
Surely in hope.

THALABA.

Oh think of better things!

The will of Heaven is plain: by won-
derous ways

It led us here, and soon the common voice
Will tell what we have done, and how
we dwell

Under the shadow of the Sultan's wing;
So shall thy father hear the fame, and
find us

What he hath wish'd us ever. . . Still in
tears!

Still that unwilling eye! nay . . . nay . .
Oneiza . .

I dare not leave thee other than my own, . .
My wedded wife. Honour and gratitude
As yet preserve the Sultan from all
thoughts

That sin against thee; but so sure as
Heaven

Hath gifted thee above all other maids
With loveliness, so surely would those
thoughts

Of wrong arise within the heart of
Power.

If thou art mine, Oneiza, we are safe,
But else, there is no sanctuary could save.

ONEIZA.

Thalaba! Thalaba!

"With song, with music, and with dance,
The bridal pomp proceeds.

Following on the veiled Bride

Fifty female slaves attend

In costly robes, that gleam

With interwoven gold,

And sparkle far with gems.

An hundred slaves behind them bear

Vessels of silver and vessels of gold,

And many a gorgeous garment gay,

The presents that the Sultan gave.

On either hand the pages go

With torches flaring through the gloom,

And trump and timbrel merriment

Accompanies their way;

And multitudes with loud acclaim

Shout blessings on the Bride.

And now they reach the palace pile,

The palace home of Thalaba,

And now the marriage feast is spread,

And from the finish'd banquet now

The wedding guests are gone.

"Who comes from the bridal chamber? . .

It is Azrael, the Angel of Death."

In the course of no other poem we know, does any calamity, at all to be compared with this, befall the chief actor and sufferer; on recovering from pity and terror, we feel as if it were not in nature that the poem could proceed—impossible that the Appointed can drag himself up from his despair—and yet be the Destroyer. The poet must have had a noble confidence in the power of his genius—of something within him even greater than his genius—who dared thus; and his triumph has overthrown a law laid down by the wise in the mysteries of our being, which would have seemed, but for that triumph, to be inexorable, and not to be violated without extinction of the very vital spirit of a poem—which would then cease to be a poem but in name. Oneiza dead—Thalaba alive! She buried—he conquering on an earth that holds her dust! Revenge pursuing its object—love objectless! But where and what now is Thalaba?

WOMAN.

"Go not among the tombs, Old Man!
There is a madman there.

OLD MAN.

Will he harm me if I go?

WOMAN.

Not he, poor miserable man!

But 'tis a wretched sight to see

His utter wretchedness.

For all day long he lies on a grave,

And never is he seen to weep,

And never is he heard to groan;

Nor ever at the hour of prayer

Bends his knee nor moves his lips.

I have taken him food for charity,

And never a word he spake;

But yet so ghastly he look'd,

That I have awaken'd at night

With the dream of his ghastly eyes.

Now go not among the Tombs, Old
man!

OLD MAN.

Wherefore has the wrath of God
So sorely stricken him?

WOMAN.

He came a stranger to the land,

And did good service to the Sultan,

And well his service was rewarded.

The Sultan nam'd him next himself,

And gave a palace for his dwelling,

And dower'd his bride with rich do-
mains.

But on his wedding night

There came the Angel of Death.

Since that hour, a man distracted

Among the sepulchres he wanders.

The Sultan, when he heard the tale,
Said, that for some untold crime
Judgment thus had stricken him,
And, asking Heaven forgiveness
That he had shown him favour,
Abandon'd him to want.

OLD MAN.

A Stranger did you say?

WOMAN.

An Arab born, like you.

But go not among the Tombs,
For the sight of his wretchedness
Might make a hard heart ache!

OLD MAN.

Nay, nay, I never yet have shunn'd

A countryman in distress:

And the sound of his dear native tongue
May be like the voice of a friend.

“ Then to the sepulchre

The woman pointed out,

Old Moath bent his way.

By the tomb lay Thalaba,

In the light of the setting eve;

The sun, and the wind, and the rain,

Had rusted his raven locks;

His cheeks were fallen in,

His face-bones prominent;

By the tomb he lay along,

AND HIS LEAN FINGERS PLAY'D,

UNWITTING, WITH THE GRASS THAT GREW
BESIDE.

“ The Old Man knew him not,

And, drawing near him, cried,

‘ Countryman, peace be with thee!’

The sound of his dear native tongue

Awaken'd Thalaba;

He rais'd his countenance,

And saw the good Old Man,

And he arose, and fell upon his neck,

And groan'd in bitterness.

Then Moath knew the youth,

And fear'd that he was childless; and he
turn'd

His eyes, and pointed to the tomb.

‘ Old man!’ cried Thalaba,

‘ Thy search is ended there!’

“ The father's cheek grew white,

And his lip quivered with the misery;

Howbeit, collecting, with a painful voice

He answered, ‘ God is good! his will be
done!’

“ The woe in which he spake,

The resignation that inspir'd his speech,

They soften'd Thalaba.

‘ Thou hast a solace in thy grief,’ he
cried,

‘ A comforter within!

Moath! thou seest me here,

Deliver'd to the Evil Powers,

A God-abandon'd wretch!’

“ The Old Man look'd at him incredulous.

‘ Nightly,’ the youth pursued,

‘ Thy daughter comes to drive me to
despair.

Moath, thou thinkst me mad, . .

But when the Cryer from the Minaret

Proclaims the midnight hour,

Hast thou a heart to see her?’

“ In the Meidan now

The clang of clarions and of drums

Accompanied the Sun's descent.

‘ Dost thou not pray, my son?’

Said Moath, as he saw

The white flag waving on the neighbour-
ing Mosque:

Then Thalaba's eye grew wild,

‘ Pray!’ echoed he; ‘ I must not pray!’

And the hollow groan he gave

Went to the Old Man's heart,

And, bowing down his face to earth,

In fervent agony he call'd on God.

“ A night of darkness and of storms!

Into the chamber of the Tomb

Thalaba led the Old Man,

To roof him from the rain.

A night of storms! the wind

Swept through the moonless sky,

And moan'd among the pillar'd sepul-
chres;

And, in the pauses of its sweep,

They heard the heavy rain

Beat on the monument above.

In silence on Oneiza's grave

The Father and the Husband sate.

“ The Cryer from the Minaret

Proclaim'd the midnight hour.

‘ Now, now!’ cried Thalaba;

And o'er the chamber of the tomb

There spread a lurid gleam,

Like the reflection of a sulphur fire;

And in that hideous light

Oneiza stood before them. It was She, . .

Her very lineaments, . . and such as
death

Had changed them, livid cheeks, and lips
of blue;

But in her eyes there dwelt

Brightness more terrible

Than all the loathsomeness of death.

‘ Still art thou living, wretch?’

In hollow tones she cried to Thalaba;

‘ And must I nightly leave my grave

To tell thee, still in vain,

God hath abandon'd thee?’

“ ‘ This is not she!’ the Old man ex-
claim'd;

‘ A fiend! a manifest fiend!’

And to the youth he held his lance;

‘ Strike and deliver thyself!’

'Strike HER!' cried Thalaba,
 And, palsied of all powers,
 Gaz'd fix'dly upon the dreadful form.
 'Yea, strike her!' cried a voice, whose
 tones
 Flow'd with such sudden healing through
 his soul,
 As when the desert shower
 From death deliver'd him;
 But, unobedient to that well-known
 voice,
 His eye was seeking it,
 When Moath, firm of heart,
 Perform'd the bidding: through the
 vampire corpse
 He thrust his lance; it fell,
 And, howling with the wound,
 Its demon tenant fled.
 A sapphire light fell on them,
 And, garmented with glory, in their
 sight

Oneiza's spirit stood.

" 'O Thalaba!' she cried,
 'Abandon not thyself!

Wouldst thou for ever lose me? . . . go,
 fulfil

Thy quest, that in the Bowers of Para-
 dise

In vain I may not wait thee, O my
 Husband!'

To Moath then the Spirit

Turn'd the dark lustre of her Angel
 eyes;

'Short is thy destin'd path,

O my dear father! to the abode of bliss.

Return to Araby,

There with the thought of death

Comfort thy lonely age,

And Azrael, the Deliverer, soon

Shall visit thee in peace.'

What mental insanity is, in any case, the wisest physician knows not; it is his duty to prescribe for it nevertheless; and Sir Henry Hallford, that he might be enabled to do so judiciously, studied Shakspeare. The brain, we believe, is always affected; but how and where? Thalaba had no medical man to attend him among the tombs. Perhaps he was not insane—though a woman said to Moath,

"Go not among the tombs, Old Man!

There is a madman there."

He harmed no one—"not he, poor miserable man"—but he was haunted, it seems, by a fiend. Not a phantom but a vampire fiend, "a manifest fiend" to the eyes of old Moath. What if it had been a phantom—a phantom of Thalaba's brain? It wore the form, the face of Oneiza, and conscience must have told

him, for insanity is not utterly deaf to the still small voice—his was not so—that he, the Appointed Destroyer, had impiously forced Oneiza to be his bride. But the Poet, with that wonderful faculty of adaptation with which he is gifted beyond every other, avails himself of the belief of those nations in vampires, and foul as the superstition is, he brings it into the service of poetry, and philosophy, and religion. An evil spirit entering into the dead body of Oneiza, torments him who caused her death by an offence to Heaven. How can he help believing it Oneiza? He bids her father wait for the hour and he will see, with his own eyes, his daughter come from the grave to curse him—and cry

"Still art thou living, wretch?

And must I nightly leave my grave

To tell thee, still in vain,

God hath abandon'd thee?"

But no sin dimmed Moath's eyes, and they see through the horrid semblance. But not at Moath's bidding would Thalaba—though all distraught—strike what seemed to him the ghost of Oneiza—changed towards him as the spirit was that glared in it—not even when a voice commanded that he knew to be the voice of the Tent in the Desert. Oneiza's spirit alone could make him whole—an angel stood before him as the demon fled—and disease, with all its troubles, was cured by words from lips that could not lie, assuring him that he should meet his Oneiza in the bowers of Paradise, if her husband obeyed the will and command of heaven. Such resignation as now became his, could only have followed such despair—and by it the Appointed is again endowed with the power of the Destroyer.

"But now his heart was calm,

For on his soul a heavenly hope had dawn'd."

And in the light of that hope never again to be darkened, Thalaba resumes the quest of his Father's murderers—nor once fails his heart, nor faints, till his work is done—then

"IN THE SAME MOMENT, AT THE GATE
 OF PARADISE, ONEIZA'S HOURI FORM
 WELCOM'D HER HUSBAND TO ETERNAL
 BLISS."

A FEW MORE GREEK EPIGRAMS.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

(MELEAGER.)

Εὐφοροί ναῖς πιλαγίτιδες—κ.τ.λ.

Light barks of Helle's strait, whose flagging sails
 Woo the embraces of the Northern gales,
 If on the strand that views the Coan steep
 Ye see my Phanion gazing on the deep,
 "Thou beautiful," say to her, "these thy sighs
 Hasten thy lover to thy longing eyes;
 Maiden beloved, I cannot wait the sea,
 My eager feet will bring me soon to thee."
 Tell her these words, and Jove, with favouring gales,
 Forthwith, at length, will fill your flagging sails.

II.

(UNKNOWN.)

Τουτό τοι ἡμιτέρης—κ.τ.λ.

Sabinus, let this humble tablet show
 The lofty friendship which I bore to thee—
 Whom my soul yearns for:—if the powers below
 Permit, shun Lethe's stream, and think of me.*

III.

(UNKNOWN.)—EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

Οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετεβηςδ'—κ.τ.λ.

Proté, thou art not dead, but thou hast pass'd
 To better lands, where pleasures ever last:
 To bound in joy amid the fairest flowers
 Of the Blest Isles,—Elysium's blooming bowers.
 Thee—nor the Summer's heat, nor Winter's chill,
 Shall e'er annoy—apart from every ill,
 Nor sickness, hunger, thirst again distress,
 Oh! is there aught on earth to equal this?
 Contented thou—remote from human woes—
 In the pure light which from Olympus flows.

IV.

(KING PTOLEMY.)

Οἶδ' ὅτι θιατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμιρος—κ.τ.λ.

I know myself the being of a day:
 But when the rolling heavens my thoughts survey,
 No more I tread the earth:—A guest I rise
 At Jove's own banquets in the starry skies.

V.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Γράμμα τὸδ' Ἀρήταιο.—κ.τ.λ.

This is Aratus' work, whose subtle mind
 Could the eternal stars together bind—

* Imitated by Jortin in a beautiful inscription, ending thus—

Te sequar: ob-currum per iter dux ibit eunti
 Fidus Amor, tenebras lampade discutiens.
 Tu cave Lethæo com'ingas ora liquore,
 Et cito venturi sis memor, oro, viri.

Planet and fixed—by whose in-working force
 Orb within orb holds on its heavenly course :
 Oh ! then *his* labours next to Jove's adore,
 Who makes stars clearer than they were before.

VI.

(CALLIMACHUS.)

Τῆδε Σάων—κ.τ.λ.

Here Sao, Dicos' son, in *sleep* doth lie :
 Oh ! say not that the good can ever die.

VII.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Λυγν μὲς πλατανίστου—κ.τ.λ.

Me a dry plane-tree now,—this creeping vine
 Mantles in robes—whose greenery is not mine :
 For these bare arms—once leafy as her own—
 Would nurse her clusters, and their beauty crown—
 So cherish thou a friend—that friend indeed—
 A woman's kindness for thy hour of need.

VIII.

(CYRUS THE POET.)

Αἴθε πατὴρ μ' ἐδίδαξες—κ.τ.λ.

Would that my sire had taught his son to keep,
 'Neath sheltering rocks or elms, the fleecy sheep :
 To seek a solace of dull cave and grief
 In the pipe's music, and there find relief.
 Ye Muses come, together let us flee
 The well built city's splendid misery.
 Seek we another home to sing at ease,
 For here the wretched drones destroy the bees.

IX.

(ANTIPHANES OF MACEDON.)

Αὐτὴ σοὶ Κυβέριε τὸν ἰμπεροῦντ'—κ.τ.λ.

That love-creating cestus, from her breast
 Venus untied, and, Ino, gave 't to thee,
 That its allurements might create unrest
 In every man,—and more than all in me.

X.

(UNKNOWN.)—HERCULES WRESTLING WITH ANTEÛS.

Χαλκὸν ἀποιμαζόντα—κ.τ.λ.

Who hath impressed on brass that mournful air
 Of one who struggles 'gainst Alcides' might ?
 Instinct with life, there Force and grim Despair
 Fill us with mingled pity and affright.
 Under Alcides' grasp—Antæus see—
 Writhing and groaning in his agony.

XI.

* (UNKNOWN.)

Αἰδῆ ἀλλιτάνευτε καὶ ἄτροπε—κ.τ.λ.

Relentless Ades, why of life bereave
The child Callæschrus?—if a toy he be
In her dark home to thy Persephone,
Still with what sorrow must his parents grieve!

XII.

(SIMONIDES.)—INSCRIPTION ON A TROPHY AT THYREA.

Οἶδε τριηκόσιοι, Σπάρτα πατρὶ—κ.τ.λ.

Sparta our country,—we thy thirty sons
At Thyrea fought with thirty valiant ones—
Argives,—nor did we turn our backs, but where
We first had stood, our lives we yielded there.
Stained with thy blood, Othryades, this shield
Proclaims,—“Here Argives did to Spartans yield.”
If Argive fled, *Adrastus' blood owns he:
Death is not death to Spartans—but to flee.

XIII.

(UNKNOWN.)

Εἶθ' ἄνεμος γινόμεν.—κ.τ.λ.

Oh! would I were a breeze, that when the light
Unveiled thy bosom, I might nestle there:
Oh! would I were a rose of purple bright,
Graced on the snowy bosom of my fair.

XIV.

(UNKNOWN.)—ON A STATUE OF VENUS IN CNIDOS.

Τίς λίθον ἐψύχωσεν;—κ.τ.λ.

Who hath Cythera seen on earth? Who given
A living soul and so much love to stone?
Praxiteles:—and now hereft is Heaven
Of Venus,—who in Cnidos dwells alone.

XV.

(UNCERTAIN.)—A PRAYER.

Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ—κ.τ.λ.

Unprayed or prayed for, grant us only good,
Great Jove, and be our prayer for ill withstood.

XVI.

(PLATO.)—ON A STATUE OF PAN PIPING.

Σιγάτω λάσιοι δρυαδων—κ.τ.λ.

Keep silence now, ye Dryads' craggy rocks,
Ye gurgling founts,—mixed bleatings of the flocks;
Pan, with moist lips, his well-joined pipe runs o'er,
And the blithe reeds the jocund strain out-pour,
While round and round, on light fantastic toe,
Dryads and Hamadryads tripping go.

* Adrastus was the only one of the seven against Thebes that escaped alive,—and thereby disgraced himself.

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ANGLIMANIA.

WERE we disposed to be philosophical, we could, perhaps, throw some light on the transit of objects of passion into that class of objects belonging to imagination; but we are not so disposed, and content ourselves for the present with merely adverting to a process of great moment in the natural history of mind, which has not only never been illustrated, but so far as we know, never hinted at by metaphysician or psychologist. Mean while we remark that the passion for angling—Anglimania—has with us undergone this transmutation. Its objects are now seen by us in a very different light from that which they assumed in our youth, and are consequently felt by us with a very different emotion. The consciousness of this change induced us to deplore, in our last Number, that the passion which had been to us the source of so much enjoyment—say rather itself happiness—was dead or dried up on our being—and mournfully to exclaim *FUMUS TROES*.

There is here, however, no reason for any grief. Nature is still gracious to all her children who cheerfully obey her laws. We must observe all the changes silently going on within us, that by acquiescence with them all we may continue throughout life to be dutiful to our great parent, and in duty find that enjoyment is provided in all the metamorphoses which our physical, moral, and intellectual being is per-

petually undergoing—assured that if not unwisely and vainly withstood they are all for good. The child—the boy—the youth—the man—the old man—may each during his own season be happy, if according to nature's mandate, each be "like the season;" the one thing needful being contentment. Old Age! a brother greybeard counsels thee—*never repine*. Thus, though dull thy hearing, shall music nevertheless find its way into thy spirit—though dim thy sight, its inner regions shall be lustrous—and thy present, which to them who know thee not may appear almost pitiful, solaced by thy past, and strengthened by thy future, may be piously felt by thee to be the best, because the holiest of all the seasons of thy life.

Not that our Anglimania was ever unimaginative; indeed no passion was ever so; nay, not even any appetite of a rational being—not even hunger and thirst. To the senses of a schoolboy a green sour crab is as a golden-pippin, more delicious than any pine-apple—the tree which he climbs to pluck it seems to grow in the garden of Eden—and the parish-moorland though it be—over which he is let loose to play—Paradise. It is barely possible there may be such a substance as matter, but all its qualities worth having are given it by mind. By a necessity of nature, then, we are all poets. We all make the food we feed on; nor is jealousy, the

green-eyed monster, the only wretch who discolours and deforms. Every evil thought does so—every good thought gives fresh lustre to the grass—to the flowers—to the stars. And as the faculties of sense, after becoming finer and more fine, do then, because that they are earthly, gradually lose their power, the faculties of the soul, because that they are heavenly, become then more and more independent of such ministrations, and continue to deal with images, and with ideas which are diviner than images, nor care for either partial or total eclipse of the “light of common day,” conversant as they are, and familiar with a more resplendent—a spiritual universe.

O heavens! is it not so even with the mere ordinary everyday amusements of this our terrestrial life! No troop of real flesh and blood *bonâ fide* boys were ever the thousandth part so happy, in the most glorious glee that ever changed a fast into a festival—when like butterflies escaping from the chrysalis state into winged bliss, they burst from the dust of a brown study out upon the bosom of the green earth, and into the embracing sunshine that for their sakes all at once lighted up the skies—as seemed to be those imaginary creatures of the element—like them apparelled and dancing among the flowers with feet like theirs—that glided but this very moment before our eyes, and as they disappeared seemed to carry away with them the motion and the music of their joy into some more delightful world—remote from ours—and peopled by perpetual youth!

What is Memory without Imagination? Better a dead blank than her confused and faded pictures. But let the light, which never yet led astray, for it is light from heaven, but glimpse upon the past, and if but a fragment be shown, 'tis a fragment of poetry—more beautiful now than before it could ever be—now that imagination has “touched with her golden finger” what memory brought before her from the vanished—for now it is indeed an Apparition.

Written in such a spirit what a “Boy’s Book of Sports!” There is, we believe, a book that goes by that name, and not a bad book either, as

boys’ books go; but the compiler is by much too matter-of-fact a man—and uninspired by imagination “Knuckles down at law.” Not so wrote Cowper in the affecting lines on his Mother’s Picture. Then again, he was a child; but the man’s heart gave an intensity of its own to the delight inherent in childish amusements, and the poet’s genius expressed it in a glow of beautiful words—yet simple as is the talk of children. In “the Pleasures of Memory,” Rogers has breathed the very spirit of beauty over his allusions—for they are but allusions—to the pastimes of life’s earliest season—and they are the more touching, because, however happy the hours to which they refer, they are almost all somewhat mournful—if not in the thought or feeling itself—in the music of the verse—as in that exquisite passage ending with,

“Or watched the emmet to her grainy nest.”

In the celebrated “Ode on the distant prospect of Eton College,” even the melancholy Gray (he ought not to have been always so very melancholy) rejoices as he exclaims,

“I feel the gales that from you blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As redolent of spring!”

Wordsworth, whose feelings are always healthful, never inspires more pure delight than in his imaginative reminiscences of childhood and youth. It matters not what be the vision—a Rainbow—or a Butterfly—or a Sparrow’s Nest—or Two Idle Shepherd Boys—or “Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood.”

“Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor’s sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong:

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;

I hear the echoes through the mountain throng,

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;
 Thou child of joy
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
 thou happy shepherd boy !
 Yes ! blessed creatures I have heard
 the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your
 jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel
 it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While the earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are pulling,
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines
 warm
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's
 arm :
 I hear ! I hear ! with joy I hear !”

All our friends, then, will be delighted to see from our own pen, since they cannot all hear it from our own lips, that our love of the Gentle Art, though not so passionate, is more imaginative, and therefore deeper than ever ; and they may lay their account with meeting in *Maga* many a pleasant article on “the silent trade,” so dear to all thoughtful hearts, from old Isaac Walton to young Tom—in surnames from Walton to Stoddart. What though our arm of flesh never again throw a fly ? Many a one shall our fingers busk—many a snood shall they spin—and many a casting-line shall grow, apparently knotless, to their plastic touch, so that the cheated eye might think it saw the living insects afloat among the floating gossamer. And our Book shall obey the “open sesame” of every true angler. Its riches are inexhaustible—we are no old Hunks—and a brother has but to look as if he longed for a few, to receive as many flies as ever covered his hat on a hot summer's day, or accompanied the laurel leaf on his own or his horse's or his ass's forehead, on the road to glory or the grave or the nearest public. Does he desire some specimens of North's Dragonflies ?

There, my boy—take these—and you may gut your fish before you catch them—nor fear the sneers of the Cook. Kit's Midges ? There is a cloud of them—and minute as they are, the tiniest of them all—if it but bite him in tongue or lip—will kill the greatest monster that ever assumed the shape of a salmon. Nay—boy of the brother of our youth ! for thy father's sake and for sake of the man he loved like his own soul—ACCEPT THIS ROD. We have thrown with it ten fathoms across a brisk breeze—within a span of his snout—and by one twist of the wrist—so slight as to be unnoticed by any bystander—hooked him (not the bystander but the outlier) well in beyond the barb, among the sinews of his snap-dragon, “inextricable as the gored lion's tooth.” You have seen an oak or an ash sapling stoop and rise so seemingly when winds were blowing strong on the hill-side—as if to try the temper of the young family of the forest. Then may you imagine that you have seen this Rod with a twenty-pounder at the line-end—in the hands of Christopher North. Now it is asleep. But then it was awake—broad awake—full of life—instinct with spirit—imbued with intelligence and feeling—as if it knew and loved the grasp of its gracious master, Christopher the Salmonicide. Nor think that even in a state of slumber—such as it now exhibits—it is not ready at a moment to obey its master's call and do his bidding—as once it did at no uncritical juncture—when rudely assailed on the river's marge by a Gipsy from Yetholm,

“ I took by the throat the uncircumcised
 dog,
 And smote him—THUS.”

Angling is in truth—after all—meaning thereby all that has been so well said in its praise—and all that has been so ill said in its blame—a pleasant pastime. But for our passion for the pirl what should we have known of nature ! No suspicion had we in those days—even now we have but a suspicion—a persuasion perhaps—but no conviction—that we were in any degree—a Poet. We had made scores of rush-caps, but had never dreamt of making

verses—though we had read a few—and were familiar with Jamie Thomson. But how we plunged into glens! And gazed down chasms! And with beating hearts paced fearfully along the edges of precipices! Till we met the sloping greensward that conducted us, as if wings were on our feet, to the fishable ground, prerupt as it was in many places, comparatively level, through which the stream—for hoarse as was its murmur it had ceased to be a torrent—with alternate pools and shallows—now straight as an arrow—now bending like a bow when the string is taught—and now sinuous as a serpent about to coil itself—wanton at its own wild will—careless alike of all but that will—whether wheeling away round cultivated holms and garden-nooks of peninsular cottages, or singing its solitary song where there were none to hear it, or to see the glitter that accompanied the music—none but a few stupid steers, or a few silly sheep, or a few canty bits o' birds, and they were too lazy or too busy to observe it was there—though for those it freshened the herbage, and for these the coppice-woods and bushes—an unfailing friend, that cared not about the gratitude of them who lived and loved on its benefactions.

Nature must be bleak and barren indeed to possess no power over the young spirit daily expanding on her breast into new susceptibilities, that erelong are felt to fill life to overflowing with a perpetual succession—an infinite series—of enjoyments. No where is she destitute of that power—not on naked sea-shores—not in central deserts. But our boyhood was environed by the beautiful—its home was among moors and mountains which people in towns and cities called dreary, but which we knew to be the cheer-fullest and most gladsome parish in all braid Scotland—and well it might be, for it was in her very heart. Mountains they seemed to us in those days—though now we believe they are only hills. But such hills! Undulating far and wide away till the highest even on clear days seemed to touch the sky, and in cloudy weather were verily a part of heaven. Many a valley, and many a glen—and many a hollow that was neither

valley nor glen—and many a flat, of but a few green acres, which we thought plains—and many a cleft waterless with its birks and brechans, except when the rains came down, and then they all sang a new song in merry chorus—and many a wood, and many a grove, for it takes no great number of trees to make a wood, and four firs by themselves in a lonesome place are a grove—and many a single sycamore, and many a single ash, kenned afar-off above its protected cottage—and many an indescribable spot of scenery, at once pastoral and agricultural and silvan, where, if house there was, you hardly knew it among the rocks;—so was our own dear delightful parish, which people in towns and cities called dreary, composed; but the composition itself—as well might we hope thus to show it to your soul's eye, as by a few extracts, however fine, and a few criticisms, however exquisite, to give you the idea of a perfect poem.

But we have not given you more than a single hint of a great part of the parish—the Moor. It was then ever so many miles long, and ever so many miles broad, and nobody thought of guessing how many miles round—but some dozen years ago it was absolutely measured to a rood by a land-louper of a land-surveyor—distributed—drained—enclosed—utterly ruined for ever.—No—not for ever. Nature laughs to scorn acts of Parliament, and we predict that in a quarter of a century she will resume her management of that moor. We rejoice to hear that she is beginning already to take lots of it into her own hands. Wheat has no business there—and should keep to the corses. In spring she takes him by the braird till he looks yellow in the face long before his time—in summer by the cuff of the neck till he lies down on his back and rots in the rain—in autumn by the ears, and rubs him against the grain till he expires as fashionless as the winnlestraes with which he is interlaced—in winter she shakes him in the stook till he is left but a shadow which pigeons despise. See him in stack at Christmas and you pity the poor straw. Here and there bits of bear or big, and barley, she permits to flourish—nor is she loth to see the

flowers and shaws and apples on the poor-man's plant, the life-sustaining potato—which none but political economists hate and all Christians love. She is not so sure about turnips, but as they are a green crop she leaves them to the care of the fly. But where have her gowans gone? There they still are in flocks which no cultivation can scatter or eradicate—inextinguishable by all the lime that was ever brought unslokened from all the kilns that ever glowed—by all the dung that was ever heaped up fresh and fuming from all the Augean stables in the land. Yet her heart burns within her to behold, even in the midst of what she abhors, the large dew-loved heads of clover whitening or reddening, or with their rival colours amicably intermingled, a new birth glorious in the place of reedy marsh or fen where the cats-paws nodded—and then she will retain unto herself when once more she rejoices in her Wilderness Restored.

And would we be so barbarous as to seek to impede the progress of improvement, and to render agriculture a dead letter? We are not so barbarous—nor yet so savage. We love civilized life, of which we have long been one of the smaller but sincerest ornaments. But agriculture, like education, has its bounds. It is like a science, and wo to the country that encourages all kinds of quacks. Cultivate a moor! educate a boor! First understand the character of clods and clodhoppers. To say nothing now of the Urbans and Suburbans—a perilous people—yet of great capabilities; for to discuss that question would lead us into lanes; and as it is a long lane that has never a turning, for the present we keep in the open air, and abstain from wynds. We are no enemies to poor soils, far less to rich ones ignorantly and stupidly called poor, which under proper treatment effuse riches; but to expect to extract from paupers *a return* for the expenditure squandered by miserly greed on their reluctant bottoms, cold and bare, is the insanity of speculation, and such schemers deserve being buried along with their capital in quagmires. Lord! how they—the quagmires—

suck in the dung! You say they don't suck it in—well, then, they spew it out—it evaporates—and what is the worth of weeds? Lime whitens a moss, that is true, but so does snow. Snow melts—what becomes of lime no mortal knows but the powheads—they it poisons, and they give up the ghost. Drains are dug deep now-a-days—and we respect Mr Johnstone. So are gold mines. But from gold mines that precious metal—at a great expense, witness its price—is extorted; in drains that precious metal, witness wages, is interred, and then it becomes *squash*. Stirks starve—heifers are hove with windy nothing—with oxen frogs compete in bulk with every prospect of a successful issue, and on such pasturage where would be the virility of the Bulls of Bashan?

If we be in error, we shall be forgiven at least by all lovers of the past, and what to the elderly seems the olden time. Oh misery for that Moor! Hundreds, thousands, loved it as well as we did; for though it grew no grain, many a glorious crop it bore—shadows that glided like ghosts—the giants stalked—the dwarfs crept;—yet sometimes were the dwarfs more formidable than the giants, lying like blackmoors before your very feet, and as you stumbled over them in the dark, throttling as if they sought to strangle you, and then leaving you at your leisure to wipe from your mouth the mire by the light of a straggling star;—sunbeams that wrestled with the shadows in the gloom—sometimes clean flung, and then they covered into the heather, and insinuated themselves into the earth; sometimes victorious, and then how they capered in the lift, ere they shivered away—not always without a hymn of thunder—in behind the clouds to refresh themselves in their tabernacle in the sky!

Won't you be done with this Moor, you monomaniac? Not for yet a little while—for we see Kitty North all by himself in the heart of it, a boy apparently of about the age of twelve, and happy as the day is long though it is the Longest Day in all the year. Aimless he seems to be, but all alive as a grasshopper, and is leaping like a two-year-old across the hags. Were he to tumble

in, what would become of the personage whom Kean's Biographer would call "the future Christopher the First." But no fear of that—for at no period of his life did he ever over-rate his powers—and he knows now his bound to an inch. Cap, bonnet, hat, he has none; and his yellow hair, dancing on his shoulders like a mane, gives him the look of a precocious lion's whelp. Leonine too is his aspect, yet mild withal; and but for a certain fierceness in his gambols you would not suspect he was a young creature of prey. A fowling piece is in his left hand, and in his right a rod. And what may he be purposing to shoot? Any thing full-fledged that may play whirr or sigh. Good grouse-ground this—but many are yet in the egg, and the rest are but cheepers—little bigger than the small brown moorland bird that goes birling up with its own short epithalamium, and drops down on the rushes still as a stone. Them he harms not on their short flight—but marking them down, twirls his piece like a fogleman, and thinks of the Twelfth. Safer methinks wilt thou be a score or two yards farther off, O Whawp! for though thy young are yet callow, Kit is beginning to think they may shift for themselves; and that long bill and that long neck, and those long legs and that long body—the *tout ensemble* so elegant, so graceful, and so wild—are a strong temptation to the trigger—click—clack—whizz—phew—fire—smoke and thunder—head-over-heels topsy-turvy goes the poor curlew—and Kit stands over him leaning on his single-barrel—with a stern but somewhat sad aspect, exulting in his skill, yet sorry for the creature whose wild cry will be heard no more.

'Tis an oasis in the desert. That green spot is called a quagmire—an ugly name enough—but itself is beautiful; for it diffuses its own light round about it, like a star vivifying its halo. The sward encircling it is firm—and Kit lays him down, heedless of the bird, with eyes fixed on the oozing spring. How fresh the wild cresses! His very eyes are drinking! His thirst is at once excited and satisfied by looking at the lustrous leaves—composed

of cooling light without spot or stain. What ails the boy? He covers his face with his hands, and in the silence sighs. A small white hand, with its fingers spread, rises out of the spring, as if it were beckoning to heaven in prayer—and then is sucked slowly in out of sight with a gurgling groan. The spring so fresh and fair—so beautiful with its cresses and many another water-loving plant beside—is changed into the same horrid quagmire it was that day—a holiday—three years ago—when racing in her joy Amy Lewars blindly ran into it, among her blithe companions, and suddenly perished. Childhood, they say, soon dries its tears, and soon forgets. God be praised for all his goodness! true it is that on the cheek of childhood tears are dried up as if by the sunshine of joy stealing from on high—but, God be praised for all his goodness! false it is that the heart of childhood has not a long memory, for in a moment the mournful past revives within it—as often as the joyful—sadness becomes sorrow, sorrow grief, and grief anguish, as now it is with the solitary boy seated by that ghastly spot in the middle of the wide moor.

Away he hies, and he is humming a tune. But what's this? A merry-making in the moor? Ay, a merry-making; but were you to take part in it, you would find it about the hardest work that ever tried the strength of your spine. 'Tis a party of divot-flaughters. The people in the parish are now digging their peats, and here is a whole household, provident of winter, borrowing fuel from the moss. They are far from coals, and wood is intended by nature for other uses, but fire in peat she dedicated to the hearth, and there it burns all over Scotland, Highland and Lowland, far and near, at many a holy altar. 'Tis the mid-day-hour of rest. Some are half-asleep, some yet eating, some making a sort of under-voiced, under-hand love. "Mr North! Mr North! Mr North!" is the joyful cry—horny-fists first—downy fists next—and after heartiest greeting, Master Kitty is installed, enthroned on a knowe, Master of the Ceremonies—and in good time gives them a song. Then "galliards cry a hall a hall,"

and hark and lo! preluded by six smacks — three foursome reels! “Sic hirdum-dirdum and sic din,” on the sward, to a strathspey frae the fiddle o’ auld blin’ Hugh Lyndsay, the itinerant musicianer, who was noways particular about the number of his strings, and when one, or even two snapped, used to play away at pretty much of the same tune with redoubled energy and variations. He had the true old Niel-Gow yell, and had he played on for ever, folk would have danced on for ever till they had all, one after the other, dropped down dead. What steps!

“Who will try me,” cries Kit, “at loup-the-barrows.” “I will,” quoth Soupple Tam. The barrows are laid — how many side by side we fear to say — for we have become sensitive on our veracity — on a beautiful piece of springy-turf, an inclined plane with length sufficient for a run, and while old and young line both sides of the lane near the loup, stript to the sark and the breeks, Soupple Tam, as he fondly thinks, shows the way to win, and clears them all like a frog or a roebuck. “Clear the way, clear the way for the callant, Kit’s coming!” cries Ebenezer Brackenrigg, the Elder, a douce man now, but a deevil in his youth, and like “a waff o’ lichtnin’” past their een, Kit clears the barrows a foot beyond Soupple Tam, and at the first fly is declared victor by acclamation. Oh our unprophetic soul! did the day indeed dawn — many long years after this our earliest great conquest yet traditional in the parish — that ere nightfall witnessed our defeat by — a tailor! The Flying Tailor of Eterrick — the Lying Shepherd thereof — would they had never been born — the one to triumph and the other to record that triumph — yet let us be just to the powers of our rival — for though all the world knows we were lame when we leapt him,

“Great must I call him, for he vanquished
ME.”

What a place at night was that moor! At night! That is a most indeterminate mode of expression, for there are nights of all sorts and sizes, and what kind of a night do we mean? Not a mirk night, for no man ever walked that moor on a

mirk night, except one, and he, though blin-fou, was drowned. But a night may be dark without being mirk, with or without stars; and on many such a night have we, but not always alone — who was with us you shall never know — threaded our way with no other clue than that of evolving recollections originally notices, across that wilderness of labyrinths, fearlessly, yet at times with a beating heart. Our companion had her clue too, one in her pocket, of blue worsted, with which she kept in repair all the stockings belonging to the family, and one in her memory, of green ethereal silk, which, finer far than any spider’s web, she let out as she tript along the moor, and on her homeward-way she felt, by some spiritual touch, the invisible lines along which she retript as safely as if they had been moonbeams. During such journeyings we never saw the moor, how then can you expect us to describe it?

But oftener we were alone. Earthquakes abroad are dreadful occurrences, and blot out the obituary. But here they are so gentle that the heedless multitude never feel them, and on hearing you tell of them, they incredulously stare. That moor made no show of religion, but was a Quaker. We had but to stand still for five minutes or so, no easy matter then, for we were more restless than a wave, or to lie down with our ear to the ground, and the spirit was sure to move the old Quaker, who forthwith began to preach and pray and sing Psalms. How he moaned at times as if his heart was breaking! At times, as if some old forgotten sorrow were recalled, how he sighed! Then recovering his self-possession, as if to clear his voice, he gave a hem, and then a short nasty cough like a patient in a consumption. Now all was hush, and you might have supposed he had fallen asleep, for in that hush you heard what seemed an intermitting snore. When all at once, whew, whew, whew, as if he were whistling, accompanied with a strange rushing sound as of diving wings. That was in the air, but instantly after you heard something odder still in the bog. And while wondering, and of your wonder finding no end, the ground, which a

moment before had felt firm as a road, began to shrink, and sink, and hesitate, and hurry, and crumble, and mumble all around you, and close up to your very feet—the quagmires gurgling as if choked—and a subterranean voice distinctly articulating Oh! Oh! Oh!

We have heard of people who pretend not to believe in ghosts—geologists who know how the world was created; but will they explain that moor? And how happened it that only by nights and dark nights it was so haunted? Beneath a wakeful moon and unwinking stars it was silent as a frozen sea. You listened then, and heard but the grass growing, and beautiful grass it was, though it was called coarse, and made the sweetest-scented hay. What crowds of bum-bees' bykes—foggies—did the scythe not reveal as it heaped up the heavy swathes—three hundred stone to the acre—by guess—for there was neither weighing nor measuring there then-a-days, but all was in the lump—and there the rashed stacks stood all the winter through, that they might be near the "eerie outlan cattle," on places where cart-wheel never circled, nor axle-tree creaked—nor ever car of antique make trailed its low load along—for the horse would have been laired. We knew not then at all—and now we but imperfectly know—the cause of the Beautiful. Then we believed the Beautiful to be wholly extern; something we had nothing to do with but to look at, and lo! it shone divinely there! Happy creed if false—for in it, with holiest reverence, we blamelessly adored the stars. There they were in millions as we thought—every one brighter than another, when by chance we happened to fix on any individual among them that we might look through its face into its heart. All above gloriously glittering, all below a blank. Our body here, our spirit there—how mean our birth-place, our death-home how magnificent! "Fear God and keep his commandments," said a small still voice—and we felt that if He gave us strength to obey that law, we should live for ever beyond all those stars.

But were there no lochs in our parish? Yea. Four. The Little

Loch—the White Loch—the Black Loch—and the Brother Loch. Not a tree on the banks of any one of them—yet he had been a blockhead who called them bare. Had there been any need for trees, Nature would have sown them on hills she so dearly loved. Nor sheep nor cattle were ever heard to complain of those pastures. They bleated and they lowed as cheerily as the moorland birdies sang—and how cheerily that was nobody knew who had not often met the morning on the brae, and shaken hands with her the rosy-fingered like two familiar friends. No want of lown places there, in which the creatures could lie with wool or hair unruffled among surrounding storms. For the hills had been dropt from the hollow of His hand who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—and even high up, where you might see tempest-stricken stones—some of them like pillars—but placed not there by human art—there were cozy bields in wildest weather, and some into which the snow was never known to drift, green all the winter through—perennial nests. Such was the nature of the region where lay our Four Lochs. They were some quarter of a mile—some half mile—and some whole mile—not more—asunder; but there was no height—and we have a hundred times climbed the highest—from which they could be all seen at once—so cannily were they embosomed, so needed not to be embowered.

The LITTLE LOCH was the rushiest and reediest little rascal that ever rustled, and he was on the very edge of the Moor. That he had fish we all persisted in believing, in spite of all the unsuccessful angling of all kinds that from time immemorial had assailed his sullen depths—but what a place for powheads! One continued bank of them—while yet they were but eyes in the spawn—encircled it instead of water-lilies—and at "the season of the year," by throwing in a few stones you awoke a croaking that would have silenced a rookery. In the early part of the century a pike had been seen basking in the shallows, by eye-measurement about ten feet long—but fortunately he had never been hooked, or the consequences

would have been fatal. We have seen the Little Loch alive with wild-ducks; but it was almost impossible by position to get a shot at them—and quite impossible, if you did, to get hold of the slain. Fro himself—the best dog that ever dived—was baffled by the multiplicity of impediments and obstructions—and at last refused to take the water—sat down and howled in spiteful rage. Yet Imagination loved the Little Loch—and so did Hope. We have conquered it in sleep both with rod and gun—the weight of bag and basket has wakened us out of dreams of murder that never were realized—yet once, and once only, in it we caught an eel, which we skinned, and wore the shrivel for many a day round our ankle—nor is it a vain superstition—to preserve it from sprains. We are willing the Little Loch should be drained; but you would have to dig a fearsome trench, for it used to have no bottom. A party of us—six—ascertained that fact, by heaving into it a stone which six-and-thirty schoolboys of this degenerate age could not have lifted from its moss-bed—and though we watched for an hour not a bubble rose to the surface. It used sometimes to boil like a pot on breathless days, for events happening in foreign countries disturbed the spring, and the torments it suffered thousands of fathoms below, were manifested above in turbulence that would have drowned a skiff.

The WHITE LOCH—so called from the silver sand of its shores—had likewise its rushy and reedy bogs; but access to every part of the main body was unimpeded, and you waded into it, gradually deeper and deeper, with such a delightful descent, that up to the arm-pits, and then to the chin, you could keep touching the sand with your big-toe, till you floated away off at the nail, out of your depth, without for a little while discovering that it was incumbent on you, for sake of your personal safety, to take to regular swimming—and then how buoyant was the milk-warm water, without a wave but of your own creating, as the ripples went circling away before your breast or your breath! It was absolutely too clear—for without knitting your brows you could not see it

on bright airless days—and wondered what had become of it—when all at once, as if it had been that very moment created out of nothing, there it was! with “its old familiar face” endowed with some novel beauty—for of all the lochs we ever knew—and to be so simple too—the White Loch had surely the greatest variety of expression—but all within the cheerful—for sadness was alien altogether from its spirit, and the gentle mere for ever wore a smile. Swans—but that was but once—our own eyes had seen on it—and were they wild or were they tame swans, certain it is they were great and glorious and lovely creatures, and whiter than any snow. No house was within sight, and they had nothing to fear—nor did they look afraid—sailing in the centre of the loch—nor did we see them fly away—for we lay still on the hillside till in the twilight we should not have known what they were, and we left them there among the shadows seemingly asleep. In the morning they were gone, and perhaps making love in some mere in a foreign land.

The BLACK-LOCH was a strange misnomer for one so fair—for black we never saw him, except it might be for an hour or so before thunder. If he really was a loch of colour the original taint had been washed out of him, and he might have shown his face among the purest waters of Europe. But then he was deep; and knowing that, the natives had named him, in no unnatural confusion of ideas, the Black Loch. We have seen wild duck eggs five fathom down so distinctly that we could count them—and though that is not a bad dive we have brought them up, one in our mouth, and one in each hand, the tenants of course dead—nor can we now conjecture what sank them there—but ornithologists see unaccountable sights, and therefore they who are not ornithologists, and they only, disbelieve Wilson and Audubon. Two features had the Black Loch which gave it to our eyes a pre-eminence in beauty over the other three—a tongue of land that half-divided it, and never on hot days was without some cattle grouped on its very point, and in among the water—and a cliff on which, though it was not very lofty, a pair of falcons had their

nest. Yet in misty weather, when its head was hidden, the shrill cry seemed to come from a great height. There were some ruins too—tradition said of a church or chapel—that had been ruins long before the establishment of the Protestant faith. But they were somewhat remote, and likewise somewhat imaginary, for stones are found lying strangely distributed, and those looked to our eyes not like such as builders use, but to have been dropt there most probably from the moon.

But the best beloved, if not the most beautiful, of them all was the BROTHER-LOCH. It mattered not what was his disposition or genius, every one of us boys, however different might be our other tastes, preferred it far beyond the rest, and for once that we visited any of them we visited it twenty times, nor ever once left it with disappointed hopes of enjoyment. It was the nearest, and therefore most within our power, so that we could gallop to it on shanks naiggie, well on in the afternoon, and enjoy what seemed a long day of delight, swift as flew the hours, before evening-prayers. Yet was it remote enough to make us always feel that our race thither was not for every day—and we seldom returned home without an adventure. It was the largest too by far of the four—and indeed its area would have held the waters of all the rest. Then there was a charm to our heart as well as our imagination in its name—for tradition assigned it on account of three brothers that perished in its waters—and the same name for the same reason belongs to many another loch—and to one pool on almost every river. But above all it was the Loch for angling, and we long kept to perch. What schools! Not that they were of a very large size—though pretty well—but hundreds all nearly the same size gladdened our hearts as they lay, at the close of our sport, in separate heaps, on the greensward-shore, more beautiful out of all sight than your silver or golden fishes in a glass-vase, where one appears to be twenty, and the delusive voracity is all for a single crumb. No bait so killing as cow-sharn-mawks, fresh from their native bed, scooped out with the thumb. He must have

been a dear friend to whom, in a scarcity, by the water-side, when the coiks were dipping, we would have given a mawk. No pike. Therefore the trout were allowed to attain their full natural size—and that seemed to be about seven pounds—adolescents not unfrequent swam two and three—and you seldom or never saw the smaller fry. But few were the days “good for the Brother Loch.” Perch rarely failed you, for by perseverance you were sure to fall in with one circumnatory school or other, and to do murderous work among them with the mawk, from the schoolmaster himself inclusive down to the little booby of the lowest form. Not so with the Trout. We have angled ten hours a-day for half-a-week (during the vacance), without ever getting a single rise—nor could even that be called bad sport, for we lived in momentary expectation, mingled with fear, of a monster. Better far from sunrise to sunset never to move a fin than oh! me miserable! to hook a huge hero with shoulders like a hog—play him till he comes floating side up close to the shore, and then to feel the feckless fly leave his lip and begin gambolling in the air, while he wallops away back into his native element and sinks utterly and for evermore into the dark profound. Life loses at such a moment all that makes life desirable—yet strange! the wretch lives on—and has not the heart to drown himself, as he wrings his hands and curses his lot and the day he was born. But, thank heaven, that ghastly fit of fancy is gone by, and we imagine one of those dark, scowling, gusty, almost tempestuous days “prime for the Brother Loch.” No glare or glitter on the water—no reflection of fleecy clouds—but a black-blue undulating swell at times turbulent—with now and then a breaking wave—that was the weather in which the giants fed—showing their backs like dolphins within a fathom of the shore, and sucking in the red heckle among your very feet. Not an insect in the air—yet then the fly was all the rage. This is a mystery—for you could do nothing with the worm. Oh! that we had then known the science of the spin-

ning minnow! But we were then but an apprentice—who are now Emeritus Grand Master. Yet at this distance of time—half a century and more—it is impious to repine. Gut was not always to be got—and on such days a three-haired snood did the business—for they were bold as lions, and rashly rushed on death. The gleam of the yellow-worsted body with star-y-pointed tail maddened them with desire—no dallying with the gay deceiver—they licked him in—they gorged him—and while satiating their passion got involved in inextricable fate. You have seen a single strong horse ploughing up hill. How he sets his brisket to it—and snuves along—as the lines of clean dirt fall in beautiful regularity from the gliding share. So snued along the Monarch of the Mere—or the heir-apparent—or heir-presumptive—or some other branch of the royal family—while our line kept steadily cutting the waves, and our rod enclosing some new segment of the sky.

But many another pastime we pursued upon those pastoral hills—for even angling has its due measure—and unless that be preserved, the passion wastes itself into lassitude, or waxes into disease. “I would not angle alway,” thinks the wise boy—“off to some other game let us altogether fly.” Never were there such hills for hare and hounds. There couched many a pussey—and there Bob Howie’s famous Tickler—the Grew of all Grews—first stained his flues in the blood of the Fur. But there is no coursing between April and October—and during the intervening months, we used to have many a hunt on foot, without dogs, after the leverets. We all belonged to the High School indeed, and here was its play-ground. Cricket we had never heard of—but there was ample room and verge enough for foot-ball. Our prime delight, however, was the chase. We were all in perpetual training, and in such wind that there were no bellows to mend after a flight of miles. We circled the Lochs. Plashing through the marishes we strained winding up the hill-sides, till on the cairn called a beacon that crowned the loftiest summit of the range, we stood and waved defiance to our pursuers scattered wide and

far below, for ’twas a Deer Hunt. Then we became cavaliers. We caught the long-maned and long tailed colts, and mounting bare-backed, with rash helmets and segg sabres, charged the nowt till the stirks were scattered, and the lowing lord of herds himself taken captive, as he stood pawing in a nook with his nose to the ground and eyes of fire. That was the riding-school in which we learned to witch the world with noble horsemanship. We thus got confirmed in that fine, easy, unconstrained, natural seat, which we carried with us into the saddle when we were required to handle the bridle instead of the mane. ’Tis right to hold on by the knees, but equally so to hold on by the calves of the legs and the heels. The modern system of turning out the toes, and sticking out the legs as if they were cork or timber, is at once dangerous and ridiculous; hence in our cavalry the men get unhorsed in every charge. On pony-back we used to make the soles of our feet smack together below the belly, for quadruped and biped were both unshod, and hoof needed no iron on that stoneless sward. But the biggest fun of all was to “grup the auld mare,” and ride her sextuple, the tallest boy sitting on the neck, and the shortest on the rump with his face to the tail, and holding on by that fundamental feature by which the urchin tooled her along as by a tiller. How the silly foal whinnied, as with light-gathered steps he accompanied in circles his populous parent, and seemed almost to doubt her identity, till one by one we slipped off over her hurdies, and let him take a suck! But what comet is yon in the sky—“with fear of change perplexing mallards?” A Flying Dragon. Of many degrees is his tail, with a tuft like that of Taurus terrified by the sudden entrance of the Sun into his sign. Up goes Sandy Donald’s rusty and rimless beaver as a messenger to the Celestial. He obeys, and stooping his head, descends with many diverse divings, and buries his beak in the earth. The feathered kite quails and is cowed by him of paper, and there is a scampering of cattle on a hundred hills.

The Brother Loch saw annually another sight, when on the Green-

Brae was pitched a Tent—a snow-white Pyramid gathering to itself all the sunshine. There lords and ladies, and knights and squires, celebrated Old May-day, and half the parish flocked to the Festival. The Earl of Eglintoun, and Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and old Sir John of Pollock, and Pollock of that Ilk, and other heads of illustrious houses, with their wives and daughters, a beautiful show, did not disdain them of low degree, but kept open table in the moor; and would you believe it, high-born youths and maidens ministered at the board to cottage lads and lasses, whose sun-burnt faces hardly dared to smile, under awe of that courtesy—yet whenever they looked up there was happiness in their eyes. The young ladies were all arrayed in green; and after the feast, they took bows and arrows in their lily hands, and shot at a target in a style that would have gladdened the heart of Mald Mariau—nay, of Robin himself—and one surpassing bright—the Star of Ayr—she held a hawk on her fist—a tercel gentle—after the fashion of the olden time; and ever as she moved her arm you heard the chiming of silver bells. And her brother—gay and gallant as Sir Tristrem—he blew his tasselled bugle—so sweet, so pure, so wild the music, that when he ceased to breathe, the far-off repeated echoes, faint and dim, you thought died away in Heaven, like an angel's voice.

Was it not a Paragon of a Parish? But we have not told you one half of its charms. There was a charm in every nook—and Youth was the master of the spell. Small magicians were we in size, but we were great in might. We had but to open our eyes in the morning, and at one look all nature was beautiful. We have said nothing about the Burns. The chief was the Yearn—endearingly called the Humby, from a farm near the Manse, and belonging to the minister. Its chief source was, we believe, the Brother-Loch. But it whimpled with such an infantine voice from the lucid bay, which then knew nor sluice nor dam, that for a while it was scarcely even a rill, and you had to seek for it among the heather. In doing so, ten to one, some brooding birdie fluttered off

her nest—but not till your next step would have crushed them all—or perhaps—but he had no nest there—a snipe. There it is—betrayed by a line of livelier verdure. Ere-long it sparkled within banks of its own and “braes of green bracken,” and as you footed along, shoals of minnows, and perhaps a small trout or two brastled away to the other side of the shallow, and hid themselves in the shadows. 'Tis a pretty rill now—nor any longer mute; and you hear it murmur. It has acquired confidence on its course, and has formed itself into its first pool—a waterfall, three feet high, with its own tiny rocks, and a single birk—no it is a rowan—too young yet to bear berries—else might a child pluck the highest cluster. Imperceptibly, insensibly, it grows just like life. The Burn is now in his boyhood; and a bold, bright boy he is—dancing and singing—nor heeding which way he goes along the wild, any more than that wee rosy-cheeked, flaxen-headed girl seems to heed, who drops you a curtsy, and on being asked by you, with your hand on her hair, where she is going, answers wi' a soft Scottish accent—ah! how sweet—“owre the hill to see my Mither.” Is that a house? No—a fauld. For this is the Washing-Pool. Look around you and you never saw such perfectly white sheep. They are Cheviots; for the black-faces are on the higher hills to the north of the moor. We see a few rigs of flax—and “lint is in the bell”—the steeping whereof will sadly annoy the bit burnie, but poor people must spin—and as this is not the season, we will think of nothing that can pollute his limpid waters. Symptoms of husbandry! Potato-shaws luxuriating on lazy beds, and a small field with alternate rigs of oats and barley. Yes, that is a house—“an auld clay bigging”—in such Robin Burns was born—in such was rocked the cradle of Pollock. We think we hear two separate liquid voices—and we are right—for from the flats beyond Floak, and away towards Kingswells, comes another yet wilder burnie, and they meet in one at the head of what you would probably call a meadow, but which we call a holm. There

seems to be more arable land hereabouts than a stranger could have had any idea of; but it is a long time since the ploughshare traced those almost obliterated furrows on the hill-side; and such cultivation is now wisely confined, you observe, to the lower lands. We fear the Yearn—for that is his name now—heretofore he was anonymous—is about to get flat. But we must not grudge him a slumber or a sleep among the saughs, lulled by the murmur of millions of humble bees—we speak within bounds—on their honied flowerage. We are confusing the seasons, for a few minutes ago we spoke of “lint being in the bell”—but in imagination’s dream how sweetly do the seasons all slide into one another! After sleep comes play, and see and hear now how the merry Yearn goes tumbling over rocks, nor will rest in any one linn, but impatient of each beautiful prison in which one would think he might lie a willing thrall, hurries on as if he were racing against time, nor casts a look at the human dwellings now more frequent near his sides. But he will be stopped by and by, whether he will or no; for there, if we be not much mistaken, there is a mill. But the wheel is at rest—the sluice on the laide is down—with the laide he has nothing more to do than to fill it—and with undiminished volume he wends round the miller’s garden—you see Dusty Jacket is a florist—and now is hidden in a dell. But a dell without any rocks. ’Tis but some hundred yards across from bank to brae—and as you angle along on either side, the sheep and lambs are bleating high over head; for though the braes are steep, they are all intersected with sheep-walks, and ever and anon among the broom and the brackens are little platforms of close-nibbled greensward, yet not bare—and nowhere else is the pasture more succulent—nor do the young creatures not care to taste the primroses, though were they to live entirely upon them, they could not keep down the profusion—so thickly studded in places are the constellations—among sprinklings of single stars. Here the hill-black-bird builds—and here you know why Scotland is called the lintie’s land. What bird lilt like the lintwhite?

The lark alone. But here there are no larks—a little farther down and you will hear one ascending or descending over almost every field of grass or of the tender braird. Down the dell before you, flitting from stone to stone, on short flight seeks the water-pyot—seemingly a witless creature with its bonnie white breast—to wile you away from the crevice, even within the waterfall, that holds its young—or with a cock of her tail she dips and disappears. There is grace in the glancing sand-piper—nor, though somewhat fantastical, is the water-wag-tail inelegant—either belle or beau—an outlandish bird that makes himself at home wherever he goes, and, vain as he looks, is contented if but one admire him in a solitary place—though it is true that we have seen them in half dozens on the midden in front of the cottage door. The blue slip of sky overhead has been gradually widening, and the dell is done. Is that snow? A bleach-field. Lasses can bleach their own linen on the green near the pool “atween twa flowery braes,” as Allan has so sweetly sung, in his truly Scottish pastoral, the Gentle Shepherd. But even they could not well do without bleach-fields on a larger scale, else dingy would be their smocks and their wedding-sheets. Therefore there is beauty in a bleachfield, and in none more than in Bells-Meadows. But where is the Burn? They have stolen him out of his bed, and, alas! nothing but stones! Gather up your flies, and away down to yonder grove. There he is like one risen from the dead; and how joyful his resurrection! All the way from this down to the Brigg o’ Humble the angling is admirable, and the burn has become a stream. You wade now through longer grass—sometimes even up to the knees; and half-forgetting pastoral life, you ejaculate “Speed the plough!” Whitewashed houses—but still thatched—look down on you from among trees, that shelter them in front; while behind is an encampment of stacks, and on each side a line of offices, so that they are snug in every wind that blows. The Auld Brigg is gone, which is a pity; for though the turn was perilous

sharp, time had so coloured it, that in a sunny shower we have mistaken it for a rainbow. That's Humble House, God bless it! and though we cannot here with our bodily sense see the manse, with our spiritual eye we can see it any where. Ay! there is the cock on the kirk-spire! The wind we see has shifted to the south; and ere we reach the Cart, we shall have to stuff our pockets. The Cart!—ay, the river Cart—not that on which pretty Paisley stands, but the Black Cart, beloved by us, chiefly for sake of Cath-Cart Castle, which, when a collegian at Glasgow, we visited every Play-Friday, and deepened the ivy on its walls with our first sombre dreams. The scenery of the Yearn becomes even silvan now; and though still sweet its murmurs to our ear, they no longer sink into our heart. So let it mingle with the Cart, and the Cart with the Clyde, and the Clyde widen away in all his majesty, till the river becomes a firth, and the firth the sea—but we shut our eyes, and relapse into the vision that showed us the solitary region dearest to our imaginations and our hearts, and opening them on completion of the charm that works within the spirit when no daylight is there, rejoice to find ourselves again sole-sitting on the Green-Brae above the Brother Loch.

Such is an off-hand picture of Our Parish—pray give us one of yours, that both may gain by comparison. But is ours a true picture? True as Holy Writ—false as any fiction in an Arabian tale. How is this? Perception, memory, imagination, are all modes—states of mind. But mind, as we said before, is one substance, and matter another—and mind never deals with matter without metamorphosing it like a mythologist. Thus truth and falsehood, reality and fiction, become all one and the same—for they are so essentially blended that we defy you to show what is biblical—what apocryphal—and what pure romance. How we transpose and dislocate while we limn in aerial colours! Where tree never grew we drop it down centuries old—or we tear out the gnarled oak by the roots, and steep what was once his shadow in sunshine—hills sink at a touch or at a beck moun-

tains rise—yet amidst all those fluctuations the spirit of the place remains the same—for in that spirit has imagination all along been working—and boon nature smiles on her son as he imitates her creations—but “hers are heavenly, his an empty dream.”

Where lies Our Parish, and what is its name? Seek, and you will find it either in Renfrewshire, or in Utopia, or in the Moon. As for its name, men call it the Mearns. M'ulloch, the great Glasgow painter—and in Scotland he has no superior—will perhaps accompany you to what once was the Moor. All the Four Lochs, we understand, are there still; but the Little Loch transmogrified into an auxiliar appurtenance to some cursed Wark—the Brother Loch much exhausted by daily drains upon him by we know not what wretch—the White Loch *larched*!—and the Black Loch, of a ghastly blue, cruelly cultivated all close round the brim. From his moor

“The parting genius is with sighing sent;”

but sometimes, on blear-eyed days, he is seen disconsolately sitting in some yet mossy spot among the ruins of his ancient reign. That painter has studied the aspect of the Old Forlorn—and has shown it more than once on bits of canvass not a foot square—and such pictures will survive after the Ghost of the Genius has bade farewell for ever to the ruined solitudes he had haunted ever since the flood, or been laid beneath the yet unprofaned Green-Brae, above the Brother-Loch, whence we devoutly trust he will reissue, though centuries may have to elapse, to see all his quagmires in their primeval glory, and all his hags more hideously beautiful, as they yawn back again into their former selves, frowning over the burial in their bottoms of all the harvests that had dared to ripen above their heads.

Such was the School in which we learnt the Art of Angling in all its branches—and a trifle or two besides; but we must not conceal from an indulgent public that in the same boyhood we became most desperate poachers. All that rod could do we did, but though often worn out, were

never satiated with such slaughter. Of course we set all manner of night-lines—but the eels were troublesome; and, putting our genius in requisition, we invented a net—for which we yet intend taking out a patent, for cleaning ponds. We left all the sludge at the bottom—and some of the weeds round the side—but in no garden pond did we ever leave more than a couple of trouts to perpetuate the species. There was no safety even for the trout who, like truth, lay at the bottom of a well. But that was not the worst of it. We laved and limed. Like pioneers we cut trenches that carried away burns, and left waterfalls with only the rocks—and then with our gang always ripe for mischief we limed the pool below till the whole inhabitation sickened, and came floating on side or back to the surface, and we had but to rake them in; or with pails and buckets we laved all night long, till the morning star saw us up to the calves in fish—then shovelling up the trenches, we again let on the water—and off to the manse with our instruments and our spoil on hand-barrows before peep of day. Why, we once drew the Brother Loch. We got a net from Greenock in a cart that pretended to be laden with salmon and sea-trout—and a few fine ones were on the surface, but the man could not get his price. A pleasure-boat had been put by some blockhead on the loch, and chained and locked to an antédiluvian log; but we struck off his irons and set the prisoner free. That night he was a pleasure-boat indeed! Bob Howie of course was the chief actor, but we were the first contriver of the crime. The man with the cart had been long in the herring fishery, and was well known in the Cumraes and at the Largs for his command over all the treasures of the deep—whitings, haddocks, skate, cod, and ling, and the rest. But the bung having been prematurely drawn from the whisky-barrel, David's sow was sober in comparison with him, before we began to haul. Indeed the prevalent opinion, which luckily proved erroneous, was that he was dead. Experience teaches fools, but we reasoned *a priori*—and veteran fisher-

men could not have handled the hair tether more scientifically than we did at our end of the net—and at his Bob. Howie cheering us with his well-timed “yo-haul!” As the narrowing semicircle neared the sandy shore of Wallopper Bay, we heard them in despair plunging sullenly, and for a minute, as the moon was walking out of one cloud into another, we saw them shooting up, and a few escaped by leaping the barriers; but soon the shore was alive. What bouncing, and flouncing, and rolling, and writhing, as the corps of cudgellers—“that small infantry” which had been kept in reserve—rushed in and laid about them on all sides, one blow on the snout and two on the shoulders sufficing to do the business of the larger—and of the tinier a tramp on the tail. What is bred in the bone will not out of the flesh; and in proof of that apothegm, lo! Luna, unable any longer to control her curiosity, flings off her cloud-head-gear, and unveiled gazes on the *mélée*. We lift up in both hands a labber two feet long, and eyeing her steadfastly, exclaim—“Old Lady! how are you off for fish?”

Up to this time you must know we had never been in the Highlands. We had but seen from a distance the mountain tops; and often had we longed for the wings of an eagle to cleave our way in ten minutes to Ben, and discover for ourselves what kind of a world it was that lay brooded over by those everlasting clouds. So on our sixteenth birth-day (19th of May, 17—), rod-in-hand, we left Glasgow at the dawning, and our first meal was eaten well out of the Lowlands—at Luss on Loch Lomond side. The walk is some thirty good miles, we guess—but we did not walk—we flew. Long before dark we were at Tarbert—and dived into Glenfalloch—for we went like a ship before the wind, and had the Loch not stopped neither should we, for we raced the waves, and first touched that glorious goal. Below a rock we laid ourselves down on our back—but not to sleep. As we had outrun the waves, so we outwaked the stars. They grew sleepy and set. But soon

“Uprose the sun, and uprose Christopher;”
 over by Tynedrum—down Glenorchy—and that afternoon we dropt our first fly in Loch Awe. But who can fish in a brain fever? The mountains maddened us—the cataracts crazed us—the cliffs turned our head—and as at gloaming we looked on the whole Western Highlands coming to embrace us, our heart leaped and almost misgave us, like a virgin’s on her wedding-day, at sight of the bold bridegroom about to change the whole character of her existence.

And ours was changed instantly and for ever. Sleep was made for vulgar souls, and we threw it to the dogs on their night-watches. A map on a small scale—a pocket-map—is one of the meanest miseries of human life. So we flung ours into the Awe, and on the morning of the third day away up into Glen-Etive. Sunset saw us on the summit of Cruachan, and we beheld an empire wide as our soul’s desire—in which imagination might work for months—without losing sight of that diadem—a white turban encircled with an emerald-wreath studded with diamonds.

Then felt we that though not born a mountaineer, we had been educated for the mountains. Did we despise the Mearns Moor, and its hills and its lochs? Were they dwindled into insignificance at sight of those vast deserts, cloud-cleaving mountains, and sea-arms that far inland foamed along the deep black hollows, and fiercely lightened the overhanging gloom with fits of stormy lustre? No, we blessed them all. In rapture we soared up the ascending scale—with joy we let ourselves sink down along the descending scale of nature, and closing our eyes as we stood on that watch-tower, and had been gazing on the sea in sunset, we imagined ourselves for a moment on the Green-Brae by the sweet side of the Brother Loch, and felt that they were filled with tears!

That is the way, believe us, to enjoy this world and this life—and partly the way to prepare us for the next—never to cease loving what we have once loved—provided our love has been innocent. Let our

sympathy widen, as we grow up, with the widening Universe. But whatever of glory or of beauty continues to be displayed to us, let not any thing perish that had being in our thought. Fear not that the soul cannot comprehend and hold them all—for it is capacious—and is itself not obedient to laws of time and space. The memory is not a granary nor a storehouse—that is but an image and a poor one; she is the Soul as it has been; and as the Soul has been, so should it be—for the Present, you know, momentarily becomes the Past—and the Future momentarily becomes the Present—and thus is the Soul One from the cradle to the grave—continuous even here—and so it will be through all the ages of Eternity. Oh! ungrateful to God for his exceeding goodness to us, the creatures of his breath, is forgetfulness—the slightest is a great sin. Some men seem ashamed of their childhood, as if it were humiliating to them who conceive that they have reached the summit of the hill where science sits, and shows them the secrets of the stars, to think that once they were “muling and pukeing in their nurse’s arms.” “I forget it—it happened when I was a mere boy!” For that very reason you should have remembered it—but perhaps you are ashamed of your father’s house. “’Tis a silly book—fit only for little children.” Yet of “such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” “I used to think it a pretty place, but I wonder now what I could see in it.” Fitly said, O thou monkey! who hast seen the world. Thou wouldst fain be buried in Westminster Abbey or St Paul’s? Give us a gowany grave in the kirkyard of the parish where our childhood played—a stone simple as those around it, where “the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,” will suffice—and we should wish for no other inscription than—not a “forlorn”—but a hopeful “HIC JACET.”

But where were we? For the first time in our life in the Highlands. A thunder-storm should [not—if it can help it—commence late in the evening; and if it cannot help it, it should, an hour or two before, show such symptoms of being engaged in brewing, as he who runs may read—

and soon after fire a signal gun. But on the evening of our third day in the Highlands, without a moment's warning of any kind, one came rattling like the sea round Cruachan, and so engirdled him with electricity, that he smelt as if he had been made of sulphur, and in one glare seemed split. We awoke out of a swoon—stunned and sick—and wept to think that we were blind for life. We had been sitting on the edge of a coppice—and we crawled in among the bushes from the deluge. Ghastly fear fell upon us that there we should die, and our body rot. We held up the lids of our eyes with our fingers, but all was black. Yet a faint light touched them just before each clap—or rather each rattle—for the noise was less like any thunder we had ever heard before, than the emptying of millions of carts of stones over a precipice. The horror must have lasted till midnight, and about that time it withdrew. If the day had been sultry the night was bitter cold; and we felt slimy as a worm. Death, saith the atheist, is a perpetual sleep. Then Sin will lie in hell for ever, if his sleep be strangled as ours was, and such fiery arrows keep shooting through his brain. Such power may be given to Satan, for he is Prince of the Air, and Fever is his flaming minister.

Sleep it could not have been—it was something more terrible than any sleep; and all at once the fit passed away, leaving but a dull heavy weight lying loose—so we felt it—in the hollow of our brain. We heard what we thought must surely be the singing of birds; and opening our eyes *we saw*—we saw the still, bright, beautiful Morning—Nature hushed and happy among the hymning, as if that hour fresh from her Maker's hand. We thought to rise, but we were palsied. We looked at our body and limbs, but they were numb as stone. A creature stood near us—a creature of the wood—but its large dark eyes saw us not, and it began to browse on the leaves within a few feet of our lair. It was a Roe. Strange sight! to see the shyest of the wild standing as if quite tame, almost, if we could have moved it, within touch of our hand. Its beauty and

its happiness—and both were perfect—was a comfort in our misery, and we almost were glad. We fetched a deep sigh, and terror-stricken it started as if shot, and then with a single bound topt the highest bushes, and was gone!

It is not easy to stop the circulation of the blood in the body of a strong healthful boy, just entered into his sixteenth year, and that boy Kit North. Yet we know of nothing likelier to do it, and that, too, effectually, than a flash of lightning, followed by a night's Highland rain. In this case, however, they both failed; for an invisible troop of fairies forthwith began pricking us all over with thorns, as if the Queen, who is the most capricious creature Fancy ever created, had given orders to have us *tattooed*.

We rose, and found that we could not only stand but walk. The dull heavy weight still continued going like a pendulum, in what must have been the hollow of our brain, and an indifferent watch had been kept by *pia mater*. Yet, in spite of that, we felt light-headed, and saw even in the daylight some ugly customers, that said not a word on passing by, any more than if they had been phantoms. Some had kilts, and seemed about the middle size—others were indistinctly dressed, and the farther they went away from us, the taller they appeared; nor was it any exaggeration to say of them, that as they turned round, and regarded us from the mountain-tops, their "stature reached the sky." One never mudded for hours—and at last we mustered courage to walk up to him where he was sitting among some cliffs. He then receded and receded, and anger getting the better of our fear, we ran in upon him—but he was a mere shadow. Something sighed—and then we thought laughed—but both sounds, we had the sense to know, came from ourselves—for we sighed to think what we had suffered, and were still suffering—and we laughed—so did echo—at our own folly in being there at all—and no answer would we give to our own question—"what do we mean by thus wandering by ourselves up and down the same everlasting wilderness?"

Not a question, for several days,

did we put to a human soul—and among other reasons for our intense taciturnity, besides our ignorance of Gaelic, was the utter absence of all real human beings. We had imagined that the Highlands were thinly inhabited; but now we found out our mistake. Here and there seemed something that might perhaps once have been a hut, but on approaching it, it either disappeared bodily, or looked as if it had been a place for cattle to take shelter in, before it had fallen into ruins. And how did we support life? And were we not an hungered? We lived on spirit—which was in our belt—and on the concentrated essence of beef—of which a bit the size of a lozenge was a lunch—and we forgot that there had ever been on earth such a sound as that of a dinner bell. We had our suspicions that we were in rather a strange way; and were sorely perplexed to make out what one day in particular meant, or what it would be at, for the sun and moon took it hour about, and no sooner were the stars all comfortably settled in the sky, than there would come a loud wind and sweep them away like leaves, and like leaves they rustled as they faded, and in a moment it was morn. We had been too much addicted to dreaming from our very infancy not to know a dream when we saw it, and this was no dream. But it was worse. It was a delusion. Yet we had the sense to conjecture that some small turgid veins, connected either with the white or the brown matter of the brain, were at the bottom of it all, for by dipping our head in a spring, within twenty yards of the top of a mountain three thousand feet high—an odd spot enough for a spring—we reduced the ongoings of that part of the solar system with which we were more immediately concerned to something like regularity, and that night, oh! heavens and earth! how the pure, clear, bright, cold, full-moon did soothingly shine upon us all that night long, and how restoratively on our temples that throbbled no more were the blessed dews distilled from the soft burning stars!

We descended the mountain, and as we were sitting on a knoll at its foot we heard a bell. "That is a kirk-bell," we said to ourselves, "it

is the Sabbath, and this must be Glencoe." It was even so. The people were gathering—we followed—and sat down among them to hear divine service. It was performed in Gaelic, but it seemed as if we understood it all—Psalms, prayers, and sermon. We could not help wondering at this—for we had not known that we understood Gaelic. After service the minister asked us to walk home with him, and we remember speaking all the way to the manse with a volubility that surprised ourselves in that to us till then unknown tongue. The good old man was a physician of the body as well as the soul, and persuaded us to go to bed. The moment we got into the sheets we felt assured that we had been crazy for the whole of the by-gone week. How exquisite the smooth, cool, clean tact, so different from the rough, hot, furry feel of our unhappy carcass ever since that storm—with the exception of our sleep in the moonlight on the mountain—for the fever had been of the intermittent sort—and that was a lucid interval! Some syrup he gave us that subdued us into delicious slumber—and the last sound in our ear seemed that of a voice in prayer.

Where had we been all the while we were delirious? We had been seen several times by shepherds, one or more of whom had thought us a queer young gentleman, but as we seemed to be in the act of gathering either stones or plants, they supposed that was our trade—so we had passed for a promising young mineralogist and botanist, in search of specimens. Ill as we knew we had been, we had no idea that it had come to that. Our hat was never seen or heard of among the mountains of Argyleshire—and on our complete recovery we found ourselves in a bonnet. But our Anglimania had been too long confirmed to yield to any temporary attack by an inferlor force—and we had taken our seat in the minister's pew that Sabbath in character. Our pannier on its accustomed site in the hollow of our back, and our rod—in pieces, however, and all regularly leathered—held professionally before our breast—as an old soldier said, "like a musket at 'present arms!" But we disturbed not the congregation.

But where had we been? Where few Lowlanders ever were—all over that vast central wilderness of Northern Argyleshire lying between Cruachan and Melnatorran—Corryfinuarach and Ben Slarive—a prodigious land; and away out of its wonders over Buchael-Etive, at the head of Glencreeran into Glencoe! All thereabouts, to and fro had wandered poor young crazy Kit—more pitiable than old Lear. Yet he never taxed the elements with unkindness—not he—except perhaps it might be once—when he found that his belt had breathed its last—and then, indeed, as his spirit died within him, he accused the clouds. Is it a sterile region? Very. In places nothing but stones. Not a blade of grass—not a bent of heather—not even moss. And so they go shouldering up into the sky—enormous masses—huger than churches or ships! And sometimes not unlike such and other structures—all huddled together—yet never jostling, so far as ever we saw—and though often overhanging—as if the wind might blow them over with a puff—steadfast in the storm that seems rather to be an earthquake—and moving not a hair's-breadth, while all the shingly sides of the mountains—you know shingle—with an inconstant clatter—hurry-skurry—seem to be breaking up into debris.

Is that the character of the whole region? No, you darling—it has vales on vales of emerald—and mountains on mountains of amethyst—and streams on streams of silver—and, so help us heaven! for with these eyes we have seen them, a thousand and a thousand times—at sunrise and sunset, rivers on rivers of gold. What kind of climate? All kinds—and all kinds at once—not merely during the same season, but the same hour. Suppose it three o'clock of a summer afternoon—you have but to choose your weather. Do you desire a close sultry breathless gloom? You may have it in the stifling dens of Ben-Anēa, where lions might breed. A breezy coolness, with a sprinkling of rain? Then open your vest to the green light in the dewy vales of Benlūra. Lochs look lovely in mist, and so thinks the rainbow—then away with you ere the rainbow fade—away, we

beseech you, to the wild shores of Lochan-a-Lürich. But you would rather see a storm, and hear some Highland thunder? There is one at this moment on Unimore—and Stob-Cruachlìa growls to Meallanuir, till the cataracts of Clashgour are dumb as the dry rocks of Craig-Teōnan.

Next time we visited those regions we were a man. No guide dogged our steps—as well might a red-deer have asked a cur to show him the Forest of Braemar, or Beniglo—an eagle where best to build his eyrie have advised with the Glasgow Gander. But ever and anon we were bewildered among past impressions, suddenly revived by the presence of the objects that had fed that delirium of our boyhood. We dimly recognised faces of cliffs that still wore the same dreadful frowns—blind though they looked, they seemed sensible of our approach—and we heard one horrid monster mutter, “What! here again—infatuated pech—begone!” At his impotent malice we could not choose but smile—and shook our staff at the blockhead, as since at many a greater blockhead even than he we have shook—and more than shook our crutch. But as through “pastures green and quiet waters by,” we pursued, from sunrise to sunset, our unaccompanied way, some sweet spot, surrounded by heather, and shaded by fern, would woo us to lie down on its bosom, as it had done many long years ago—and, obedient to that bidding, we relapsed into youth! Then it was that the mountains told us their names—and we got them all by heart—for each characterised its owner by some of his peculiar and more prominent qualities—as if they had been one and all christened by poets, who, dipping their hands in dew, baptized them from a font for ever

“Translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod.”

O! happy pastor of a peaceful flock! Thou hast long gone to thy reward! One—two—three—four successors hast thou had in that manse—(no, it too has been taken down and the plough gone over it)—and they all did their duty. Yet still is thy memory fragrant in the glen; for deeds like thine “small

sweet, and blossom in the dust!" Under heaven, to thee we owed our life. Yet after we had been wholly cured, sometimes thy face would grow grave, never angry, at our sallies—follies—call them what you will, but not sins. And methinks we hear the mild old man somewhat mournfully say, "Mad boy! out of gladness often cometh grief—out of mirth misery; but our prayers, when thou leavest us, shall be, that never, never, may it be so with thee!" Were those prayers heard in heaven and granted on earth? We ask our heart in awe, but its depths are silent, and make no response.

What a morning that was when the doctor entered the breakfast parlour with his newspaper in his hand!—Saturday's Courant ten days' old—and giving it to us, with his thumb at a long advertisement immediately above the Latest News, asked us "to read it up." It ran somewhat thus: "If C. N. will return to his friends, whose wretchedness on his account is extreme, all will be forgotten. And should this advertisement meet the eye of any benevolent persons who may have seen a lad answering to the following description, they are implored to write to 'C. S., Turner's Land, care of Michael Bogle, Esq., Post-office, Glasgow.'" We rather stared as we read this announcement—and having got thus far looked up—but such a set of faces! Nora sat with the tea-pot suspended in her pretty paw that refused to do its office, her father looked through his spectacles like an inquisitor, and wee Donald glowered at us with so gash a face, that we were tempted to break his head. "Proceed!" said the Doctor, and hemming, to clear our voice, we continued as follows:—"He left home early on the morning of his birthday, the 19th ultimo, on which he had completed his fifteenth year, and was last seen going through Partick Toll, equipped as an angler. He was dressed in a new suit of olive jane—but wore an old hat much dinted round the crown—and his hair, which is yellow, very long in front—hanging over the cape, and some even on his shoulders. His cheeks are ruddy—and his eyes are of a light-dark blue—and wild—some think—fierce in their expression; but he is

in general quite harmless—only it would be better on taking him to employ stratagem rather than force—especially if there be few persons present at the time—as when thwarted he is subject to violent fits of passion. He is very tall of his age—and seems slenderer in his clothes than he really is—walks very erect—at a great pace, and with a peculiar swing. He is musical, and sings a good song; and is fond of talking Latin. It is conjectured that he is in the Highlands."

One of the first thoughts that occurred to us, after our feelings had somewhat subsided, was that such an advertisement could not have been inserted but at a very considerable expense, and that C. S. was really its author. The description of our person, disposition, mind, manners, and accomplishments, whether flattering or not—we could not but feel was far from being uncharacteristic; but what could it mean? And above all, the mysterious words, "all will be forgotten!" All *what*? Had we not written to C. S. the night before our departure, to say that we were off byskriegh o'day—though we did not mention where? and excuse ourself, on the plea of modesty, from assisting at our own birth-day dinner? Surely the porter had not got drunk, and forgot to deliver the letter! At that moment we chanced to put our hand into our breast-pocket, and there it was, the identical letter, crumpled up into a sort of ball—for our jacket had had many a washing, though no formal one, and though it was no great matter, not a syllable could be read except the signature, *yours, most affectionately*, KIT NORTH. Harmony was soon restored. We promised to write to C. S. by next post, which left Ballahulish every Tuesday, and this was Wednesday;—and away to the Leven.

Oh! the Leven! Many a beautiful burn we had angled in the Lowlands, and one of them, to please a Southron friend, we have above feebly described—and we had seen at least one noble river—he of the magnificent Falls—the Clyde. But here, in the Highlands, we beheld hundreds on hundreds, and many of them flinging themselves headlong from heaven through the mists, as if

they would dash the rocks to pieces, all raging for the sea. We speak of them in spate—and they are often in spate—O Lord! even on the Sabbath—for Highland rain comes down in sheets; you may see ten of them at a time, leagues apart, one drenching this moor, and another that glen, and a third attacking yonder mountain, with stormy sunbursts between that seem to say, “What is gloom without glory—let there be radiance with the rain when the tempests tirl the roof and blow wide open the windows of heaven!”

No angling then—and what becomes of the fishes no man knows any more than what becomes of the otters. But as the spate exhausts its fury, and the river begins to recover something of its ordinary character—no longer one monotonous roll, rush and roar—but again showing its pools distinguishable from its streams, and its streams, always deep, separate from what in summer weather are its shallows—then as the subsiding proceeds, and it does so faster than you may be thinking, seize the hour when the drumly is getting darkish, and the eddies are whirling less turbulently in among sandy or grassy bays that erelong will be dry—for they belong not to the main channel—and in with your brandling or your minnow—which is the better you must judge for yourself, from notices which a true angler takes of trifles no quill can quote—and you have him in the entrails as sure as death. Don't let him run out into the heart of the unsubsidied spate, or he will break you, for he is full of food, and a heavy fish—trust to the temper of your kirby, and give him the butt at the first spring—and stepping leisurely back five paces, drag him out—though you were to pull his lights and liver through his maw—drag him out, we cry—though his gizzard go—your gut never—and lo! there he is, almost as white as a grise—his silver scales and golden stars already soiled, as he keeps convulsively rolling over on the sand—and now, all colour eclipsed, he wriggles in among your feet as if he were about to bite you. Ah! the Serpent!

We are speaking of that Wednesday's sport in the Leven. He is

but a burn-trout after all, and here is his brother; and ho! ho!—so! so! his sister, we declare; confound the cousin, he has committed high-stream robbery, and is off with our tackle! Let us sit down and consider. “What say you, Christopher, to trying the fly? You are some dozen miles or so we guess from the Linnhe-Loch—and as for Loch-Leven 'tis but the river grown salt and with a tide—and they can do the distance easy in an hour; for as easily up the flood they shoot as doth an arrow up the sky. Yes—there must be salmon here. Thou art now in thy sixteenth summer, Christopher, yet hast never killed a salmon; be up and doing—and we will back thee at odds for a Fish.” “Who—oh! who—Christopher—could angle in such a scene as this? That cliff will not suffer us to stir—but it is not with a frown it commands us—for see how softly it doth smile! Pardon us, thou gentle giant, for thinking a few hours ago that thou wert grim. Then through the reeking mist that cave looked like a monstrous mouth that thou didst yawn with—now 'tis like an eye that has lifted up 'its fringed curtains,' and looks mildly down the glen. Then too the glen was very fearsome—for it was filled with thunder, and the river was in a rage. The noise is yet loud—but not like thunder now—for the river is appeased—and the powerful should be placable—hollow but not hoarse, it is like the sound of the sea. Then the woods roared too, for they were tormented—now they wave not—the whole long broad green roof majestically still! What's that barking? A fox. No—it is in the sky. Thank God we have at last seen an eagle. Instinctively we know thee, as doth the gor-cock the day he bursts the shell. Not till now had we a Highland heart. O for thy wings! that we might grasp the whole wide glory in one gaze, till, sick with love of the mountains, we shot away, in our distraction, over the Devil's staircase, far over the main, 'to prey in distant isles'—from the cliffs of St Kilda to startle a clamorous cloud of sea-fowl that should eclipse the sun, and darken the sea. Why art thou wheeling so—and what is it that disturbs

thee? Ay—dropt from the sun she seems—and thou hast found thy mate. There is dalliance in heaven. Not on the secret top of Bennevis, or Benmore, do ye pair—but you clash in love among the dazzling ether, from weak eyes like ours more concealing than a cloud!”

That was a soliloquy—for there is but one Christopher North. And now let us try the fly. A gaudy—a gorgeous tyke—arrayed in silver and gold, and plumed from the Bird of Paradise. Nothing is ever found in a salmon's stomach—some block-heads have said—but animalculæ in a state of decomposition. How do they account for his swallowing with avidity a bunch of worms? How will they account for his attempting to swallow this humming-bird? Lord have mercy upon us! was it we that fell there into the water? Thank heaven no—there it is again—A FISH! A FISH! Shall we let our lure dangle six feet high in air, or let it wet its wings in the Leven? Wet its wi—Mercy! he is on! What will become of us! Hush! hush! stand out of the way. Blast that bloody bush—that cursed cork-tree! No—no—no—a harmless hazel. All's right—all's right. The banks are bare on this side for a mile down. But, hang him—the river horse wont swim down—and if he leaps up that waterfall! Sulky already, by Jove! like a stone at the bottom. That is a good omen. He has it in the tongue, and is taciturn. Tom Stoddart would recommend us to go in and kick him. But we would rather be excused. Let us time him. Twenty minutes to—Whew! there goes a watch like winking into the water. Let the Kelpie fob it. Now we call that strong steady swimming, and we are willing to back him against any Fish in the river. You could not swim in that style, you villain! but for Us. There, take the butt, my boy; how are you off for a barb, my darling? If you suppose you are on single gut you are a gud-geon; for let us assure you, sir, that you are snuving on three-ply!

Alas! poor fellow, we could pity you; but we cannot let you off. Our character is at stake—and after we have slain thee, we should like to have a shot at yon Eagle. Perhaps you are not so much of a monster after all, and we are willing to conclude a bargain for you at two stone Troy. Well, that beats Bannagher, and Ballyshannon too. Ten lous six feet high in instant succession! Why, when we get you on shore we shall let you astonish the natives, by bouncing in and out a dozen empty barrels all waiting for your brethren when they come to be cured. Didn't we tell you that could not last? Such feats of agility were not becoming—barely decent—in a Fish in your melancholy situation—and you should be thinking, without showing it, of your latter end. We begin to suspect in good earnest that we are a great natural genius. Only think of learning how to kill a salmon at a single lesson! “Angling made easy, or every man his own Lascelles.” We wonder how long we have had him on;—let us look—whew! minus a watch and appendages—what care we for them more than for a leg of mutton and trimmings? Yet, for *her* sake, we wish we had not lost that exquisitely delicate silk paper, with Cupid upon it pulling his arrow from a bleeding heart. But awake! awake, my love! and come hither; for the rain it is over and gone, and the greensward sleeps in the sunshine:—come! oh, come to these longing arms!—side foremost, or on thy back—whichever posture suits thee best—languishingly—dyingly—too weak—too faint of thyself to move towards thy lover; but he will assist thee, my jewel, and we two will lie down, in the eye of heaven, in an earth-forgetting embrace. Oh! red, red are thy lips, my love! What aileth these small teeth of thine? And what, we beseech thee, hast thou been doing with that dear nose? Not a word in reply, but a wallop between our legs, that capsized us. “AND THUS IT WAS THAT CHRISTOPHER NORTH KILLED HIS FIRST SALMON.”

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE fall of the French throne in 1789, began the most overwhelming period in modern history. The fall of the Empires of the ancient world, exhibiting scenes of extensive suffering in their progress, and melancholy ruin in their consummation, bore a character immeasurably more within the ordinary range of things. They all perished by invasion. The foreign sword, of all the instruments of ruin the most obvious, rude, and simple, struck the diadem from brows already sinking under the weight of sovereignty, and the remains of empire mouldered away by the course of nature. But the French monarchy was unassailed by any external violence. In the midst of what seemed to the eyes of Europe the full vigour of life, it perished in rapid agonies, for which public experience had no remedy, and human annals scarcely a name. Like one of those bodies whose flesh and blood turn into fire, it consumed with internal combustion, and at length, after an interval of indescribable torture, sank in ashes, and was no more. The source of the singular rapidity, wildness, and havoc, of the French Revolution is unquestionably to be traced to the agency of that new power, which the ambitious politicians of our day handle with such dangerous familiarity, and with such consummate ignorance—the power of the populace. In the old trials of empire, all the action lay among the higher ranks; and this strongly qualified the evil, if ruin came, it was at least more measured in its advance; even in its heaviest visitations, it seldom broke up the essential resources of society. The dynasty was changed, but the institutions, the habits, and the laws of the state generally remained the same. The struggle never descended to the lower portions of the system. The storm swept along the roofs and pinnacles of the Imperial building, and after discharging its wrath on the

statelier ornaments of the superstructure, had fulfilled its mission. But republicanism, in popular passion, had discovered a new explosive principle, which, imbedded in the depths of human life, and invisible to the common eye, waited only for a touch to cast foundations and superstructure together to the winds of Heaven. Still, out of every evil good may be extracted; every calamity of the past may be turned into the instruction of the future. It will be the fault of Europe, and especially of England, if she neglect the lesson given by the miseries of that Revolution; there the chambers of the mine are now still open, every intricacy and winding; every dark contrivance of ruin is exposed to the general eye; and if the same mine is now working under the foundations of her own throne, she may there best be taught how to counterwork the conspiracy which threatens, not merely the fall of her government, but the extinction of her being.

It is, therefore, with no slight gratulation that we find the history of those days adopted by the eloquent, manly, and philosophic writer, whose work we have now lying before us. No performance of the century promises a longer or a more honourable career. Exhibiting the diligence which leaves no source of knowledge untried, and the discrimination which creates in the reader an implicit reliance on the authority of the writer, Mr Alison brings to his important task the still higher qualities of British feeling and Christian principle. Evidently and strongly susceptible of all that appeals to the imagination in a period that almost throws fable into the shade, fully awake to all the bursts of wild lustre, the tempestuous flashes that shot from the cloudy career of France, gratefully delighting in the vivid energy, romantic heroism, and indefatigable enterprise of a nation

thus throwing out all its virtues and vices together before the world; we have in his integrity a safe guide. And on this we congratulate more than the author. We congratulate the country. In the hands of an unprincipled writer no subject could be fuller of real hazard to public knowledge. The more powerful his abilities, only the more dangerous would be his picturings of a time in which the passions of mankind were wrought to such fearful excess, and might plausibly be delineated in colours so different from the true. In such hands all would have been the vices, violences, and absurdities of courts and kings; popular fury would have been only a principle of justice, and insurrection an impulse of nature; royalty would have been the great Babylonian idol, degenerating from the golden head into the iron and clay; until some more than human energy, acting by the simplest and most unprepared materials, the stone cut from the mountain without hands, the popular indignation, awakened none could tell how, and guided with irresistible directness to its mark, swept the whole image of tyranny and guilt into oblivion. And this was no imaginary alarm. The speciousness which the earlier champions of the French Revolution laboured to throw round its atrocities; proves the existence of the desire, and the success of their efforts for the time equally proves the hazard. When we regard the state of the public mind in the commencement of the war, we must be astonished at the extent of the deception. Loyalty had become a byword, and religion a sneer. Those times, it is true, passed away; the strong necessities of the war forced the national mind from the follies of speculation. The sound of the trumpet penetrated the closet of the fancied philosopher, theorizing himself into a rebel; and the signal hand of Heaven, shown in our deliverances from the most impending dangers, and in our triumphs with the most bewildered and inadequate means, sent the people from their clubs and common hells to their churches, from sedition and religious indifference to loyalty, built on the acknowledgment of the great and Holy Protector of man and nations. The danger passed away with

the time. But if the mist which then darkened and distorted the true aspect of things was swept off by the whirlwind of war, may it not again settle on the land, and settle in still heavier folds? We believe that it will. If in any point we were inclined to doubt the judgment of the writer before us, it would be in his conceiving the French Revolution to have completed its natural round. On the contrary, it is our impression, that it has but begun; that France has merely furnished the first example of that desolation which marks the upburst of revolutionary fire. To us it seems, that the material of the flame lies deeper than the base of the throne and temple of France; that the fire is travelling at this moment from region to region of Europe, at however invisible a depth; that we see in the insurrectionary heavings and tumults of the various districts of the continent, however transitory and ineffectual these disturbances may be, the evidences of the great internal conflagration, the march of that mighty burning, which, however intangible by human vigilance, is yet hollowing the ground under every community of the civilized world. The wars and conspiracies which convulse the Spanish Peninsula at this hour, are wholly democratic. Italy, languid as she is, is not too remote to feel on her bed of indolence the startlings of the coming ruin. Germany boasts of her spirit of resistance. Even the snows and deserts of Russia have not placed her beyond the reach of this subtle element of subversion. The New World, from north to south, is revolutionary. The old constitution of the United States seems to be on the point of being extinguished by the rudest violence of democracy. The Spanish colonies, provinces of the magnitude of European kingdoms, are struggling in the grasp of democracy in its most fearful shape,—military democracy—where the rabble are the soldiery, and every transfer of government is written in the national gore. It is remarkable and formidable, that in all the fluctuations of things, democracy alone has not receded; that, on the contrary, its advance has been progressive, almost alike, in storm and calm; that it has, within the last twenty

years, continually beaten down and worn away the obstacles raised against it by nature or man. By what enemy are the Governments of Europe now kept in perpetual anxiety? Does the Prussian monarchy rouse itself at the echoes of the trumpet in the streets of Vienna; or does England watch for the waving of the tricolor on the heights of Picardy? All external alarms are at an end. But every sovereign of Europe is forced to fix his eyes on an enemy that lies within the line of his frontiers, inhabits his fortifications, and has but to tread from his chamber door to his bedside to extinguish his being. On the whole, without resorting to more sacred authority than human affairs can furnish, we see in the universality, fixedness, and remorselessness of the insurrectionary spirit, the outlines of a form, which yet, though painted only in the air, shall fill up with substantial terrors. Acknowledging the French Revolution to have been hitherto unequalled in the wounds which it inflicted on France and the European system, we have not a doubt, that there is in reserve for Europe, and perhaps for all nations, a vast political convulsion, which will make mankind envy the trivial sufferings of the eighteenth century; that, if they regard the French Revolution as a distinct development of the powers of destruction, or a deposit of fire and cloud bursting up in the great expanse of European society like a volcano out of the ocean, they will forget the volcano when the ocean itself is turned into flame.

Mr Alison has saved us from at least that share of the hazard which was to be derived from illusion. He has mastered the subject with such exclusiveness, that we may safely conjecture it to be henceforth incapable of being adopted by any dangerous competitor. Availing himself of every resource that is to be found in contemporary labours, and employing the whole various mass with distinguished skill, we know no man in our living literature, let his zeal be what it may, who would have the hardihood to think that the subject was still open to his perversion.

The life of Napoleon has been

termed a "splendid episode." The expression is fanciful. It was an integral portion of the annals of democracy. When Pitt pronounced him the child and champion of Jacobinism, he spoke with that penetration into character which signalized the intellect of the great minister of England. Napoleon was made by, and for, the Republic. Even on the throne all his appeals were to the populace. At the head of his army his address was always to the common soldier, and the instructive language of popular passion animated even his gravest diplomacy; and when, for a moment, in the pride of imperial pomp, and with the spectacle of vassal kings bowing before the glitter of his sword, he abandoned it, the whole spirit and fortune of his career changed, and the conqueror of nations vanished with the man of the rabble. The great moral of the Revolution is the hazard of mistaking the passions of men for their necessities. It was all passion. It began in a passion for rank; it inflamed itself into a passion for rapine; its next progress in evil was a passion for blood. As the disk of this new and fearful phenomenon ascended, it darkened, and at full eclipse it startled the earth with the reddest dye of gore. In a striking passage towards the close of the fourth volume, the historian marks the difference between the public mind of England under Cromwell, and that of France under Napoleon. "Born of the enthusiasm and philanthropy of the higher and educated classes, adopted by the fervour and madness of the people, coerced by the severity of democratic tyranny, fanned by the gales of foreign conquest, disgraced by the cupidity of domestic administration; having exhausted every art of seduction, and worn out every means of delusion, the mind of France sank at length into the stillness of absolute power. But it was not the stimulus of freedom, to awaken fresh and vigorous in after days; it was the deep sleep of despotism, the repose of a nation worn out by suffering; the lethargy of a people, who, in the preceding convulsions, had destroyed all the elements of freedom."

The contrast of this exhausted appetite with the living energy of

freedom in England in the deepest days of the Protectorship, is an involuntary panegyric on the principles of our forefathers. "The usurpation of Cromwell, and the empire of Napoleon, were both military despotisms, originating in the fervour of former times. But the philosophic observer might discern under the one the symptoms of an unconquered spirit, destined to restore the public freedom when the tyranny of the moment was overpast; in the other the well-known features of Asiatic servility, the grave in every age of independent institutions. The English nobility kept aloof from the court of the Protector. He strove in vain to assemble a house of peers; the landed proprietors remained in sullen silence on their estates; such was the refractory spirit of the Commons, that every parliament was dissolved within a few weeks after it was assembled; and when one of his creatures suggested that the crown should be offered to the victorious soldier, the proposal was rejected by a great majority of the very parliament which he had moulded in the way most likely to be subservient to his will."

But when we turn our eyes to the scene in France, we see all the meretriciousness of a painted and profligate love of license, throwing itself into the arms of a gorgeous tyranny, contrasted with the grave and sincere form of British freedom, shrinking from the dangerous embrace into which it had been betrayed even by its zeal for public virtue. In France the nation rushed voluntarily into slavery. "Her First Consul experienced scarcely any resistance in his strides to absolute power from either the Nobility, the Commons, or the people. All classes vied with each other in their servility to the reigning authority; the old families eagerly sought admittance into his ante-chambers; the new greedily coveted the spoils of the empire; the cities addressed him in strains of Eastern adulation; the peasants almost unanimously seated him on the throne. Rapid as his advances to absolute power were, they could hardly keep pace with the desire of the nation to receive the chains of a master; and, with truth, he might apply to all his

subjects what Tiberius said of the Roman Senate—"O, homines ad servitatem parati." "The cause of this singular distinction lay not in the mere destruction of the national character," says Mr Alison—and says justly. "It was not owing to any inherent servility in the French character, or any deficiency in the spirit of freedom in that country when the contest commenced." He conceives it to have been owing "to the prostration of all the higher classes;" and the circumstance that "from the general ruin of commerce and manufactures, the only mode of earning a subsistence was by entering into the pay of government." Reluctantly putting our own opinions in competition with those of this very intelligent writer, we are inclined to think that the true source of the difference lay deeper than in the incidental loss of a nobility, or the stagnation of trade. It is to be remembered, that those two circumstances had arisen in the very beginning of the Revolution, ten years before Napoleon's assumption of the empire. Yet in that period they had produced *not* servility to the rulers of France, but the most violent and frequent spirit of revolt and political change. Nor, whatever we may think of France, do we allow that the French nation was so corrupt *en masse* as to sell its birthright for the mess of pottage to be doled out from the Corsican's throne. The evident fact appeared, that France was sick of the turmoil of its Revolution. And why? Because that Revolution had produced nothing but the turmoil. This then leads us to the true solution of the problem. France had plunged into revolt from passion, not from necessity; for at the hour when she rebelled, she was suffering no grievance that deserved the name, or that the King was not on the point of retrieving. But she was resolved on subversion, let the King offer what he might, and she had its fruits—blood and ruin—without purchasing a single advance to freedom. England, in the time of Charles I., had real grievances, which the King was either determined not to redress, or was disbelieved in his promise of redressing. The nation dreaded a return to arbitrary power, and saw in the

attempts to impose taxes by the prerogative, and in the virtual extinction of parliaments, the direct progress to this royal treason against the liberties of England. Her resistance then was not the offspring of passion, but of *necessity*. And every stage of that resistance obtained a new privilege for the nation. Even the fatal parliamentary war originated in a belief of the necessity of redeeming the liberties of the subject. To the last moment *passion* was scarcely felt; and the result of the war would probably have been the consolidation of the throne by an addition to the vigour of the laws, except for the personal ambition of Cromwell. The King's murder was wholly unnational. The parliament was virtually extinguished before that atrocious act could be consummated; but sixty individuals alone could be found to sanction the murder; and it excited universal horror through the nation. The principles of true freedom were only suspended during the life of the Protector. They lived in the bosoms of the people. They even strongly influenced the conduct of Government. The judges, the forms of law, and the laws themselves, were left unchanged. We find no acts of tyranny against the general body of the people. If his division of the country into districts, under the command of major-generals, looked like arbitrary power, it was obviously rendered necessary by the royalist conspiracies, which were directed against a man, a government, and a party, all three the favourites of the vast majority. His dissolutions of parliament were but *two*, and the two were perfectly constitutional. The Long Parliament had outlived its powers, and was extinguished by the national outcry. The Parliament which followed, known as the "Barebones'" Parliament, shrunk from its own responsibilities, and virtually dissolved itself. His assumption of the Protectorate in 1653 was almost a matter of public necessity, from the perplexed relations of England with Holland, France, and Spain, and from the national alarm at the incipient reaction of royalism. Still within three years of this dictatorship, Cromwell summoned a parliament, as the constitutional

means of supply, and even to that parliament, with all his power, public services, and that blaze of glory which from his name shed lustre round his country, he scarcely dared to hint his desire for a crown; from the nation even that hint was wholly suppressed; so vigorous and formidable was public opinion at the height of this supposed despotism. It is further to be remembered, that even the Protectorate was but an experiment of five years; that his death alone seems to have prevented a general insurrection against his authority; and that both the popular and the royal party were making advances to a union, which must have extinguished the Protectorship. His son Richard felt the effects of this influence, and the result was his immediate fall. The interval between Cromwell's death (Sept. 3, 1658) and the restoration of Charles (May 29, 1660) was merely a breathing time, occupied with longings for a return to the old spirit of royalty. The national eagerness for that quiet, which betrayed the nation into a much nearer approach to slavery than the rigid enthusiasm of the past ten years, was also but the existence of a day in the national history. The principles of freedom were still cherished in the public heart, made themselves more powerfully felt from hour to hour, vanquished the profligate impolicy of Charles, punished the profligate bigotry of James by expulsion, and, finally embodied into form and substance in 1688, perfected the constitution.

But another source of the distinction between the solid English law of liberty in the midst of the usurpation, and the headlong abandonment of France to the allurements of the despotism, existed in a still nobler lineament of the national character. France had begun her public change by throwing off all reverence for religion. Its principle had long been enfeebled in the land; its very forms were now destroyed. The result was a universal degradation of the public mind. Where man looks with neither fear nor hope to the future, the present assumes a corrupt and ruinous influence on the mind. France lived but for the moment. She saw the luxuries, tri-

umphs, and temptations flowing from the throne of an unlimited Sovereign, and she was sustained by no solemn and noble reliance on the future, from prostrating herself to drink of that polluted and polluting stream. Religion administers a different lesson—it teaches the human heart that there are dignities in solitary virtue, in self-denial, in the refusal to stoop to the baseness of slavery, or show the well-paid stain of guilt in high places, altogether superior to the most lavish honours of unlicensed power. The religious man looks to retribution; in the heaviest hour of the success of a tyrant, feels that “providence exists which is perpetually forcing good out of evil;” and invigorates at once his personal hope and his public virtue, by the conviction, that the suffering incurred for the sake of truth, whether human or divine, whether incurred in the shape of actual injury, or simply in the privation of the common share of public emoluments and offices, is essentially the choice of wisdom, and is superior to any seeming good fortune which might flow from his connexion with national or individual crime. The public feeling of England in the early struggles against Charles I. was religious. The fanaticism and faction of pretenders alone overthrew the Church and the State, connected as they had been in their origin, giving mutual assistance in their progress, and precipitated *together* to the dust, as they will always be. But in the worst of those days of evil, there were thousands and tens of thousands in whom the future was more powerful than the present; who, acknowledging a power to which sceptres are nothing, confidently waited for the time when the disorder should be righted; and who, instead of suffering themselves to be whirled away by every gust of popularity, luxury, or lucre, fixed their eyes above, and there reinforced their public constancy, by the contemplation of wisdom and power beyond chance or vicissitude. This principle cannot be too impressively urged on rulers and nations. The conviction of a Providence is the only security for the national steerage through the surges and mists of times of public disorder.

Religion is thus not merely a protector of the virtue of individuals, but an element of the strength of states. Individuals may be powerful, daring, brilliant, and even prosperous for their day, without religion. They may move through, or above their generation, like the meteor or the whirlwind, strong, but solitary and brief impulses on the frame of things; but the forces which impel the great expanse of national life, the vast influences commensurate with the full breadth and depth of empires, must be transmitted from a higher sphere; the universal tide will obey no inferior summons to that of the lights of Heaven. No maxim can be more sound, more easily followed up through all the perplexities of modern annals, or more important for general practical belief, than that pure religion is unrivalled for its supply of political purity, of constitutional firmness, and remedial wisdom in times of political corruption, and of a new spirit of life in the nostrils of a freedom once more assuming shape, and standing on its feet among nations.

In the volumes before us the hero of the time is Napoleon; and it is highly to the credit of the historian, that, as he has pictured the exploits of this extraordinary being with the most graphic and animated pencil, he has not less adhered to the severe dignity of truth in his moral delineation. In these pages Napoleon is the genius, the unequalled warrior, the comprehensive legislator, the most daring, vivid, and glittering master of empire within the memory of man. The narrative never lingers in the development of this brilliant mover of human affairs; the scene is perpetually shifting, and each change displays some more powerful grouping than the last; all is interest, novelty, and action. But no hand that has yet approached the development of this famous individual and his times, has more unhesitatingly and more honourably displayed the darker portions of his character and career. We see Napoleon, like Shakspeare's Richard, not merely in the stateliness of full sovereignty, or in the dazzling energies of his day of battle; we follow him into the seat of

conspiracy, and see him in the depths of those arts by which he first undermined the rival thrones, and next by a natural retribution brought ruin on his own. Still more startling displays are yet to exhibit him in the hours of his first consciousness that he was undone, with the recollection of his political crimes and personal guilt crowding round him, and visions more overwhelming than the arms of the Prussian or the Austrian, pronouncing and embittering his fall.

The anecdotes of Napoleon's early life are numerous, some new, and all strikingly given. The peculiarities connected with his career began at his first breath. He had been born unexpectedly, and in the haste of the family at the moment, his mother was placed on a couch covered with tapestry from the *Iliad*! An ancient soothsayer might have found in this omen, the fortunes of the future compound of Agamemnon and Achilles. In his school days, it was observed that he *never wept*; his nature was stern, and violent to his brothers, especially Joseph, who bore his temper with most complacency. But his intellect was slow, and his mother has often since declared, that in this point he was the last of her family from whom she ever expected any thing. His love of loneliness and meditation were remarkable. Those were the substantial groundwork of his subsequent character. The usual anecdotes of his early fondness for playing with the model of a cannon, his love of boyish superiority, his use of theatric language, or his building ramparts in the snow, imply but the common habits of all boys. Even his faculty for mathematics, which has frequently been adduced as one of the most sufficient proofs of his future fame as a soldier, fails; perhaps no faculty of the human mind is less successful in promoting those enlarged views, or that rapid and vigorous comprehension of the necessities of the moment, which form the essentials of the great statesman or soldier. The mathematician is generally the last man equal to the sudden difficulties of situation, or even to the ordinary problems of human life. Skill in the science of equations might draw up a clear system

of tactics on paper. But it must be a mental operation not merely of a more active, but of a totally different kind, which constructed the recovery of the battle at Marengo, or led the march to Ulm.

But stronger evidence arose as he advanced to youth. In the vacations of the military school, he frequently met the Abbé Raynal, who was struck by his reflection and energy, and with whom his topics were government, legislation, and commerce. Raynal was probably among the most unlucky teachers that could have been adopted for the mind of the future master of a kingdom. He was essentially a declaimer. With a knowledge of facts too trifling to deserve the name, a voluminous phraseology, which in all ages usurps the absurd name of eloquence in Paris, and a presumption inexhaustible by ridicule, exposure, and experience, Raynal held himself up before the multitude of French talkers as the very oracle of colonial policy and commercial legislation. Egypt and India, and the wonders to be achieved by France in commerce, were his perpetual themes. To him and his disciples France probably owed the impolitic and barbarian alliance with Tippoo Saib, whom the alliance ruined; and the still more impolitic expedition to Egypt, which first taught Europe that France might be beaten in the field, cost France the loss of a fleet, the capture of an army in Africa, and the havoc of 100,000 men, and the loss of Italy in a single campaign. The ex-Jesuit's *Histoire Philosophique* was clearly the text book of Napoleon's Oriental follies, and not improbably the source of those more decisive blunders, the Berlin and Milan decrees, themselves the direct source of his downfall.

The opinions of those who were most conversant with Napoleon's early habits, continued to give the same impression of determined temper, aspirations for the romance of glory, and scorn for the common indulgences of situation. The report from the military school pronounced him "a domineering, imperious, and headstrong character." Paoli, who frequently ranged his native mountains with him, and ex-

plained the scene of the Corsican war of independence to the future conqueror, used to say—"Napoleon, you are not like the moderns. You belong only to Plutarch's heroes." On his arrival from Brienne, at the Ecole Militaire in Paris, at the age of fourteen, he began the business of a reformer. He wrote a strong memorial to the governor, urging the adoption of a stricter discipline among the students, and recommending that the servants and grooms should be dismissed, and the pupils left to provide for themselves preparatory to the struggles and privations of actual service. In two years after (1785) he received his first commission as lieutenant of artillery, wrote a history of Corsica, and gained the prize for an essay prepared by Raynal, on "the institutions most likely to contribute to public happiness." Dugommier, on the capture of Toulon, in his letter to the government recommending him for rank, used the prophetic words—"Reward and promote that young man, for, if you are ungrateful to him, he will raise himself alone." On the revolt of the Sections, in 1795, Menou had failed, and Napoleon occurred to the memory of Barras, the conventionalist. Turning to his colleagues, he said, "Ah, there is the man you want, a little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony." The little Corsican opened a fire of grape-shot on the insurgent rabble and National Guard, and realized the opinion, by routing them with slaughter, and disarming the rebellion before sunset.

Among the incidents which relieve these volumes of the formality of history, is a story told by Josephine of her future rise, and whose priority to its fulfilment Mr Alison states on his own knowledge—"he having heard it long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne, from the late Countess of Bath, and the Countess of Ancrum, who were educated in the same convent with her, and had repeatedly heard her mention the circumstance in early youth." It had been foretold by an old negress, that she should lose her husband, be extremely unfortunate, but should afterwards be greater than a queen. This mixture of great good, and ill luck, is so habitually the tone of fortunetell-

ing, that probably the old negress had predicted the same chances to five hundred of the handsome creoles. A husband, widowhood, a second choice, and that choice one of prodigious opulence, or incalculable dignity, are the colours universally used by those distributors of the changes of life. In the instance of Josephine, the conjecture happened to coincide with the reality. She married; her husband, Count Alexander Beauharnois, a general officer in the Republican troops, was guillotined; and the object of her second choice, as all the world knows, placed her on a throne. The romancers of Paris afterwards rounded the prediction, by adding to it, that, though on the first of thrones, she should die in an hospital. *Malmaison* had once been an hospital, and Josephine's *déchéance* and death there completed this *ex post facto* insight into the future. The story, however, is one of the most curious of its kind, and it seems to have strongly impressed itself on the susceptible fancy of this showy and ardent being. While imprisoned in the Conciergerie, under the reign of Robespierre, a prison and a period which realized the despairing motto over Dante's City of Sorrow, if any thing human could ever realize it—"Voi chi intrate," &c., Josephine retained her conviction of safety and prosperity in the midst of perpetual executions, mentioned her fate to her fellow-prisoners, and gaily promised some of them promotion as ladies of the bedchamber. Her own "Memoirs," published long after, detail the circumstance with the accuracy of one who, like her great partner of the throne, loved to believe in the existence of a propitious "Star." "One morning," says the narrative, "the jailor entered the apartment, where I slept with the Duchess d'Aiguillon and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress to give it to another prisoner. 'Why,' said Madame d'Aiguillon eagerly, 'will not Madame de Beauharnois get a better one?' 'No, no,' replied he with a fiendish smile, 'she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the guillotine.' At those words my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I

consoled them as well as I could. At length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly without cause—that not only I should not die, but that I should live to be Queen of France! ‘Why then do you not name your maids of honour?’ said Madame d’Aiguillon, irritated at such expressions at such a moment. ‘Very true,’ said I. ‘I did not think of that. Well, my dear, I make you one of them.’ Upon this, the tears of the ladies fell apace, for they never doubted that I was mad. But the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle. Madame d’Aiguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her to the window, which I opened, to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I there perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which at first I could not understand. She constantly held up her gown, and seeing that she had some object in view, I called out ‘robe,’ to which she answered, ‘yes.’ She then lifted up a stone, and put it in her lap, which she lifted up a second time. I called out ‘pierre,’ upon which she evinced the greatest joy at perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone to the robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the head, and immediately began to dance, and evince the most extravagant joy. This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope, that possibly Robespierre might be no more. At this moment, when we were floating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor; and the terrible voice of our jailor, who said to his dog, at the same time giving him a kick, ‘Get on, you cursed Robespierre.’ That coarse phrase at once taught us that we had nothing to fear, and that *France was saved.* A French narrator, whether male or female, can finish nothing without a flourish for France. It was little to the prisoner that she and the unfortunates along with her were rescued from a horrid death—“France must be saved”—to finish the deliverance and the paragraph. It is not less French that this idol of the nation, this praise

of poets, wonder of courtiers, and envy of all the women of the “grande empire,” was notoriously the kept mistress of Barras; nor is it suffered to detract from Bonaparte’s honour, that as such she was notoriously bartered to him for the command of the army of Italy!

A more important moral is to be derived from the comparative forces of France in Italy and the native armies. Napoleon’s troops never amounted to more than 50,000. The armies of the Italian States amounted to 160,000! with a population of nineteen millions to recruit from,—a number practically inexhaustible, to supply an army which, if honestly commanded, must have been practically unconquerable. It is among the errors of modern times to conceive the Italians incapable of military distinction. All nations are capable of bravery, and have successively shown their capacity to take the lead. The Italian peasant even of the south can be as daring, patient of fatigue, and gallant in enterprise, as any man of Europe. But his qualities are now to be exhibited only in the brigand. The Piedmontois is, like all other mountaineers, active, strong, and bold;—Europe shows no finer infantry, whether for the plain or the mountain. But one answer is enough. The Italian breathes the same air, and treads the same soil, with the ancient conquerors of the world; he has the same ardour of temperament, the same vigour of nerve, the same endurance of labour, the same command over his appetites, with perhaps a more vivid, aspiring, and brilliant power of conception. Italy has exhibited more frequent instances of the distinctive quality of genius than any other nation of modern times, and her superiority in those arts which require peculiar talent, leaves the rigid Roman of antiquity far behind. But there has been a plague spot on the heart of modern Italy. The most profound religious ignorance has stained, enfeebled, and diseased the whole form of her national strength. With religion degenerated into a mere ceremonial, and that ceremonial scarcely more than a repetition in the cathedral of the pantomime in the theatre; with that religion actually tempting the people

to indolence by its perpetual shows, festivals, and the whole busy idleness of superstition, countenancing every crime by the scandalous facility of purchased absolution; inculcating every crime in the early mind by the solemn sensualities of the confessional; prohibiting the great and only preservative of public morals, by the actual prohibition of the Scripture; and extinguishing the last solitary fear, the fear of future retribution, by the infamous and guilty fable of a future, from whose retribution any and all, however criminal, may be rescued for money! How are we to wonder if Italy should be a hot-bed of every vice that debases the vigour, and a scene of every ignominy that extinguishes the public dignity of nations. What patriotism, self-control, glorious hazard, or magnanimous sacrifice, can we expect from a race of princes whose whole life is a lounging alternative between indolence and vice—princes of the opera and the ball-room—from a race of nobles whose life is marked but by wandering from the billiard-room of the morning to the billiard-room of the night—whose sole labour is to vary the heavy day by a contemptible succession of frivolous amusements, and whose whole fame is founded on some low intrigue; from a people imitating the manners of their impotent superiors, and only adding the grossness of vulgar life to the idleness, the license, and the venality of the ranks above them? There never was a truth more unquestionable, than that where no domestic morality exists, there can be no public virtue, and that where public virtue perishes, with its loss the nation must prepare for defeat, beggary, and slavery, unmitigated and unending. "Bitterly," says Mr Alison, in a passage not more eloquent than true, "did Italy suffer for the decay in her national spirit. With the French invasion commenced a long period of suffering—tyranny under the name of liberty; rapine under the name of generosity; excitement among the poor; spoliation among the rich; use made of the lovers of freedom by those who despised them; revolt against tyranny by those who aimed only at being tyrants; general praise of

liberty in words, and universal extinction of it in action; the stripping of churches; the robbery of hospitals; the levelling of palaces; the destruction of cottages; all that military license has of the most terrible; all that despotic authority has of the most oppressive."

In pursuing Napoleon's career one characteristic invariably strikes us. He is *decided* in all things. His plans, his battles, his words, all exhibit the same quality of bold and direct promptitude. The first appeal to his troops on the Alpine frontier in March 1796, was like the sound of a trumpet—short, stern, but incomparably spirit-stirring. It formed a new style in the language of war. "Soldiers," said this brilliant summons to renown, "you are almost naked; half starved; the government owes you much, and can give you nothing. Your patience, your courage, in the midst of these rocks, are admirable, but they reflect no splendour on your arms. I am about to conduct you into the most fertile plains of the earth. Fertile provinces, opulent cities, will soon be in your power; there you will find rich harvests, honour, and glory. Soldiers of Italy, will you fail in courage!" His language to the Piedmontese negotiators was cast in the same mould. They had attempted to make conditions. He instantly replied, "It is for me to impose conditions. Your ideas are absurd. Listen to the laws which I impose upon you in the name of the government of my country, and obey; or to-morrow my batteries are erected, and Turin is in flames." In six weeks from the battle of Montenotte, he was master of Savoy and the whole region of Western Piedmont. On the day of signing his triumphant armistice, he, in the same strain, wrote to the Directory, "Coni, Ceva, and Alexandria are in the hands of your army. If you do not ratify the convention, I shall keep those fortresses, and march upon Turin. Mean while, I shall march to-morrow against Beaulieu, and drive him across the Po. I shall follow close at his heels, overrun all Lombardy, and in a month be in the Tyrol—join the army of the Rhine, and carry our united forces into Bavaria. The design is worthy of you,

of the army, and of the destinies of France. If you continue your confidence in me, I shall answer for the results, and Italy is at your feet!"

The invasion of the duchy of Parma commenced that peculiar species of spoil which thenceforth characterised the military successes of France. Napoleon demanded twenty of the principal paintings of the Ducal gallery, and among the rest the celebrated St Jerome of Correggio. The duke offered a million of francs to ransom this glory of his collection. But the sum was loftily refused, the captor observing, that "the million thus offered would be soon spent; while the possession of such a *chef-d'œuvre* at Paris would adorn the capital for ages, and give birth to efforts of genius like its own." This spoil has been strongly reprobated as a violation of the severest rights of conquest. And it is described even by so grave and judging a writer as Mr Alison, in the light of "extending the ravages of war into the domain of the fine arts; of offending taste by transplanting the monuments of genius from the regions where they have arisen, and where they can be rightly appreciated, to those where they are exotics, and their value cannot be understood; of rendering them, instead of being the proud legacy of genius to its country, the mere ensigns of a victor's glory; of exposing them to be tossed about by the tide of conquest, and subjected to irreparable injury in following the fleeting career of success, and converting works destined to elevate and captivate the human race, into the subject of angry contention, and the trophies of temporary subjugation." All this is strikingly told; but we are inclined to feel the force only of that argument which represents the statues and pictures as liable to be injured by the rapid removals of war. In all the other points of view, we must regard this violence as one of the most harmless and natural uses of victory. It pressed on none of the popular necessities. It was less onerous than any requisition of money, provisions, or materials. It was an actual relief to the people, for it was accepted in acknowledged lieu of parts of these requisitions.

What were a few paintings or statues stripped from the walls of a convent or a royal gallery, already crowded with works of art?

In a general European view their transport to the Louvre was an infinitely higher gratification, and even a higher source of utility to the arts, than if they had been left in their original remote and scattered locations to the end of time. The right of the victor to them was unquestionable, and the victor who would accept a picture instead of a million of francs, was not the man in whose hands the arts were likely to suffer dishonour, nor his country the land in which they must be looked on as exotics. The custom was old. The Roman conquerors brought the Greek statues into Italy, and the result was the improved taste of Rome, and the awakened genius of the Roman artists. The horses which stood on the Place de Caroussel had travelled after victory through Europe, and through a thousand years. We must also consider the interest of the victor in consulting the wishes of his own nation. Of all the prizes of triumph, the most direct, palpable, and gratifying to the people of France, was the possession of those trophies. They might hear of armies captured, and conquered provinces, but the impression of those fruits of victory could never be brought upon the popular eye; the superb statue, or the matchless painting displayed in the gallery of the nation, however less important in actual value, was altogether superior in public effect. Even the spirit of patriotism might exult in bringing within the borders of its country the far-famed models of an excellence on which the young ambition of the native arts might form itself to European supremacy; and which were reft away only from a race of contemptible princes made to be vassals, and contemptible nations that with public virtue had lost all hope of public genius. On the whole, when the practical influence of those noble captures on the people of France is remembered, when we have seen the popular pride in their successive reception, the powerful stimulus which they gave to the popularity of the Italian war, the brilliancy in which they

clothed the name and triumphs of Napoleon, the delight with which the soldiers returning from time to time to Paris, moved through the Louvre, in the midst of their countrymen, pointing out the *chefs-d'œuvre*, as the prizes of their peculiar battles, and naturally led into the anecdotes of the gallantry and skill by which those battles were gained, it might be difficult to discover a stronger temptation to the mind of a great military leader, or perhaps a more justifiable and productive result of the power of arms. One grand objection, however, lay against the entire system. It was impolitic. In case of a future reverse, those trophies were almost the only ones which could be turned into the national shame. Treasure might be reclaimed, but its restoration could scarcely affect the public eye. Even cannon and banners, the one melted down, the others moth-eaten, or both forgotten after a few years, could scarcely be regarded as tangible subjects of public regret. But the Apollo or the Venus which all France had worshipped in its shrine in her capital, and called all the world to worship; the Transfiguration on which her artists had gazed from year to year, with the clamorous rapture that belongs to French sensibility; the hundred or the thousand wonders of the arts in which France saw the passing glories of her arms assume a permanent shape, and proclaim her superiority by memorials almost beyond the reach of time; all swept away by the turning tide of conquest, supplied a keenness to the national sense of defeat, unrivalled among national humiliations. Those times have now passed away, and the language which describes them may seem overcharged; but those who were present at the dismantling of the Louvre, who saw the infinite depression of the people as this splendid spoil, day by day, was torn from the hands of the spoilers, who heard the anxious exclamations even of the lowest of the populace, heard the helpless invectives of all, and on the other hand witnessed the unequivocal exultation of the Prussian, the Austrian, and the whole host of the allied troops, from the sovereign down to the common soldier, as they stripped

the gilded walls of the gallery, their marchings with drum and trumpet through the streets as they conveyed their prizes to the barriers, the deep conviction thus given on the one side that they were a conquered people, and on the other that they had achieved consummate victory; the spectators of these scenes alone are competent to know the bitter pang which Napoleon, in his recklessness of Italian plunder, was preparing for his show-loving and excitable nation. Here in the memorable words of Wellington, the "moral lesson was deeply taught to France; at this point the 'iron entered into her soul.'"

It has long since been said, that all descriptions of battles are alike. We leave the battles, and follow the fiery traces of Napoleon's *mind*. His attack on the bridge of Lodi was one of those exploits for which a mere tactician would have been in fault. The slaughter was tremendous, and the actual result of the success at the time trivial. But it was incomparable, as the conception of a mind which contemplated things beyond the victory of the hour. In storming the bridge of Lodi, Napoleon had impressed on his troops the idea that nothing could withstand them. The danger, even the wild adventure, of the enterprise, perhaps even the loss, thus became elements of the conviction that the French soldier was invincible; a conviction of incalculable value in the fierce campaigns to which the action of Lodi opened the career, and which was the seed of many victories. Napoleon's sagacious spirit plumed itself on this success. In his ardent style he said, "The 13th Vendemaire, and the victory of Montenotte, did not induce me to believe myself a superior character. It was after the passage of Lodi, that the idea shot across my mind that I might become a decisive actor on the political theatre. Then arose, for the first time, the spark of great ambition." His rapidity was a new feature of the system. The battle was fought on the 10th of May; in five days after he was making his triumphant entry into Milan. From the first shot fired at Montenotte on the 12th of April, 1796, he was thus but two months in making the con-

quest of Piedmont and Lombardy. At twenty-six years of age, and in two months, he was the first general of Europe in renown, the pillar of the French Republic, the idol of the French armies, and at once the terror and the hope of Italy. The Milanese welcomed him as the assertor of their independence, with more than Italian enthusiasm. But they were soon to learn Napoleon. While in one of his most brilliant proclamations, he pronounced "that the people were to find in him an universal champion, that he and France were the friends of all, and eminently of the descendants of Brutus, Scipio, and other great names of antiquity; that the noblest fruit which he desired to gather from his victories was the restoration of the Capitol, and the new summons of the Romans from centuries of slavery." The words had scarcely passed his lips when he laid on Milan a contribution of L.800,000 sterling! requisitions of horses for his artillery in the Lombard provinces; and unlimited demands of provisions. The Milanese found itself robbed with the most impartial ferocity. Another evidence of character was to be speedily given. The peasantry, indignant and astonished, rose in arms; they were instantly cut down by the friend of national rights. The revolt acquired some show of strength in Pavia, whence the French garrison were expelled. Napoleon blew open the gates, gave up the city to plunder, massacred the populace, and by a general order, sent the magistrates and principal persons of the city to be shot in cold blood. The insurrection perished at once, and Napoleon thenceforth published his offers of freedom, and plundered by universal acclamation.

Venice, the city of ancient power, wealth, and romance, lay before him. It had fallen from its high estate; but it still possessed great capacities of resistance. Its territory contained three millions of souls; it had the immediate means of raising a land force of 50,000 men; it had Austria and England for allies; the city was unassailable but by a fleet; and its fleet ruled the Adriatic. But what is strength without a heart? The Senate was corrupt, the people were

corrupt; courage and corruption cannot long subsist together, and Venice had been rotten for a century. It was now, like the tomb of one of its own chieftains, all without a gorgeous coffin, all within dust. The fierce arm of the republican tore it from the niche where it lay in the catacomb of decaying nations, and shattered it at a blow.

Napoleon's public language to the Venetians shows the arrogance of his character. "Venice," he exclaimed to the commissioners, who came with a wretched prayer for peace, "by daring to give an asylum to the Count de Lille, a pretender to the throne of France, has declared war against the republic. I know not why I should not reduce Verona to ashes, a town which has had the presumption to regard itself as the capital of France." He even declared that he would carry the threat into execution that very night, if an immediate surrender did not take place. His language to his government displayed his perfidy. In his secret despatch he says, "If your object is to extract five or six millions out of Venice, I have secured you a *pretence* for a rupture. You may demand it as an indemnity for the combat of Borghetto, which I was obliged to sustain, to take Peschiera. If you have more *decided* views, we *must take care not to let this subject of discord drop*. Tell me what you wish, and be assured I will seize the most fitting opportunity of carrying it into execution, according to circumstances."

This was the Machiavelian language which he held in his negotiation with the Genoese. "I have not yet seen M. Catrino, the Genoese deputy; but I *shall omit nothing which may throw them off their guard*. The Directory has ordered me to exact the ten millions, but has interdicted all political operations. Omit nothing *which may set the Senate asleep, and amuse them with hopes*, until the moment of awaking has arrived." In this period of amicable conference, he was preparing a conspiracy, which was to burst forth in a revolution.

Napoleon's letters were as vivid as his proclamations, and as decisive as his actions. One of his despatches to the Directory, in the heat of this

celebrated campaign, illustrates at once the extraordinary pressure of affairs which rested upon his single mind, the promptitude of his views, and the infinite ease with which, even in his outset, he adopted the language of the master of nations. "Peace with Naples is indispensable. Lose no time in taking the people of Lombardy, Modena, Bologna, and Ferrara, under your protection; above all, send reinforcements. The Emperor has thrice renewed his army since the commencement of the campaign. Every thing is going wrong in Italy; the *prestige* of our forces is dissipated; the enemy now count our ranks. It is indispensable that you take into your instant consideration the critical situation of the Italian army. The influence of Rome is incalculable. You did wrong in breaking with that power. I would have temporized with it, as we have done with Venice and Genoa. Whenever the General in Italy is not the centre of negotiation, as well as of military operations, the greatest risks will be incurred. You may ascribe this language to ambition; but I am satiated with honours, and my health is so broken, that I must implore you to give me a successor. I can no longer sit on horseback; my courage alone is unshaken. *Every thing was ready for the explosion at Genoa; but Faypault (the envoy) thought it expedient to delay. We must conciliate Genoa, till the new order of things is more firmly established.*"

This abominable perfidy was to be at length bitterly repaid, though not by the wretched Italians, whose own perfidy was proverbial, and whose punishment, by the sanguinary and rapacious fury of the French, was earned by their own contaminated morals. Napoleon, the traitor, was yet to find in Spain his villainy baffled, in Germany his crown reft from his brow, in Flanders his military name extinguished, and, far from Europe, on a solitary rock in the ocean, loaded with the execrations of mankind, feel, in hopeless captivity, the bitter and *especial* recompense for that most cruel and treacherous act by which he condemned so many thousands of harmless and confiding people, in scorn of his own public faith, to

linger out life in exile! If the steps of Heaven to vengeance were ever divested of their clouds, it was in the progressive ruin of this great criminal of his Age.

But, in the most palmy portions of the career of the republic, it is at once consoling to our sense of justice, and instructive to nations, tempted by the insanity of warlike fame, to see how heavily the vanquisher may share in the miseries of the vanquished. If Italy lay like a corpse, bleeding away under the fangs of a herd of tigers, France felt wound for wound. The "Secret Report" of the Directory to Bonaparte, at the close of this year of unparalleled fortune, is full of the darkest features of national suffering—"Peace," it cries out, "Peace at any price. The finances are ruined. Agriculture in vain demands the arms which are required for cultivation. The war is become so universal, as to threaten to overturn the republic. All people anxiously desire the end of the revolution. Should our internal misery continue, the people, exhausted by suffering, and having found none of the benefits which they expected, will establish a new order of things, which will, in its turn, generate fresh revolutions; and we shall undergo, for twenty or thirty years, all the agonies consequent on such convulsions."

Mr Alison justly characterises the campaign of 1796 as remarkable in military history. Within nine months the French army had advanced from a dubious defence of their own territory into the possession of Italy, had broken up four successive Austrian armies, conquered the north of Italy, awed the south, and seized Mantua, the Austrian key to the Peninsula. "Successes so immense," adds the historian, "gained against forces so vast, and efforts so indefatigable, may almost be pronounced unparalleled in the annals of war." One of the chief gratifications in reading a history like this is, that it furnishes material for thought, and that the writer is one, with whose opinions it is an exercise of the understanding to grapple. In this spirit alone we venture to doubt the pre-eminence of national glory, or individual ge-

neralship in the campaign of 1796. It is notorious that the French have been almost uniformly successful in the beginning of every invasion, and that Italy has been the peculiar place of those rapid and premature triumphs. Their chief antagonists in that country, for the last three hundred years, have been Germans, of all nations the most proverbially tardy in their military exertions. The eagerness, recklessness of the future, and physical superiority of the French troops in movement, have always adapted them as admirably for a war of incursion, as they have unfitted them for the sterner and manlier trials of lengthened hostility. Even out of Italy, with a passive, idle, and characterless population, the French marshals, in the earlier wars, have been uniformly driven at last. It is also to be regarded, that the troops opposed to Bonaparte were chiefly Austrians; proverbially among the least active soldiery of the earth, hastily gathered out of the population, under generals who had not seen a shot fired since the days of Maria Theresa; and even those generals holding disunited commands, and waiting for orders from a council sitting in Vienna! All the probabilities were thus in favour of the French arms, with a vast country of adherents opening all its resources to them, stimulated by the most lavish license of plunder, not less excited by the wild applause that reached them in every wind from France, with every object of human ambition concentrated in military success, and headed by a general of the most distinguished ability, who formed his own plans, suffered no rival to share in them, no council to dictate them, and no superior to confuse them; and who knew that, provided he conquered, he had the voice of all France to silence every charge against the means of victory.

But, in pronouncing those achievements unequalled, is the campaign of Suwarrow in Italy to be forgotten? There we see the result, when brave men, commanded by a single brave man, were brought against the French, though in possession of the country, and masters of all its resources. Yet the Russian bayonet,

in almost a march, swept the French armies beyond the Alps. If Napoleon's campaign of Marengo returned the blow, it was once more against Austrians with divided commands, and under the old bewildering authority of the Aulic council, that perpetual incubus of Austrian discomfiture. But England has to boast of a still prouder campaign. Modern war has no parallel to Wellington's march from Portugal in 1813; a continued march of four hundred miles, in the face of the French armies; a straightforward, unbroken, gallant advance from the extremities of the Peninsula to the summit of the Pyrenees, and thence down into the heart of France, paralyzing the French generals as much in astonishment as by actual force of arms, meeting them only to defeat them, and after having destroyed the army gathered to protect the remnants of French sovereignty in Spain, and driven the king at full speed over the frontier, finishing this grand movement by restoring a dynasty.

In comparison with the rush of this living torrent of valour, with its irresistible sweep over all opposition, and with its vast and permanent results, for Waterloo itself was but the conclusion of this British march, what were the gaudy triumphs of Bonaparte in Italy, gained over crowds of heavy Germans dragged from the plough, or over Italian rudes, dispersed by a few cannon shot; and even those triumphs, lost as soon as gained, effecting no result beyond that of the hour, and finally leaving France without a foot of land beyond her original frontier?

Yet in these remarks, which are called for only in justice to England, full admission is made of the genius of Napoleon. Confessedly among the first of warriors, his mind was made for more than war. It was always soaring. He took with him into the field thoughts and imaginations that gave a new colour to victory, that exalted the very nature of war and politics from a mere struggle in arms or councils, into a great national instrument of supremacy; the light that flashed from his Italian sword not merely awed his enemy, but illumined France; the trumpet that sounded over the defeat of the

Austrian armies, filled the ear of France with summonings to pre-eminence in every art, power, and purpose of empire. Even the plunder which grossly dazzled the eyes of strangers, had among its first objects less that of being treasured as the mere spoil of the sword, than of training the popular mind to conceptions of grandeur, of making the nation feel themselves by a kind of natural right the inheritors of all things which form superiority; of beating and moulding the generations, present and future, into a shape and countenance that would render the characters of ambition, dominion, warlike triumph, and intellectual sovereignty inalienable, and constitute France for ever an Imperial people. Of this Corinthian mixture of the materials of greatness gathered from the opulence of every land, and fused by his ardent and powerful dexterity, he was to raise the idol in the centre of Europe before which all its nations were to bow down. He failed; because Nature had decreed otherwise; because he mistook national restlessness for national fervour; because the forehead of France is too giddy to wear the coronet long, or at any time to wear it with dignity; because the heart of France is too sensual, worldly, and incapable of self-control, to retain the solemn impressions essential to solid greatness; and, more than all, because finding France without a religion, he left it without a religion. It is by this original feebleness of character that we are to account for the extraordinary changes of the popular feeling in France. The rapid change from loyalty to rebellion, from lawless rebellion to more than contented slavery; and again, from the national delight in the gilding of its chains, to the national eagerness at this hour to throw off the slight restraints of a trembling monarchy. It is thus that we have seen all the leading names of France, in our day, close their career in personal humiliation; from the immediate counsellors of Napoleon down through all the known instruments and sharers of his glory, none have fallen with dignity. It is thus that we see France herself what she is; stripped of her conquests, of her universal influence, of her military name, and

reduced from the brilliant and fearful empire of Napoleon to the jarring democracy of Louis Philippe, all the materials of her former supremacy only making her descent to the vulgar level of nations more conspicuous. A Phaeton setting the world in flame, only to leave the chariot empty, and be hurled from the meridian to the ground; or, like the still finer fable of the Arabian bird sweeping across the horizon with all the tribes of air in its train, only to plunge into a fiery nest, and dying produce but a worm.

These volumes have the additional charm of a perpetual picture gallery, and as we pass along, our eyes are constantly caught by some portraiture or trait of the living or the dead, that belongs to the greatest transactions of the most stirring time of men. On Bonaparte's return from Italy, he was received in public triumph by the Directory. Joubert was on this day to present the Standard of the Army, inscribed with all its victories; Bonaparte was to present the new-made treaty of Campo Formio. The French are expert in decoration; they are a fête-loving people, and all their talents were exercised to give effect to a display in its nature worthy of popular admiration. Large galleries had been raised for the public, and they were early filled with all the great, the fashionable, and the fair of Paris. Bonaparte, introduced by Talleyrand, at length entered the hall, and all was acclamation. But the true point of interest, as connected with the men and the change of things within a few years, was Talleyrand's speech on Napoleon. After the expected enumeration of the Italian victories, he turned on the more delicate subject of personal character. "For a moment," said the diplomatist, "I confess I felt, with respect to him, that disquietude which, in an infant republic, arises from every thing which seems to destroy the equality of citizens. But I was wrong. Individual grandeur, far from being dangerous to equality, is its highest triumph. On this occasion, every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country. And when I reflect on all that he has done to shroud from envy that light of glory; on that ancient

love of simplicity which distinguishes him in his favourite studies; on his love for the abstract sciences; on his admiration for that sublime Ossian (!) which seems to detach him from the world; on his well-known contempt for luxury, for pomp, for all that constitutes the pride of ignoble minds; I am convinced that, far from dreading his ambition, we shall one day have occasion to rouse it anew to allure him from the sweets of studious retirement; France will never lose her freedom, but perhaps he will not for ever preserve his own."

Is this singular harangue to be regarded as a piece of sublime hypocrisy, or of shallow insight into character? Which conception do the after-scenes of this celebrated old man's life most justify? That he suspected Bonaparte of views beyond the command of armies, is palpable, from his denial of the suspicion. It might be too much to say, that he even then foresaw the future despotism. But his own early habits, his personal recollections and the ease with which the vehement republican glided into the grave minister of the empire, can leave but little doubt of the dreams that in that hour were floating round the head of the future Prince of Benevento. Bonaparte returned an answer equally to be contradicted by the future. "Religion, feudality, and despotism," were his words, "have, in their turns, governed Europe. From the peace now concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose territory is not circumscribed, but because nature herself has imposed its limits. I lay at your feet the treaty of Tolentino ratified by the emperor. As soon as the happiness of Europe is secured by the best organic laws, *the whole of Europe will be free.*" The standard was a trophy which might have dazzled the eyes of any nation in any age. It bore the various inscriptions—"The army of Italy has made 150,000 prisoners; taken 170 standards, 500 pieces of heavy artillery, 600 field pieces, 9 ships of the line," &c. The treaties and armistices were then mentioned. The enumeration concluded with "Triumphed in 18

pitched battles and 67 combats." This was the work of two campaigns, We still follow the traits of Napoleon—an incomparable study of the human mind, excited by the largest objects, and succeeding to the most boundless extent. His sagacity was one of its most powerful features; it has proved itself to be unrivalled. Even through the confusions of a time of perpetual change, while every other brain in France, except perhaps that of his future minister, was fevered by the rapid progress of change; dazzled by the opening prospects of republicanism, or exhausted by the anxieties of public life, his mind looked clearly through all to the consummation. While the orders were preparing for the Egyptian enterprise Bourrienne, who knew his sudden reluctance to leave Paris while there was a renewed expectation of German war, and his actual request to the Directory for leave to postpone the sailing of the fleet, asked him, "If he were finally determined to risk his fortunes in Egypt?" Napoleon replied, that he was. "I have tried every thing," he added, "with the Directory; but they will have nothing to do with me. If I staid here, I must *overturn them, and make myself king.* But we must not think of that *yet.* The nobles would not consent to it; *I have sounded,* but I find that the time has not yet arrived. I must first dazzle those gentlemen by my exploits."

The Egyptian expedition was admirably adapted for this purpose, which formed a predominant object in every future enterprise of the French leader. It was directed to a land still mysterious; the old object of doubt, wonder, and philosophic speculation to Europe. Sufficiently remote to be regarded with romance; sufficiently near to sustain an hourly interest in the popular eye. Exciting the man of science by its unexplored yet unquestionable treasures of ancient knowledge; tempting the theatric fervour of France by feeding its imagination; alluring the national love of wealth by the promise of the inexhaustible opulence of commerce, and a soil of perpetual fertility; and inflaming the hot ambition of a land of soldiers by visions of boundless Orien-

tal empire. Napoleon's direct objects, declared long after, were "To fix in Egypt a French colony, which, without slaves, would supply the place of the West Indies. To throw open Africa, Arabia, and Syria, to the trade of France, and to conquer British India, making Egypt a fortress and magazine, from which an army of 60,000 men, half French, half natives, were to move with 50,000 camels, and 10,000 horses, provisions for fifty days, water for six, and 150 pieces of cannon, reaching the British frontier in four months; there joining the Mahrattas, allying themselves with the native princes, and with this united force driving the English into the sea. This plan was matchlessly adapted for the giddy meridian of France; but the defeat of Napoleon at Acre by the crew of a single British ship, and an exhausted handful of barbarians, and the final capture of his whole army by a British force, not more than two-thirds of their number, after three regular battles, in all of which they were beaten, was soon to enlighten him on the feasibility of a "four month's march" to meet 20,000 British troops on the Indus, in line with 250,000 brave and disciplined soldiers, officered by Englishmen, a number which might be raised to a million at the first sound of hostilities. Thus it was that this most superb of charlatans bewildered the gaze, and inflated the imagination of the country that he was yet to, throw into bonds. The cave of Trophonius never played a more powerful machinery of terror, wonder, awe, and exultation, on the mind of the aspirant, than the rulers of France had brought to bear upon the national mind. From the beginning of this age of confusion, all was unreality, hazard; wickedness stimulating to more pungent wickedness, and popular delusion of the grossest order of chicane, leading to popular trials of the most humiliating wretchedness. But here Napoleon was the leader of the spell, the great manager of the illusion, the hierophant who urged the eager and profligate nation through all the successive scenes of national frenzy; until the fierce terrorist, the philosophic enthusiast, and the fiery republican, came out chastised and

cold, the feeble and shivering candidates for chains, the prostrate slaves of despotism.

It is remarkable as an example of that retributive hand of Providence, which, if we shall be content to acknowledge, we shall oftener find than we expect, even in the headiest course of passing things, that this expedition brought the first stain on the lustre of the French arms. The Egyptian expedition was wholly criminal. It was unprovoked; it was against the dominions of an ally; and it was unexcused by any shadow of *necessity* on the part of France. It was altogether a spontaneous burst of wicked ambition; and for the purpose of this ambition, it calmly contemplated the bloodshed, robbery, and misery of a war. But that dream of guilt was speedily awakened. A thunderbolt from heaven could scarcely have fallen more instantaneously than the vengeance that burst upon the invading fleet, and with it almost annihilated the navy of France. Sixty days of slaughter and shame before the broken walls of Acre, followed by a disgraceful flight, were the especial reward of Napoleon. The capture of 25,000 men, and with them the loss of all hope of ever holding Egypt, punished the military excesses of the vain-glorious soldiery; and the sacrifice of 100,000 Frenchmen in Italy, and the loss of all its provinces in a few months, and finally, the fall of the government, taught the nation, if it were capable of learning, the severe and *sudden* penalties of a course of wilful rapine.

Another remarkable example of this retribution is almost under our eyes; the first result of the French expedition to Algiers. This invasion was, like that of Egypt, wholly unprovoked, unnecessary, and prompted simply by the desire to dazzle.

The policy of the feeble cabinet of Charles X. seized on the idea, in the hope of rendering the government popular, by gratifying the populace with a new display of military "energy;"—80,000 troops landed, slaughtered Turks and Moors with impunity, and took possession of Algiers. But the news of this new "display" had scarcely reached France, when the wretched perse-

traitors of this conspiracy of plunder were undone; the king hurled from his throne into returnless exile, and the ministers, by a fate hitherto almost unknown in Europe, cast into dungeons, where they lie to this hour. In what additional shape punishment is yet to fall upon the nation which sanctioned this atrocious deed, by retaining the possession, is to be shown by the result. But what has France hitherto gained from her "Algerine colony" but expense, bloodshed, and the fierce hostility of the natives. She has been scarcely able to keep an outpost beyond Algiers; and whatever advantages her commerce might once have derived from this African kingdom, all intercourse with the interior seems to be at an end. Do we say this from any interest that we can feel in the independence of a race of barbarians? No. For the common sake of humanity, we should prefer seeing the whole coast of Africa turned into a wilderness, to seeing it in the possession of its brutal banditti of domineering Turks and savage Moors. But their unprovoked invasion by France was not the less criminal for the worthlessness of those whom they displaced. It was murder and robbery on the imperial scale; and certainly not the less guilty for its magnitude, nor less sure to be visited by condign punishment, for their being perpetrated against the wild, infidel, and ignorant population that infest the once luxurious shores of the granary of the world. But the instrumentality may be traced more directly still. If the 30,000 troops, thus thrown on the shore of Africa, had been retained at home, the Parisian populace would not have mastered the Tuileries, nor Charles X. have been now pondering, in his Austrian solitude, on the follies by which thrones, recovered after the labour of long and terrible years, may be flung away in an hour.

In conformity with this principle, Mr Alison maintains, that Napoleon's defeat before Acre was, in a great degree, the result of his horrid cruelty at Jaffa; the knowledge of the massacre rousing the Turks to make the most desperate defence. At Jaffa, it is now incontestably proved, that notwithstanding the capitula-

tion, and after two days, he ordered two divisions of his unfortunate prisoners, of 2500 and 1500, to be shot, under the pretext that some of them had broken their parole at El Arish. This was false (on the authority of Bourrienne and Jomini)! "no part of the garrison of El Arish was in Jaffa." The true reason was, that they might be an incumbrance to his army, or, if let loose, might rejoin the enemy. But the man to whom the honours of this signal repulse were pre-eminently due was Sir Sydney Smith, who, by one of those critical coincidences which may be so frequently found in this memorable war, escaped from the Temple in Paris almost at the moment of Bonaparte's departure for Egypt, and, receiving the command of a small squadron destined to watch Egypt, arrived at the moment, and at the point, from which, and from which alone, the great enemy of his country and of Europe was to be baffled. The arrival of this gallant individual cost the French 3000 men killed, perhaps twice the number wounded and unfit for future service, and finally the loss of Egypt. But Bonaparte's mortification was keener than any that could reach him through the slaughter of his companions in arms. His dream of oriental empire was dissolved. While standing on the mount of Richard Cœur de Lion, and gazing on the preparations for the last assault, he said to Bourrienne, "Yes, that miserable fort has, indeed, cost me dear. But matters have gone too far for me not to make a last effort. If I succeed, I shall find in that town all the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for 300,000 men. I shall raise and arm all Syria; I shall march on Damascus and Aleppo. Acre taken, I shall secure Egypt. I shall arrive at Constantinople with armed masses, overturn the empire of the Turks, and establish a new one in the East, which will fix my place with posterity. And perhaps I may return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." This circuit of Asia and Europe, through subverted thrones and fields of battle, only to return to Paris at last, reminds us of the dialogue of Pyrrhus the Epirote with the philosopher, and might be

fairly ridiculed by the philosopher's remark—"Why not go there without taking all this trouble?" But extravagant as was the conception, and boundless as the bloodshed and misery which must have purchased this circuitous path to Paris and renown, it evidently clung to Napoleon. When all things else had left him, twenty years after, on the precipices of St Helena, he still felt the blow that the sword of England had given to his ambition in Syria. "Acre once taken," said he, "the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus; in the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it; the whole population of the East would have been agitated." To the observation, "that he would soon have had 100,000 men, he replied "Say rather 600,000. Who can calculate what would have happened? I should have reached Constantinople and the Indies. I should have changed the face of the world." The especial honour of extinguishing this series of triumphs he always gave to Sir Sidney Smith. "That man," he frequently said, "made me miss my destiny."

We cannot now enter into the details of war. Individual character, and those central events which form the character of the inferior multitude of transactions, are the only objects for which we here have space or time. But the military narrations in these volumes will amply repay a closer perusal. The author's personal knowledge of the countries in which the principal European campaigns were fought, gives a strong interest to his descriptions of locality, and the ardour and graphic force with which he carries us through the march, the battle, and the siege, show how vividly the historian may be aided by the eye of the painter. While Napoleon was in Africa, idly dreaming of conquests never to be realized; or, like the giant of the Arabian tale, hermetically sealed, until fraud or folly should set him free, a campaign of unexampled havoc had commenced in Italy. The powers of the continent, at length convinced, that with the faithlessness, ra-

pine, and ambition of a democracy, there can be no peace but in its extinction, determined to make a combined effort to free the world from the heaviest calamity that had tried it since the days of barbarism. England was the directing genius of this great coalition. But the battle was to be fought by the troops of Austria and Russia under the two most celebrated leaders of the allies, the Archduke Charles and Suwarrow. The campaign began in Switzerland; "from the 14th of May, 1799, when the attack on the fort of Luciensteg commenced," says the animated *resumé* of those operations, "until the 6th of June, when the intrenched camp at Zurich was abandoned, was one continual combat, in a vast field of battle, extending from the snowy summits of the Alps to the confluence of the great rivers which flow from their fountains." The privations, toils, and slaughters of the vast bodies of men who fought in those wildernesses almost surpass the power of belief. "The consumption of human life during prolonged actions of twenty days; the forced marches by which they were succeeded, the sufferings of the troops on both sides, the efforts necessary to find provisions for large bodies of soldiery in those inhospitable regions, in many of which the traveller or chamois hunter can scarcely find food or footing, combined to render this warfare the most memorable and the most animating." But a new force was coming into the field.

Paul, the Russian Emperor, was an instance of the heavy calamity of being born to a throne, of having immense power in hands incapable of wielding it, and great ideas in a head too small to hold them. Possessing all the ambition, all the vanity, and all the despotism of his celebrated mother, without her force of understanding, his vigour plunged him into perpetual absurdity, and among a tribe of eccentric Sovereigns, he goes down to the future as the maddest monarch of Russia. Catherine hated republicanism, but she felt the natural insecurity of a despot's throne, and dreading to bring the remote questions of French politics before the popular eye, fought the democracy

by manifestoes. Paul, more honest, and more headstrong, plunged, heart and soul, into the confederacy, sent his first general and his best army to push the French to ruin, and was strangled for his breach of the legitimate craft of Tartary. Yet it is not to be forgotten, as an additional lesson to the spoiler, that Bonaparte's robbery of the Order of Malta, was the direct cause which roused this formidable auxiliary against France. Paul had been declared Grand Master of Malta, and imagining himself actually invested with all the feelings of knighthood, regarded the seizure as a personal insult to his chivalry. The treasures of Malta went to the bottom of the sea in the *L'Orient*. Malta itself, after idly occupying 3000 French troops for a year, was taken with its garrison by the English, and the attack itself brought down upon France the unsparing sword of Suwarrow, a sword which widowed her of 100,000 men. Seldom was violence more wicked, more fruitless, or visited with keener retribution. But perhaps the heaviest blow to Napoleon's personal feelings was yet to be given. This unprovoked seizure was the virtual source of Malta's becoming a possession of England, exclusive and final.

Paul's mind was all reveries, and his reveries had the true magnitude of madness. They were all impossibilities of the most comprehensive hopelessness. He was, in the first instance, bent on realizing Henry IV.'s fantasy of an universal league of Europe, reconciling all contending interests, and establishing a general court of law, a grand Amphycyonic council for the world. His next plan was the union of the Greek and Romish churches! When he should have cemented the bonds of this alliance, his next service to a wandering world was to be the reconciliation of Protestantism and Papistry, the total extinction of controversy, and the erection of a general church, in which all men should be of one mind! But he was not to have even the small share of wisdom which madmen are to be taught by failure. An atrocious assassination extinguished the unfortunate dreamer in the midst of his pro-

jects, and left his successors to the sterner, yet, perhaps, equally baseless, reveries of conquest from the Pole to the Line, of solid empire over the reluctant vassalage of the north, or the flying tribes of the east; of sovereignty made popular by the sword, and of civilisation secured by chains.

Suwarrow was, like his master, a madman, but he was a madman of genius. His natural location was the East; he would have made a matchless king of barbarians, for he was acute, prompt, and bold. He would have made a matchless chieftain of the Tartar wilderness, for he knew how to kindle the spirits of savage men to war, and to lead them to war. He was a general for a million of men, and at the head of his wild horsemen would have rode down half the thrones of the world. But his career was destined for other services, and the Scythian was sent to trample the legions of France. His tactique had been learned in the wars of the Turk and Tartar, and its spirit was rapidity, decision, and blood. He despised the formal manœuvres of the Germans; he scorned and hated the French, for whom his only name was, "the windy, lightheaded, God-denying French." When he put the musket into the soldier's hand, he told him that the bayonet was the brave man's weapon to destroy his enemy. His first remark to Chastellar, chief of the Imperial staff, was singularly characteristic of both his mind and his tactique. The Austrian having proposed a reconnoissance, Suwarrow answered warmly, "Reconnoissance! I am for none of them; they are of no use but to the coward, and to tell the enemy that you are coming. It is never difficult to find your enemy when you really wish it. Form column, charge bayonets, plunge into the centre of the enemy, those are my reconnoissances." Words which, as the historian justly observes, "amidst some exaggeration, unfold more of the real genius of war than is generally supposed." It is to be remembered, that Nelson, though among the first tacticians of the world, said the same. His maxim, "The captain cannot be far wrong who lays his ship alongside

the enemy," is but Suwarrow's, expressed with more strength, as with more simplicity.

The plan concerted between the Russian Fieldmarshal and the Archduke was admirable, and was fully accomplished in all its leading features. It was to cut off the French armies of Switzerland and Italy from each other—to conquer the Italian Alps, Lombardy, and Piedmont, and resting on the range of the Jura, to lay open the French frontier on its most naked side. The Russian now displayed his promptitude. The first shot was fired on the 25th of April, at the passage of the Adda. Within twelve hours, the French army, under Moreau, was beaten from the banks of the river, cut into three parts, and driven on the road to Milan. On the 26th Serrurier's division of 8000 men were surrounded, and forced to lay down their arms. On the 29th Suwarrow entered Milan in triumph, and the French army had already lost 11,000 men, and the pursuit was continued until Moreau was hunted to the shelter of the Alps. On May 27, Turin, the great depot of the French, was taken, with 261 pieces of cannon, 60,000 muskets, and immense stores, and Moreau was finally hunted through the Apennines to Genoa. In three months from the opening of the campaign, the enemy were driven to the frontier, Lombardy was reconquered, and the fruit of all Napoleon's campaigns lost.

But the Aulic Council was still the incumbrance of Russian and Austrian valour in the field, and by its order the Archduke was rendered inactive, and Suwarrow, to his measureless indignation, was ordered to disperse his army in the siege of her Italian fortresses. The enemy taking advantage of this signal folly, now rejoined their broken forces, and, under Macdonald and Moreau, rushed down upon the plain. Thence ensued one of the most obstinate and sanguinary contests of modern war,

the famous battle of the Trebbia. The historian has described this encounter with admirable vividness. Suwarrow's vigilance was not to be taken by surprise. On the first tidings of the French in Tuscany, he formed his plan, abandoned all the minor sieges, and by his marvellous energy collected, in the midst of the most inclement season, an army of 36,000 men, to meet the first shock of the advancing enemy. In an interesting note, Mr Alison observes the peculiarity, that the fate of the Italian peninsula has been thrice decided on the same spot. In the battle between the Romans and Carthaginians; in that between the Austrians and French in 1746; and in the present one between the Russians and French in 1799. He further observes the similar coincidences in the encounters at Vittoria, Leipsic, Lutzen, Fleurus, &c. "a striking proof how permanent is the operation of the causes which under every variety of the military art, conduct hostile nations."

The French were the assailants, tempted by the hope of capturing General Ott's division, which was in advance. On the advance of Suwarrow the enemy were driven back over the Tidone by a charge of Cossacks. Their right, under Victor, was next charged in flank by the Cossacks, great part cut to pieces, and the rest driven across the Trebbia. The Russians pursued. "In the heat of the pursuit they plunged, like the Carthaginians of old, into that classic stream," but were repulsed by the fire of the French batteries, and the hostile armies bivouacked for the night on the same ground which had been occupied 1900 years before* by the troops of Hannibal and the Roman legions.

The next day was the anniversary of the battle of Kolin, in which the Austrians had obtained their principal victory over Frederick the Great. Suwarrow, in compliment to his allies gave for the watchword,

* There is a slight chronological error here, too slight to be mentioned, but in the work of a scholar. The Roman battle of the Trebbia was fought more than 2000 years ago. The battle of Cannæ was fought in the 536th year of Rome. (B. C. 217.) The action on the Trebbia had occurred in the first Italian campaign, two years before.

"Theresa and Kolin." The action began at six in the morning. The French again crossed the Trebbia, but after a long and desperate struggle, were driven back through the river. The battle extended along the whole line up into the mountains, and the French divisions, all forced to give ground, retired to the opposite bank of the Trebbia. Both armies felt that the work of carnage was to be renewed on the following day, and Suwarrow resolved that the day should be decisive.

Of all the anxious periods of war, the most anxious must be such a night as the hostile armies were now to spend, in sight of each other, wasted by toil, thinned by slaughter, yet preparing for the dreadful collision which must extinguish either. "The troops on both sides lay down round their watchfires on the opposite shores of the Trebbia; which still, as in the days of Hannibal, flows in a gravelly bed, between banks of moderate height, clothed with stunted trees and underwood. The corps of Rosenberg alone had crossed the stream, and reached Settino, in the rear of the French lines. But, disquieted by its separation from the remainder of the army, and ignorant of the immense advantages of its position, it passed an anxious night, in square, with the cavalry bridled, and the men sleeping on their guns, and before daybreak, withdrew to the Russian side of the river." A brief, but striking scene occurred, to disturb the slumberings of those two mighty hosts. "Towards midnight, three French battalions, misled by false reports, entered in disorder into the bed of the Trebbia, and opened a fire of musquetry upon the Russian videttes. The two armies immediately started to their arms. The cavalry on both sides rushed into the river, the artillery played, without distinguishing, on friends and foes; and the extraordinary spectacle was exhibited of a combat by moonlight by hostile bodies up to the middle in water. At length the officers succeeded in putting an end to this useless butchery; and the rival armies, separated only by the stream, sank into sleep within a few yards of each other, amid the dead and dying." On the third morning, June the tenth,

the French, reckoning on the arrival of Moreau, within the next twenty-four hours, again crossed the river, manœuvring to turn both flanks of the Russians; "a hazardous operation at all times," as the historian observes, "unless conducted by a greatly superior army; from the dispersion of force which it requires, but doubly so in the present instance, from the risk of one of his wings being driven into the Po. Such was the fatigue of the men on both sides that they could not commence the action before ten o'clock. Suwarrow at that hour was beginning to put his troops in motion, when the French appeared in two lines on the opposite shore of the Trebbia, with the intervals between the columns filled with cavalry, and instantly the first line crossed the river, with the water up to the soldiers' armpits, and advanced to the attack." The engagement now began with great fierceness along the whole front, the impetuosity of the French gained some successes, but the intrepidity of the Russians soon brought their columns to a stand, then pressing on them with the bayonet, drove them into the river, with murderous execution. All the French divisions were thus repulsed, a charge by Prince Lichtenstein, at the head of the reserve, bursting on the flank of the central division under Montrichard, and beginning the general victory. The whole left bank of the Trebbia was again cleared, when night once more fell on the battle. The slaughter on both sides was nearly equal, the French suffering the hideous loss of 12,000 killed and wounded; the allies scarcely an inferior number. But the French had fought the battle of despair; and taking advantage of the darkness, fled from the field. At daybreak a despatch intercepted from Macdonald to Moreau, describing the army as all but undone, and detailing the line of retreat, sent the whole Allied force in pursuit. The French were speedily overtaken, and all their divisions terribly mutilated. Victor's corps was broken and dispersed. At Placentia 5000 wounded, with four generals, were taken; and Macdonald was hunted beyond the Larda. The division of Lapaype was scattered through the mountains. And the

result of the battle and pursuit in prisoners was 510 officers, and 12,738 privates. Moreau was already marching to the aid of his countrymen, but his circumspection had left them to their fate; and while he was deliberating, another wonder was prepared for him in the capture of Turin. Suwarrow knew the value of time, and had urged the siege with a rapidity that baffled all the calculations of the French master of tactics. On the 19th the second parallel was opened. Two hundred pieces of cannon were in battery, and such was the effect of the iron shower which they poured on the devoted citadel, that, though one of the strongest in Europe, it hoisted the white flag within twenty-four hours! This capture gave into the hands of the Allies 618 pieces of artillery, 40,000 muskets, 50,000 hundred weight of powder, and vast stores. Suwarrow instantly flew to attack Moreau, but the Frenchman cautiously drew back, and the campaign partially closed, having already cost France the enormous number of 60,000 out of the superb force of 100,000 men which had descended from the Apennines. It is, even at this distance of time, painful to think how soon this expenditure of science and valour was rendered useless by the jealousies of the continental sovereigns. The eagerness of Austria to secure her Italian possessions threw a cloud upon the final portion of the allied triumph, and prepared the calamities which brought Napoleon to the gates of Vienna. The historian concludes this stirring scene with one of those eloquent, pious, and manly observations which give so peculiar a value to his labours. "England alone remained throughout unsullied by crime, unfettered by the consciousness of robbery; and *she alone continued, to the end, unsubdued in arms.* It is not by imitating the guilt of a hostile power, but by steadfastly shunning it, that ultimate success is to be obtained. The gains of iniquity to nations, not less than to individuals, are generally more than compensated by their pains; and the only foundation for durable prosperity is to be found in that strenuous but upright course, which re-

sists equally the seduction and the violence of crime.

We have spoken of the author's descriptive powers as entitling him to take a high rank among historians. Every chapter of his volumes furnishes evidence of this title; but we shall rest on his sketch of the Russian movement over the Alps of Glarus. The defeat of Korsakow, an unlucky and presumptuous officer, by Massena at Zurich, had turned the tide of Russian success, and forced Suwarrow to stop in the midst of victory. He had stormed the St Gothard, when the ill news arrived from Korsakow; and there was no alternative but to retreat, in the first instance, through the "horrible defile" of the Shachenthal. "Suwarrow, with troops exhausted by fatigue, and a heart boiling with indignation, was compelled to commence the perilous journey. No words can do justice to the difficulties experienced by the Russians in this terrible march, or the heroism of the brave men engaged in it. Obligated to abandon their artillery and baggage, *the whole army advanced in single file*, dragging the beasts of burden after them. Numbers slipped down the precipices, and perished miserably. Others, worn out with fatigue, lay down on the track, and were trodden under foot by the multitude which followed them, or fell into the hands of Lecourbe, who closely hung on their rear. So complete was the dispersion of the army, that their leading files had reached the Muten before the last had left Altdorf; and the precipices beneath the path were covered with horses, equipages, arms, and soldiers, unable to continue the laborious ascent. At length they reached the Muten, when the troops, in a hospitable valley, abounding with cottages and green fields, hoped for a respite from their fatigues." But in this hope they were totally disappointed. The French successes had enabled Massena and Molitor to combine a general pursuit of the gallant soldiery of Suwarrow. The Austrians on whom he depended had retired; and the field-marshal found that he had reached the Mutenthal only to be exposed to the whole of Massena's

army on the one side, and Molitor's on the other. The enemy's brigades were soon seen on the crests of the mountains. Suwarrow called a council of war, and "following only the dictates of his own impetuous courage," proposed an immediate advance to Schwytz in the rear of the French position. His officers strongly urged the necessity of a march into the Grisons, to join the remaining wing of the army, and the command was given. "The veteran conqueror, with the utmost difficulty, was persuaded to alter his plans, and, for the first time in his life, he ordered a retreat, weeping with indignation." The path over the summit of the Alps of Glarus was even more rugged than through the Shachenthal, and the horses and beasts of burden had all perished under the fatigue of the former march. Hardships, probably unequalled in the annals of all former war, and to be equalled only by the future sufferings of the French themselves in the country of Suwarrow, attended this dreadful effort. "On the morning on which the army set out from Glarus, a heavy fall of snow (October the 5th) both obliterated all traces of a path, and augmented the natural difficulties of the passage. The wearied column wound its painful way among inhospitable mountains, in single file, without either stores to sustain its strength, or covering to shelter it from the weather. The snow, which in the upper parts of the mountain, was two feet deep, and soft from newly falling, rendered the ascent so fatiguing, that the strongest men could with difficulty ascend but a few miles a-day. No cottages were to be found in those dreary

and sterile mountains; not even trees were to be met with, to form the cheerful light of the bivouacs; vast grey rocks starting up among the snow alone broke the mournful uniformity of the scene; and under their shelter, or on the open surface of the mountain, without covering or fire, were the soldiers obliged to lie down, and pass the long and dreary autumnal night. Great numbers perished of cold, or sunk down precipices, or into crevices from which they were unable to extricate themselves, and where they were soon choked by the drifting of the snow. With inconceivable difficulty the head of the column, on the following morning, at length reached, amid colossal rocks, the summit of the ridge. But it was not the smiling plains of Italy which there met their view; but a sea of mountains, wrapped in the snowy mantle which seemed the winding sheet of the army, interspersed with cold grey clouds floating around their peaks. The Alps of Tyrol and the Grisons, whose summits stretched as far as the eye could reach in every direction, presented a vast wilderness."

Again we congratulate the author, and still more the public, on the appearance of such a work. His first two volumes gave the history of revolt; his present volumes the history of revolution. His next will give the consummate tyranny—the whole forming the most powerful moral ever addressed to the sense of nations:—a great tribute to public wisdom, and, above all, important to England in a crisis which will try whether she is to fall as a warning, or to triumph as a protector, to the civilized world.

A FEW MORE GREEK EPIGRAMS.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

(ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.)—THE NINE POETESSES OF GREECE.

Τάσδε θεογλώσσους Ἑλικῶν—κ.τ.λ.

The Heliconian springs, and rocky steeps
Of Macedonian Pīerus have heard
The god-voiced strains of women, and with song
Prexilla nurtured,—Myro,—Anyte
The female Homer,—thee of Lesbian dames
Famed for their flowing ringlets—Sappho first
In glory,—and Erinna,—Telesilla,
Great in thy growing fame,—Corinna, thee—
Thee the bright songstress of the warlike shield,
Athena's,—Nossis mild, and woman-voiced,—
And gentle Myrtis last:—meet makers all
On the bright page of everliving song.
Nine Muses mighty Uranus produced,
And nine the Earth,—a deathless joy to man.

II.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Παυροειπὴς Ἡριννα—κ.τ.λ.

Few subjects briefly treated form the lays
For which Erinna wears the Muse's bays;
Thus fame is hers:—nor o'er what she hath sung
Hath sable night her shadowy pinions flung.
But o'er *our* works is dark oblivion spread:
Though numberless—what are we but the dead?
Yea better the brief notes which swans may sing,
Than the daws' croakings to the clouds of spring.

III.

(UNKNOWN.)

Ἄρετι λοχευομένην σε μελισσότοκων—κ.τ.λ.

Thou who hadst lately birth to music given
Of bee-engender'd hymns, and swan-voiced lays,
Art now o'er Acheron's dark waters driven
By fate,—the spindle of man's life that sways.
Yet still, Erinna, will the Muse proclaim
Thy labours—deathless in the choirs of fame.

IV.

(AGATHIAS.)—EPITAPH ON HIS SISTER EUGENIA.

Τὰν πάρος ἀνθήσασαν ἐν ἀγλαίῃ—κ.τ.λ.

Mark where the flower of love and song is laid,—
Skilled too in law's * ennobling lore,—the maid
Eugenia's tomb, on which, their ringlets shorn,
The Muses, Themis, Venus, spread,—and mourn.

* The civil law, in the time of Agathias, was studied with so great zeal, that even ladies devoted themselves to it.

V.

(UNKNOWN.)

* Ἡ γενεὴ δόξῃ τε καὶ ἐν μούσῃσι Τύρινα—κ.τ.λ.

Tyrinna, nobly-born, the theme of fame
 And song,—to virtue's sacred heights I came:
 For thrice nine years I lived: and now forlorn
 In sighs and tears my wretched parents mourn.
 A widow'd house is theirs,—of me bereft,
 Who childless left them,—and no blossom left.
 Sad change this rocky tomb,—my narrow home
 For my paternal mansion's lofty dome!
 Vain creed of pious men,—vain hopes, vain fears,
 Or why my father's house—thus steep'd in tears!

VI.

(DAMAGETUS.)

Ἰστατον, ὦ Φάκαια—κ.τ.λ.

Theano's words, Phocæa, when the night
 Of death was gathering round her eyes, were these,—
 "Apellicus, my husband—my delight,
 Why art thou roaming on the distant seas,
 When death is standing near me: Oh! that I
 Could thy loved fingers clasp in mine—and die."

VII.

(PAUL OF THESSALONICA.)

Ἡρίθμου ποτι—κ.τ.λ.

Thee, Aristodice, erst all admired—
 Proud of six sons—though born in grief and pain:
 Earth with the sea against thy peace conspired,
 Three have the waves,—and three disease has slain:
 Thou weep'st—and at their tombs the nightingale—
 Thou chid'st the deep—and halcyon seems to wail.

VIII.

(CRINAGORAS.)

Ἐλαρος ἠρθοῦμεν τοπρὶν ῥόδα—κ.τ.λ.

WINTER ROSES SENT TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

We roses, Lady, with flower-loving May
 Are wont to come,—but now 'mid Winter's cold
 We love our purple blossoms to unfold,
 And greet thee well on this thy natal day.

For thy near spousals, too, our sweets we bring,—
 Deeming it better, and more blest to shed
 Our blushing fragrance round thy lovely head,
 Than tarry for the genial warmth of Spring.

* This inscription was copied at Samos, and sent to England in 1825. It is to be found in the *Museum Criticum*, vol. i. p. 350.

IX.

(ALPHEUS OF MITYLENE.)

Χειμερίοις κηφάδεσσι—κ.τ.λ.

Covered by winter snows, around her young,
 With sheltering wings, a hen more closely clung,
 Till the keen frosts of heaven, which long she tried
 To struggle with, prevailed, and then she died.
 Procne, Medea, you were mothers too:
 Blush when you learn what even a bird could do.

X.

(UNCERTAIN.)

Οἷος ἔης φεύγων τὸν ὑπήμενον—κ.τ.λ.

ON MYRO'S STATUE OF THE RUNNER LADAS.

As when with eager haste, and rapid bound,
 While thy light tiptoe scarcely touched the ground,—
 Thymus thou fledst,—whose feet the wind surpass,
 Such, Ladas, art thou there in Myro's brass.
 There every eager muscle seems to breathe
 With expectation of famed Pisa's wreath.
 How full of hope!—each hollow flank sends up
 The panting breath to that determined lip—
 Soon from the base upon the wreath 'twill dart—
 Oh! swift the wind, but swifter Myro's art.

XI.

(ZENODOTUS OF EPHEBUS.)

Τρηχέην κατ' ἐμῷ ψαφάρῃ κόνι—κ.τ.λ.

EPITAPH ON TIMON THE MISANTHROPE.

Twist round me, thou rough earth, the prickly thorn:
 Let the crooked, savage bramble branch adorn
 My tomb, that birds of spring may shun the place,
 And I may rest alone in perfect peace.
 Unloved of all, the misanthrope am I—
 Timon, of whom even Pluto's self is shy.

XII.

(ARISTON.)

Αρπελίς ἢ φιλάκρητος.

Trembling with age, propped by her guiding staff,
 Came Ampelis, who loved strong wine to quaff:
 Slyly she tried to fill with new press'd juice
 Her great, huge cup—fit for a Cyclop's use.
 Vain effort! she like an old vessel sank,
 And the huge vat the reeling tippler drank:
 So near this sunny, wine-exhaling spot,
 Euterpe placed her aged corpse to rot.

XIII.

(AUTOMEDON.)

Νικήτης ὀλίγος μὲν—κ.τ.λ.

Like the soft breeze that round the cordage sighs,
 Mildly at first Nicetas' periods rise:

But soon the gathering gale, the quivering mast,
The bellying canvass, stretched before the blast,
The richly-laden vessel onward urge
Over the swelling ocean's restless surge,
Until at length its destined course it close,
And in the waveless haven find repose.

XIV.

(SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA.)

Τούτ' ὅστιῦν φωτὸς πολυεργίος—κ.τ.λ.

The bones, perchance, of toil-worn mortal these;
Merchant's, or fisher's, on the dark rough seas.
Oh! tell to mortals, when their hopes run fast
To other hopes, that *thus* they are at last.*

XV.

(LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.)

Τὰν ἐκφυγούσαν ματρός—κ.τ.λ.

ON APELLES' PICTURE OF VENUS ANADYOMENE.

From her own mother's bosom just escaped
Came genial Venus; while adown her skin
The foam-bells sparkled. *Her* Apelles saw
In all her kindling beauty, and there fixed,
Not her bright semblance, but her breathing self.
See with what grace her finger-tips express
The moisture from her hair,—and beautiful
Is passion's lustre mildly beaming forth
From her large eyes: and, oh! that swelling breast
Heralds perfection—by its quince-like round.
Minerva's self and Jove's own queen exclaim,
Yes, Jupiter, to *this* † we yield the palm.

It would be observed that, in one of the epigrams in our last Number, Mr Hay had changed "three hundred" into "thirty"—rather a bold proceeding; but the truth is, that he had complained to us of the difficulty of introducing "three hundred" into the line, and we advised him—jocularly—to reduce the number. He took us at our word, not supposing that we would have allowed the change to pass unnoticed—believing, indeed, that we would have taxed our own ingenuity to give the right number. We forgot it. Pray, why do none of the numerous young gentlemen who continued for months sending us versions of epigrams already translated by us or our friends in our articles on the Greek Anthology, try their hands now on *new* epigrams? 'Tis easy to do over again, badly, or indifferently, or even well, what has already been done admirably. 'Tis difficult to do excellently a thing of the kind—for the first time—or without a model. We owe many thanks and many apologies to some of the *scholars* whose contributions have not yet seen the light, and chiefly to Mr Price. Another month shall not elapse without due honour being done to them; and, mean while, we have only to beg pardon for our *apparent* neglect, and to assure them of our *real* gratitude and regard.

C. N.

* This epigram is inscribed—*εἰς ὅστια ἀνθρώπινα κείμενα ἀτημέλητα*—on human bones lying uncared for.

† Alluding to the judgment of Paris.

THE SKETCHER.

No. XII.

WERE you compelled to make choice of one month out of the twelve for sketching, you would probably select May, for the impression of the change from sterility to verdure is then freshest; and it has a name, that predisposes you in its favour, and is stamped in the world's manual with the sign of Cupid's prerogative.

"He reign'd a month and that was May."

But in our delightful climate, where verdure reigns more than half, and beauty of some kind survives the whole year through, the God

of Love somewhat lingers in his coming that he may stay the longer. The boasted blue of an Italian sky has little charm for him when the burnt up soil offers no cool freshness for the sole of his foot, so he takes to his wings and migrates, and I doubt not, as punctually as the cuckoo to a day, you will find him, the very first week in June, newly alighted in a green meadow, skirted by a deep wood of arbour-creating trees, just dipping his pink feet, or tips of his silver-white wings in a pure streamlet, that ever after sings melodies of gentleness—perhaps that very

"Hidden brook,

In the leafy month of June,
That to the quiet woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune."

Correggio must certainly have been here, and hence the chasm in his history, and little is known about him; he must have been here, when England was merry England, and with his palette in hand, studying behind a screen of boughs, have well seen and painted the Urchin Deity, whose flesh was of the rose and lily, animated with the ever-moving stream of ichor the divine. And was not he, the gifted Correggio, by, when Venus brought the yet innocent infant to Mercury the eloquent, to be taught his letters? and how wonderfully has he represented the scene in his picture of this subject now in our National Gallery! Here we see what was the "infant school to which Cupid went, in the greenwood." Yet even from that he returned not half so innocent as he went—there under rock and shade of tender leafage, were no monkey antics, and slapping of sides to tune up the multiplication table; no unhuman gesticulations, and undulating screams for infant speech; for the little creature was rather dull at his book, and gave but a down cast at the leaves; but there is yet a sly look from under his eyelid, showing the true spirit that is in him, and that is seen quivering in every limb with the will to escape among the sparkling leaves of the thicket, as he would disdain to learn even from the God of Elo-

quence, conscious of an intuitive genius that would one day make him master paramount over the whole College of the "Diffusion of Knowledge Society;" and we know he was afterwards professor of painting, from the story of the Grecian Maid, and that he taught Quintin Matsys, nay Raphael himself, and as many more, who ever gained best celebrity. But the month was June—the scene in England. Unless I drop allegory, I shall be thought to have robbed the portfolio of T. Moore's anthology, though the whole account may be seen written in pure Greek, and translated into "most choice Italian," and every other language, living or dead.

How beautiful is June from its commencement to its close, the pride and "manhood of the year." How infinitely varied in its changes until it robes the earth in its full richness. Life,—fresh, vigorous life,—is in the air and in the sunbeams—myriads of harmless creatures of every shape and hue, to delight the eye and enjoy the wide profusion, attest in visible happiness the bounty of God. As a whole, how varied and fascinating is the landscape; and in its minutest parts of blade and foliage, what teeming luxuriance is there of life and beauty! The wood is vocal though the songster be hid among the leaves. The humble bee, searching into the

full flower, and injuring it not, the climbing beetle practising his gymnastics like an amateur over green stalk and stem, the spray elastic to the young bird's pressure, the dew sparkling with blessedness, the cool, inviting shade, and the yellow gleam, not fixed, but changeably coursing as if itself were a moving spirit of delight, all these make every nook and cranny of nature's paradise a theatre of wonders. There is a communion between heaven and earth, and the very moon and stars, as they look down upon the sleeping woods in silent intelligence, acknowledge a kindred love, and it is writ in the broad face of the Heavens, "The hand that made us is divine." If so wondrous be the work of that divine hand, even mutilated as it is, and under curse, what will it be when that is removed, and perfection shall be no longer a dream!

Beautiful June! Why is it that all painters have failed to represent the beautiful greens of this luxuriant month? In the early part of it I spent some time in study among the woods opposite Clifton. They are, as I have stated in a former paper of *The Sketcher*, the very best painting ground. Their peculiarity of form and character I have before described; but I cannot now forbear remarking, that I never was so forcibly struck with the greens; they were of all shades, but rich as if every other colour had by turns blended with them, yet unmixed, so perfect in predominance was the green throughout. So varied likewise was the texture, whether effected by distance, by variety of shade, by opposition, or by character of ground. There was much of the emerald, not in colour only, but in its transparent depth. The illumination, brilliant even under the shadows of the trees, in the hollows, and fern-covered ascent, under the foliage, was most lovely. Then amid the depth of wood, the tall thorns, with newly assumed elegance, mingling their blossoms, fresh and white, here in masses, there in dots, like diamond, pearl, and jewellery over a regal mantle of green, yet all with such modesty, and, if the expression be allowed, such affection, interweaving and interspersing the innocent gai-

ety; and here retiring into the depth of shade, relieving and making the depths still deeper, yet delighting, as the Latin happily expresses it, "consociare," rendered the smaller passages complete pictures. Bring the critic to this test, and mark how nature will laugh at him in her sweet mockery, and bid him unfold the bandage from his eyes. Who will deny the taste of Price, though he had some strange notions of the picturesque? "As the green of Spring," says he, "from its comparative coldness, is, upon the whole, unfavourable to landscape painting; in like manner its flowers and blossoms, from their too distinct and splendid appearance, are apt to produce a glare and spottiness so destructive of that union which is the very essence of a picture, whether in nature or imitation." Where was ever sweeter union than that I have been describing? He had one whole or large landscape in his mind's eye, and he would not have it disturbed; and had he written when his eyes saw this whole, he would not have noticed the blossoms. But when he would reduce the scale of his conceptions, and make a picture of that which only before formed a part, he then would see, because he ought to see, the blossoms; which, however, he tells us in a note, when white, are more unfavourable to landscape than any others, by bringing the objects too near the eye, and disturbing the aerial perspective and gradation of distance. Mere nonsense; as if Nature did not know how to glaze and subdue, or bring forward her blossoms to please herself and every one else, who would not let their theory mar their taste, and rob it of its feeling. Whoever yet saw Nature in her wild growth obtrusive and disagreeable in any of her ornaments? We must not have in our eye orchards with whitewashed stems, and regularly planted in rows, and daubed with mud and grafted by art, and fancy their spottiness is all Nature's doing, who on the contrary is every evening throwing over them a mantle in pity; and where did he learn, but from some artificial formation of mound and meadow where there should have been none, that the green was cold. Is it not a colour composed of cool and hot

colour? and who knows the proper proportion better than the Great Alchemist?

This condemnation, too, of Price's probably proceeds from another false view of art, arising from a false practice of finishing off every corner of a picture, which is not in imitation of nature. When we look at nature with a view to a picture, the eye is fixed on one object, and though it sees others, it sees them less distinctly; yet, practically, painters often err; and without reference to the character of that one view, turn too individual attention to the parts which are thus taken out of the proper mental perspective; and the fault becomes the more striking, as the area on which they are represented is reduced. The chief masters have, with great art and care, avoided this, but the ignorant and tasteless have not felt the reason of the obscurity, and with a foolish avarice looked for more than was fairly offered. Now I would ask the question again, why are not these lovely and varied greens of June attempted by artists? Why have they not been fully attempted by the old masters? Perhaps *they* had not the pigments; in this respect, perhaps their means were more limited. But surely chemical science has done much of late years in discovery of colours. Whatever we have lost that the old masters had, it cannot be pretended that our colours are not both more numerous, and their properties better understood. Again, does the defect arise from this, that because we do not see these greens in the old masters, we do not *dare* attempt the novelty? I cannot think this, for we have sufficiently shown we *dare* to depart from them even in the best rules and principles of the art. There is a great difficulty, I admit; for as the colour is composed of opposites, the danger of offensive selection and combination is great; but still, we must overcome mere difficulties. Is this or that beautiful in nature, does it delight my eye, engage my mind into agreeable speculations? This is the question to be asked. If so, it must be studied closely, and imitated. What Rembrandt and other painters, who aim at great richness, have effected with browns, nature does with greens;

there is as much richness, as much depth, as much shade, as much illumination, nay more, than those great men have produced with the other colours. Such were my speculations in the woods in the early part of June, and while making them, with half closed eyes, I lay indolently upon the soft mossy bank, under the protection of overhanging boughs, whose whispering music and refreshing airs I heard and felt when I no longer saw their colour, shade, or sunshine—and then in that delicious repose, when the imagination acts the magician, conjures up and enchants, even then did the ugly phantom of a doubt cross my vision, glaring like jealousy, the green-eyed monster. He had a palette on his thumb, bright with crone, and ultramarine Prussian blue, and patent yellow, at which he pointed with an air of conceit. You abominable Sketcher, quoth he, what know you about the perfection or imperfections of modern art, you who have not visited for long years our great metropolis, the empire of art? What is there of antiquity to be compared to modern improvements? There has been a march of sciences and arts. Reform has new-animated genius, go and behold excellence. I felt that invisible spirit, the Great Agitator, Conscience, within, creeping up into my mouth, and peering from out the corners of my eyes for a nook to escape into; but that not being practicable, I knew him to return, and sit coldly like an imp of evil on the mushroom of the heart, and there take part against me, muttering slanderer, vilifier, and other no gentle terms. I arose as the vision departed, and said, with an assumed air of composed defiance, "I will meet thee at Philippi!" When more awake, I resolved to keep my word to the ghost, and prepared for a visit to the metropolis to enjoy its exhibitions and picture galleries, to see all this boasted excellence, the magnificent perfection which, I had been told, the arts had attained. Preparation, indeed, quoth Benjamin the Traveler, scarcely deigning to take the cigar from his mouth, the rail-road swaggerer, the timer of coaches; who wants preparation, when he can go a hundred miles and back again in a few hours? Very well, Mr Benja-

min, and is there not a scheme afloat to waft none but subscribers to Paris and back first, and then to all the principal cities in Europe, in an aeronautical ship, built by the European Aeronautical Society? Subscriptions for the year Two Guineas! But could you blow me those hundred and twenty miles through a tunnel in a minute, much preparation would be requisite. We country mice must trim our whiskers and manners to the newest cut ere we visit the town mice. In decent respect, therefore, did I take ten days' preparation to syringe my ears and bathe my eyes with honey-water, that I might hear all Metropolitan dication, and bear the unparalleled blaze of academical glory; and besides, it was needful to dream I had been in Trophonius' Cave to acquire the gift of silence. But Maga, who commands every one of her children "*fari quæ sentiat*," to speak what he thiinks, and has spell and power to make even a Trappist loquacious, has absolved me from the imaginary vow, and bids me without fear of authority dare, on all occasions, to vindicate the principles of taste I feel to be correct.

There is no disputing about tastes (*de gustibus*), is but a vulgar apology for corrupt taste in art and morals; and it is false; for if it be true, there is no such thing as *art*. For that which rests on no *principles* deserves not the name. Though the foundation of art be the *Mimesis* imitation, yet its test is truth, that has strung the human heart so nicely, that it vibrates to the slightest touch that is in affinity with it; and as by combinations infinite is the music, so by the same are the imitations; they are of every variety, and the whole scale is poetry. And whatever production truth does not so attest by its vibration, though it affect to be imitation, is either false to that foundation, or does not ascend beyond the bare means from which it is the business of art both to combine and create. The rudest outline of a man or a horse will delight a child, because it is imitation; and thus we are by nature predisposed to be pleased with every resemblance. But it is alone worthy the painter or the poet to take advantage of this first impulse to admire; and not to

be content with representing the bare thing, not even in its most minute correctness, but through it, and by his manner of treating it, and combining to direct the easily led mind to conceptions not exactly represented, not substantially *per se* embodied, but discoverable through the imagination, and that by, as it were, some invisible touches of truth.

To be satisfied with the mere imitation of objects is to mistake the means for the end of art. If this, then, be true, "imitation" must, when applied to art, be a term of extended meaning, and will often sacrifice individual and minute resemblance, at the dictation of a greater truth, which lies rather in the whole than the parts. It will, therefore, be the business of art very frequently, in its process of imitation, to reject much that the actual organ, the eye, when directed to it, sees, in order more fully to portray what the mind's eye, by overlooking the detail, is enabled to see, and more to impress the judgment which the mind alone can make. And this process is more true as to actual vision than many painters would by their practice seem to admit; for, in any given view, the greater part is but indistinctly seen. It indeed appears strange, but it is so, that the mind has a power over the organs of sight, of arresting *in transitu*, as it were, and putting in abeyance an impression; and thus, while we *see* but with one eye the particular object at which we look (or we should see two), the more indistinct impressions of side objects are suffered to remain, so that the eye is in part only idle. But I am speculating out of my depth.

It is with this view of art I go to exhibitions; and pictures give me pleasure or pain, or I am indifferent to them, as they agree or disagree with the test I have laid down. Let genius have ample scope, "verge and room enough." For truth is of infinite space before us, as error is behind us. The great business is to ascertain that our faces are in the right direction, for there is no limit either way. But we must take the trouble to think, and deeply, if we would be good

artists, and not imitate, as Bacon observes of him, "Laughing Pilate," who said, "what is truth, and would not wait for an answer."

I must say, then, that the two exhibitions of the Royal Academy, Somerset House, and of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall-Mall, are greatly deficient in poetical feeling; and that for lack of this better guide, the hand has run riot over the colours of the palette, and there they are, crude, unharmonious, gaudy, staring, presuming. It is quite painful to remain in either exhibition, coming from either the National Gallery or the British Institution exhibitions of the works of the old masters. In these there is repose for the eye; whatever other defects there may be, the mind is not interrupted in its process of thought by obtrusive glare. The others might take as their motto, "Here Ophthalmia reigns." You are too soon ready to cry out, "hide me in night's ebon shades." Any thing for a retreat—refuge from the glare demon.

Will this give offence to great names? Well; I have very little acquaintance with artists, and none whatever with those whose works I am mostly disposed to criticize. But were he or they bosom friend or friends—I should say, "*Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas.*" When men of genius seek notoriety out of the path of true taste, the more they astonish (though ultimately they the less please)—they become dangerous lights, that lead into the quagmires of art, when their feet should be straight towards the pure temple of Fame. We see the danger in their imitators—till Somerset House is become nearly the receptacle of the works of one family, and we might say from the aged to the infant. And the other exhibitions proceed "*pari passu.*" But is there nothing to praise, nothing to admire? Yes, unquestionably; but what is good is overpowered. Extravagance "rules and reigns without control." And much that is good has the taint, for it is true in art, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Turner has chosen some years past to paint the sun in the middle of his pictures, and what hosts of innocent

sheep have followed the leader! There sticks Polyphemus, the one-eyed sun, in the centre of the canvas, a daub either of patent yellow or flake white, or, in the Annuals, as white as the paper can leave him. So it has been with every part of the compositions—ditto, repeated; and some, worse still, repeat themselves, till, tired or sick of their imitators, they strike off again into some new wondrous novelty that must at least ensure them the reign for a season. Why, for the sake of this trickery fame, will Turner persist in throwing the gauze of flimsy novelty over his genius, great as it is? Why will he have his works rather wondered at for a month, than to please for ever? Why should he delight to lead the rising British artists astray, when it is impossible he can impose upon himself? While others adore, he must too often despise the works of his own hands. Is it that he would rest his fame on what he has done, and thus mislead, that he may have no rival in the British school hereafter? There is not a picture of his now exhibited that does not merit reprobation, *from himself.* But he knows to astonish is now-a-days the only way to be foremost. In our extravagant conceit for improvement and novelty, in a word, for *reforming*, whatever has been done before is to be put down as wrong. If others loved shade, we will have light. There must be universal mountebanking, political, moral, and religious—in trades, arts, and sciences. Even in the pulpit, modest sincerity, devout demeanour, is overlooked. And the best chance of succeeding in attracting a congregation, would be to stand on the head and preach, making action with the legs, or to wear a red wig and rant. "I see no connexion," says a modern wit, "between modesty and merit, but that they both begin with an M." But what says the notebook sketches on the spot?

"No. 74. *The Bright Stone of Honour (Ehrenbreitstein), and Tomb of Marceau*, from Byron's Child Harold. J. M. W. Turner, R.A."

The poet says,

"On a rise of gentle ground,
There is a *small* and *simple* pyramid
Crowning the summit of the *verdant*
mound."

Gentle, small, simple, verdant, convey the idea of melancholy repose, and Ehrenbreitstein's "shattered wall" assist the now solemn quiet. So paints the poet. How paints the R. A.? All jumble and confusion in effect, colour, and composition. Here is in its utmost poverty, raw white, and unharmonizing blue—the texture is perfectly fuzzy. It represents nothing, substantial or unsubstantial, neither earth, air, fire, nor water, though they were the "beggarly elements." The figures are red and white dolls, and not quite so well painted as dolls usually are. There is not as much poetry as the paring of a nail. Read the quotation from Byron, and look at the performance. "Look on this picture and on this." As to the habitations of this Ehrenbreitstein, they are treated after the fashion of the Dragon of Wantly.

"For houses and churches were to him
geese and turkeys,
He eat all and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, which he
could not crack,
Which on the hills you'll find."

"No. 155. *Venice, from the Porch of Madonna della Salute.* J. M. W. Turner, R. A."

Venice! Well, I have seen Venice. Venice, the magnificent, glorious, queenly even in her decay—with her rich coloured buildings, speaking of days gone by, reflected in the green water. What is *Venice* in this picture? A flimsy white-washed meagre assemblage of architecture, starting off ghost-like into unnatural perspective, as if frightened at the affected blaze of some dogger vessels (the only attempt at richness in the picture). Not Venice, but the boat, is the attractive object; and what is to make this rich?—nothing but some green, and red, and yellow tinsel, which is so flimsy that it is now cracking—and as he would not paint the green water, there is a gondola sort of vessel, that is the very aeronautical ship.

The greater part of the picture is white, disagreeable white, without light or transparency, and the boats, with their red worsted masts, are as gew-gaw as a child's fairing, which he may have cracked to see what it was made of. As to Venice, nothing

can be more unlike its character. But Venice is now the fashion, so we shall have, *usque ad nauseam*, white buildings streaked with grey, and gondolas as plenty as geese, and much more fine.

There is a night scene of Turner's, with a day-blue sky, and the Fire of the Houses of Parliament, in which "Thames" has not followed Mr Puff's directions and "kept between his banks." If there be truth in this picture, it shows who had a hand in the fire, for the burning is very blue, and not without its mixture of brimstone.

"No. 145. *The Valley Farm.* J. Constable, R. A."

There is nothing here to designate a valley nor a farm, but something like a cow standing in some ditch-water. It is the poorest in composition, beggarly in its parts, miserably painted, without the least truth of colour—and so odd, that it would appear to have been powdered over with the dredging-box, or have been under an accidental shower of white lead, which I find on enquiry is meant to represent the sparkling of dew. The sparkling of dew!! Like "mountain dew" it has "visited its face too roughly." Did ever Mr Constable see any thing like this in nature? for if he has, he has seen what no one else ever pretended to have seen. Such conceited imbecility is distressing, and being so large, it is but magnified folly.

Well, then, here is Wilkie, R. A. Does not he shine? In truth, yes; but you would wish he did not. Here is Columbus and the Egg, they say after the manner of Velasquez, but I hope not; the faces are streaky, very oddly painted, as if in ribbons of wax, and his mouths, which he once could paint, are pinched-up paper covered with lake. Yes, raw lake. Now, if this were the real portrait of Columbus, the picture would be of great value; but an ideal Columbus, made out of Irving of the unknown tongues (accounting, by the by, for the extraordinary mouths from which they may proceed) has neither value in poetry nor history. His, as all the Wellingtons in Somerset House, are failures, sadly want dignity, which certainly the original does not. But as to portraits, in these we ought to excel, and indeed

in a great part do; of upwards of a thousand pictures in Somerset House, I suppose the greater number are portraits. Vanity keeps a good market.

“Vanity fair, Vanity fair,
Pray, can you tell me who were there?
Simper and Pratempace, Brazen-stare,
They were there, they were there.”

There are, however, notwithstanding this piece of harmless satire rather on the sitter than the painter, some admirable portraits, as would be reasonably expected from such artists as Pickersgill, Phillips, and more in order than I need name. But there was one, for its modesty and unpresuming treatment, gave me great pleasure. The face appeared a little to want colour, but I can easily imagine it would not be so in a quiet room. By colour, I do not mean red, &c. but richness. It is “277, *Meditation*. H. Wyatt.” If altogether ideal, there is great feeling in the conception; if from nature, the painter was fortunate in his subject, and understood the character.

“No. 101, *Approach to Verona from the Tyrol*. A.W. Calcott, R.A.” Very admirably managed, true to nature, and favourably so—yet it wants brilliancy of material.

“No. 363. *On the Coast of Normandy*. C. Stanfield, R.A. Elect.”

Those who like coast scenery, must be pleased with this. There is only to regret that the material is too evident; would not such subjects admit of the transparency of Vandervelt? Still it is very good. e

But where are the landscapes? There are none! What? none! Yes, here in the corner is a little River scene by Lewis. “279, *Scene in Dovedale, Derbyshire*. F.C. Lewis.” True to nature, he sees these river scenes with a poet’s eye. Some would say there is a want of dexterity, and little execution; but it is the more true, in its whole character, from that very circumstance. Are there then no other landscapes, properly so called? Perhaps none. But I may have overlooked many. Here is one—*Wood Scene, Autumnal*—but it is not nature, and not good art. The colour is so bad—there is an aversion to the least approach to green; and the browns and greys are not rich. How strange that there should be, with but an exception or two, no landscape; for I do not place

under that head a trifle of field and air to set off a multiplicity of figures. I am not speaking disrespectfully of such pictures. They may be good, and *sui generis*, but they are not landscape. Shall we see landscape then in the Exhibition of Painters in Water-colours? Not a bit of it. There is but a repetition, with the exception of portraits, of the same sorts of subjects as in Somerset House. The Suffolk gallery, I confess, I did not see. There is not one refreshing pastoral landscape, not one of sweet repose and shade, no gently undulating grounds to “lap one in Elysian shades.” How happens this? have we no taste for rural repose, such as Gaspar loved? do we go abroad to cram our canvas with Italian towers and towns upon the Rhine, with strange craft and foreign shipping, and see nothing in our own beautiful green island of slope and upland, the rural home, the park with half-seen “aristocratic mansion” embosomed high in lofty trees? Is there nothing to remind us of the chivalric days of merry England, nothing of the green-wood tree? Have we not mountain and lake, fabulous of by-gone events? Have we not forests with their red deer; and copse, and simple hedges, and fields all beautiful, all poetical when all is appropriate and in character? It has been said that Gainsborough was the only English painter of English landscape; I trust not, for, except in his early studies, when he painted *con amore* from nature, there is little to recommend our country, and that little of its humble kind. His after-aspirations at composition were absurd—his ideal was wretched poverty, with an unmeaning dauby execution. Years and years ago, in water-colour exhibitions, have I seen much better landscape, when Turner, Varley, and a few more were in their glory—but the taste is gone. Pastoral landscape, poetical landscape is not for these turbulent days, when every eye is strained for novelty, and the glitter-

ing tinsel and violent colouring of the cast-off refuse of a tiring-room are thought fitter objects for the powers of the palette than "hedgerow elms and hillocks green." Christopher North should write a treatise on good English landscape in all its varieties; it is a subject worthy his pen, and none can do it after his fashion.

The exhibition of painters in water-colours, though it has the general defect I have pointed out, and as a whole the glare and glitter is unpleasing, must offer much to admire when it has such exhibitors as Copley Fielding, Lewis (rich from his Spanish sketches), the Miss Sharpes (one now Mrs Seyfuth), who are never deficient in feeling, Casteneau, Cattermole, and others—but still I must cry the same thing again—where is the landscape? Fielding's sea views are delightfully fresh, and remind one of Vanderveldt. But why not try landscape? Here is 151—Copley Fielding. Surely the description of this picture, or rather of the subject, should have told its tale in the picture, it would then have been poetry—at present it is a mere down, disagreeable in aspect, from which in its blaze you would fly on any thing that might offer, were it the back of

a buzzard or an ostrich; but had there been one circumstance to have told the story, which, beautifully as it is painted, the picture does not, we might have had the addition of a poetical feeling. Such is the description:

"*Bow Hill, Sussex.* At Stoke, near Chichester, is a deep hollow in the Downs, immediately under Bow Hill, in the centre of which stands an ancient grove of venerable yews, so old, that many of them are supposed to have been growing long before the Conquest. Near this place a battle was fought between the Saxons and Norwegian ravagers, led by the Vikings; and on the brow of the Downs are seen some large burrows, called the tombs of the sea-kings, who were slain in the conflict; remembrance of the event being perpetuated in the name of the 'Kingly Bottoms,' by which this little valley is known." Now the painter should have considered that a picture cannot have the advantage of an interpreter, as Lord Burleigh had for the shake of his head, in Mr Puff, and we look with surprise, "did he mean all that." Virgil tells a similar story, by a single figure, admirably touched in a countryman ploughing up the bits of arms and skeletons, and wondering at the huge stature.

"Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila;
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

Every word is here poetry, connecting the past and present by an electric chain of wonder. Surely Mr Fielding might have improved his picture from such a hint.

I have spoken with much, and I think deserved, reprehension of the fashion for gay, gaudy, yet weak colouring, and opposed to it in speculation the really rich yet quiet

hues of the old masters. There is one exhibition where no effect of any age for colour and tone could have been more perfect, and that with much variety. Perhaps it will be said a Diorama is not a fair exhibition of pictorial art; I deny it altogether. Panoramas are often painted with great skill. The painter is a real Magus, who,

Modo me *Thebis* modo ponit Athenis:

Thebes is admirable as a picture, and poetical from association, from the mystery, which is a character faithfully preserved. But there is nothing that I have ever seen so perfect as an illusion, and so thoroughly poetical and true in its many effects, as the Diorama of the Santa Croce at Florence. The truly religious awe—the changes of tone and

colour from day to night—the lighting up of the lamps and candles, even to their shining upon the surface of the picture at the altar—are all quite magical. But the effect of the growing illumination on the projecting figures of the tomb of Michael Angelo is awfully grand, and the whole is the conception of a poetic mind. It is lamentable to think such a perform-

ance should be ever destroyed. The painter of this picture, or series of pictures, knew well the value of shade. The old masters made it their principal care; we fly to the other extreme, and make light, or rather white, the great aim. When I say we, I only speak in reference to the fashion set by some great moderns. If they are right, Claude was wrong; if they are right, Poussin was wrong, the Caracci were wrong, Correggio wrong, and all wrong. I have spoken, it will be perhaps thought, on this subject, with too much severity; but it is as I feel, when pictures that are meant, or ought to be meant, to please for ever, only astonish at first, and then give unmitigated pain; whose feels it, cannot be sparing and nice in his terms, or he does not sketch on the spot. The public taste may be misled and abused, and, like one bitten by a mad-dog, must suffer *the piece to be cut out*. I cannot but imagine to myself a young aspirant for fame, and of much genius, in his outset, dazzled and perplexed, and not knowing which way to turn his mind, to be in the condition of Hercules in the fable of Prodicus, as related by Xenophon, having to make his choice between Vice and Virtue. The allurements of the one, and the sober, rational, undeceiving truth of the other, as they are described, not unaptly represent bad and good taste in art. They are described as two women that came to him to direct his choice of the way he should pursue. The one is said to be "of a becoming and liberal aspect, a person naturally graced with purity, her eyes with modesty, her gesture with propriety, clad in white. The other, pampered to a plumpness and softness, and so *tricked up in colour*, as to appear *more white and more red*

than in truth she was, and in her figure so as to appear taller than reality, having her eyes widely opened, and so clad that her beauty might mostly shine through her dress, frequently surveying herself, and looking about to see if others admired her, and not unoften looking back upon her own shadow." With regard to the last item, I must acknowledge the parallel fails, for modern bad taste has very little shadow to look back upon.

There was one exhibition which, if I may judge from the small company attending it when I was there, did not meet with the encouragement it deserved—Rippingille's Progress of Drunkenness. Though perhaps not a pleasing subject, it is painted with true pathos in a series of pictures. The exhibition contained also many other pictures of various subjects, evidently the work of a man of genius, with a true feeling for art.

I like, too, Etty, though I did not notice him in speaking of Somerset House—I know not why, for his application of fancy to the art is all in the right line. "*Sic itur ad astra.*"

I have now seen, and, I hope, fairly treated of, the glory of modern art. That there *is* to admire, and much to shun, who will doubt, that will take with him a disengaged and uncorrupted taste? I confess I sighed for landscape; and but that I had a fine treat that way, *out of modern art*, I should have been babbling of "green fields." I am now returned to the "*care salve beate;*" and though I have been playing truant, like a child upon the edge of a precipice, as a watchful mother in her solicitude, nature has but to open to me the bosom of her woods and valleys, and I return with a lasting affection.

FOREIGN POLICY.

"THE English people," says Cole-ridge, "are at present like a person who is so sensitively alive to pain in some morbid part of the body, that he cannot feel any injury done to any other member. Nothing can be more disgraceful than their foreign conduct for the last four years; but nothing that can be said on the subject, seems to produce the least impression on them." Never was a juster remark than the one thus made by the dying sage, himself once an ardent advocate for the principles of democracy; but whose mind, calmed by experience, and matured by reflection, reached at length a depth of wisdom to which few indeed in any age have attained. Nothing ever was or can be imagined more disgraceful than the foreign conduct of our rulers, since the Reform mania began; but yet their misdeeds, in this particular, appear to produce no impression whatever on the great body of the people; and provided no additional taxes are imposed, they apparently care not though deeds which will stain their history with indelible disgrace are performed successively to every one of their oldest and most faithful allies.

Is, then, Napoleon's well-known saying proved to be true? Are we indeed a nation of shopkeepers? Since we placed supreme power in that single class, have we abandoned every feeling of honour, every sense of gratitude, every principle of duty, which formerly swayed our councils, and are we, the descendants of Chatham and Pitt, heirs to the glories of Marlborough and Wellington, content to sit down and abandon the foreign guidance of affairs to men who will for ever tarnish the honour of England? We hope not; we trust that the present is but the passing madness of a season; but if we thought otherwise, and believed that the principles of foreign policy now acted on were to be the permanent basis of our national conduct, we say, and say advisedly, it would be better for our honour, and little more disastrous for our ultimate interests, if we were at once sunk in the grave of nations.

This is a matter upon which it in an especial manner becomes those of the Conservatives who are unconnected with the late Government to speak boldly out. The leaders of that party in the House of Commons cannot tell the truth concerning it; their own acts, as Ministers of the Crown at no remote period, restrain them; their prospect of succeeding at some future period to the helm, necessarily ties their tongues. They cannot recede from the pledged faith of England, in transactions to which they were indeed no parties in the outset, but to the obligations contained in which, they succeeded in November last, and must again succeed the moment that Whig imbecility and rashness has restored them to the direction of affairs. If Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were to give vent to their private feelings, or utter in unmeasured terms the language of truth, about our foreign transactions, when in opposition; they would find themselves in the utmost embarrassment when they were compelled, as ministers of the Crown, to follow out the obligation of treaties which they had so strongly condemned, or pursue a course of policy which they had justly held for that leading to national destruction. On this account the truth never has and never will be told in either House of Parliament about our foreign relations since the Whigs succeeded to office; and to this cause, not less than the morbid fervour for domestic innovation, we ascribe the marvellous insensibility to national disgrace in external affairs, which now distinguishes the great mass of the people.

We, however, are subject to no such fetters—no treaties formed, or engagements entered into by our predecessors, fetter our words or restrain our thoughts; no Whig essays have checkered our pages with delusion; steadily and consistently, through evil report and good report, often assisted, still oftener alone, we have throughout adhered to Mr Pitt's system of foreign and domestic policy. Regarding, therefore, the course of our foreign relations with the eye

of calm historic enquiry, we shall apply to them the test of reason and experience; and endeavour to show by what an extraordinary dereliction of principle, both on the part of the nation and its rulers, we have been brought into our present dangerous and degraded predicament. In doing so, we implicate no one but ourselves; we have no state secrets to divulge, no communication from Downing Street to disclose; but we have the cause of truth to maintain, and the honour of England to vindicate in the eyes of a mourning and indignant world. Arguing merely on known and familiar facts, we are much mistaken if we shall not bring forward in a few pages many ideas, novel at least to most of our readers; disclaiming any official or party fetter, and involving no one in our opinions, we shall at least show to Foreigners, that old English feeling is not utterly extinct in a part of our people.

Holland, Portugal, and Turkey have for nearly two centuries been the established and faithful allies of England; and to them, during the last struggle, Spain must be added. These alliances were not formed by accident; they were not the result of ambition or caprice, but arose naturally from the settled interests and best feelings of our people. Holland was the obvious ally of the greatest Protestant state and most potent naval power in Christendom; the situation of the United Provinces at the entrance of the Rhine and the Meuse, and the great arteries, natural or artificial, which led into the interior of Flanders and Germany, rendered their friendship of the utmost importance to its commercial interests. Nor was it of less moment, that this diminutive but powerful state, lying close to France, and consequently eagerly coveted by that ambitious nation, naturally looked to England for the maintenance of its independence, and, therefore, was bound to us by the same strong tie which in former times united Scotland, in opposition to England, to the French alliance. The intimate union with Portugal had at first arisen from the same cause; common jealousy of Spain, and the imminent danger which that kingdom ran

of being swallowed up by its more powerful neighbour, was the cause which at first led to its steady adherence to Great Britain; but after the perils of Spanish preponderance had passed away, it was continued from a sense of the commercial and political advantages which the connection afforded to both parties, and the outwork which its mountains afforded to prevent the arms of France from overrunning the whole Peninsula, and thereby acquiring naval advantages, which might one day prove formidable to England. The alliance with Turkey, of more recent origin, was founded on the same sense of mutual dependence and advantage; Russia was the great and advancing power which threatened, at no distant period, to be equally formidable to both; the Osmanlis had need of our naval force to prevent the Moscovite standards from being advanced to the shores of the Bosphorus, and we had need of their horsemen to occupy the Russian arms, prevent their obtaining possession of the important straits of the Dardanelles, and becoming the ruling naval power in the Mediterranean, while the incessant progress of their power in Central Asia gave too good room for apprehension, that, if the diversion of Turkey were once removed, they might be enabled to realize their long cherished project of expelling us from our Indian empire. The alliance with Spain was founded on an equally strong and permanent interest. Adjacent to France, but yet backed by the ocean, she was at once endangered by the ambition of that restless power, and naturally led to look to England for succour. And the importance of her aid was clearly demonstrated in the Peninsular war, when her peasantry, though bereft of their government and regular army, presented a more formidable resistance to France than had been afforded by all the regular armies of Europe, though trained in the school of the Great Frederick, and inured to war by centuries of experience.

As the alliance with these powers was not founded on the fleeting fervour of popular passion, but on durable interests, which could not be neglected without essential injury

to those of the nation, so they were, under the old constitution, steadily adhered to by Great Britain; and hence the great renown which she obtained in the estimation of foreign states. Though she had many severe contests to undergo in the defence of their interests, she never, in one single instance, laid down her arms till their independence was secured. With Holland she stood side by side in the wars of William III., in the campaigns of Marlborough and Eugene, later in those with Marshal Saxe, and in the Seven Years' war. For her she engaged in the dreadful and protracted revolutionary strife; and her, after a conflict of twenty years' duration, she brought, scatheless and triumphant, with a vast addition of territory and a still greater increase of renown, out of that tremendous conflict. To Portugal she proved an equally faithful ally; repeatedly the British and Lusitanian legions appeared together on the shores of the Tagus; a hundred and seventy years of friendship* saw the house of Braganza still in possession of an independent throne; and in their last extremity, when, flying from Gallic usurpation, they were embarking "to seek in another hemisphere that freedom of which Europe was unworthy," the British Government had the magnanimity to engage never to make peace with France until their family were restored to their European dominions. The world knows how England redeemed her pledge; and by what heroic exertions Wellington and his invincible soldiers hurled back from Torres Vedras the wave of Gallic invasion, and gave the first example of the resistance which at length delivered the world. Turkey had as little cause to complain of the aid derived from English alliance. When the fall of Ismael had endangered her independence, and Suwarrow, with 50,000 Moscovites, was preparing to advance, through the breach of Constantine, to the storm of Constantinople, Mr Pitt put a bridle in the mouth of Russia and her powerful armies, and by the peace of Jassy prolonged for half a century her inde-

pendent existence. When Republican France, in search of foreign lands to subjugate, assailed the Osmanlis amidst the security of a profound peace; when Egypt was wrested from their arms, and the French eagles on the hills of Palestine threatened the East with revolution, and the Ottomans with destruction, her invincible arms appeared on the ramparts of Acre, hurled back to Europe the dreaded invader, and on the shores of the Nile gave the first example of the decided defeat of the invincible legions. Nor had Spain any cause for complaint against the honour or magnanimity of England. For six long years she maintained a desperate strife, and waged a bloody war, in her defence; when her arms were cooped up in the isle of St Leon, and all the Peninsula, from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, was overrun by the arms of Napoleon—when her king was in chains, and her fortresses in the hands of the spoiler, she concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the prostrate power, nor ever sheathed her victorious sword till the pass of Roncesvalles had again rung with the knell of France, and the Spanish standards were reflected in the waters of the Garonne.

It was by such steady and persevering adherence, not merely to public interest but national honour, that England acquired her great celebrity, and almost irresistible moral preponderance among nations. Seeing that she was as tenacious of purpose as she was prodigal of aid, that her allies, though often worsted, were never subdued; and that her forces, though frequently borne down by the might of continental armies or the fervour of revolutionary zeal, ever in the end proved triumphant, the opinion became generally prevalent, that her alliance was the surest of all safeguards; and that the British lion associated with their standards was a more effectual protection to their independence than the most powerful armies furnished by other states. Hence her alliance was eagerly sought by foreign nations: Norway, South America, successively petitioned to be incorporated with her

* From 1661 to 1830.

empire; and if her government had been inflamed by the lust of conquest, and unrestrained by feelings of prudence, and the faith of treaties, she might have gone on adding one state after another in Europe, as in the East, to her dominions, until perhaps the emulation of independent states was lost in the slumber of universal dominion.

Such was the character which the successive Conservative administrations of Great Britain,* under the old constitution, bequeathed to posterity. What is the character which she *now* bears, and what has been her conduct towards these faithful allies since the Revolution of 1832 placed the direction of affairs in the hands of the democratic faction? Let us reflect on what she has done successively to Holland, Portugal, Turkey, and Spain, and contemplate, in what light she must stand in the estimation of foreign states, and what character she must now transmit to future times.

The kingdom of the Netherlands was the first of the old allies of England which became the victim of its change of policy. The populace of Brussels, though possessing no serious cause of complaint, and blessed with one of the most mild and paternal governments of Europe, was excited by the successful revolt of the Barricades at Paris to engage in a similar insurrection, which had the effect for the time of dispossessing the House of Orange of its Flemish dominions, guaranteed to it by this country by the treaty of Vienna in 1814. The Duke of Wellington, before he was driven from the helm in 1830, had just begun to interpose his good offices to effect an amicable arrangement between the King of the Netherlands and his revolted subjects, when the Whig ministry came to the government of affairs. What did they immediately do? They placed the prince of Saxe Cobourg on the Throne, and *guaranteed to him his revolutionary dominions*; they sanctioned his marriage with the daughter of Louis Philippe,

thereby in effect bringing the French standards to the Scheldt, the very thing which it was the primary object of the revolutionary war to prevent; and when the King of the Netherlands, indignant at this barefaced spoliation, took up arms to regain his lost dominions, they interposed by means of Marshal Gerard and a French army, and saved Brussels from falling into the hands of the Prince of Orange when he was within half an hour's march of that capital, after the rout of the Belgian troops at Louvain. Not content with all these acts of uncalled for violence to the old ally of England, they actually engaged in hostilities with him; an embargo was laid on the whole Dutch shipping in the British harbours, and an English fleet blockaded the Scheldt at the time that Marshal Gerard, with 60,000 men, besieged the citadel of Antwerp. Thus we concluded this train of proceedings which robbed our ancient ally of half his dominions, at a time when, but for our interference, he would have regained them, by actually fitting out an armament to restore to France the citadel of Antwerp, constructed at so vast an expense by Napoleon, and which he declared to have been of such importance towards the subjugation of this country, that it was "of itself worth more than a kingdom." †

Portugal was the next ally of England which felt the influence of revolutionary ascendancy. The government of Louis Philippe early cast a covetous eye on that kingdom, then in the hands of Dom Miguel, in the double view of securing a revolutionary state in their rear, and opening the succession to Donna Maria, for whose hand and throne the Duke de Nemours was an avowed candidate. The prospect of establishing a revolutionary throne was too strong for our government; the faith of ancient treaties, the recollection of a century and a half of alliance, were but as dust in the balance. The train of iniquity commenced by the French admiral sailing in profound

* Whether Whig or Tory. Faction had not *then* blinded our rulers to a sense of the national interest, or made them forget the faith of ancient treaties in the pursuit of revolutionary ambition.

† Las Cases.

peace into the harbour of Lisbon, and carrying off, *more piratico*, the whole Portuguese squadron, upon the pretence of their government having inflicted the punishment appointed by the Portuguese law upon a Frenchman who had committed a gross act of indecency with a common prostitute in one of the churches of Lisbon, at the time divine service was going forward. Not one syllable did England say against this flagrant act of robbery, one tithe of which in former days would have been sufficient to have roused the British Lion to the defence of an injured ally from one end of the world to another. Next came the nefarious intestine war waged under English auspices, and with English mercenaries, at Oporto. For fourteen months the cause of the revolutionary usurper, whom the choice of the nation, and the Portuguese law of succession alike excluded from the throne, was maintained at Oporto by mercenary bands from France and England. Fourteen thousand troops, chiefly old soldiers of these two nations, passed into the service of the revolutionary pretender. Admiral Napier, with a squadron manned by English sailors, captured the fleet which, by great exertions, Dom Miguel had again fitted out, and the consequence was, that Portugal was subjugated, and an usurper imposed by English and French bayonets on the throne of Lisbon. This triumph was immediately followed by the usual favourite revolutionary measures; the whole property of the church was at one blow confiscated throughout Portugal; the whole of it is exposed for sale in the English papers, valued at ten millions sterling; and without the slightest compensation to the sufferers by this injustice, above fifty thousand ecclesiastics of different ranks have been reduced to beggary.

Holland and Portugal were the oldest allies of England, and they accordingly were the first victims of her democratic government. But Turkey still remained; and they seem to have resolved to take the first opportunity of sending it to perdition. Such an occasion soon presented itself. Mehemet Ali, taking advantage of the weakness to which the

Porte was reduced by the destruction of its marine at Navarino, and the prostration of its military power in the Russian war, invaded Syria, roused the native powers against the Turks, and, in the decisive battle of Koniah, entirely routed their whole eastern armies. The Ottoman empire was on the verge of dissolution, and they sent ambassadors to England to obtain assistance. Then was the moment to interfere with decisive effect, and, by a seasonable interposition, at once relieve Turkey from the perils of its Syrian invasion, and extricate it from the still more perilous ascendancy of Russian influence. A single demonstration would have done the business; the Pacha of Egypt, entirely dependent on European commerce, would have succumbed immediately to the naval power of England. What did our Whig rulers do on such a crisis, and with such an opportunity of re-establishing our influence in the East, and putting a bridle in the mouth of Russia, as could never have been hoped for? Why, on their own admission, they desired *the Turks to apply for aid to Russia*; alleging as a reason for declining interference, that their fleets were so busy blockading the Scheldt, and watching the *Tagus*, that they could not spare a ship for the Dardanelles. That is, they were so busy spoliating two old allies, who had given no cause for offence, near home, that they could not afford any aid to a more distant ally on the verge of destruction. The consequence was, that the Porte in pure desperation was obliged to throw himself into the arms of Russia; and that encroaching power was not slow in taking advantage of the extraordinary piece of good fortune thus thrown in its way. Fifty thousand Russians immediately appeared at Scutari; the forts of the Bosphorus were placed in their hands; and under the influence of such powerful allies a treaty was concluded between the Divan and the cabinet of St Petersburg, by which it was stipulated that no ships of war but those of Russia and Turkey should pass the Dardanelles. From that hour not a British man-of-war has ever entered the Black Sea; and that immense sheet of

water has become a great Russian lake; in which her fleets may securely navigate, and learn the elements of naval warfare, without the possibility of interruption from any European power. Perfectly secure on this side, and having by this great stroke obtained the entire command of the Hellespont, Russia may now turn her whole attention to Central Asia, and the means of gradually stretching her gigantic arms across the Himalaya to the Plains of Hindostan. Thus to the disgrace of having deserted an old ally, who threw himself on her protection in his extremity of need, the Whigs superadded the infamy of having done so at the expense of the best interests of Great Britain, and to further the ambitious projects of the power in existence from whose ultimate ambition she has most to dread.

Still Spain remained; the theatre of Napoleon's defeat and Wellington's glory; the country of Vittoria, Salamanca, and Talavera; the land drenched with the noblest blood of England, and the theatre of its deathless fame; and the Whigs appear to have felt anxious till they could insert the point of the revolutionary wedge into that kingdom, and undo, by a single diplomatic act, the fruit of six years of glory. The death of Ferdinand VII. soon afforded them the means of doing so. By the well-known Salic Law, the fundamental law of Spanish succession, and recognised by this country, and all the powers of Europe, in the Treaty of Utrecht, and on many other occasions, Don Carlos, as the next male, was the undoubted heir to the crown. The Spanish revolutionists, however, took advantage of a pretence, that the law of succession had been altered by a private deed, executed by the late King in the Escorial, which no one had ever seen, and to which the consent of the Cortes, or the Estates of the Kingdom, had never been interposed. Upon this flimsy pretext, totally destitute of foundation, and in an especial manner inconsistent with all truly liberal principles, that a monarch might at pleasure, by a private deed, executed by himself, alter the succession to the throne as established by ancient usage and the consent of the nation-

al estates, did the Revolutionists of France and Spain resolve to rear up a Democratic pretender for the Spanish crown. The English Whigs joined them in the attempt; but as it was manifest that this monstrous invasion of their liberties could not succeed in Spain without foreign assistance, they adopted two of the most oppressive measures of intervention with the deliberations of an independent kingdom, recorded in history.

The first of these was to sign the Quadrupartite Treaty, by which England, France, and the Revolutionary Queen of Portugal guaranteed the Spanish crown to the present *Queen*, in opposition to the Salic law, in opposition to the consent of the nation as given in their parliaments, in opposition to the public faith of both countries, solemnly adhibited on the gravest occasions. By the same treaty, England bound itself to furnish *arms and a naval force*, if called on, to support the Queen in her usurpation. This treaty, let it be recollected, was framed by a popular government professing a regard to national choice, and pretending to abhor, above all things, any interference with the internal government or deliberations of another nation.

The effect of this guarantee of her throne, by the two greatest powers in Europe, was to give the Queen possession of the capital, and the central and southern provinces of Spain. Deserted by England, betrayed by the power to whom they trusted on a former occasion, the Spanish patriots sunk in apathy beneath the foreign usurpation. Immediately under English and French auspices, the usual measures of Democracy began. A national bankruptcy has, after several fruitless efforts to avert it, been the result there, as it has been in all other countries of popular usurpation; and measures are now in progress for completing there, as in Portugal, the entire confiscation of the property of the Church, while they effected the total destruction, at one blow, of the whole rights and liberties of the Basque provinces, which have been enjoyed by them unimpaired for 600 years.

These violent measures, like the atrocious edicts of the National Assembly, aroused a Vendéan war in the north of Spain. The inhabitants of Navarre and Biscay, by far the most warlike and high-spirited people in the whole of Spain, seeing their ancient liberties totally destroyed, and a usurper imposed by foreign violence upon their country, took up arms; and, amid their mountains and fastnesses, long maintained a guerilla war against the stranger. Gradually the cause of freedom prevailed; the brave Zumalacaraguy, against infinite odds, long bore up, and at length proved victorious. A panic seized the Revolutionary party; their public securities, long bolstered up by falsehoods profusely poured forth by the liberal press, at length burst like a bubble; and, by their own admission, the cause of the Queen, without foreign aid, was utterly hopeless. Spain had declared itself. The accession of Sir R. Peel to office, though he had faithfully adhered to the stipulations of the Quadrupartite Treaty, and though the Duke of Wellington had, by a truly Christian interposition, moderated the effusion of blood on both sides, yet disheartened the Revolutionary party. The patriots of the Peninsula began again to look to their old deliverer; and, in spite of the odious usurping treaty, the cause of freedom and national independence was in the high road to success, when the return of the Democratic party to office in this country again gave the Spanish Revolutionists an opportunity of availing themselves of foreign bayonets, to force their hated dominion on their country.

The first measure of Lord Palmerston on his return to office was to repeal *in favour of the usurping Queen, and of her alone*, the Foreign Enlistment Act; and, by a royal proclamation, allow a body of mercenary Britons to proceed to the Peninsula to aid in beating down the courageous bands who, amidst a thousand difficulties, have so bravely asserted its national independence. This legion "Of the Isle of Dogs," as it is characteristically called, receives arms from the British Government, and such is the fa-

vor shown to the undertaking at headquarters, that some British officers have actually surrendered regiments in this country to obtain the rank of brigadiers in the foreign legion. Thus, while England does not venture openly, and in the face of day, to send her own troops to aid in destroying the independence of Spain; while she is still ashamed to see the tricolor flag and the British leopards leagued together on the field of Vittoria against Castilian freedom, she does the same thing underhand and by a side wind; she does not herself knock down and rob the traveller, but she fits out hired braves to do so, under borrowed colours. At the same time France openly levies and arms a large body of forces to proceed in the same crusade against the liberties of Spain, and the adventurers of both nations will soon be united under the auspices of their *liberal* governments, in this iniquitous attempt to force a hateful usurpation upon the Spanish people; while the Foreign Enlistment Act remains in full force against the adherents of the King of Spain, and prevents every English officer from enlisting, but at his own peril, in the armies by which their free choice is to be supported.

If it be said that the Queen is in reality the choice of the nation, what is the need of these violent acts of intervention; why fit out legions in the Thames, and at Paris, to support a sovereign entrenched in the affections of her subjects? The very act of intervention pre-supposes that foreign bayonets are necessary to maintain her on the throne of Spain, as they were to put Don Pedro on that of Portugal; and that but for these violent acts of *non-intervention*, both the revolutionary dynasties would soon be levelled with the dust.

We do not hesitate to affirm, and we are confident that posterity will adopt the opinion, that these acts to the four oldest or most faithful allies of England, Holland, Portugal, Turkey, and Spain, without a shadow of pretext for such a monstrous dereliction of principle and violation of treaties, are unparalleled in the annals, black as they are, of national depravity. From one unoffendingly

we have forcibly wrested half of his dominions; another we have driven into the arms of his mortal enemy; a third we have deprived of his independence and plunged into revolution, after a hideous civil contest; a fourth we are subjecting, by foreign bayonets, to a hated usurping dynasty. To the House of Braganza we have broken the faith stipulated in treaties for a hundred and fifty years; to the King of the Netherlands the solemn guarantee of the treaty of Vienna; * to the House of Spain, the no less solemn recognition of the treaty of Utrecht. Envious of, or indifferent to, national glory, because it has encircled with such lustre the brows of their opponents; careless of national faith, because it fettered their ambitious projects, the Whigs have contrived, in less than five years, to dim the renown acquired, and sully the honour impledged after the victories of Marlborough and Wellington: abandoning to France at once the theatre of the victories of Ramilies and Waterloo, and surrendering to foreign usurpation the country which contains the bones of those who died at Vittoria and Badajoz.

And for what object has this monstrous and unparalleled dereliction of treaties, and perversion of national faith, taken place? Is it to insure the independence, or extend the commerce, or strengthen the security, or augment the influence, of England? Is it to rear up for us firm and valuable alliances, founded on lasting and durable interests? Have these breaches of public faith been committed under the pressure of foreign and overbearing necessity, when London was in the hands of an invader, or the dockyards of Portsmouth and Plymouth were in flames? Alas! for such iniquitous conduct we have neither the justification of necessity, nor the

extenuation, if extenuation it can be called, of obvious and seducing interest. No danger threatened England, when she suddenly broke loose in this manner from all her former moorings. No peril assailed her national independence; no enemy was at her gates: her vast dominions were secure. The girdle which encircled the earth lay quiet and unmolested in her grasp. Her enemies had all been beat down and conquered: her moral influence was unbounded: her foreign relations had never been so secure—her external glory never so resplendent. No national or public benefit required this breach of public faith, or held forth even the delusive plea for dishonesty which is furnished by advantage. The deeds which sullied the fair fame of England were as hostile to her interests as they were disgraceful to her character. By partitioning the Netherlands, and giving the citadel of Antwerp, with the whole of Flanders, to the son-in-law of France, we at once abandoned what we had been contending for during a century and a half—what had been won by the triumphs of Wellington and Marlborough; and placed an advanced post in the hands of our mortal enemy, which Napoleon and the Duke of Parma both considered as the point from whence the subjugation of this country could with the greatest chance of success be attempted, and for the maintenance of which the former lost his crown, and was driven to the rock of St Helena. By compelling Turkey to throw herself without reserve into the arms of Russia, and surrender the gates of the Hellespont into the hands of the implacable enemy of her faith and her existence, we have, indeed, effectually reversed all the former maxims of our policy, and taken the bridle out of the mouth of the Czar,

* We do by no means affirm that the treaty of Vienna bound us to *interfere* in favour of the King of the Netherlands against his subjects, but it clearly debarred us from interfering in favour of his rebellious subjects *against him*, which is what the Whigs did when they interfered to restrain the victorious armies of William, when on the point of regaining his lost dominions, from following up his successes. But for them he would, without either foreign aid or repeal of Foreign Enlistment Bill, have been now in quiet possession of the throne of Belgium, with the entire concurrence of all the property and respectability of Flanders.

which was placed there by the foresight and firmness of Mr Pitt. But is the honour and credit of the British name, the security of the British empire, likely to be a gainer by the change? Is our maritime superiority in the Mediterranean likely to be of long duration, or our influence in the Levant maintained, by the establishment of thirty ships of the line, within the great inland sea of the Euxine, with its gates for ever placed in the hands of Russia? Is our splendid Indian empire much secured by having given this immense addition of strength to a power which never loses sight of the objects of its ambition, and has for half a century been incessantly cherishing and maturing its projects against the rich and glittering prize of Hindostan? Is the power which, in 1799, concluded a treaty with France for the transport of a united army, 70,000 strong, of French and Russians to the shores of the Indus likely to forego that splendid prize, when, by kindly placing in their hands the gates of the Dardanelles, we have enabled them to turn the undivided strength of their vast eastern empire to the extension of their sway and influence in Central Asia? Has not Persia, in consequence, fallen entirely under their government? Is not the Persian gulf likely soon to become another Euxine for their fleets? Enquire at the foreign office what despatches Dr M'Neil and Mr Fraser have brought home as to the fearful progress of Russian influence within these few years in Persia; and when once she becomes a subsidiary power, the danger to our Indian empire is extreme: for admitting all that is said as to the difficulty of transporting an army by land from Persia to India, there can be none whatever in moving it by sea. The Persian gulf is the station from which danger threatens our Indian possessions—a peril which is much increased by our government having so obligingly aided in the establishment of those steam-boats on the Euphrates, which may convey the Russian battalions in a few days from their own frontier in Armenia to the shores of the Indian ocean.

What have we done, in like man-

ner, by establishing revolutionary powers, in defiance of former treaties, on the thrones of the Peninsula? Is there no danger to British independence in French influence being established from the mouth of the Scheldt to the straits of Gibraltar? For what did we fight six years under Wellington, but to exclude the arms of France from Spain and Portugal? Is our national security likely to be increased by now restoring it to their grasp? Is our credit and influence, in the estimation of foreign nations, likely to be improved by their discovering, from woful experience, that the only return which we make for a long course of faithful assistance in peril is the fomenting a hideous civil war in our allies' bosom, the establishment by external force of a foreign usurper on the throne, and the confiscation of the whole property of their church, and the ruin of their public credit? If these are the blessings which we have in store for our faithful allies, what do we reserve for our inveterate enemies?

Suppose that Ireland were to revolt from England, and succeed in expelling the English forces from the Emerald isle, and that Russia, when applied to by us for aid, were to reply by guaranteeing that island to an Irish usurper, and clench the injury by marrying him to a daughter of the King of France;—suppose that England, indignant at the spoliation of her dominions, were to raise forces, defeat the Irish in two pitched battles, and her armies, when within half an hour's march of Dublin, were to be restrained, and forced to retire by an intimation from Russia and Austria, that they had guaranteed Ireland to the usurper, and that any farther advance would be the immediate signal for hostilities and the blockade of the Thames by a combined and irresistible force. That is what we have done to Holland. Suppose we were hereafter to be defeated in a pitched battle, and London were on the point of falling into the hands of a formidable invader, and that, on applying to Prussia for aid, and conjuring her, by the manes of those who died at Waterloo, to succour us in our extremity, we were to receive for answer that she had waged war on

Holland, and had not a bayonet or sabre to employ in our defence, and that our only resource was to throw ourselves into the arms of France, in consequence of which we were obliged, as the price of existence, to surrender Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the mouth of the Thames to the tricolor battalions. That is what we have done to Turkey. Suppose, next, that our navy had been seized by France, and we, in dread of invasion, applied to Austria for assistance, and instead of giving any, she had encouraged one of the Stuart family to revive his claim to the crown, and fomented, by armaments fitted out in Austrian harbours, a deadly intestine war in England, which terminated in the establishment of a revolutionary dynasty in these islands, the utter ruin of our public credit, and entire overthrow of our National Church. That is what we have done to Portugal. Suppose, lastly, that Spain, in return for the fidelity with which we fulfilled our engagements, and the heroism with which we combated by her side in the war with Napoleon, were to raise up a rival to the House of Hanover in one of the Stuart princes, upon the pretence that a deed altering the order of succession to the crown, as it was established at the Revolution 1688, had been discovered among some old deeds in the recesses of Windsor, executed by George III., without the knowledge or consent of Parliament, in favour of a junior branch of his family; and that upon the strength of that pretended illegal instrument, she were to place the usurper on the throne of these islands, in defiance alike of the people's consent, and the order of law; guarantee his throne by a treaty with France, Russia, and Prussia; occasion a frightful Vendéan war in these islands between the forces of the usurper and the patriot bands; and when the cause of freedom and justice was about to prevail, she were to throw off the mask and openly arm and fit out armies to perpetuate the civil conflict, and finally establish the hateful usurper on the throne of the three realms. That is what we have done to Spain. How would the press of this country resound with indignant complaints, if any one of these powers, in return for our former alliance,

were to behave with such black ingratitude and matchless perfidy towards this country? And yet all this injustice, and all this dereliction of faith has been committed by the English Government, upon four different unoffending old allies, within the short space of five years, not only without a whisper of complaint from, but the most cordial support of, the whole revolutionary journals. And do we suppose that such conduct is likely to be forgotten either by God or man? Are we not likely, as a nation, to undergo, and that too right speedily, the certain retribution which, even in this world, attends flagrant deeds of injustice? Is not this black perfidy registered in the book of fate, and will it not rise up in certain judgment against ourselves or our children? We know, indeed, that such warnings are vain to the dominant revolutionary majority, who have now seized hold of the government, just as all similar warnings were to Revolutionary France in its bloody career, or to frantic Poland in its anarchical Assemblies; but not on that account the less certainly did ultimate retribution come on the guilty nation in both instances, and not the less bitterly did the people of both countries expiate their sins in tears of blood.

What is the ground of policy ostensibly put forth to justify this unparalleled dereliction of principle? It is that Europe has now become divided into two great families, and that it is indispensable to provide in a cordial alliance between the revolutionary powers of France, England, Spain, and Portugal, a counterpoise to the despotic ambition of the northern powers. Before proceeding to enquire whether it is either necessary or expedient to enter into a confederacy so diametrically opposite to all our former maxims of policy, let us consider whether the elements of a stable union exist between the coalesced powers. Are the revolutionary thrones of Belgium, Spain, or Portugal, so very firmly established that we can reckon, with any degree of certainty, upon their remaining in existence for any length of time, or being able, in case of need, to render us any effectual aid? Are we, without any earthly cause of offence, or reason of discord between

us, farther than what our own disgraceful conduct to our allies since 1830 has occasioned, to set ourselves down as the permanent and irreconcilable enemies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the very powers whom, for a century and a half, it has been the great and successful object of our policy to conciliate? And if a contest is unavoidable, from the spirit of propagandism with which, like all other revolutionary states, we have become infected, what sort of allies have we provided for the contest we are determined to provoke? Is it the *braves Belges*, who, but for the seasonable support of Marshal Gerard, would have had Brussels wrested from them by the Prince of Orange at the head of 20,000 Dutch troops? Is it the Portuguese, who, without the aid of British and French auxiliaries, could never have conquered a foot of Portuguese territory? Is it the Liberal Government of Spain which, during two years, has been unable to stifle a civil war in the two little provinces of Biscay and Navarre, and would avowedly have sunk before the determined Carlist bands, if France and England had not openly interfered in its behalf? Is it from France that we expect aid; France for four centuries our mortal enemy, and now only so long our friend as we play their game and are subservient to their ambition? Before we rest our faith on the alliance of the throne of the Barricades, let us be assured that that throne itself is destined to be of long duration; or if it is likely to adhere with more fidelity than it has hitherto done, to the principles which placed it there. Is the arrest of five hundred persons in one night in Paris alone—are the proceedings in the *Proces Monstre*—any good reason for believing that the dynasty of Louis Philippe is firmly seated on the throne, or that, under the tutelary protection of the revolutionary party, the principles of real freedom have made any progress, the securities of real liberty been established in that great and guilty country? Before we conclude that these things have taken place, let us attend to the information, on the present state of France, furnished by the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, a journal whose foreign information has long been

noted for its extent and accuracy, and whose early support of the Revolution of July, and the principles of the Reform Bill is, well known:—

“A war of ten days would wrest from King Louis Philippe the despotism he exercises over France. I do not mean that he would be deposed, although that might be a result—but once committed in hostilities, the nation would be roused from its present marvellous state of apathy, and extort securities which the confiding men of the Hôtel de Ville thought it superfluous to demand from so pure a Republican as the son of *Egalité Philippe*.”

“It is quite clear that the Holy Alliance have war in contemplation—when, with whom, or why to be commenced, I have not however an idea; but that ‘these things are’ cannot be denied. How is it in France? The army is—I speak comparatively—in a state of disorganization. Society in general is even more so. The troops have been committed with the people. ‘*Vive la ligne!*’ that magical cry at other times, would not now save an unfortunate group of women and children from a volley from those citizen soldiers. The motto of the first Revolution impressed on its coin was ‘*Union et force!*’ Where exists union now? Not in France. I do not mean to say that the French are not still capable of vast exertions, but I assert that they do not at present bear the stamp of a manly race. They have tried every thing and are nothing—nothing, I mean, comparatively with what they might be. The shopkeepers, who constitute the majority of the National Guard of Paris, are devoted to—the King, you will ask? The Charter? Liberty? Equality? Public order?—No—the preservation of the shops, and the seduction of foreigners to their city to be pillaged, and cheated, and laughed at, and detested. The students—the professors—the educated, are nearly to a man Republicans. The lower orders are anarchists—with some splendid exceptions, as we have seen from time to time. The Peers and the Deputies are in the pocket of the King, and the Ministers are only his stalking horses. The army is nearly under his influence, for he has the

art of making a colonel out of a well-affected lieutenant-colonel, a chief of battalion out of a devoted captain, and a knight of the Legion of Honour out of a thick-and-thin partisan of a barber's clerk, drummer, or common soldier. Between the nation and its representatives, and its army, and its government, there is therefore no sympathy—no union—and consequently no strength. I do not believe that a single word I have advanced can be controverted. It behoves you, therefore, to bear in mind, in connecting yourself with France, that she is hated, watched, and devoted by the other continental powers called the Holy Alliance. That she is not, as they are, prepared for a vigorous war—that she is internally divided, and apathetic to the most contemptible degree—that in case of a war you would have to sustain her with only Spain, Belgium, and Portugal for your allies.”

That these observations made by this old and strenuous advocate of the Revolution of July are well founded, is so plain as not to admit of dispute. To whatever cause it may be owing, the fact is certain, that the principles of freedom are well nigh extinct in France, and that whatever Government continues there, whether nominally a Republic or a Monarchy, whether under the Bourbon or the Orlean dynasty, will be really an unmixed despotism. Let us take care, therefore, lest in setting out on our crusade to revolutionize mankind, we have not linked the dead to the living; united a nation mortally sick of democratic convulsion, and longing passionately for the stillness of despotism, to one as yet in the first ferment of innovation, and hazarded a contest totally groundless in itself, with the three greatest powers of Europe, in the hope of propitiating a dynasty, which, the moment it sees us irrevocably engaged, will slip over to the other side.

In truth, all our calculations or anticipations in regard to the future fate of Europe, or destiny of this country, will prove erroneous, if they are not based on one fact of paramount importance in estimating its future relations, viz. that it is *utterly impossible to construct a durable free government in France*; that a

despotism it is, and a despotism it will remain, to the end of its existence. The readers of the last volumes of Mr Alison's History of the French Revolution, will find the causes of this impossibility fully explained. It is the destruction of the landed Estates, the Church, the Corporations, and other public bodies in that country, during the fury of the first Revolution, and, more than all, the infidel spirit which it developed, which has rendered it totally impossible ever since to effect the settlement of society upon the footing of constitutional freedom. The classes are awaiting, whose mutual and counteracting influence is indispensable to the equilibrium. Napoleon tried it and failed; Louis XVIII. tried it and failed; Charles X. tried it and failed; Louis Philippe tried it and failed. France is now, in the vehement frenzy of her impassioned Revolutionists, and the interested apathy of the great majority of her inhabitants, paying the penalty, the lasting penalty of the atrocious crimes of the first Revolution. The ladies and beaux of Paris flock with the corps diplomatique, to witness the frantic struggle of the Lyons prisoners, just as they would do to see a combat of wild beasts in the Jardin des Plantes. Sympathy with the cause of revolt is at an end; curiosity to see those savage monsters the revolters, is the sole remaining principle. If we go on in our present course without interruption, a similar result will infallibly follow. The destruction of the Corporations, of the Church, and of the Aristocracy, will extinguish the elements of freedom in the British Islands; and whether we have a Monarch or the President of a Republic at the head of affairs, the result will equally be, that the government will be an unmixed despotism.

Of all the errors ever committed by statesmen, the confounding France with free states is the most deplorable. To combine an alliance between the despotic throne of Louis Philippe and the rickety revolutionary dynasties of Spain, Portugal, and Belgium, and the insane democracy of England; to go on in our zealous efforts to thrust the revolutionary wedge into the fabric of

society in all the states with which we are in alliance, and trust to the hero of the *proces monstre* to defend us, when we have aroused the indignation of the great European powers, is to manifest a judicial blindness to our own and our neighbour's situation, which would be incredible if it had not occurred in real life. All alliances which are to be durable, or lead to mutual support, must be founded on identity of interests or community of feeling. Neither can exist between a state just emerging from the furnace of revolution, and one only entering it; between the decrepitude and first burst of revolutionary fervour. Such an alliance, in the nature of things, and even if no old jealousies or other cause of dissension existed, must speedily be dissolved; the different stages in which they are placed in the same disease, must prove fatal to their lasting co-operation; it is like proposing to combine in one common enterprise, the old maniac whom a long discipline in the lunatic asylum has cured of his frenzy, and the young enthusiast whose head is beginning to turn with the intoxicating draught.

And was it a strict adherence to their old principles which has led our modern liberals into these excesses? Is this passion for revolutionizing the adjoining kingdoms, for sending the standard of revolt into every allied state, and rousing into fearful strife every neighbouring power, the *Old Whig Principle*? That it was the ruling maxim of revolutionary France, we well know; but what did Mr Fox and the Whig leaders then maintain? With what did for twenty years the chapel of St Stephens ring, until the very walls almost became vocal with the sound, but the great, the paramount duty of NON-INTERVENTION? How loudly and eloquently did Mr Fox declaim on the sacred duty of allowing every nation, without foreign interference, to choose its own form of government? With what vehemence did he assail the Convention of Pilnitz, the object of which was merely to provide for the settlement of the contest in France, by the unfettered consent of the King and the national Estates! How uniformly and steadily

did he advocate the great principle of never intermeddling in the internal concerns of any other state, and the monstrous injustice of seeking to impose a particular dynasty or form of government, on a nation against the people's will! What was the invective constantly maintained, and falsely maintained, during the whole war, against the English ministry? Why, that they were fighting to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France. What would these zealous advocates for non-intervention have said if England, in 1792, before a sword was drawn, had guaranteed the throne to the Bourbons, as we have since done Belgium to Leopold? What if, by a quadrupartite treaty with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, we had at that early period bound ourselves to place Louis XVII. on the throne, as we have done with the queen in Spain? What if, by a royal proclamation, we had authorized recruits to be levied, and armed with the royal arms, to aid in forcing the Bourbons on France, but given no permission to any one to join the popular side, as we have done in regard to the present contest in Spain? Such violent acts of intervention were never dreamt of by the warmest advocates for legitimacy among the continental sovereigns in those days. They were reserved to be first put in force by the Whig government of England, professing to follow out the principles of free choice to nations, and non-intervention!

And were these principles confined to Mr Fox, and the Whigs of his day, and have they never been advanced by the popular party in our own times? Read Henry Brougham's speech on the march of the Duke d'Angouleme into Spain, in December 1823. With what rancour does he speak—with what justice and force does he condemn that act of foreign interference with the choice of the Spanish people? Will he admit the plea set forth in extenuation, that the invasion of Spain was necessary as a measure of self-defence to the Bourbon dynasty? No; he indignantly rejects any such apology, and warmly counsels an immediate declaration of war, to rescue the theatre of Wellington's ex-

plots from the baneful and perilous dominion of France.* Where are those principles now? What is come of this holy horror at intervention, this warm sympathy with freedom of choice in a nation, this indignant burst at the profanation of the Spanish soil by a Frenchman's foot? Is their non-intervention, like their reciprocity, all on one side? or does it mean that a monarchical power is *never* to be suffered to interfere with a democratic one, but a democratic one is *always* to be allowed to interfere with a monarchical!

The monstrous inconsistency into which the democrats of England have now fallen, of pursuing those very measures of intervention against others which formerly they so zealously condemned, is not in the slightest degree imputable to the Tories, or Mr Pitt's government. From first to last, they maintained and acted upon the principle of non-intervention. The object of the war never was to force a government upon France in opposition to the people's wish, but to prevent the French from committing that injustice upon the adjoining states—to put a stop, in short, to that incessant and insidious system of propagandism by which they first paralysed the strength of all other nations, and having done so, subverted their existence. The

principle of non-intervention was not only uniformly avowed by Mr Pitt, in all his speeches in Parliament, who uniformly rested the war on the ground of our own security only, and disclaimed all intention of dictating a form of government to France; but, what is far more material, it was distinctly recognised as the basis of the alliance against France, not only in the public treaties, but in the secret notes by which the purposes of the war were defined. Suffice it to mention, among a vast number of other proofs which could be brought forward, the note sent by Lord Grenville to the cabinet of St Petersburg, on the views of England in taking up arms,† on 29th December, 1792, and that communicated by Mr Pitt to the Russian ambassador, on January 11, 1805, which formed the basis of the alliance in 1805, which, though suspended by the peace of Tilsit, was never abandoned by the English government, but regulated its policy down to the very close of the war; and when Louis invaded Spain, in 1823, the English government not only loudly disapproved of the step, but sent a body of troops to Portugal to rescue at least that ancient ally of England from such foreign interference.

What then is the principle which now actuates our government in their

* "I rise," said Mr Brougham, "to join with every man who deserves the name of Briton, in expressing unqualified detestation and abhorrence at the *audacious interference of the allied sovereigns in the affairs of Spain*; or if that detestation is qualified, it is only by indignation and disgust at the canting hypocrisy of the language in which the loathsome principles of the tyrants were promulgated to the world. I rejoice to find that such execrable principles have met with no responsive voice from the mover and seconder of this address. Their speeches disclaiming them will be read with joy in all free states, and bring confusion and dismay to the allies, who, by a pretended respect for, but a real mockery of, religion and freedom, make war upon liberty in the abstract. It is the duty of his Majesty's Ministers to come to the resolution, that, if certain things happen on the Continent, we should be ready to assist the Spaniards, a measure necessary to prevent evils which even those the least prone to war must admit to be inevitable, should a wavering course be adopted. Our assistance is necessary to avert the wicked enforcement of *principles contrary to the law of nations, and repugnant to every idea of national independence*. The Holy Alliance, with their armed hordes, are now ready to carry the fire-brand of civil war into Spain, and consummate their frightful projects. The principles of interference in the concerns of other states now advanced are matter of universal interest; for, if they be established, to what state may they not, with fatal effect, be applied?"—*Parl. Deb.*, April 4, 1824. HANSARD.

† "We propose," said this note, "to make the French withdraw their arms within their own territory, abandon their conquests, and rescind any acts injurious to the rights of other nations, in return for which the allied powers are to abandon all measures of hostility against France, or interference in their internal affairs."—*Parl. Hist.*, xxxiv., 1314.

foreign relations? and what has driven them into this monstrous violation, not only of all their former professions, but of all the eternal principles of justice and freedom? It is the REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT which drives them forward, and the principle of democracy which they have now adopted. And if we would know what that spirit is, and to what tyrannical acts it leads, we have only to turn to Mr Pitt's description of it in 1799, with whose emphatic words we conclude this hasty and feeble commentary, in disastrous and disgraceful days, on his principles.

“The fundamental principle of the revolutionary party in France always has been an insatiable love of aggrandisement, an implacable spirit of destruction against all the civil and religious institutions of every other country. Its uniform mode of proceeding was to bribe the poor against the rich, by proposing to transfer into new hands, on the delusive notion of equality, and in breach of every principle of justice, the whole property of the country; the practical application of this principle was to devote the whole of that property to indiscriminate plunder, and make it the foundation of a revolutionary system of finance, productive in proportion to the misery and desolation which it created. It has been accompanied by an unwearyed spirit of proselytism, diffusing itself over all the nations of the earth; a spirit which can apply it-

self to all circumstances and all situations; hold out a promise of redress equally to all nations; which enables the teachers of French liberty to recommend themselves to those who live under the feudal code of the German empire, the various states of Italy, the old Republicans of Holland, the new Republicans of America, the Protestants of Switzerland, the Catholics of Ireland, the Mussulmans of Turkey, and the Hindoos of India; the natives of England, enjoying the perfection of practical freedom, and the Copts of Egypt, groaning under the last severity of Asiatic bondage. The last and distinguishing feature is a perfidy which nothing can bind; which no ties of treaty, no sense of the principles generally received among nations, no obligation, human or divine, can restrain. Thus qualified, thus armed for destruction, the genius of the French Revolution marched forth the terror and dismay of the world. Every nation has in its turn been the witness, many have been the victims, of its principles; and it is left now for us to decide whether we will compromise with such a danger, while we have yet resources to supply the sinews of war, while the heart and spirit of the country is yet unbroken, and while we have the means of calling forth and supporting a powerful co-operation in Europe. *Cur igitur pacem nolo?—quia infida est, quia periculosa, quia esse non potest.*”*

* *Parl. Hist.*, xxxiv., 1348.

THE LANSBYS OF LANSBY HALL.

CHAPTER I.

A BLEAK January day had settled down into a night of continued snow. Every now and then a wilder gust of wind made the windows of the old manor-house rattle, and the party assembled in the dining-room draw closer to the fire. This consisted only of Mr Merton, the proprietor of Merton Manor—a quiet sedate looking gentleman of about fifty years of age—his wife and daughter. The weather seemed to forbid the slightest chance of a visitor, and after a silent and somewhat hurried dinner, the squire drew a little round table to the side of the chimney, and sipped his wine, with his eyes intently fixed upon the burning masses of wood with which the fire-place was filled. After an unsuccessful attempt to discover a body to a splendid Turk, whose head he saw frowning majestically from a fragment of a pine log, he turned about in despair to his wife, and said, “I really wish, my dear, my father had taught me something or other to do in a snowy winter night. Drinking by one’s self is so desperately dull.”

“Can’t you take a book, Mr Merton?” replied the lady; “here is a most beautiful story, ‘The Woes of Clementina;’ it will make you delightfully melancholy for a whole night.”

“No great miracle if it does, especially in such a dismal night as this. I haven’t seen a soul for three days, and if this snow continues for twelve hours, we shall all be buried alive. What would I give now for some fellow to drop in! But who the deuce would move out in a storm like this that could possibly stay at home?”

Mr Merton sighed as he concluded, and made a second attempt to discover the body of the Turk. But he was suddenly startled from this occupation by a noise outside the window.

“Wheels, by all that’s happy!” he exclaimed. “I hear them coming down the avenue. There—they’re come past the bridge—now they’re

at the garden corner—they’re stopt—they’re at the gate. Who can it be?”

“I told the butcher, as he returned from the market, to bring me the third volume of *The Orphan’s Tears* from the circulating library. I hope he has brought it in his gig.”

“I hope no such thing. I wish the scoundrel may drive into the moat if he has raised all my hopes for nothing; but no—it was a four-wheel’d carriage. Why don’t some of them go the door?”

A bustle was now heard in the hall—somebody certainly came in—the words great-coat, portmanteau, bed-room, were heard in the dining-room—the door was thrown open, and in walked Mr Nathaniel Clack, the very oldest friend Mr Merton had in the world.

“Merton! my boy,” exclaimed the visitor, as he shook hands with the whole party, “how goes it, eh? Capital night this for a visit—bad weather always makes a fellow so welcome.”

“It doesn’t need bad weather, Nat, to make you welcome here.”

“Or any where else faith, if the truth must be spoken. No, no—hop here—chirp a little—skip there—gossip a little—never stay long in the same place—talk, dance, laugh—any thing by way of a lark—then off like a shot the first glimpse I catch of the dismals.”

“Ah, that’s the way to enjoy life! You bachelors can fly about just as it pleases you. Where do you come from last?”

“From Harry Grumps’s. You can’t think what a queer old fellow he’s grown. No more racket, no more whlm—dull as a Dutchman—and yet can’t help punning even in his bluest fits, and with such a miserable long face, that you are satisfied, if punning is a crime, he is doing penance for it in the moment of commission. We had capital fun for two days.”

“What! even though Mr Grumps was so melancholy?” said Mrs Merton.

"To be sure—the very thing that kept us happy. There is nothing half so amusing as a fellow continually croaking—wishing the weather would clear up—that somebody would come in—that he had a liking for books—in short, regularly non-plussed for want of something to do. I always make a point of ridiculing such absurd hypochondriacs."

"Do you?" said Mr Merton, poking off the Turk's head; "but you tired of it at last?"

"Why, yes, two days are quite enough; so, as it was a miserably bleak, raw, and gusty morning, I ordered my phaeton, and drove across the six-and-thirty miles, to bestow a little of my tediousness on you. Have you any news?"

"No, I don't think any thing has happened since I saw you last. I think I told you I changed my grey horse for a black one."

"Yes, so have I my wig—don't you see what a magnificent Brutus I am—in fact, grey hair is very unbecoming, and is only fit, as the Psalmist says, to go down with sorrow to the grave."

"Well, really, if you hadn't told us it was a wig"—

"My dear madam, don't go on. Do give us something original. I've heard that a dozen times, and never believed it a bit the more. What would be the use of wearing a wig if nobody knew it to be one? No, no—this is a coat, that is a boot, and this is a wig."

"Well, Nat, I'm happy to see you, wig or no wig, and here's your health."

"That's not original—do let us hear something new. I would travel from Dan to Beersheba to hear something out of the common way; but all mankind seem set on the same key. Touch any note of the instrument, it gives out exactly the same tone."

"By the by, Nat, do you know that Lansby Hall has at last got a purchaser?"

"To be sure I do—every body knows it—eighty thousand down, and forty more in three months."

"Who is it?" interrupted Mrs Merton—"we don't even know his name."

"Oho—don't you?—why, 'tis a man

of the name of Merivale. No one can tell where he comes from—immensely rich—nobody can imagine how he got his money. In short, he's quite a mystery."

"Is he old or young?" continued the lady.

"Young! oh quite a young fellow—my own age—fifty or so."

"Tall or short?"

"Oh, he's not a long overgrown monster of six feet, I can assure you. I heard, indeed, he was a very handsome, dignified-looking individual—grave, striking, distinguished. I should take him to be somewhere about my own height."

The lady smiled. "Have you seen him?" she said.

"No, not I; but we were all talking about him so much at Grumps's, that I should be sure to know him if we met on Mount Caucasus."

"And his manege? his establishment?"

"Grand! magnificent! carriages without number, horses enough for a battalion of the guards. When shall we go over and call on him?"

"Is he arrived already? It isn't above a fortnight since he bought the estate."

"Fortnight! pooh, man, what are you thinking of? Don't you know that he carries the lamp of Aladdin in his pocket, and can fit up a palace in a twinkling? Half the upholsters, painters, paperers, architects, carpenters, and masons in London were down for a week, and for the last five days the proprietor has been living in a fairy palace a hundred times richer and more gorgeous than the pavilion of an Eastern king."

"The devil he has, and I all the time cooped up by the snow! I'll go over to-morrow and ask him to dinner next week."

"But his wife, Mr Clack, has he a wife or children?"

"Faith, ma'am, I don't know; if he has any thing of the sort he keeps it very close. I rather think he's a bachelor—the roc's egg is still wanting."

"My dear Nat," said Mr Merton, "we are very plain people; what in the world would Mr Merivale do with a roc's egg, if he had it."

"Metaphorical—I was only me-

taphorical. You recollect, after the fairies had filled Aladdin's palace with every luxury he could possibly desire, his enemy the conjuror got him persuaded to ask for a roc's egg, which would have turned every thing topsy turvy, and led him the life of a dog; the roc's egg is only an allegory, and means—a wife."

"And old Lansby, old Sir Walter, what has become of him?"

"Ah, there, I think, he's very foolish; he has removed to the Springfield farm, the only spot of ground left him, and I believe he continues to be as stiff, and vain, and heartless as ever."

"Well," said Mr Merton, "I like him the better for it. It shows there is some good stuff in him to keep up his pride in the fall of his fortunes. I never liked him as long as he was at the hall; I think I'll go and call on him now he's at the farm."

"I like that; something original there. I'll go with you. I should like to see Marius moralizing in a stackyard, but I think 'twould have been wiser to have placed his Carthage a little farther off."

"Some more of your metaphors, Nat. Now, I think he shows his wisdom in fixing his quarters under the very nose of his successor. All men hate their successors."

"And you may depend upon it, Sir Walter will not be deficient in hating"——

"Surely, surely he won't hate Frank Merivale," said Miss Mary Merton, who had been silently listening to the conversation.

"And why not, my little sweetheart? and how do you know any thing of Mr Merivale? and how do you know that his name is Frank? Ha! there's some mystery here."

Mr Nathaniel, as he asked these questions, fixed his looks upon the young lady with the most penetrating expression he could muster, for it was one of his weaknesses, like Dr Parr, to think that he had a wonderful power of eye; though, like the ocular organs of that vast pedagogue, the glances of the ungenerous Nat were at all times rather ludicrous than commanding.

"Oh! I merely thought—that is—I think—his name—didn't you tell us his name yourself, Mr Clack?"

replied Miss Mary, stammering and blushing.

"His name, yes I certainly told you his name; but not, that I recollect of, his Christian appellation—but Frank is a very good name; so, as I was saying, depend upon it old Sir Walter will hate him with most praiseworthy bitterness, whatever be the name he rejoices in. He certainly is the most revolting old vinegar-faced rascal I ever met. I can't bring myself to utter a syllable beyond the commonplaces of society in presence of such a starched, stiff, rump'd, cold, authoritative dictator."

"Well, that's very odd, for I always thought you remarkably agreeable when Sir Walter dined with us," said Mr Merton, utterly unconscious of the severity of his speech.

"Sir Walter was certainly very stiff and formal," continued his lady, equally unobservant of Mr Nathaniel's chagrin; "but I have always heard he was a very respectable man."

"Exactly. Whenever you hear of a respectable man, write him down an individual to be studiously avoided. Sir Walter is the very perfection of a respectable man, spotless character, regular conduct, church twice every Sunday. People, after all, are very good-natured, and give a man credit for being virtuous, merely because he has never been convicted of a crime. Now, if a wild young fellow like me, for instance"——

"Yes, Nat, the world is very censorious sometimes. You recollect what a noise there was when you broke off with the Lancashire heiress?"

"Recollect it? to be sure I do. They said I was wild, cruel, fickle, vain; 'pon my honour I was nothing of the kind. I certainly paid the girl a great deal of attention, and we certainly appeared to be mutually attached, but you know, my dear madam"——

"Oh yes," replied Mrs Merton, "I know all about it. She was engaged all the time to her handsome cousin, and tried to hide it by flirting with you. I think it was very improper behaviour, and that you were greatly to be pitied, for I remember ill-natured people laughed at you very much."

The little man looked very much disconcerted by this uncomplimentary version of the anecdote, which nevertheless was the true one, and took no notice of the lady's observation. "And who lives with old Lansby?" he went on, turning to Mr Merton.

"Only his daughter, Miss Julia."

"Tall and straight as a poplar tree," replied Mr Nat—"the father in petticoats, with the same coldness, stiffness, pride; they must be quite happy in each other's society."

"They are!" exclaimed Miss Mary, whose fair brow had for some time been gathering with a frown—"it can only be the weak and the frivolous who can accuse Julia Lansby of coldness or pride. There never was a nobler girl in the world; so meek, so humble, so self-denying, and at the same time so beautiful. Every new misfortune that befalls the family seems only to call forth new powers to enable her to support it."

"Hem," replied Mr Nathaniel, "we've got into dangerous ground here. I assure you, my dear Miss Mary, I meant no disrespect to your excellent and amiable friend. She may be all you say, and a thousand things more, only don't you allow yourself that in general society she

is a little stately or so; a little haughty as it were—and imperial? For my own part, I prefer livelier sorts of beauties—people who are ready to laugh, and occasionally descend from their stilts—Miss Lansby's smile"—

"Is beautiful," interrupted Miss Mary.

"May be so—but 'pon honour, when she smiles in answer to any observation I make to her, I can't help thinking that there's a kind of a—sort of a—don't you remark?—a kind of pity as it were, or almost—as I may say—contempt"—

"Oh no," said Mrs Merton; "I daresay a great many young ladies do that when you speak to them, but I am sure Miss Lansby is too amiable to despise any thing, or, at all events, too well bred to show it."

"Well, thank God! here comes my mutton chop," exclaimed Mr Nathaniel, quite discomfited by the unintentional hits he received from the one-idea'd Mrs Merton; "and after I have finished it, I will join you, my old fellow, in a single pint of claret."

"We shall be happy to see you in the drawingroom," replied the lady, and followed by her daughter, she left the gentlemen to themselves.

CHAPTER II.

THE old man was sitting in a high backed oaken chair, his hands folded before him, and his eyelids closely pressed together, but evidently not in sleep—the motions of his lips and the fitful contraction of his brow, showed that the spirit was busy within. At a table beside him sat a young lady, with a shade of settled melancholy visible on her subdued, yet noble features. She turned her eyes every now and then from the paper on which she appeared to be sketching, with an expression of anxious affection, to the troubled countenance of her companion. The room they sat in was small, and very plainly furnished—the sky was fierce and stormy, and occasionally the old casements rattled loudly when a wilder burst of wind than usual sent a dash of sleet and hail

against the window pane. The old man started from his recumbent position and sat upright, with his eye fixed keenly and harshly on the pale, placid face of his daughter. "Julia Lansby," he said, "act the hypocrite no more—speak to me no more in such soothing and gentle tones, but tell me at once boldly and sincerely that—that you hate me"—

"Father!"—

"There! how dare you call me father, which ought to be a name of reverence, of piety, of love, when you well know that in your heart of hearts you detest me as a selfish, cold, unpitying old man?"

"You wrong me, father! Never, even in thought, has my affection wandered away from you. I have no hopes, no wishes, no regret, save as they are connected with your

happiness. For my own"—here she sighed, and added, after a pause, "I am contented if I only could see you pleased with me—I have no other object now."

"And why not now? Is it because we are poor you can no longer be cheerful as you used to be—because we no longer see 'company,' as they call it, and have our ball-rooms filled with the grinning sons and daughters of vanity? The loss truly is great. I wonder not at your despair."

"Oh, father, do not torture me by speaking so unkindly. You know that the loss of fortune, that poverty itself, could never move my regrets."

"But you have deeper matters for sorrow," replied the father, with an ironical sneer. "O, doubtless, you have many more griefs to weigh you down than ever fell upon me; fortune ruined—family broken—hearth left desolate—deserted by my own children, and supplanted in my own ancestral halls by a purse-proud, insulting villain, who"—

"No, not a villain, dear father, not a villain"—

"Yes, madam, a villain; I say a proud, presumptuous, insensible villain. What! and is Francis Lansby still master of that silly heart? I charged you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts. Julia Lansby, why have you not obeyed me?"

"I have obeyed you, father, in all things possible. I have submitted without a murmur to your commands. I have given you my promise never to speak to him, to write to him, to hear of him or from him, without your consent; and till this extraordinary occurrence, I knew not whether he was in England, or whether he was alive or dead."

"And he thinks by coming down hither, and overpowering us with his wealth and splendour, to make us regret having rejected the alliance of so mighty an individual as Mr Francis Lansby Merivale. O had my son but lived, my noble, handsome Harry"—Sir Walter put his hands before his eyes on saying this, and leaned back in his chair, as if overcome with the bitterness of his reflections. And Julia was in

hopes that the irritation of his temper, which had lately increased to a most distressing extent, would be soothed by the indulgence of his grief. But she was mistaken. Again, with the same cold, sarcastic sneer, he turned towards his daughter, and said, "Your meekness and resignation are truly amiable—your love to your father is so sincere—your gratitude for all his goodness to you unbounded—He has squandered away his fortune, and sunk the haughty lady of Lansby Hall into the inmate of no loftier a dwelling than this,—you must be grateful to him for having saved you from the perils of wealth. He has charged you—and now still more solemnly than ever charges you, to banish from your remembrance, or to remember only with scorn and loathing, the wretch who has risen upon our ruins, who looks on us—gracious heavens—perhaps with pity,—but no—villain as he is, he dares not to insult us with his pity."

"What—what has he done to deserve your anger? He thinks of you, I will answer for him, only as the friend and benefactor of his youth." She paused, and then added, with a tone of touching and solemn dignity—"Francis Lansby thinks of you as my father."

"And as such he *curses* me, or the Lansby blood has turned to milk within his veins. What has he done, you ask me? What has he *not* done to baulk and injure me? Does he *not live*? Is he not 'a gay and prosperous gentleman,' with hope, fame, happiness all before him, while the golden locks of my noble Harry are gone down into the dust? Why is *my* son taken from me, while Fortune showers all her blessings upon *theirs*?"

Julia looked in her father's face as he uttered these words; but withdrew her eyes, as if horror-struck with the fierce malignity of his looks and language.

"You shudder," he continued; "but it is not madness that makes me speak thus. See, I am cool; nay, I can smile—and why should I not? Is not the story I am now about to tell you a pleasant one? Come hither, child, and listen.—I was an only son; but my father was

afraid I should be spoiled, as only sons usually are, and had my cousin to live with me, and treated us in all respects alike. Our boyhood passed without any occurrence to call forth our characters, except that, probably from knowing his dependent situation, his manners were so soft and insinuating, that they formed a striking contrast to the manliness and independence of mine. At college, to which we went together, and where by my father's orders our intimacy was continued, we were called Lansby the proud and Lansby the gentle. I confess I felt myself flattered by the distinction. We returned home; we hated each other. At all events, I can answer for myself; for him, I scarcely think he had manliness enough to hate any thing. My mother now was growing old. She had a companion to reside with her. She was young and beautiful — surpassingly beautiful. She was a relation of my mother's — high born and poor. Ere long I perceived that my cousin Edgar was passionately in love with Helen. What right had he, the soft, the delicate, the gentle, to lift his eyes to so glorious an object as Helen Trevor? I loved her; and it added to the intensity of my passion to think how the insolence of my rival would be punished when I should ask the hand of the object of his passion. I did ask her hand: she refused it, and asked for my intercession with my father to secure his approbation of her marriage with my cousin. From that hour I hated both. Was I not justified? But I was revenged. Edgar was going into orders. My father had promised him the family living: the incumbent was infirm and old. They married; I gave away the bride. They lived the first half year of their marriage in this very house. Here, in this very room, they sat and gazed on each other in the first happiness of their mutual fondness. My father died; and, shortly after, the living became vacant. This Francis was then about two months old. I called upon them, and told them of the incumbent's death. I described the beauty of the parsonage, the quietness of the village; and when I saw the young mother stooping down,

and in the gladness of her heart covering the child of Edgar Lansby with her kisses, I told them I had bestowed the living upon another. You start—it was the first minute of enjoyment I had had for years. But they still were happy. I gave them notice that I had put another tenant into Springfield. They left it; he procured a curacy in some distant part of the country. I married; and, even in the first months of matrimony, thought much more of their happiness than of my own. My Harry was born, and yet I felt no diminution of my hatred. At your birth I resolved, if possible, to repay to the son the agony that had been inflicted on me by the parents. I have succeeded. One after another they died; they were poor and miserable. I adopted their orphan son; I made him the companion of my children; I watched the love that grew up between you,—and when I perceived that it was too firmly settled in his heart to be eradicated, I turned him loose upon the world. I feasted on the agony of his looks, for in them I recalled the expression of his mother. And now what has it all come to? *My* boy is dead; and this wretch, this slave, whom my bounty fed, is adopted by his mother's uncle, has purchased every mortgage upon my estate; and save for one consuming sorrow, one passion which I know from experience turns all his other feelings into gall and bitterness, he would be too happy for a mortal—successful in ambition, in love, and, above all, in revenge. Isn't this a pleasant sketch, and—Ha! what has my madness done? Wretch, wretch! I have killed my child!"

He bent over the fainting girl with his hands clasped in agony, and his whole being underwent a change. Cruel and malignant as he had truly painted himself, his love for his children was the overpowering passion of his mind. Since the death of his son, this love all concentrated in his daughter; and, however strange or unnatural it may appear, the value he set on her, the pride he took in her talents and beauty, were the very considerations which prevented him from bestowing them on any one whom, justly or unjustly,

he had loaded with his hatred. He knew that, by the bar he had placed between them, her happiness was as much sacrificed as that of her cousin—and had she been indifferent to him he would not have condemned her to so much misery. Hitherto, indeed, the noble behaviour of his daughter had deceived him. Her uncomplaining meekness, her gentleness, and her dutiful submission to his will, had hidden from him the depth of the sufferings she endured. And, unknown perhaps to himself, there was another ingredient in the bitterness of the hatred which he professed to entertain for Francis Lansby. Since the astonishing change in their respective situations, her former lover had made no efforts to discover that his affection for Julia was unchanged. The thought of his being able to forget *his* daughter was more galling to Sir Walter's disposition than even his marrying her would have been.

"Waken, Julia! rouse yourself, my child; I spoke too bitterly; misfortune has made me mad. I hate him not." Whilst he uttered these exclamations, Julia slowly recovered, and looked at her father with a faint smile as if to thank him for his attempts to comfort her. "But he has forgotten us," he continued; "he thinks not of us—and why, since he has banished you from his memory—do you continue to waste a thought on *him*?"

Ere Julia Lansby had time to reply, Mr Nathaniel Clack bustled into the room, followed more slowly by his friend Mr Merton, and exclaimed, "Ha! something uncommon here. How do, Sir Walter? Miss Julia, how d'ye do? Any thing happened, Miss Julia?"

"Miss Julia Lansby is suffering from a slight indisposition," replied Sir Walter, assuming even more than his usual stiffness and hauteur.

"Change of air—nothing like change of air for recovering strength. I recollect an old rascal in my own village, capital fortune once, never moved from home, bad health, nervousness, pride, anger, and all that; lost his fortune, went to another house, moved about, bustled immensely, 'gad you can't tell what a good-natured sort of fellow the old

curmudgeon became." Mr Nat went on relating this not very well-chosen anecdote, disregarding for a time the eye of the proud old man, as it was fixed upon him with the most withering expression of contempt. At last he perceived it, stammered a little, sank his voice, and, after several attempts to clear his throat, stood mute. In the mean time Mr Merton had been paying his compliments to Miss Julia, and now addressed himself to Sir Walter.

"Well, Sir Walter, I hope, as we are nearer neighbours than we used to be, we shall see more of each other. My Mary has begged me to make a strong entreaty for a visit from Miss Julia."

"If Julia would have pleasure in leaving her father at this time, she has my full consent. It would ill become me to interfere with the enjoyments of the young and careless."

"Oh! if you can't spare her, of course poor Mary would never have preferred her request. She knows Julia's admirable qualities as a daughter too well for that."

"Does she? And does she indeed suppose that I am so selfish as to immure her in a desolate place like this, merely because I would not be alone? Julia, you shall return with Mr Merton."

"You are lonely here, father—the days are dull and dark. It would be better"——

"I have said it. You shall visit Mary Merton; I shall probably have business to arrange with the new proprietor of the Hall, and perhaps it may be better managed in your absence. Will you return her to me in a week?"

"Certainly—and in the mean time I hope the society of her old friends will be of use to her. Is it useless, Sir Walter, to ask you to dine with me on Thursday next? I intend to invite Mr Merivale."

"Merivale? and you ask me to meet Mr Merivale, to dine with him, talk with him, hear his voice? what"——

"Oh, if I had known it would have been unpleasant, my dear Sir Walter, believe me I should never have mentioned the subject."

"On Thursday, did you say? Have you seen him?"

"No. We are just on our way to the Hall to pay him our respects."

"On Thursday? He will certainly accept your invitation. Julia, you will meet him; I wish you to meet him."

"Aha, Miss Julia," interrupted Mr Clack, who had by this time recovered a portion of his volubility. "He is quite a young fellow, I understand. Many odd things have happened in that sort of way. Shouldn't be surprised if"—but the unfortunate Nathaniel was again afflicted with a total incapacity to conclude his sentence.

Visibly, as clouds over the sky, flitted dark meanings across Sir Walter's features; but by an effort he seemed to restrain himself, and went on. "You shall stay with Mrs Merton till after Thursday; and if you will allow me to alter my mind, I will also join your party."

"We shall be delighted I am sure. Can Miss Julia accompany us now?"

My close carriage is at the door, and on our return from the Hall we can guard her over the snow."

Sir Walter bowed at this offer; seemed to swallow some proud speech he was about to make; and with a look of ineffable disdain to the now quite chop-fallen Mr Nat, said—"Miss Lansby has still a carriage. She shall go to Merton Manor whenever her preparations are completed, and on Thursday I shall see my child again."

There was no gainsaying any thing advanced in the authoritative manner which Sir Walter habitually assumed, so, in a few minutes, the gentlemen were on their way to the hall—Mr Nathaniel Clack muttering all the time curses, not loud but deep, and feeling a relief on leaving what he called the old tyrant's presence, pretty much akin to what we should consider the sensations of a monkey which by some miracle has made its escape from a tiger's den.

CHAPTER III.

"THIS, then, decides my fate for happiness or misery," said Mr Francis Lansby Merivale, as he rose from his writing-desk, where many piles of paper were lying in most admired disorder. "The estate is once more disencumbered, and the directions of my benefactor complied with, in restoring the old hall to its rightful owner. What then? my cause is still more hopeless than before. Even if I prove to him that it is the will of the person leaving me this fortune that the property should be returned into his hands, I know his indomitable pride so well, that the gift will be viewed as an insult; and without Julia, what happiness is it to me to revel in useless wealth? Oh! for the glorious days back again when I was still the dependent of Sir Walter—still the companion of my Julia!" The packet, which he folded up and directed to Springfield Farm, seemed a very voluminous one. The letter which accompanied it contained these words:—

"The estrangement of the last two years has not obliterated from my heart the kindness of the pro-

jector of my childhood. With my whole heart I thank you for the home you afforded me when other home there was none for me to fly to; and frown not if at this hour, before I banish myself for ever from the scene of all the memories of my youth, I guard myself against any suspicion of a wish to conciliate your favour by the step I now take. The Lansby blood flows as proudly in my veins as in your own. You would spurn me as I know I should deserve to be spurned, if you fancied I had endeavoured to *purchase* a reconciliation. Deeply as I should value your friendship, and unchanged as are my sentiments on a subject to which I cannot trust myself to allude, I cannot, even if your favour were accorded me, accept of it without an explanation of your conduct. I tell you, Sir Walter Lansby, that your conduct has been cruel and unjust. In the pursuit of a selfish gratification you have ruined the happiness of the person who ought to be—nay, I will do you the justice to admit, who is—the dearest to you on earth. Do you deny it? Look to the wan cheek and wasting form

of her who was once—but enough of this. The estate is now your own. The will of Mr Merivale is enclosed for your perusal. Think not that I entertain a thought that this change in our positions will produce any change on your determination. If you can go on inflicting, I will show you that I can continue to suffer. From this hour you shall hear of me no more; but neither time nor distance shall make me forget for a moment the being to whom I consider myself united in the sight of heaven. Sir Walter Lansby, she is mine by vows indissoluble save in the grave, by affections which grew with our growth, and are unchangeable while the hearts which nourished them continue to beat. But if it will add to the piquancy of your triumph, I will not conceal from you that you have driven me, as well as that other one, to despair; that you have made life to me a desert, as it has long been a solitude to her. And now what remains for me? Wealth which I cannot enjoy; youth which will waste away in misery; and, bitterer perhaps than all, a consciousness that these injuries are inflicted by one whom I have ever loved—and whom I have never offended.”

The Thursday appointed for the party at last arrived. With a degree of secrecy which entirely eclipsed the “Wonder” of Mrs Centlivre’s comedy, the two young ladies had given no hint of the identity of young Frank Lansby and the present proprietor of the hall. Mr Merton and his friend Mr Clack had been refused admittance on the morning of their call, and no answer had been returned to the note of invitation which Mr Merton had despatched on the succeeding day.

“Devilish queer fellow this Mr Merivale,” said Mr Nat. “He might have sent an answer to a civil note at all events, if he wouldn’t let us into his cursed gimcrack of a house; in the snow too. Well, hope he’ll come after all—drop in on us—something new in that—eh?”

“Well, I hope he will; but I suspect the meeting will be a very odd one between him and Sir Walter.”

“D—d old tyrant,” muttered Nat.

“It will be very queer to see the first salutation exchanged between the old possessor and the new one.”

“Said the old jackdaw to the young jackdaw,” interrupted Mr Clack.

“Come, Nat, out with your best stories. Have all your smiles and similes ready, for here some of the party come.”

Sir Walter came among the rest; stately, solemn, stiff as ever. He paid his respects to the assembled guests, then looked anxiously round for his daughter, led her up to one of the windows, gazed earnestly into her face, and clasping her in his arms, imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

“Egad! old Iceberg’s beginning to thaw,” whispered Mr Nat into the ear of Mary Merton, for already he had begun to lose the power of very audible conversation.

“I am sorry, Sir Walter,” said Mr Merton, “we are disappointed of Mr Merivale. It would have given me great pleasure, though I have not the honour of knowing him myself, to have been the medium of an introduction between such near neighbours.”

“Not know him, Mr Merton? Well, in that case I believe I have the advantage of you. I know him intimately.” Julia looked enquiringly, but unobserved, into her father’s face when he said this, but the features were as rigid and inflexible as ever.

Mr Merton also must have thought there was something forbidding in his countenance, for he changed the conversation as quickly as possible.

“I hope you can spare Julia to us a few days longer,” said Mrs Merton.

“Your kindness to my Julia is very great. We are not ungrateful for it. But she returns with me to-night.”

“To-night? Oh! I hope not.”

“There are circumstances that require her immediate return to Lansby—to Springfield Farm, I mean—I sometimes forget how changed we are.”

“O, not to-night, Sir Walter. Mr Merton or Mr Clack will be so happy to drive her over to-morrow.”

“There are persons in this neighbourhood, madam, who make it de-

sirable that Miss Julia Lansby should be under a father's eye."

"The cursed old bashaw," said Mr Nat, but this time to himself; "confound me, if he doesn't think his daughter may take a fancy to me." Mr Nat gave a look to the mirror, and pulled forward his wig.

But Julia knew too well the meaning of her father's speech. With a sigh she resigned herself to her fate, and going to the dining-room, Mary Merton thought she saw the dark eyes of her friend moistened with tears.

What could have been the meaning of her father's conduct in first forbidding her to think of Francis Lansby, and then in sending her to Merton Manor, for the express purpose, as it were, of throwing her in his way? And why had Francis Lansby not come to see his old friends the Mertons, even if he had had no expectation of finding her there? These, and five hundred other thoughts, but all coming to the same hopeless conclusion, occupied her all the time of dinner. There seemed to be a universal dullness spread over the party. Even Mr Clack had very little conversation, and that only in a whisper. The liveliest person of the party was Sir Walter Lansby himself. As if in bravado of his fallen fortunes, he was more cheerful than ever he had been in his palmiest days. But his daughter, who was acquainted with all the phases of his character, saw that his liveliness was assumed, and she dreaded the reaction which was sure to follow so unnatural an effort.

But once the name of Merivale was mentioned, some person casually enquired if there were not a Devonshire family of that name distantly connected with the Lansbys.

"There may be, sir," replied Sir Walter; "and as a person said of his connexions, the more *distant* they are the better."

The rareness of an attempt at humour on the part of Sir Walter Lansby compensated for the pooriness of its quality. There was a general laugh at the reply.

"Now, confound me," said Mr Nat to his neighbour, "if there is any thing to laugh at in what old

Chrononhoton has said. A man who has any reputation for wit may say five thousand better things every hour of the day, but really witticisms from some people are so common that people take no notice of them. But only let a dull, formal, pedantic old blockhead give utterance to the very oldest Joe Miller, and the thing strikes people as a sort of miracle. The man will die a wit on the reputation of a miserable story badly told."

The gentleman to whom Mr Nathaniel addressed himself was not endowed with any superfluity of metaphysical acumen, and looked most wonderfully contented with Mr Nat's explanation.

"Don't you think so?" continued Mr Clack.

"Think what, my dear sir?"

"Why, that the novelty or unexpectedness is every thing. You don't expect to see pigs play on the fiddle?"

"No—who the devil does?"

"Nor porcupines to make watches?"

"No."

"But if you saw porcupines making watches, or pigs playing on fiddles, you would think it very remarkable, wouldn't you?"

"To be sure I should."

"Ah!" said Nat, quite triumphant, "I was certain you would agree with me in thinking Sir Walter's rejoinder a very poor one."

The gentleman looked at Nat, and wondered very much, but said nothing.

At length the tedious night wore on, and, greatly to the satisfaction of the host and hostess, not to mention the now reanimated Mr Clack, "they walked alone the banquet hall deserted." Julia saw by her father's manner that something very unusual had either happened or was about to happen. Her friend Mary Merton shared in her apprehensions, and has very often mentioned her fears, after she had heard of the catastrophe of that night. Old Sir Walter sat moodily silent beside his daughter. She, deeply absorbed in her own thoughts, took no notice of the pace they were going at, or even of the carriage in which they were conveyed. At length her eye caught the trees of the short avenue that led from the road to

Springfield farm; but still the carriage rolled on. She now began to observe that the chariot was very different from the one in which she had made her visit to Merton Manor; and on looking round to her father, for every thing was visible by the light of a clear frosty moon, she saw that he was intently watching her countenance.

"You don't ask me, Julia, where we are going," he said; "you see we have passed the farm?"

"I saw we had passed it."

"And have you no wish to know where we are going?"

"Where?"

"To the hall. Where should Sir Walter Lansby take his daughter to but to Lansby Hall?"

Julia half shrieked as he said this, and now knew that her worst fears were realized.

"Oh, not there!" she cried, "not there!"

"And why not? Give me your hand, my daughter; are you not safe in the protection of your father?"

"But Frank—but Mr Merivale!"

"I will speak to him in the house of my ancestors as they would wish me to speak."

The lodge at the gate was full of lights; the gate wide open, and they rapidly approached the front door of the hall. Julia, in an agony of apprehension, not diminished by her astonishment, suffered her father to lead her through the vestibule, up the great staircases, along the corridor, and opening the door of the library, they saw standing ready to receive them Mr Francis Lansby Merivale.

Julia leant trembling on her father's arm—Frank stood as if expecting Sir Walter to begin the conversation. He drew his daughter closer to him, paused for a moment, then laying her hand within that of Francis Lansby, said,—*"Julia, your cousin—my children!"*

His own agitation prevented him from seeing the effect of his speech upon his daughter. "I told you, Francis Lansby, when I called here

in answer to the letter you had sent me, with the documents restoring this estate to me again, that to accept it was impossible, unless for the purpose of conveying it to my child. My pride is broken as by a thunderbolt. Take her. I thought it was impossible for the hatred of a Lansby to suffer decay—but, nay, no thanks, your letter was a just reproof. When the ceremony is over, I shall return to the farm, and find consolation in reflecting that the son of Helen Trevor is the happy husband of the daughter of Walter Lansby."

"Well, only think," said Mr Nathaniel Clack, as he heard the circumstances a few days after the party, "only think how odd it is that that frozen automaton has some human feelings after all. I shouldn't be surprised, now that he has discovered how pleasant it is to be generous and good-natured, if he were even a tolerable companion at dinner."

"Shall we ask him to meet you here when you return?" said Mr Merton.

"No, thank ye; I must have farther proofs yet of his return to the pale of civilisation."

"Why, I thought he was very merry even on Thursday last," said Mrs Merton; "you recollect what a funny thing he said—what was it again? I always forget witty speeches, but at all events he must have been the wittiest person at table, for I recollect he created the greatest laugh."

"Fools generally succeed best in raising a laugh," said Mr Clack, with a philosophical toss of the head.

"Ah! that's just what I tell my Mary; for really, Mr Clack, she goes on giggling and laughing whenever you open your lips."

"Well, well," said Mr Merton, "let us all go over some day next week, and call at Springfield farm. By that time the old man will be left to his own reflections, and after so good an action and such a triumph over his evil passions, his reflections, I should think, must be very pleasant ones."

CLARE'S RURAL MUSE.

It is with heartfelt pleasure that we take up a new volume of Poems by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant. Some fifteen years or thereabouts, we believe, have elapsed since he earned that title which, to our ears, has almost as pleasant a sound as that of the *Ettrick Shepherd*. We rejoice to find that the *Rural Muse* has been with him during his long retirement—that his fine sensibilities have suffered no abatement under the influence of time—and that, though he says “ill health has almost rendered me incapable of doing any thing,” it has not in any degree weakened his mental powers or dulled his genius. Let us hope that ill health may soon take its departure from “the Poet’s Cottage, Northborough,” of which, facing the titlepage, we have here so pretty an impression—and that as he is yet in the prime of life, he may live to sing many such sweet songs as these—and in domestic peace and comfort long enjoy his fame. Yes—his fame. For England has singled out John Clare from among her humble sons (Ebenezer Elliot belongs altogether to another order)—as the most conspicuous for poetical genius, next to Robert Bloomfield. That is a proud distinction—whatever critics may choose to say; and we cordially sympathize with the beautiful expression of his gratitude to the *Rural Muse*, when he says—

“Like as the little lark from off its nest,
Beside the mossy hill, awakes in glee,
To seek the morning’s throne, a merry
guest—
So do I seek thy shrine, if that may be,
To win by new attempts another smile
from thee.”

The poems now before us are, we think, at least equal to the best of his former productions, and characterised by the same beauties—among which we may mention as the most delightful—rich and various imagery of nature. England is out of all sight the most beautiful country in the whole world—Scotland alone excepted—and, thank heaven, they

two are one kingdom—divided by no line either real or imaginary—united by the Tweed. We forget at this moment—if ever we knew it—the precise number of her counties—but we remember that one and all of them—“alike, but oh! how different”—are fit birth-places and abodes for poets. Some of them, we know well, are flat—and we in Scotland, with hills or mountains for ever before our eyes, are sometimes disposed to find fault with them on that ground—as if nature were not at liberty to find her own level. Flat indeed! So is the sea. Wait till you have walked a few miles in among the Fens—and you will be wafted along like a little sail-boat, up and down undulations green and glad some as waves. Think ye there is no scenery there? Why, you are in the heart of a vast metropolis!—yet have not the sense to see the silent city of mole-hills sleeping in the sun. Call that pond a lake—and by a word how is it transfigured? Now you discern flowers unfolding on its low banks and braes—and the rustle of the rushes is like that of a tiny forest—how appropriate to the wild! Gaze—and to your gaze what colouring grows! Not in green only—or in russet brown doth nature choose to be apparelled in this her solitude—nor ever again will you call her dreary here—for see how every one of those fifty flying showers lightens up its own line of beauty along the waste—instantaneous as dreams—or stationary as waking thought—till, ere you are aware that all was changing, the variety has all melted away into one harmonious glow tempered by that rainbow.

Let these few words suffice to show that we understand and feel the flattest—dullest—tamest places, as they are most ignorantly called—that have yet been discovered in England. Not in such doth John Clare abide—but many such he hath traversed; and his studies have been from childhood upwards among scenes which to ordinary eyes might seem to afford small scope and few

materials for contemplation. But his are not ordinary eyes—but gifted; and in every nook and corner of his own country the Northamptonshire Peasant has, during some two score years and more, every spring found without seeking either some lovelier aspect of “the old familiar faces,” or some new faces smiling upon him, as if mutual recognition kindled joy and amity in their hearts.

It is usual to speak of the hidden beauties of nature. But what is there to hide the most secret from our eyes? Nothing. Nature wears no veil—at least it is transparent—and often laid aside; but most men are at the best sand-blind. Their eyes are not to blame—but their minds—their hearts—and their souls. Poets alone see. Poetry shows this earth to those who have been looking at it all their days and yet have seldom seen the sights that make it so beautiful. They have indeed seen many of its things—but not felt their spirit—and what are mere phenomena to the senses? Pleasant indeed—for the senses have their own delight almost unaffected by thought—some sentiment too will belong to them by inevitable associations—but imagination's eye is spiritual, and matter seems to become so too wherever falls its transforming and creative light. All descriptive poetry is good—if it be indeed poetry; for a mere enumeration of the phenomena of nature, however accurate or extensive, is not poetry, nor has it ever been so esteemed; yet he must be a dunce indeed who, with any feeling accompanying his perceptions, can deal for long and at large with what nature yields, and yet never partake of her spirit, nor yet ever infuse into hers his own—so as occasionally to be inspired with song. Even in the poorest and meanest versifiers are now and then to be met with movements that show the breath of poetry was there—while the poetical reader is often so affected by the very words, however ill-assorted and uninspired, that denote things most dear, that in his delusion he attributes to the genius of him who has no genius, the delight which he in truth owes to his own instructed and easily awakened heart. But such delusion soon dies—and the power of true poetry alone is perpetual and crescent for ever.

True descriptive poetry, however, does not at any time consist in the attributing to nature whatever qualities it may please a self-conceited coxcomb, in the superabundance of his egoism, to bestow upon our gracious mother—nor in the pouring out into her lap all the diseased feelings that may happen to have been generated in his—however *intense*. The inferior followers of Shelley, Keates, Hunt, and Tennyson, are all addicted to this disgusting practice—and show it chiefly in sonnets. The men we have named are all poets—the creatures we have hinted are not even poetasters—and have brought a reproach on mere versifiers to which in their silliness they used not to be liable; while such of them as must needs be critics too, the most rickety of the set, are beginning to pollute our periodical literature. They bespatter with their praise all that is bad in their masters—and with their abuse all that is best in those who do not belong to that school. But write what they will—creeping prose or fugitive verse—they still look like creatures in a cholick. We hope they will not meddle with Clare.

The Northamptonshire Peasant always writes with sincerity and simplicity—like one to whom “dear is the shed to which his soul conforms.” Indeed the great charm of his poetry is that it deals with what is nearest and dearest to him—and that much as he loves nature, that sweet and humble nature in midst of whose delights he lives—he never flies into any affected raptures—never seeks to intensify beyond the truth any emotion he owes to her—but confides in her inspiration with a grateful and a filial heart. And verily he has had his reward. For thus has he been privileged to converse with nature, who is well-pleased with her pious son—and makes revelations to him, at her own sweet will—as he sits beneath the old pollard, a few steps from his own cottage door, or walks

“By overshadowed ponds, or woody
nooks,
With crowning willows lined, and ramping
sedge,
That with the winds do play,
And with them dance for joy;
And meadow pools, torn wide by lawless
floods,

Where water-lilies spread their oily
leaves
On which, as wont, the fly
Oft battens in the sun ;

"Where leans the mossy willow half
way o'er,
On which the shepherd crawls astride to
throw
His angle, clear of weeds
That crowd the water's brim ;

"Or crispy hills, and hollows scant of
wood
Where step by step the patient lonely boy,
Hath cut rude flights of stairs
To climb their steepy sides ;

"Then track along their feet, grown
hoarse with noise,
The crawling brook, that ekes its weary
speed,
And struggles through the weeds
With faint and sullen brawl—
These haunts I long have favoured."

These lines are truly descriptive—and the volume abounds with as good and better—as our quotations, selected with little care, will show ; but Clare is profuse of images—and though very often one or two, taken singly or by themselves, tell so as to give us the character of the whole landscape to which they belong—yet full justice can be done to his power of painting, only by presenting a whole composition—or if not a composition, an entire series of images all naturally arising, as it were, out of each other—as in the strain—too long, however, for quotation—entitled "Summer Images ;"—nor less so in "Autumn," from which we have taken the above stanzas. What can be more picturesque than this—

"The green lane now I traverse, where
it goes
Nought guessing, till some sudden turn
espies
Rude battered finger-post, that stooping
shows
Where the snug mystery lies ;
And then a mossy spire, with ivy crown,
Cheers up the short surprise,
And shows a peeping town."

We do not believe that any bard before Clare ever mentioned the frog and the lark in the same stanza ; yet nothing can be better than

"I love at early morn, from new mown
swath,
To see the startled frog his route pur-
sue,
To mark while, leaping o'er the dripping
path,
His bright sides scatter dew,
The early lark that from its bustle flies,
To hail the matin new ;
And watch him to the skies."

And having lost him there, the poet is pleased to note, with eyes withdrawn from heaven,

"The jetty snail creep from the mossy
thorn,
With earnest heed and tremulous in-
tent,
Frail brother of the morn."

As the frog and the lark had been sleeping in the same new mown swath—and the poet equally rejoiced to see the one leaping over the dripping path and so pursuing his route, and the other soaring to hail his matin new—so he equally rejoices to see the snail and the swallow—the one "from the tiny bent's dewy leaves withdrawing his timid horn," the other (how poetically painted !)

"On smoke-tanned chimney top,
Wont to be first unsealing morning's
eye,
Ere yet the bee hath gleaned one way-
ward drop
Of honey on his thigh ;
To see him seek morn's airy couch, to
sing
Until the golden sky
Beapaint his russet wing."

"Or sauntering boy by tanning corn to
spy,
With clapping noise to startle birds
away,
And hear him bawl to every passer by
To know the hour of day ;
While the uncradled breezes, fresh and
strong,
With cooling blossoms play,
And breathe Æolian song."

We ought to have quoted all the stanzas—but you will read them for yourselves in the little book—and will be still more tempted to do so, we are sure, by the following most natural, and, with the exception of the second one, which, owerer, could not well be avoided—original lines.

" See how the wind-enamoured aspen
leaves
Turn up their silver linings to the sun !
And hark ! the rustling noise, that oft
deceives,
And makes the sheep-boy run :
The sound so mimics fast-approaching
showers,
He thinks the rain's begun,
And hastes to sheltering bowers."

But we cannot glance our eye over
almost any one single page without
seeing some such true beauty as
these, or others of pensive, moral sen-
timent, let fall from an overflowing
heart; as, for example, when he
says that play—pastime—all that
time had seemed to conceal,

" Comes like a new-born joy,
To greet me in the field ;"

or when more touchingly still he
calls

" The primrose, too, a doubtful dream
Of what precarious spring may be ;"

or when he exclaims,

" O put away thy pride,
Or be ashamed of power,
That cannot turn aside
The breeze that waves a flower ;"

or when he somewhat sadly
breathes,

" The sweetest flower in pleasure's path
Will bloom on sorrow's grave ;"

or, moralizing beneath the evening
star, sings thus :—

" O'er the wood-corner's sombre brown
The lamp of dewy eve,
No sooner up than sloping down,
Seemed always taking leave."

John Clare often reminds us of
James Grahame. They are two of
our most artless poets. Their ver-
sification is mostly very sweet,
though rather flowing forth accord-
ing to a certain fine natural sense of
melody, than constructed on any
principles of music. So, too, with
their imagery, which seems seldom
selected with much care; so that,
while it is always true to nature,
and often possesses a charm from
its appearing to rise up of itself, and
with little or no effort on the poet's
part to form a picture, it is not un-
frequently chargeable with repeti-
tion—sometimes, perhaps, with a
sameness which, but for the inhe-
rent interest in the objects them-
selves, might be felt a little wearis-
ome—there is so much still life.
They are both most affectionately
disposed towards all manner of birds.
Grahame's " Birds of Scotland"
is by far his best poem; yet its best
passages are not superior to some
of Clare's about the same delightful
creatures—and they are both orni-
thologists after Audubon's and our
own heart. We cannot show the
genius of the Northamptonshire
Peasant in a pleasanter light than
by giving entire—after our use and
wont—and ours alone—some of his
most charming strains, sung to and
of his brother choristers of the fields
and woods.

THE PETTICHAP'S NEST.

" Well! in many walks I've rarely found
A place less likely for a bird to form
Its nest—close by the rut-gulled waggon-road,
And on the almost bare foot-trodden ground,
With scarce a clump of grass to keep it warm!
Where not a thistle spreads its spears abroad,
Or prickly bush, to shield it from harm's way;
And yet so snugly made, that none may spy
It out, save peradventure. You and I
Had surely passed it in our walk to-day,
Had chance not led us by it!—Nay, e'en now,
Had not the old bird heard us trampling by,
And fluttered out, we had not seen it lie,
Brown as the road-way side. Small bits of hay
Plucked from the old propt haystack's pleachy brow,
And withered leaves, make up its outward wall,
Which from the gnarl'd oak-dotterel yearly fall,
And in the old hedge-bottom rot away.

Built like an oven, through a little hole,
 Scarcely admitting e'en two fingers in,
 Hard to discern, the birds snug entrance win.
 'Tis lined with feathers warm as silken stole,
 Softer than seats of down for painless ease,
 And full of eggs scarce bigger even than peas !
 Here's one most delicate, with spots as small
 As dust, and of a faint and pinky red.
 —Well ! let them be, and Safety guard them well ;
 For Fear's rude paths around are thickly spread,
 And they are left to many dangerous ways.
 A green grasshopper's jump might break the shells,
 Yet lowing oxen pass them morn and night,
 And restless sheep around them hourly stray ;
 And no grass springs but hungry horses bite,
 That trample past them twenty times a-day.
 Yet, like a miracle, in Safety's lap
 They still abide unhurt, and out of sight.
 —Stop ! here's the bird—that woodman at the gap
 Frightened him from the hedge :—'tis olive green.
 Well ! I declare it is the Pettichap !
 Not bigger than the wren, and seldom seen.
 I've often found her nest in chance's way,
 When I in pathless woods did idly roam ;
 But never did I dream until to-day
 A spot like this would be her chosen home."

THE SKYLARK.

" Above the russet clods, the corn is seen
 Sprouting its spiry points of tender green,
 Where squats the hare, to terrors wide awake,
 Like some brown clod the harrows failed to break.
 Opening their golden caskets to the sun,
 The buttercups make schoolboys eager run,
 To see who shall be first to pluck the prize—
 Up from their hurry see the Skylark flies,
 And o'er her half-formed nest, with happy wings
 Winnows the air, till in the cloud she sings,
 Then hangs a dust spot in the sunny skies,
 And drops, and drops, till in her nest she lies,
 Which they unheeded pass—not dreaming then
 That birds, which flew so high, would drop again
 To nests upon the ground, which any thing
 May come at to destroy. Had they the wing
 Like such a bird, themselves would be too proud,
 And build on nothing but a passing cloud !
 As free from danger, as the heavens are free
 From pain and toil, there would they build, and be,
 And sail about the world to scenes unheard
 Of and unseen,—O were they but a bird !
 So think they, while they listen to its song,
 And smile, and fancy, and so pass along ;
 While its low nest, moist with the dews of morn,
 Lies safely, with the leveret, in the corn."

THE NIGHTINGALE'S NEST.

" Up this green woodland-ride let's softly rove,
 And list the nightingale—she dwells just here.
 Hush ! let the wood-gate softly clap, for fear
 The noise might drive her from her home of love ;
 For here I've heard her many a merry year—
 At morn, at eve, nay, all the live-long day,
 As though she lived on song. This very spot,

Just where that old-man's beard all wildly trails
 Rude arbours o'er the road, and stops the way—
 And where that child its blue-bell flowers hath got,
 Laughing and creeping through the mossy rails—
 There have I hunted like a very boy,
 Creeping on hands and knees through matted thorn
 To find her nest, and see her feed her young.
 And vainly did I many hours employ ;
 All seemed as hidden as a thought unborn.
 And where those crimping fern-leaves ramp among
 The hazel's under boughs, I've nestled down,
 And watched her while she sung ; and her renown
 Hath made me marvel that so famed a bird
 Should have no better dress than russet brown.
 Her wings would tremble in her ecstasy,
 And feathers stand on end, as t'were with joy,
 And mouth wide open to release her heart
 Of its out-sobbing songs. The happiest part
 Of summer's fame she shared, for so to me
 Did happy fancies shapen her employ ;
 But if I touched a bush, or scarcely stirred,
 All in a moment stopt. I watched in vain ;
 The timid bird had left the hazel bush,
 And at a distance hid to sing again.
 Lost in a wilderness of listening leaves,
 Rich Ecstasy would pour its luscious strain,
 Till envy spurred the emulating thrush
 To start less wild and scarce inferior songs ;
 For while of half the year Care him bereaves,
 To damp the ardour of his speckled breast ;
 The nightingale to summer's life belongs,
 And naked trees, and winter's nipping wrongs,
 Are strangers to her music and her rest.
 Her joys are evergreen, her world is wide—
 Hark ! there she is as usual—let's be hush—
 For in this black-thorn clump, if rightly guess'd,
 Her curious house is hidden. Part aside
 These hazel branches in a gentle way,
 And stoop right cautious 'neath the rustling boughs,
 For we will have another search to-day,
 And hunt this fern-strewn thorn-clump round and round ;
 And where this reeded wood-grass idly bows,
 We'll wade right through, it is a likely nook :
 In such like spots, and often on the ground,
 They'll build, where rude boys never think to look—
 Ay, as I live ! her secret nest is here,
 Upon this white thorn stump ! I've searched about
 For hours in vain. There ! put that bramble by—
 Nay, trample on its branches and get near.
 How subtle is the bird ! she started out,
 And raised a plaintive note of danger nigh,
 Ere we were past the brambles ; and now, near
 Her nest, she sudden stops—as choking fear,
 That might betray her home. So even now
 We'll leave it as we found it : safety's guard
 Of pathless solitudes shall keep it still.
 See there ! she's sitting on the old oak bough,
 Mute in her fears ; our presence doth retard
 Her joys, and doubt turns every rapture chill.
 Sing on, sweet bird ! may no worse hap befall
 Thy visions, than the fear that now deceives.
 We will not plunder music of its dower,
 Nor turn this spot of happiness to thrall ;

For melody seems hid in every flower
 That blossoms near thy home. These harebells all
 Seem bowing with the beautiful in song ;
 And gaping cuckoo-flower, with spotted leaves,
 Seems blushing of the singing it has heard.
 How curious is the nest ; no other bird
 Uses such loose materials, or weaves
 Its dwelling in such spots : dead oaken leaves
 Are placed without, and velvet moss within,
 And little scraps of grass, and, scant and spare,
 What scarcely seem materials, down and hair ;
 Far from men's haunts she nothing seems to win.
 Yet Nature is the builder, and contrives
 Homes for her children's comfort, even here ;
 Where Solitude's disciples spend their lives
 Unseen, save when a wanderer passes near
 That loves such pleasant places. Deep adown,
 The nest is made a hermit's mossy cell.
 Snug lie her curious eggs, in number five,
 Of deadened green, or rather olive brown ;
 And the old prickly thorn-bush guards them well.
 So here we'll leave them, still unknown to wrong,
 As the old woodland's legacy of song."

THE AUTUMN ROBIN.

" Sweet little bird in russet coat,
 The livery of the closing year !
 I love thy lonely plaintive note,
 And tiny whispering song to hear.
 While on the stile, or garden seat,
 I sit to watch the falling leaves,
 The song thy little joys repeat,
 My loneliness relieves.

" And many are the lonely minds
 That hear, and welcome thee anew ;
 Not taste alone, but humble hinds,
 Delight to praise, and love thee too.
 The veriest clown, beside his cart,
 Turns from his song with many a
 smile,
 To see thee from the hedgerow start,
 To sing upon the stile.

" The shepherd on the fallen tree
 Drops down to listen to thy lay,
 And chides his dog beside his knee,
 Who barks and frightens thee away.
 The hedger pauses, ere he knocks
 The stake down in the meadow-
 gap—
 The boy, who every songster mocks,
 Forbears the gate to clap,

" When in the hedge that hides the
 post
 Thy ruddy bosom he surveys,—
 Pleased with thy song, in transport
 lost,
 He pausing mutters scraps of praise.
 The maiden marks, at day's decline,
 Thee in the yard, on broken plough,
 And stops her song, to listen thine,
 Milking the brindled cow.

" Thy simple faith in man's esteem,
 From every heart hath favour won :
 Dangers to thee no dangers seem—
 Thou seemest to court them more than
 shun.

The clown in winter takes his gun,
 The barn-door flocking birds to slay,
 Yet should'st thou in the danger run
 He turns the tube away.

" The gipsy boy, who seeks in glee
 Blackberries for a dainty meal,
 Laughs loud on first beholding thee,
 When called, so near his presence
 steal.
 He surely thinks thou knew'st the
 call ;
 And though his hunger ill can spare
 The fruit, he will not pluck it all,
 But leaves some to thy share.

" Upon the ditcher's spade thou't hop,
 For grubs and writhing worms to
 search ;
 Where woodmen in the forest chop,
 Thou't fearless on their faggots perch ;
 Nay, by the gipsies' camp I stop,
 And mark thee dwell a moment
 there,
 To prune thy wing awhile, then drop
 The littered crumbs to share.

" Domestic bird ! thy pleasant face
 Doth well thy common suit com-
 mend ;
 To meet thee in a stranger-place
 Is meeting with an ancient friend.
 I track the thicket's glooms around,
 And there, as loath to leave, again

Thou comest, as if thou knew the
sound,
And loved the sight of men.

“The loneliest wood that men can tarce
To thee a pleasant dwelling gives;

In every town and crowded place
The sweet domestic robin lives.
Go where one will, in every spot
Thy little welcome mates appear;
And, like the daisy's common lot,
Thou'rt met with every where.

“The swallow in the chimney tier,
Or twittering martin in the eaves,
With half of love and half of fear
His mortared dwelling shily weaves;
The sparrows in the thatch will shield;
Yet they, as well as e'er they can,
Contrive with doubtful faith to build
Beyond the reach of man.

“But thou'rt less timid than the wren,
Domestic and confiding bird!
And spots, the nearest haunts of men,
Are oftenest for thy home preferred.
In garden-walls thou'lt build so low,
Close where the bunch of fennel stands,
That e'en a child just taught to go
May reach with tiny hands.

“Sweet, favoured bird! thy under notes
In summer's music grow unknown,
The concert from a thousand throats
Leaves thee as if to pipe alone;
No listening ear the shepherd lends,
The simple ploughman marks thee
not,
And then by all thy autumn friends
Thou'rt missing and forgot.

“The far-famed nightingale that shares
Cold public praise from every tongue,
The popular voice of music heirs,
And injures much thy under-song:
Yet then my walks thy theme salutes,
I find thee autumn's favour'd guest,
Gay piping on the hazel-roots
Above thy mossy nest.

“'Tis wrong that thou shouldst be de-
spised,
When these gay sickle birds appear;
They sing when summer flowers are
prized—
Thou at the dull and dying year.
Well! let the heedless and the gay
Bepraise the voice of louder lays,
The joy thou steal'st from Sorrow's day
Is more to thee than praise.

“And could my notes win aught from
thine,
My words but imitate thy lay,
Time could not then his charge resign,

Nor throw the meanest verse away.

But ever at this mellow time,

He should thy autumn praise prolong,
As they would share the happy prime
Of thy eternal song.”

Were all that has been well written
in English verse about birds to be
gathered together, what a set of de-
lightful volumes it would make!
And how many, think ye—three, six,
twelve? That would be indeed an
aviary—the only one we can think
of with pleasure—out of the hedge-
rows and the woods. Tories as we
are, we never see a wild bird on the
wing without drinking in silence
“the cause of liberty all over the
world!” We feel then that it is
indeed “like the air we breathe—
without it we die.” So do they. We
have been reading lately, for a le-
isure hour or two of an evening—a
volume by a worthy German doctor
whose name escapes us—on *Singing
Birds*. The slave-dealer never for a
moment suspects the wickedness
of kidnapping young and old—ca-
ging them for life—teaching them to
draw water—and, *oh nefas!* to sing!
He seems to think that only in con-
finement do they fulfil the ends of
their existence—even the nightin-
gale. Yet he sees them, one and all,
subject to the most miserable diseases
—and rotting away within the wires.
Why could not the Doctor have
taken a stroll into the country once
or twice a-week, and in one morning
or evening hour laid in sufficient
music to serve him during the in-
tervening time, without causing a
single bosom to be ruffled for his
sake? Shoot them—spit them—pie
them—pickle them—eat them—but
imprison them not; we speak as
Conservatives—murder rather than
immure them—for more forgivable
far it is to cut short their songs at
the height of glee, than to protract
them in a rueful simulation of music,
in which you hear the same sweet
notes, but if your heart thinks at all,
“a voice of weeping and of loud
lament” all unlike, alas! to the con-
gratulation that from the free choirs
is ringing so exultingly in their na-
tive woods.

Clare gives us some very feeling,
fanciful, and elegant lines on “In-
sects.”

INSECTS.

" These tiny loiterers on the barley's beard,
 And happy units of a numerous herd
 Of playfellows, the laughing Summer brings,
 Mocking the sunshine on their glittering wings,
 How merrily they creep, and run, and fly!
 No kin they bear to labour's drudgery,
 Smoothing the velvet of the pale hedge-rose;
 And where they fly for dinner no one knows—
 The dewdrops feed them not—they love the shine
 Of noon, whose suns may bring them golden wine.
 All day they're playing in their Sunday dress—
 When night repose, for they can do no less;
 Then, to the heath-bell's purple hood they fly,
 And like to princes in their slumbers lie,
 Secure from rain, and dropping dews, and all,
 In silken beds and roomy painted hall.
 So merrily they spend their summer-day,
 Now in the corn-fields, now in the new-mown hay.
 One almost fancies that such happy things,
 With coloured hoods and richly-burnished wings,
 Are fairy folk, in splendid masquerade
 Disguised, as if of mortal folk afraid,
 Keeping their joyous pranks a mystery still,
 Lest glaring day should do their secrets ill."

Time has been—nor yet very long ago—when such unpretending poetry as this—humble indeed in every sense, but nevertheless the product of genius which speaks for itself audibly and clearly in lowliest strains—would not have past by unheeded or unbeloved; now-a-days it may to many who hold their heads high seem of no more worth than an old song. But, as Wordsworth says,

"Pleasures newly found are sweet,
 Though they lie about our feet;"

and if stately people would but stoop and look about their paths, which do not always run along the heights, they would often make discoveries of what concerned them more than speculations among the stars.

It is not to be thought, however, that the Northamptonshire Peasant does not often treat more directly of the common pleasures and pains, the cares and occupations of that condition of life in which he was born and has passed all his days. He knows them well, and has illustrated them well, though seldomer in this volume than in his earlier poems; and we cannot help thinking that he may greatly extend his popularity, which in England is considerable, by devoting his Rural Muse to subjects

lying within his ken and of everlasting interest. Bloomfield's reputation rests on his "Farmer's Boy"—on some exquisite passages on "News from the Farm"—and on some of the tales and pictures in his "May-day." His smaller poems are very inferior to those of Clare—but the Northamptonshire Peasant has written nothing in which all honest English hearts must delight, at all comparable with those truly rural compositions of the Suffolk shoemaker. It is in his power to do so—would he but earnestly set himself to the work. He must be more familiar with all the on-goings of rural life than his compeer could have been; nor need he fear to tread again the same ground, for it is as new as if it had never been touched, and will continue to be so till the end of time. The soil in which the native virtues of the English character grow, is unexhausted and inexhaustible; let him break it up on any spot he chooses, and poetry will spring to light like clover through lime. Nor need he fear being an imitator. His mind is an original one, and this volume proves it; for though he must have read much poetry since his earlier day—doubtless all our best modern poetry—he retains his own

style, which, though it be not marked by any very strong characteristics, is yet sufficiently peculiar to show that it belongs to himself, and is a natural gift. Pastorals—eclogues—and idyls—in a hundred forms—remain to be written by such poets as he and his brethren; and there can be no doubt at all, that if he will scheme something of the kind, and begin upon it, without waiting to know fully or clearly what he may be intending, that before three win-

ters, with their long nights, are gone, he will find himself in possession of more than mere materials for a volume of poems, that will meet with general acceptation, and give him a permanent place by the side of him he loves so well—Robert Bloomfield. Of that blameless bard how affectionately does he speak in these beautiful lines! and let them be followed by a sonnet equally so to that delightful painter of the "level pastures"—Dewint.

TO THE MEMORY OF BLOOMFIELD.

" Sweet unassuming Minstrel! not to thee
The dazzling fashions of the day belong;
Nature's wild pictures, field, and cloud, and tree,
And quiet brooks, far distant from the throng,
In murmurs tender as the toiling bee,
Make the sweet music of thy gentle song.
Well! Nature owns thee: let the crowd pass by;
The tide of fashion is a stream too strong
For pastoral brooks, that gently flow and sing:
But Nature is their source, and earth and sky
Their annual offering to her current bring.
Thy gentle muse and memory need no sigh;
For thine shall murmur on to many a spring,
When prouder streams are summer-burnt and dry."

TO DEWINT.

" Dewint! I would not flatter; nor would I
Pretend to critic-skill in this thy art;
Yet in thy landscapes I can well descry
The breathing hues as Nature's counterpart.
No painted peaks, no wild romantic sky,
No rocks, nor mountains, as the rich sublime,
Hath made thee famous; but the sunny truth
Of Nature, that doth mark thee for all time,
Found on our level pastures:—spots, forsooth,
Where common skill sees nothing deemed divine.
Yet here a worshipper was found in thee;
And thy young pencil worked such rich surprise,
That rushy flats, befringed with willow-tree,
Rivalled the beauties of Italian skies."

These sonnets are in all respects honourable to John Clare. The first shows that his heart is not only free from the slightest taint of jealousy, but full of all affectionate feelings of the best kind towards his brother bard. Were Bloomfield and he personal friends? We hope so, and can hardly doubt it—though in this strange world people, whom nature made that they might love one another, pass to and fro for years almost within hand-reach, and never once meet.

Ebenezer Elliot claims with pride to be the poet of the poor—and

the poor might well be proud, did they know it, that they have such a poet. Some—not a few of them, know it now—and many will know it in future; for a muse of fire like his will yet send its illumination "into dark deep holds." May it consume all the noxious vapours that infest such regions—and purify the atmosphere—till the air breathed there be the breath of life. But the poor have other poets besides him—"two will I mention dearer than the rest"—Crabbe and Burns. We mention their names—and no more. Kindly spirits were

they both—but Burns had experienced all his poetry—and therefore his poetry is an embodiment of national character. We say it not in disparagement or reproof of Ebenezer, for let all men speak as they think and feel; but how gentle in all his noblest inspirations was Robin! He did not shun sins or sorrows, but he told the truth of the poor man's life, when he showed that it was, on the whole, virtuous and happy—bear witness those immortal strains—"The Twa Dogs," "The Vision," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," the songs voiced all braid Scotland thorough by her boys and virgins, say rather her lads and lasses—while the lark sings aloft and the linnet below, the mavis in the golden broom accompanying the music in the golden cloud. We desire—not in wilful delusion—but in earnest hope—in devout trust—that poetry shall show that the paths of the peasant poor are paths of pleasantness and peace. If they should seem in that light even pleasanter and more peaceful than they ever now can be below the sun, think not that any evil can arise "to mortal man who liveth here by toil," from such representations—for imagination and reality are not two different things—they blend in life—but there the darker shadows do often, alas! prevail—and sometimes may be felt even by the hand—in poetry the lights are triumphant—and gazing on the glory men's hearts burn within them—and they carry the joy in among their own griefs, till despondency gives way to exultation, and the day's darg of this worky world is lightened by a dawn of dreams.

This is the effect of all good poetry—according to its power—of the poetry of Robert Bloomfield as of the poetry of Robert Burns. John Clare, too, is well entitled to a portion of such praise; and by following our advice his name may become a household word in the dwellings of the rural poor. Living in leisure among the scenes in which he once toiled, he can contemplate them all without disturbance—having lost none of his sympathies, he has learnt to refine them all and see into their source—and wiser in his simplicity than

they who were formerly his yoke-fellows are in theirs, he knows many things well which they know imperfectly or not at all, and is privileged to be their teacher. Surely in an age when the smallest contribution to science is duly estimated, and knowledge not only held in honour but diffused, poetry ought not to be despised, more especially when emanating from them who belong to the very condition which they seek to illustrate, and whose ambition it is to do justice to its natural enjoyments and appropriate virtues. In spite of all they have suffered, and still suffer, the peasantry of England are a race that may be regarded with better feelings than pride. We look forward confidently to the time when education—already in much good—and if the plans of the wisest counsellors prevail, about to become altogether good—will raise at once their condition and their character. The Government has its duties to discharge—clear as day. And what is not in the power of the gentlemen of England? Let them exert that power to the utmost—and then indeed they will deserve the noble name of "Aristocracy." We speak not thus in reproach—for they better deserve that name than the same order in any other country; but in no other country are such interests given to that order in trust—and as they attend to that trust is the glory or the shame—the blessing or the curse—of their high estate.

It is right that every Poet, high or humble, should be an egotist. Clare speaks much—but not too much—of himself—for always in connection with his lot, which was a lot of labour from which his own genius—and we believe the kindness of friends—(are we mistaken in naming Lord Fitzwilliam and John Taylor?)—have set him free. The grateful lines with which the volume concludes, seem to us to be addressed to Mr Taylor—and we remember that he was an active friend of Clare's on his first appearance before the public. Here is a pleasant picture of the Northamptonshire Peasant's domestic life.

HOME HAPPINESS.

“ Like a thing of the desert, alone in its glee,
 I make a small home seem an empire to me ;
 Like a bird in the forest, whose world is its nest,
 My home is my all, and the centre of rest.
 Let Ambition stretch over the world at a stride,
 Let the restless go rolling away with the tide,
 I look on life's pleasures as follies at best,
 And, like sunset, feel calm when I'm going to rest.

“ I sit by the fire, in the dark winter's night,
 While the cat cleans her face with her foot in delight,
 And the winds all a cold, with loud clatter and din
 Shake the windows, like robbers who want to come in ;
 Or else, from the cold to be hid and away,
 By the bright burning fire see my children at play,
 Making houses of cards, or a coach of a chair,
 While I sit enjoying their happiness there.

“ I walk round the orchard on sweet summer eves,
 And rub the perfume from the black-currant leaves,
 Which, like the geranium, when touched, leave a smell
 That lad's-love and sweet-brier can hardly excel.
 I watch the plants grow, all begemmed with the shower,
 That glitters like pearls in a sun-shiny hour ;
 And hear the pert robin just whistle a tune,
 To cheer the lone hedger when labour is done.

“ Joys come like the grass in the fields springing there,
 Without the mere toil of attention or care ;
 They come of themselves, like a star in the sky,
 And the brighter they shine when the cloud passes by.
 I wish but for little, and find it all there,
 Where peace gives its faith to the home of the hare,
 Who would else, overcome by her fears, run away
 From the shade of the flower and the breeze of the day.

“ O the out-of-door blessings of leisure for me !
 Health, riches, and joy !—it includes them all three.
 There Peace comes to me—I have faith in her smile—
 She's my playmate in leisure, my comfort in toil ;
 There the short pasture-grass hides the lark on its nest,
 Though scarcely so high as the grasshopper's breast ;
 And there its moss-ball hides the wild honey-bee,
 And there joy in plenty grows riches for me.

“ Far away from the world, its delusions, and snares—
 Whose words are but breath, and its breathing but cares,—
 Where trouble's sown thick as the dews of the morn,
 One can scarce set a foot without meeting a thorn—
 There are some view the world as a lightly thrown ball,
 There are some look on cities like stones in a wall—
 Nothing more. There are others, Ambition's proud heirs,
 Of whom I have neither the courage nor cares.

“ So I sit on my bench, or enjoy in the shade
 My toil as a pastime, while using the spade ;
 My fancy is free in her pleasure to stray,
 Making voyages round the whole world in a day.
 I gather home comforts where cares never grew,
 Like manna, the heavens rain down with the dew,
 Till I see the tired hedger bend wearily by,
 Then like a tired bird to my corner I fly.”

Our eye has this moment fallen on a few lines in a different strain—which seem to us very beautiful—and therefore we quote them, though in this part of our critique they may not be quite in place.

ON AN INFANT KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

“As fearless as a cherub’s rest,
Now safe above the cloud,
A babe lay on its mother’s breast
When thunders roared aloud.
It started not to hear the crash,
But held its little hand
Up, at the lightning’s fearful flash,
To catch the burning brand.

“The tender mother stayed her breath
In more than grief awhile,
To think the thing that brought its death
Should cause her babe to smile.
Aye, it did smile a heavenly smile
To see the lightning play;
Well might she shriek when it turned
pale,
And yet it smiled in clay.

“O woman! the dread storm was given
To be to each a friend;
It took thy infant pure to heaven,
Left thee impure to mend.
Thus Providence will oft appear
From God’s own mouth to preach:
Ah! would we were as prone to hear
As Mercy is to teach!”

But perhaps the pleasantest portion of the volume is that which consists of sonnets—no fewer than eighty-six—and almost all expressive of “moods of my own mind,” when meditating either on his own lot or on that of his rural neighbours. Why does our able friend, the literary critic in the *Spectator*, when speaking of the Reverend Charles Strong’s sonnets—which are excellent—say—“But we have already stated our *indifference* to this mode of composition; and Mr Strong cannot overcome the *antipathy* which Milton and Wordsworth fail in conquering?” *Indifference* and *antipathy* seem to us scarcely to be synonymous—but the feeling must be as strong as it is strange—and, pardon us for saying so—irrational—which the united power and majesty of Milton and Wordsworth fails to conquer. Let us hope that it is merely monomania—and that our friend is otherwise sane. In the humble hands even of John Clare, the sonnet discourses most excellent music. Here are Twelve. Let our good Spec avert his eyes from them with indifference and antipathy, while, well-pleased, run over and then rest upon them all eyes besides—and smile thanks to Maga for the rural feast.

SEDGE-BIRD’S NEST.

“Fixed in a white-thorn bush, it’s summer guest,
So low, e’en grass o’er-topped its tallest twig,
A sedge-bird built its little benty nest,
Close by the meadow pool and wooden brig,
Where schoolboys every morn and eve did pass,
In seeking nests, and finding, deeply skilled,
Searching each bush and taller clump of grass,
Where’er was likelihood of bird to build!
Yet did she hide her habitation long,
And keep her little brood from danger’s eye,
Hidden as secret as a cricket’s song,
Till they, well-fledged, o’er widest pools could fly;
Proving that Providence is ever nigh,
To guard the simplest of her charge from wrong.”

THE THRUSH’S NEST.

“Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound
With joy; and, often an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day—
How true she warped the moss, to form a nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay;
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of greeny blue;
And there I witnessed, in the sunny hours.

A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as that sunshine and the laughing sky."

THE HAPPY BIRD.

"The happy White-throat on the swaying bough,
Rocked by the impulse of the gadding wind
That ushers in the showers of April,—now
Carols right joyously; and now reclined,
Crouching, she clings close to her moving seat,
To keep her hold;—and till the wind for rest
Pauses, she mutters inward melodies,
That seem her heart's rich thinkings to repeat.
But when the branch is still, her little breast
Swells out in rapture's gushing symphonies;
And then, against her brown wing softly prest,
The wind comes playing, an enraptured guest,
This way and that she swings— till gusts arise
More boisterous in their play, then off she flies."

THE MOLE.

"Rude architect! rich instinct's natural taste
Is thine by heritage.—Thy little mounds,
Bedecking furze-clad heath, and rushy waste,
And traced with sheep-tracks, shine like pleasure-grounds.
No rude inelegance thy work confounds,
But scenes of picturesque and beautiful
Lie 'mid thy little hills of cushioned thyme,
On which the cow-boy, when his hands are full
Of wild-flowers, leans upon his arm at rest,
As though his seat were feathers. When I climb
Thy little fragrant mounds, I feel thy guest,
And hail Neglect thy patron, who contrives
Waste spots for thee on Nature's quiet breast,
Taste loving best where thy still labour thrives."

THE SHEPHERD'S TREE.

"Huge elm, with rifted trunk all notched and scarred,
Like to a warrior's destiny! I love
To stretch me often on thy shadowed sward,
And hear the laugh of summer leaves above;
Or on thy buttressed roots to sit, and lean
In careless attitude, and there reflect
On times, and deeds, and darings that have been—
Old castaways, now swallowed in neglect;
While thou art towering in thy strength of heart,
Stirring the soul to vain imaginings,
In which life's sordid being hath no part.
The wind of that eternal ditty sings—
Humming of future things, that burn the mind
To leave some fragment of itself behind."

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

"Pleased in his loneliness, he often lies,
Telling glad stories to his dog, or e'en
His very shadow, that the loss supplies
Of living company. Full oft he'll lean
By pebbled brooks, and dream with happy eyes
Upon the fairy pictures spread below,
Thinking the shadowed prospects real skies,
And happy heavens, where his kindred go.
Oft we may track his haunts, where he hath been
To spend the leisure which his toils bestow,
By nine-peg-morris nicked upon the green,
Or flower-stuck gardens, never meant to grow,
Or figures cut on trees, his skill to show,
Where he a prisoner from a shower hath been."

A PLEASANT PLACE.

“ Now Summer comes, and I with staff in hand
 Will hie me to the sabbath of her joys,—
 To heathy spots, and the unbroken land
 Of woodland heritage, unknown to noise
 And toil;—save many a playful band
 Of dancing insects, that well understand
 The sweets of life, and with attuned voice
 Sing in sweet concert to the pleasant May.
 There by a little bush I'll listening rest,
 To hear the nightingale, a lover's lay
 Chant to his mate, who builds her careless nest
 Of oaken leaves, on thorn-stumps, mossed and grey;
 Feeling, with them, I too am truly blest
 By making sabbaths of each common day.”

THE MILKING SHED.

“ Good Heaven! and can it be, that such a nook
 As this can raise such sudden rapture up?
 Two dottrel trees, an oak and ash, that stoop
 Their aged bodies o'er a little brook,
 And raise their sheltering heads above and o'er
 A little hovel, raised on four old props
 Old as themselves to look on—and what more?
 Nought but a hawthorn hedge!—and yet one stops
 In admiration and in joy, to gaze
 Upon these objects, feeling, as I stand,
 That nought in all this wide world's thorny ways
 Can match this bit of feeling's fairy land.
 How can it be? Time owns the potent spell—
 I've known it from a boy, and love it well.”

SUDDEN SHOWER.

“ Black grows the southern sky, betokening rain,
 And humming hive-bees homeward hurry by:
 They feel the change; so let us shun the grain,
 And take the broad road while our feet are dry.
 Ay, there, some drops fell moistening on my face,
 And pattering on my hat—'tis coming nigh!—
 Let's look about, and find a sheltering place.
 The little things around us fear the sky,
 And hasten through the grass to shun the shower.
 Here stoops an ash-tree—hark! the wind gets high,
 But never mind; this ivy, for an hour,
 Rain as it may, will keep us drily here:
 That little wren knows well his sheltering bower,
 Nor leaves his covert, though we come so near.”

THE OLD WILLOW.

“ The juicy wheat now spindles into ear,
 And trailing pea-blooms ope their velvet eyes;
 And weeds and flowers, by crowds, far off and near,
 In all their sunny liveries appear,
 For summer's lustre boasts unnumbered dyes.
 How pleasant, 'neath this willow by the brook—
 Its ancient dwelling-place for many a year—
 To sit; and o'er these crowded fields to look,
 And the soft-dropping of the shower to hear.
 Ourselves so sheltered, e'en a pleasant nook
 Might lie uninjured from the fragrant rain,
 For not a drop gets through the howery leaves;
 But dry as housed in my old hut again,
 I sit, and troublous Care but half its claim receives.”

FIRST SIGHT OF SPRING.

“ The hazel-blooms, in threads of crimson hue,
 Peep through the swelling buds, foretelling Spring
 Ere yet a white-thorn leaf appears in view,
 Or March finds throstles pleased enough to sing.
 To the old touchwood tree woodpeckers cling
 A moment, and their harsh-toned notes renew ;
 In happier mood, the stockdove claps his wing ;
 The squirrel sputters up the powdered oak,
 With tail cocked o'er his head, and ears erect,
 Startled to hear the woodman's understroke ;
 And with the courage which his fears collect,
 He hisses fierce, half malice, and half glee—
 Leaping from branch to branch about the tree,
 In winter's foliage, moss and lichens, drest.”

PLEASANT PLACES.

“ Old stone-pits, with velned ivy overhung ;
 Wild crooked brooks, o'er which is rudely flung
 A rail, and plank that bends beneath the tread ;
 Old narrow lanes, where trees meet over-head ;
 Path-stiles, on which a steeple we espy,
 Peeping and stretching in the distant sky ;
 Heaths overspread with furze-bloom's sunny shine,
 Where Wonder pauses to exclaim, “ Divine !”
 Old ponds, dim shadowed with a broken tree ;—
 These are the picturesque of Taste to me ;
 While painting Winds, to make complete the scene,
 In rich confusion mingle every green,
 Waving the sketchy pencils in their hands,
 Shading the living scenes to fairy lands.”

We have now done what we could to bring before the public the new merits of an old favourite—and we hope that he will meet with something more substantial than praise. All that they who wish to befriend him have to do is to buy each a copy of the Rural Muse. A few editions will thus soon slip off—and the poet's family be provided with additional comforts. The pigeons are sitting on the roof, cooing their sweet under-song, and get peas and barley in abundance at home or afield—but there are other creatures below that roof not so easily fed—though they have never yet been heard to murmur but in happiness—and the poor, far beyond the reaches of the souls of the rich, feel that Scripture—“ the day cometh in which no man can work.” The creeping plants look pretty in front of the poet's cottage, but they bear no fruit. There is, however, a little garden attached—and in it may he dig without anxiety—nor need to grudge among the esculents the gadding flowers. Does he keep bees? He does. Then we know how to enable him to in-

crease the number of his hives. A cow? Probably. Let us take care she has both grass and fodder, and become a miracle of a milcher. Call we this charity? Not at all. Clare is contented, and his Patty has her handful for the beggar at the door, her heart-full for a sick neighbour. His volume is worth ten times over what you will have to give for it—and on your side, in good troth, should be the gratitude. Purchase then pleasant thoughts, and it will be your own fault if you cannot enjoy them—should that be the case you are but a trifle out of pocket, and can have recourse to turtle, venison, and pine apple—and again be blest.

Our well-beloved brethren—the English—who, genteel as they are—have a vulgar habit of calling us *the Scotch*—never lose an opportunity of declaiming on the national disgrace incurred by our treatment of Burns. We confess that the PEOPLE of that day were not blameless—nor was the Bard whom now all the nations honour. There was some reason for sorrow—perhaps for shame—and there was avowed repentance.

Scotland stands where it did in the world's esteem. The widow out-lived her husband nearly forty years—she wanted nothing—and was happy; the sons are prosperous—or with a competence—all along with that family all has been right. England never had a Burns. We cannot know how she would have treated him—had he “walked in glory and in joy upon *her* mountainsides.” But we do know how she treated her Bloomfield. She let him starve. Humanly speaking we may say that but for his imprisonment—his exclusion from light and air—he would now have been alive;—as it was—the patronage he received served but to protract a feeble, a desponding, a melancholy existence, —

cheered at times but by short visits from the Muse, who was scared from that dim abode—and fain would have wafted him with her to the fresh fields and the breezy downs—but his lot forbad—and generous England. There was some talk of a subscription—and Southey, with hand “open as day to melting charity,” was foremost among the Poets. But somehow or other it fell through—and was never more heard of—and mean while Bloomfield died. Hush then about Burns. Pretend to admire what you cannot read—leave *the Scotch* to their own reflections on the fate of their Ploughman—and explain to us at your leisure in what lay the grace of English gratitude to your Farmer's Boy.

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

ROLL on, bright Tweed, roll on,
And let thy waters be
A tribute to the many waves
Of the dark and heaving sea!
Many clear, winding streams
On thy broad bosom meet,
And the sea with gentle murmurings
Their mingled tides will greet.
Roll on then, Tweed, until they be
Lost in the waves of the deep, dark
sea.

Thy banks are rich and fair,
Thy woods wave green and wild,
And thou bearest many a roving rill,
The distant mountain's child.
Roll on then, kingly river,
By castle, hall, and tower—
By palace proud and lowly cot—
By greenwood, glen, and bower.
Roll on, roll on until ye gain
The wild waves of the restless main.

As by thy sun-lit waters
With wandering eyes I stand,
And gaze on all the varied scenes
Of this fair, pleasant land,
I think—bright, flowing river—
How much has come and gone
While on thy wide and winding path
Thou hast been rolling on;—

Still rolling on, unchanged and free,
To the bounding waves of the deep,
dark sea.

How many eyes are closed in death,
How many hearts are cold,
How many youthful forms have sunk
Before the grey and old—
How many in these scatter'd homes
Have come and pass'd away,
Fleeting and fair, as the bright sun's
beam,

Or like the meteor's ray—
Whose course through time pass'd
on like thee
To the billows of eternity!

Peace be to thy blue waters,
As with gentle song they flow;
Light be the breath of the whis-
pering winds

When on thy shores they blow.
May the blue sun's dancing rays
On thy rippling wavelets gleam,
And gladsome be thy pilgrimage,
Thou brightly flowing stream!
Roll on in beauty till ye gain
The white waves of the restless
main.

A. G.

CHURCH ROBBERY.

"In the internal contests of the Greek Republics," says Thucydides, "it was generally found that those who were the most depraved and abandoned, and had the least foresight, prevailed. For being conscious of this weakness, and dreading to be overreached by those of greater penetration, they went to work from the outset with the sword and poniard, and thereby prevailed over their antagonists, who were forming remote schemes and projects for their destruction."* As if the early triumph of the Jacobins over the Girondists, "the men of poniards" (says the Republican Louvit), over "the men of words," had not been sufficient to demonstrate the eternal truth of this observation, it is apparently destined to be again verified in our own times. The party who support their mandates by the Death's Head and Crossbones—whose arguments are wielded by the hired assassin, and principles proclaimed by midnight conflagration—is rapidly rising to political supremacy amongst us; and while the Whigs have so completely sunk into insignificance as to be almost forgotten, the anarchical Radicals are swiftly proceeding with the work of destruction, and daily increasing in arrogance, fury, and revolutionary passion.

The experienced inability of almost all the knowledge and learning, and the vast majority of the worth and property of the country, to contend with this atrocious faction, not a hundredth part their equals in the capacity to govern or bless mankind, arises from a cause so simple, that few have sought in it the explanation of so fearful a phenomenon. It is the inability of the great body of the people to appreciate the force of political truth, and form a correct judgment on public affairs, which is the insurmountable difficulty, with which, in all ages of democratic excitement, the cause of order and reason has had to struggle. What avails it that

all persons possessed of historical information, all persons endowed with a sound judgment, all persons of a masculine understanding, all persons of property or expectations, and all persons of virtuous and regular habits are on the Conservative side? On the other are arrayed the vast and motley band of those who possess neither knowledge, nor judgment, nor property; who are restrained by no conscientious scruples, and fettered by no feelings of justice; and who have held out to the vast and usually inert mass of the people the glittering prize of, political power till the whole body is in a ferment.

How is the passion for democratic power, once thoroughly awakened in such a body, to be counteracted and prevented from tearing, as it invariably does when not restrained, all the institutions of society in pieces, and crushing beneath its wheels alike the liberties of the people, the safeguards of freedom, and the glories of civilisation? To combat it with the weapons of reason or experience is proved by actual experiment to be altogether hopeless, and the reason obviously is, that this immense majority of mankind are altogether impervious to that species of influence. To meet it we must look for an antagonist principle, as universal in its operation, as rousing in its influence, as terrible in its consequences. There are but two principles in human affairs capable of producing such effects—warlike patriotism and religious feeling. It was by rousing the first, that Mr Pitt combated and overcame the demon of innovation in the first French Revolution; it is by diffusing the second that Sir R. Peel and the Conservative band can alone hope to subdue the democratic fervour which has sprung out of the second.

Experience in every age has abundantly proved that the spirit of religious enthusiasm is capable, not only of inspiring the leaders of the

* Lib. iii.

people with sublime and almost supernatural constancy, but of rousing the immense mass to a degree of enthusiasm, which no other feelings of which humanity is susceptible, can produce. Reflect on the marvellous frenzy of the Crusades; when, for centuries, high and low, rich and poor, princes and peasants, were alike consumed by the devouring passion to set free the holy sepulchre; and for two hundred years, Europe in a body was precipitated, in multitudes countless as the sands of the ocean, to meet almost certain death on the fields of Asia. Recollect a handful of Bedouins issuing from the deserts of Arabia, and from the force of enthusiasm extending their conquests far beyond the utmost verge of the Roman empire, to the shores of the Atlantic, the banks of the Ganges, the stream of the Garonne, and the waters of the Oxus. Picture to yourself the serenity and constancy of the Protestant martyrs; recall to remembrance the invincible heroism with which they endured the tortures of the stake. Go back in imagination to the days of the bloody Mary; behold Latimer and Ridley lighting a fire which they prophesied through God's help would never be extinguished. Reflect on Cranmer holding his right hand in the flames till it fell off, exclaiming "With this have I offended." Figure in imagination two hundred and eighty persons consumed in the flames lighted by Catholic hands, in England, in four years alone, and laying amidst the blood of martyrs the deep foundations of the Church of England; and we may acquire a faint idea of the astonishing effects of religious enthusiasm. Nor is it only in remote periods and distant ages that these marvels were witnessed; our own times have exhibited effects just as extraordinary; the peasants of La Vendée, under the banners of the cross, all but subdued the infidel demon of the French Revolution; and the arms even of Napoleon himself sunk before the devout zeal of the Spanish peasants, and the holy enthusiasm of the slaves of Russia.

As religion is thus the great master spirit, to which we must look for combating the forces of hell, arrayed

under the banners of revolution, so there is an instinctive animosity between the two principles, and the first attacks of triumphant democracy are always directed against the religion and faith of the Gospel. It has often been a matter of astonishment, why it is that the revolutionists always select as their first victim the possessions of the church; and long before the institutions of the state are overturned, strain every nerve to despoil and ruin the professors of religion. The facts now mentioned at once explain the circumstance. Religion is attacked, because the revolutionists know that its feelings are the only effectual barrier against their infernal projects; because they are aware, that so long as its influence remains over the majority of the people, their designs can never be accomplished; and because if, by the destruction of its property, they can neutralize its ascendancy, they anticipate no sort of difficulty in the demolition of all the other institutions of society, and a general spoliation of every species of property. As religion is thus placed in the vanguard of the battle, so it is by summoning all the remaining virtue and strength of the state to its protection, that we can alone hope to withstand the democratic fervour with which we are assailed. If the Church is destroyed there is not a chance of saving even a remnant of the Monarchy.

Bishop Bossuet prophesied an hundred and seventy years ago, that the Protestant religion would fall to pieces by its own divisions, and that by simply adhering to unity of doctrine, the Catholic faith, one and indivisible, would ultimately again spread over the whole Christian world. The present times, more than any other that have existed since the prophecy was made, give too much reason to fear that it may be accomplished. Certain it is that the Church of England is at present the bulwark of the Protestant faith; and that if it yields to the insidious designs or open attacks of the Romish communion, none of the other Protestant churches in Europe will stand an instant before it. What could the Presbyterian churches of Scotland or Geneva, or the half liberal, half Socinian professors of

Germany do against an antagonist which had beat down the church defended by Samuel Clarke and Jeremy Taylor? Disunited, and at variance among each other, endowed with all the rancour of sectarian hatred, and all the bitterness of theological animosity, the motley array of the Dissenters would speedily be overwhelmed. If the Church of England falls, either Popery will be re-established, or infidelity will reign, as it did in France, triumphant; that is, either we shall lose all the blessings of Christianity, and be doomed, as France is, to the irretrievable loss of our liberties in consequence, or we shall have it so disfigured by error and the frenzy of a semi-barbarous people, that its blessed features will be scarcely distinguishable.

The Protestants are still over the whole empire greatly more numerous than the Papists and infidels put together; and yet they seem hardly able to oppose any effective resistance to the advances of the united forces of that heterogeneous and monstrous alliance. To what is that singular and alarming state of things to be ascribed? Simply to this, that the Protestants are DISUNITED. The frenzy of democracy has succeeded in banding together men of religious characters and principles the most dissimilar; while it has disunited those who once like brothers stood, and whose ancestors cemented by their common blood the glorious fabric of the Reformation. The Protestant Dissenter now makes common cause with the bigotted Catholic, and both hail as their dearest ally the infidel rake or unprincipled libertine, who openly ridicule every species of devotion. Against what is this unparalleled, this unholy alliance directed? Against the Church of England; against the bulwark of the faith planted by Luther and Melancthon; against the firmest support of freedom of conscience and religious liberty all over the world. Forgetting the glorious achievements of that noble establishment, forgetting the holy constancy of its martyrs, the sublime works of its disciples, the illumination spread over the earth by its exertions, too many of the Protestant sectarians are making common cause with the Papist and the infidel, and blindly

striving either to re-establish a faith which will light again the fires of Smithfield, or displace Christianity by the orgies of the Goddess of Reason. Such extraordinary infatuation would be altogether incredible, if it had not occurred under our eyes, and if the experience of the last few years had not afforded so many woful examples of the manner in which even worthy and conscientious men, blinded by party zeal, labour to bring about objects which, when fully accomplished, occasion consequences which they would willingly perish on the scaffold to avert.

The designs of the infidel-Papist coalition are now no longer disguised. They are embodied in a bill, which, for the first parallel against the Church, exceeds, in Revolutionary audacity, any thing which we could have imagined a cabinet still possessing many English gentlemen, would have brought forward. Without going farther into detail, it is sufficient to observe, that the Bill proposes at once to extinguish Protestantism in all parishes not containing, according to the census of 1831, fifty Protestants; the effect of which will be at once to throw into the hands of the Papists NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY PARISHES, or more than a third of Ireland. The revenue of the parishes so extinguished are to be vested in a Parliamentary board, professedly for the moral and religious instruction of all classes. What their *real* destination will be, can be doubtful to no one who considers what is the political ascendancy which has forced government to broach this monstrous measure, in the face of a people still professing a reverence for Christianity, and an adherence to the Protestant faith.

How long will this extinction of parishes stop short at the line of fifty Protestants, or what the *Times* well calls the "Parson Points?" How long will the infuriate and now triumphant Catholics, whose recklessness of blood has ever been proverbial, allow this miserable remnant of the faithful to exist in their peopled wildernesses? How long will those bloodthirsty assassins, who are willing, for "half a crown and a glass of whisky," to take any heretic's life, withhold the midnight torch, the dagger, the blunderbuss from the

now abandoned Protestant flock? How soon will terror, despair, indignation, send over the Protestants by thousands, and hundreds of thousands, to Transatlantic wilds? Let but this bill pass, and in two years the Protestants will disappear in all the south and the west of Ireland; and the miserable remnant of our religious brethren, flying from the torch, the gibbet, or the dagger, will be seen spreading into every country, where the desperate faction is unknown, which has overspread with bloodshed their own.

Is there any man in the empire infatuated enough, after what he has seen and sees, to believe, that these effects, disastrous and heart-rending as they are, will be either the only or the worst consequences which will follow this disastrous measure? Impelled forward, as the liberal Ministry now evidently is, by a powerful and arrogant anarchical faction, which, like all the early leaders of Revolution, they are totally unable to withstand, is it not self-evident that the next step will either be the total extinction of the Protestant church in Ireland, or the extension to England of a similar measure of progressive ceaseless extinction? Is it likely that the Catholic and infidel band, flushed with their great victory, will stop short in the career of conquest? Is it probable that a faction which in the outset solemnly professed, in the sight of God and man, that they had no other objects but a relief from the disabilities which the experience of former times had found to be necessary, and now openly aim at the total overthrow of the Protestant religion in these realms, will pause when they find that Government is compelled to concede all their demands?

The bill proposes permanently to confiscate thirty *per cent* of all Protestant livings, *for ever*, by making the rent charge 70 *per cent* only on the commuted tithes. Have we who do such things any right to condemn the confiscations and forced loans of the French Convention? A particular species of property is selected for spoliation, and from it and it alone at *this time* (how long will it stand alone in spoliation?) nearly a

third is at once taken. What cause can be assigned in justice or reason for this monstrous robbery. The revolutionists say, the clergy are starving; they can get nothing out of their parishes; and 70 *per cent* on their nominal income is greatly more than they are ever likely to realize. That is to say, we have succeeded by a general and treasonable combination against tithes; by incessant application of the dagger and the torch, by threats of death's head and cross-bones, and the spectacle of whole families weltering in their blood after the fatal sign had been affixed to their doors, in reducing the clergy to such straits that we have compelled them to enter into a permanent capitulation, and by the steady application of revolutionary violence, succeeded in wresting from them one-third of their possessions.

To whom is this third given? To the landowners, who have done nothing whatever to deserve such a boon. As they are to be charged directly with the burden, and are to collect it in the form of rent from their tenants, they are in justice entitled to a bonus; but is there any reason or justice in making it so large? Who ever heard of thirty *per cent* being paid for the collection of duties, and least of all when it is only an addition to the rent they already are in use to draw. At this moment of revolutionary excitement, it may not be excessive; but is this horrid state to continue permanently? Do the revolutionists, as the result of their boasted changes, anticipate a permanent establishment of the bloodshed, anarchy, and violence, which has disgraced the first six years of the conciliatory system? If they do, for what object save their own elevation, on the misery of the people, are all these changes instituted? If they do not, but look for the return of society to its usual pacific state, on what earthly pretence can they justify the uncalled-for confiscation of one-third of the Church estates, and the gratuitous gift of L.30 *per cent* to the landed proprietors?

But, in truth, it is ridiculous to speculate on such remote consequences. Nothing can be clearer than that no permanent alienation or

diminution of the tithes is in contemplation; the Catholic priesthood have no intention of parting with any part of the patrimony of St Peter. As long as the tithes are in the hands of the Protestants they are the most odious and unjust of all impositions; the instant they are transferred to the Popish priesthood, they become the most just and unalienable property. All our views in regard to Ireland will be founded on quicksands, if we do not constantly recollect, that it is the establishment of the Popish faith in Ireland, in all its pristine power, wealth, and possessions, and from thence the restitution of the whole British islands to the chair of St Peter, which is the real object in view. They blind the landowners just now, by the prospect of this enormous bonus; but no sooner are their objects gained than they will restore tithes in un mutilated vigour to the Popish clergy, and the Protestant landowners will only have the disgrace of having attempted to profit by an act of robbery, without reaping the fruits they expected from their acquiescence.

As the general re-establishment of Popery is the object at which all the efforts of the most united and powerful part of the anarchical confederacy is evidently driving, it becomes of the highest importance to enquire what are the speculative tenets of the clergy, with whose dominion we are now threatened, and what is the practical effect of their principles in the country where they have been long established. Upon both these points we have now full information. The late memorable meeting at Exeter Hall, has led to a complete and unanswerable demonstration of the social tenets of the Irish Catholics; and when they are considered, we cease to wonder that murder, conflagration, and anarchy prevail through the land, that its atrocious crimes are *sixteen thousand* a-year, and that every year the progress of the worst kinds of offences is more and more marked. We extract from the admirable speech of the Rev. D. M'Ghee the following important observations on this head.

“At a meeting of the Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland, held on the

14th of September, 1808, it was unanimously agreed that *Dens' Complete Body of Theology* was the best book on the subject that could be republished.”

“At a meeting of Roman Catholic prelates, assembled at Dublin, on the 25th of February, 1810. The following resolutions were on that occasion unanimously adopted:—

“1st Resolved—That it is the undoubted and exclusive right of Roman Catholic bishops to discuss all matters appertaining to the doctrines and discipline of the Roman Catholic church.

“2d Resolved—That we do hereby confirm and declare our unaltered adherence to the resolutions unanimously entered into at our last general meeting, on the 14th September, 1808.”—*Wyse's History of the Catholic Association*, vol. ii. Appendix, p. 20.

Under authority of the Popish hierarchy, accordingly, a new edition of 3000 copies was printed; and in the preface to that edition, which is printed by the official publisher to Maynooth College, it is stated—“Inasmuch as his Grace Dr Murray, Dr Doyle, Dr Keating, and Dr Kinsella, have made it the conference book for the clergy of the province of Leinster, the publisher, as well to obviate the difficulty experienced by them in procuring the work, as also to advance the cause of religion and morality in the other parts of the Irish Church, is induced to reprint a limited number of copies.” “Farther, the questions proposed at the private conferences of the Roman Catholic priests, printed in the most authoritative documents, signed by the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland for five years, namely, for the years 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, and 1835, are taken consecutively from this book, and correspond with the consecutive chapters in *Dens*.”

Here then it is distinctly proved, whatever they may now say to the contrary, that *Dens' Theology* is the standard authority of the Irish Catholic Church. Now what are the tenets of that book? We pass over all others relating to abstract questions of Faith, about which men have a right to differ in opinion, and for

which they should never be called politically in question, and proceed at once to the anti-social and anarchical tenets which they profess, and of which the death's head and cross-bones are the natural result.

On the important point, whether the Protestants are heretics, Dens observes—"What is heresy? Answer. It is the unbelief of those who profess indeed that Christ has come, but who reject his doctrine as to any part as proposed by the church, such as *Lutherans, Calvinists, &c.*"—DENS, vol. ii. p. 78.

Now, what is the punishment which the Popish faith, as explained by Dens, and practised by the Irish agitators, prescribes for heretics? They are these:—

"What are the punishments decreed against those infected with that stain?

"Heretics that are known to be such are infamous for this very cause itself, and are deprived of Christian burial.

"Their temporal goods are for this very cause itself confiscated; but before the execution of the act, the sentence declaratory of their crime ought to proceed from the ecclesiastical judge, because the cognizance of heresy lies in the ecclesiastical tribunal.

"Finally, they are also justly afflicted with other corporal punishments, as with exile, imprisonment, &c.

"Are heretics justly punished with death?

"St Thomas answers,—22 quest. 11. art. 3. in corp. 'Yes—because forgers of money or other disturbers of the state are justly punished with death, therefore also heretics, who are forgers of the faith, and, as experience testifies, grievously disturb the state.'

"This is confirmed, because God in the Old Testament ordered the false Prophets to be slain; and in Deut. chap. xvii. v. 12, it is decreed that if any one will act proudly and will not obey the commands of the priest, let him be put to death. See also the 18th chap.

"The same is proved from the condemnation of the 14th article of *John Huss, in the Council of Constance.*"—DENS, vol. ii, pp. 88-89.

Thus, want of Christian burial, confiscation of goods, exile, imprisonment, and death, are the treatment which their church reserves for Protestants. And it is very remarkable, that in support of this rule they refer to the BURNING OF JOHN HUSS by the Council of Constance; that infamous violation of faith, and commencement of the fires of the Inquisition, which has brought indelible disgrace on the Catholic faith, and began a system which has been a stain on Christianity itself. They refer to this atrocious burning as AN AUTHORITY—a rule for the future!! Who will venture to assert after this that they do not contemplate the rekindling the fires of Smithfield?

With perfect truth, therefore, did Dr M'Ghee conclude—

"You will here observe that not only confiscation of property, exile, and imprisonment, but death, are decreed against heretics, and the author attempts to justify them by a reference to the authority of the Old Testament, and an appeal to the infallible authority and precedent of the Council of Constance. Now, the state of the case is this—from the extracts which I have read, these five propositions are proved distinctly—that Protestants of all denominations are considered heretics by the Roman Catholic Church—that that Church holds that we are, by baptism, placed under its domination—that, so far from granting toleration, it is its duty to exterminate the rites of our religion—that it is its duty, fourthly, to compel us, by corporal punishments, to submit to the faith—and, fifthly, that the punishments which it decrees are confiscation of property, exile, imprisonment, and death. And mark, lastly, that the only restraint—the only exception in any one of these cases, is a mere question of expediency. (Hear, hear.)"

But these, it is said, are not now the tenets of the Irish Catholic Church, or at least they are not now practically carried into execution. Let us examine, before we trust such a conclusion, what has been the progress of crime in Ireland since, by the repeal of their disabilities, the sway of the Catholics became unrestrained. From the important table

quoted below,* it appears that the number of offenders committed in Ireland has increased since the Catholic Disabilities were removed, from *fourteen thousand to twenty-one thousand* a-year; and when it is recollected how few, how *very few*, of the political offenders of Ireland are brought to justice, it may readily be conceived what a scene of anarchy and horror that island has become. In one county alone, in the last year there were 139 murders committed, for which only *one* criminal was brought to justice. Under the influence of the Catholic Priesthood, acting on the principles of Dens' Theology, and under the direction of a salaried agitator, the only security for life or property has come to be in disobeying the law, and plunging headlong into the crimes which are in progress. Lord Grey's Ministry confessed in their well-known pamphlet, "The Reform Parliament and the Reform Ministry," that before the Coercion Act passed, "the only question was whether or not Ireland was to relapse into the savage anarchy of Abyssinia."

What was the political result of this practical application of the principles of Dens' Theology? Horrified at the enormous excesses of the Irish Catholics, and the rapid increase of atrocious crimes, since the great healing measure was passed, the Reform Ministry themselves were compelled to introduce the Coercion Act; a measure of extraordinary and unparalleled, but not uncalled for severity, which at one blow prostrated the whole liberties of the country, and handed over the administration of justice to Courts-Mar-

tial. In this result, so completely at variance with all that was predicted by the advocates for emancipation, so completely in unison with what might be expected from the practical application of the principles of Dens' Theology, is to be seen a signal instance of the tendency of such demoralizing and bloody tenets to destroy the elements of civil liberty; and of the blindness of the revolutionists who, professing an ardent love for the principles of freedom, insanely ally themselves with a faction whose excesses are calculated to make its existence for any length of time an utter impossibility.

On occasion of the Orange processions in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, on the 12th of July, the people of this country had a practical example of the species of freedom which the Irish agitators, acting on the principles of Dens' Theology, are preparing for them. Who were such strenuous supporters as they of the Reform processions; and of those displays of moral and physical strength which might overawe the deliberations of the legislature? But when their opponents adopted the same system, and asserted their right to support their principles by similar processions, what did the Papists do? Why, they assailed them every where with bludgeons and fire-arms. "Send a slug through his head; blow his brains out; knock him to hell." Such were the epithets with which they every where assailed the peaceable members of the Orange processions; and suiting the action to the word, the Ribbonmen laid about them in fu-

* Return of Criminal offenders in Ireland from 1828 to 1834.

	Offenders	
	Committed.	Convicted.
1828—Roman Catholic disabilities in force,	14,683	9,269
1829—Relief Bill passed in March,	15,279	9,449
1830.	15,794	9,902
1831—Reform Agitation,	16,192	9,605
1832—Tithe Agitation,	16,036	9,759
1833—Do	17,819	11,441
1834—O'Connell in full power,	21,381	14,253

Parl. Returns, May 24, 1835.

By a late Parliamentary Return, it appears that the serious crimes reported to Government in 1831 were 16,690, besides probably double that number of which the authorities never heard—of these there were 466 burning houses, and 210 murders.—*Parl. Return, 14th March, 1833.*

rious style, and commenced a series of outrages which, in many instances, terminated in murder, riot, and disorder, and, if not checked by the prompt interference of the civil and military power, would have led to general anarchy and terror. The liberty of these men, like the reciprocity system, is all on one side; none are so intolerant or bigoted, when any others assert for themselves the same freedom of conduct for which they so loudly vociferate. If their anarchical principles once get the same possession of the executive, which they have already done of part of the House of Commons, they will speedily introduce here the tyranny, conflagration, and murder of which the death's head and cross-bones are the symbols, and Ireland the appropriate example.

It is by no means improbable that in the course of this autumn, another appeal may be made by the Government to the country. The Protestants of England and Scotland may rest assured that it will be the

LAST opportunity of asserting the principles of freedom of conscience and civil liberty which will be afforded them. If, deluded by the passion for Democracy, they cling to their old divisions; if the Dissenters generally continue to make common cause with the Papists and infidels; if an anarchical or Catholic majority is again returned, the people of England may rely upon it their liberties are extinguished, their faith will be obliterated, and their children bred up in the principles of French infidelity or of Irish Romanism. Now, then, is the time to revert to the great principles of the Reformation; to inhale again those feelings which animated the martyr at the stake and the patriot on the scaffold; and recovering from the sophisms and errors of half a century, assert again the eternal truth, that the only durable foundation for civil liberty is in freedom of conscience, and that under the mask of liberal principles Popery is the eternal enemy of both.

SONG FOR THE OPENING OF THE GOLDSMITH'S HALL,
JULY 16TH, 1835.

St Dunstan is their Patron.

I.

GREAT Dunstan our patron and saint,
Was a bold and true man ev'ry inch,
An artisan skilful and quaint,
And at Logic made every one flinch :
He liv'd in a hole in the wall,
Not six feet by five—says the story,
In a different style from the Hall,
Which we dedicate now to his glory.
Come pledge me to Dunstan's renown.

II.

Content with a cell and a crust,
So long as he call'd them his own,
He toil'd in the smoke and the dust,
Till he found the Philosopher's stone.
But he car'd not a stiver for pelf,
While he slav'd like a bee making honey,
Like Camden ne'er thought of himself,
But gave to the nation his money.
Come pledge me to Dunstan's renown.

III.

Apollyon grew jealous in Hell,
When he heard of the good he was doing,

So he call'd, like Paul Pry, at his cell,
 To inveigle the saint to his ruin ;
 Thought he, " If my arguments fail,
 His ambition and pride I must feed,
 I'll make the old Parson turn tail,
 And rat from his church and his creed ;"
 For he envied our Dunstan's renown.

IV.

His tongue with a " Pratie " he rubb'd,
 To give the true blarneying brogue,
 His *tail* was most artfully *clubb'd*,
 Each joint held the soul of a rogue.
 A counsellor's gown he put on,
 With an air at once swaggering and sly,
 Like one that could bully or fawn,
 Or call God to witness a lie ;
 For he envied our Dunstan's renown.

V.

But Dunstan soon argued him down,
 Till dum-founded and left in the lurch,
 Quoth he, " I'll ensure you the crown,
 If you'll help me to plunder the church."
 But the parson was honest as Peel,
 And chopped as sound logic and law,
 So the devil wax'd warm in his wrath,
 And threaten'd the Saint with his claw.
 Come pledge me to Dunstan's renown.

VI.

The Saint's Saxon blood growing warm,
 " Aroynt thee," he said to Apollyon,
 " Be off, or I'll send you to pot,
 (As Wellington did to Napoleon.)
 Thou disturbest my work and repose,
 With thy jargon and fiendish grimace ;"
 So he clapt the hot tongs to his nose,
 And bang'd the cell-door in his face.
 Come pledge me to Dunstan's renown.

VII.

With his nozzle sing'd down to a stump,
 The devil fled snivelling and roaring,
 He found the old goldsmith a trump,
 And never thenceforward came boring.
 And when traitors and liars conspire
 To spread their fanatical zeal,
 May their noses, like that of their sire,
 Be wrung with hot tongs till they squeal !
 Come pledge me to Dunstan's renown.

VIII.

'Tis knowledge, and spirit, and worth,
 Confers the true fame that will last,
 So Dunstan's name lives upon earth,
 Through the thousand long years that are past.
 Then here's to our Saint and his nest,
 Where he made the Arch-traitor look blue,
 And a bumper to each noble guest.
 As wise, and as bold, and as true,
 Who pledge us to Dunstan's renown.

WILLIS'S POEMS.

"MELANIE, and other Poems, by N. P. Willis—edited by Barry Cornwall!" Alas! thought we, on reading this titlepage, is Willis dead! Then America has lost one of the most promising of her young poets. We had seen him not many months before in high health and spirits, and had much enjoyed his various and vivacious conversation, which we felt, we knew not well wherefore, to be more unexceptionably agreeable than that of any one of our many other friends—Wycliffe excepted—

"Who see the Atlantic wave their morn restore."

Cut off by cholera or consumption? We remembered his lines to his mother—and our hearts were sad. But why weep for him—the accomplished "acquaintance" of an hour! "Peace to his ashes!" we sighed—and laying down the volume—posthumous as we supposed—poor Willis's Remains—we walked out into the sunshine, and began humming an old song. Meeting an admirer of his genius, we lugubriously croaked—"N. P. Willis is dead!" "Alive and kicking," was the shocking reply. "We saw his Remains—quarter past meridian—edited by Mr Undertaker-General—Barry Cornwall!" "Buried *they* may be—but the 'man-alive'—the day before yesterday—was sitting as fresh as a four-year-old in the Athenæum Club. Here's a letter from him with that date—franked MAHON." We smote the *parée* thrice with the crutch in the vocative case, each dint emitting fire—exclaiming, "that boy (meaning Barry) will be the death of us." It was quite a Dramatic Scene—and the catastrophe was a dinner at the British—where we discussed the merits of the brilliant American over half-a-dozen of champaign—the sparkling alternating with the still—emblematical of his poetry—one bottle having been sent away—after each of us had attempted in a glass of it the health of the Undertaker—for, over and above being vapid, it had that

unaccountable taste—ycleped of cork.

To be serious as a chamber poet. Heard ye ever of any thing half so droll? Mr Willis tells us that "he came to England merely in the course of travel, without the most distant idea of publishing a volume of poems. The appearance in different periodicals of some of his early verses (the kindly meant office of some of the literary friends he had had the happiness to meet), induced him, on the principle of a choice in evils, to take his poetical reputation into his own hands." All right. But what follows is all wrong. "While he has the *parole* (affectations!) perhaps he may be permitted to express his sense of the manner most gratifying with respect to his country, in which his humble volume is introduced to the English reader. Love of England (he speaks not alone for himself) would be a difficult lesson to unlearn on the other side of the water, whatever party critics of either nation may say, and however readers of little thought and less liberality may feel. In this particular case, he is content to sink or swim, as the eloquent and generous sentiments of his preface find, or not, a grateful response in the best hearts of his country. If he could have read his horoscope before leaving its shores, the honour of seeing his name associated in any way with that of Barry Cornwall would have satisfied him with the potency of his star. It could not be in more fortunate conjunction either for friendship or fame." This is sad nonsense—and had we not *seen* Mr Willis, it must have made him ridiculous, or worse, in the eyes of our imagination—even like unto a Cockney.

Two or three years ago, a London edition of Bryant's Poems was published, edited by Washington Irving, and dedicated to Samuel Rogers. Bryant—the first of the American poets—was on the other side of the Atlantic; and Washington Irving—the first of American prose writers—was fortunately on this side of that

ocean. The duty he performed to his far-distant friend was appropriate—and such a conjunction of names was felt to be ennobling to both countries. But how stands the case here? In ludicrous contrast. Who is Willis? We have already told you. Who is Barry Cornwall? We have already told you too—Mr Undertaker-General. What business has he—bred within sound of Bow-bells—thus to usher in a young gentleman from Columbia—not into Little—mind ye—but absolutely into Great Britain?

Mr Cornwall says—"I have been invited to introduce the following poems to the English public; and it gives me pleasure to do so; partly for the sake of the author (a man of high talent and sensibility), and partly because it is incumbent upon every member of literature, however unimportant he may be, to do his best to diminish the space that separates America from England." "I have been invited." Did Mr Willis give that invitation by word of mouth—in a bland whisper—or by letter? Did he allow some slight, but unequivocal symptoms of desire to attract the eyes of the knowing Barry—or at once pop—plump—the question? We cannot for the life of us believe that the first advances were on the part of the American. To the Little Briton—the unimportant "member of literature"—(an odd expression)—he must have

"Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,

And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

We beg—on behalf of all the unimportant members of that body—to dissent from the doctrine that it is incumbent on one and all of them "to do his best to diminish the space that separates America from England." Under no such onerous duty need bend their backs or knees—for, wide as the space is, the distance is performed by the American clippers on an average of twenty days—instances of sixteen being not unfrequent between Liverpool and New York—and we observe that it is proposed to steam it in *nine*. What member of literature, however unimportant he may be, can have the presumption to attempt doing it within the week? The Atlantic is, in fact, already little wider than the Thames

at Gravesend—and if we keep diminishing at this rate the space that separates America from England, it will dwindle into a mere horse-pond. What then will become of the Back Settlements?

But the unimportant member of literature may appear to have been speaking figuratively—and therefore, if possible, still more foolishly; for only think for a moment of cementing in indissoluble amity America, with her twelve million of white inhabitants—to say nothing of the red and black—and Britain, with her fifteen—to which must be added seven, of the finest pisantry on earth—by Melanie and other Poems, by N. P. Willis, edited by Barry Cornwall!

"This is not the place to speak of the author—even as he deserves. He would object to my eulogiums as flagrant and unmerited; and I should not be satisfied with *administering any thing short of the praise due to him.*" Surely that is silly. *This* is precisely the place "to speak of the author as he deserves." And had Mr Cornwall done so, then he might perhaps have seen that he had not "administered any thing short of the praise due to him"—and that he does not understand an antithesis, but conceives it to be a repetition. Why would his eulogiums have been thought "flagrant and unmerited"—if he had merely spoken of the author "even as he deserves?" What does he deserve more than he has got? Barry calls him "a man of high talent and sensibility," and "entertains a due sense of the genius of Mr Willis." What more could he have said, had he continued to wire-draw on wire-wove for a week?

"Mr Willis," quoth his invited patron, "although an American, does not exist upon panegyric—he can afford to render admiration to others, and to think modestly of himself." Mr Hamilton's account of an American *table d'hôte* must be a cruel fiction if our "transatlantic brethren" do really "exist upon panegyric." No man thinks modestly of himself—did the long race or run of authors do so, the crowded streets would blush. It may be true that Mr Willis "can afford to render admiration to others," but he ought not to be so lavish of it, lest he ex-

haust his stock in trade. He says "he is content to sink or swim as the eloquent and generous sentiments of his preface find or not a grateful response in the best hearts of his country." That has very much the look of "a flagrant and unmerited eulogium," but on whom we cannot say; and should all that about "his horoscope" and "the potency of his star," and "the fortunate conjunction for friendship or fame," "diminish the space that separates America from England," there will be heard in replication one mutual wide horse-laugh from shore to shore.

Another bit of Barry. "It is clear that we have, until lately, done injustice to American writers. We have tested them by an unfair rule, and have measured them by their weakness only, and not by their strength. And this has been done, not in sincere error or in an honest attempt to arrive at their real merits—but evidently for the sake of exalting ourselves in depressing them. A system like this cannot be too much discountenanced by men of letters. And how foolish and injurious is it, to be perpetually boasting of this or that thing achieved by the separate countries! as though every good deed, whether in America or England, were not done for the credit of our common literature. If every individual scribbler were to stand up solely for his own little transitory distinction, and cavil at all other writers who contributed their share to the general stock of amusement, should we not hoot him down with contempt? Why do the liberal English people, then, allow the spleen or ill blood of any man or set of men to vitiate their taste? to blind their understandings? to widen the breach between them and their American friends? Such dishonesty is a betrayal of the cause of literature, a calumny on the English character, and should be reprobated and punished accordingly, like any corresponding private slander." In all this wishy-washy rhodomontade there is not one word of common sense. It is *not* "clear that we have, until lately, done injustice to American writers." But it is clear that, until lately, there were no American writers to do injustice to; for if we

go back to the time of Franklin and his contemporaries—justice most ample was done to them all—and since then to many an able political writer.

But it is of "our common literature" that Mr Cornwall speaks—and pray, "until lately," where was it to be found—native to America—in the woods of Kentucky? Brockden Brown, indeed, has been dead many years, and was not his genius recognised in Britain long before it was cared for in the land of his birth? Had Washington Irving to wait in "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," before he heard the voice of England declare her award? Were we ever unjust to Cooper? Why, people call him the American Scott. Bryant was admired the day he was known—Percival, Paulding, Pierrepoint, Dana, Halleck, Sprague, and many others, have all found favour in our eyes, and so now will N. P. Willis, in spite of his having been edited by Barry Cornwall. The sentence about "every individual scribbler," supposes an absurdity not only beyond the bounds of nature, but of Cockneydom itself—and stands helplessly, "with its hands in its breeches pockets," conscious it has no business there, and that not a syllable is intelligible that comes out of its mouth; while we defy even Barry himself to take another look, "with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," at what follows it, without perceiving that the man, or set of men, supposed to be labouring under a fit of the spleen in addition to the chronic disease of ill-blood, are phantoms that disappear in the hole in the wall at the lifting up of his little finger. His fancy is clouded with the fumes of saloop. The practical conclusion at the close of his sermon is not orthodox. Let them correspond as they will, a public slander cannot be reprobated and punished like a private one. "The betrayal of the cause of literature" is a very black offence, involving as it does "a calumny on the English character"—yet it falls not under any punishment provided either by the civil or the canon law; and you may call old Mother England by the naughtiest monosyllable in our vocabulary, without being made to do penance in a white sheet. But

even a Parrot must be cautious how he so affronts the most maculate of her daughters.

Hear again the great champion of Columbia. "If we possess an advantage in some respects over America, by reason of our having had more opportunities of cultivating the mere elegancies of letters (!) yet in others, our superiority is by no means evident." Prepare yourselves for an explosion. He is going to fire off MONS MEG. "THE PUBLIC WORKS OF THE UNITED STATES (THE RESULTS OF GREAT ACTIVITY OF MIND AND MATCHLESS PERSEVERANCE OF CHARACTER) PUT OUR OWN TO SHAME. AND IN MECHANICS, AND ALL THAT RELATES TO PRACTICAL SCIENCE, THE MEN OF AMERICA ARE FULLY AS WELL EDUCATED AS OURSELVES. WHAT MORE IS WANTED TO ENTITLE THEM TO RESPECT?"! We see you are stunned—but let not the report be lost upon you—and should you ever be conscious of a disparaging thought of American literature rising in your soul—think of the Erie Canal.

America having roused her spirits at those trumpet tones, and having been farther assured by Barry Cornwall that she "has already done all that a young nation could be expected to accomplish; and time will bring the rest," will she have the goodness to peruse the catalogue of excellent things which Time has in store for her, and sworn by his scythe, before Mr Procter and all the stars, to bestow ere the lapse of many centuries? Time "will bring them essayists, novelists, historians, as good and numerous as ours; and poets also as lofty (with one unapproachable exception) as any that we have been accustomed to deify. The great and free land of America must of necessity produce great poets and eminent men. With the deeds of their bold fathers before them—with their boundless forests and savannahs, swarming with anecdotes of solitary adventure—with Niagara thundering in their ears, and the spirit of freedom hovering above them, it is clear that they do not lack materials for song. Shakspeare, indeed, will probably reign for ever without an equal; and some time may elapse before an American Milton shall rise in that majestic country; but the period will come at

last; and in the mean time, there will be many who may fairly lay claim to the leaves and branches of the true laurel—who will earn for themselves the love and respect of their countrymen, and deservedly occupy all the other gradations."

This is not philosophical disquisition—it is prophecy. The inspired writer despises the gown, and glories in the mantle. It would be beneath his calling to give the reasons, for the faith that is in him—he is visited by intuitions. He opened his mouth and spake. The Eidolons of unborn Essayists—novelists and historians—of the highest order, and in numbers without number numberless—"as good and numerous as ours,"—deploy before him in the clouds. He signifies nor shadows out any of their peculiar attributes—employing neither type nor symbol—so that no interpreter need seek to throw any light on the Prophecies of Barrymiah. In the fulness of time they will all be fulfilled—but there is no conjecturing under what President. But may not the sceptic ask, why—since "the great and free land of America must of necessity produce great poets and eminent men," are they to be only "as good and numerous as ours?" He will admit that dark are the decrees of Providence, yet still he will ask—and pause in vain, we fear, for a reply—why must not America of necessity produce ten times the number of ten times greater poets and eminent men, than Britain—as of necessity her population will be ten times greater in a very few hundred years? How the Yankees breed! The men are bold as lions, and the women prolific as rabbits. The population doubles itself, we are afraid and ashamed, lest we should be supposed indecently romancing—to say how often, every dozen years! "Some time may elapse"—says the prophet—"before an American Milton shall rise in that majestic country." Some time—how long? As soon as they have had a line of Kings—a Great Rebellion—Regicides—a Commonwealth, and a Protector—and a Restoration. Then "an American Milton shall arise in that majestic country;" and we should not wonder were he, too, blind. "Shakspeare indeed will *pro-*

bably reign for ever without a rival." Oh! what a falling off is there from the true prophetic strain! The fever of his inspiration is intermittent—and, like a common man, he prates of probabilities. If America does not in good time produce a Shakspeare, England will twit her with the want till there is a declaration of war. She must have a Shakspeare—and his precursors—resembling our Marlow—and an accompanying host—like our elder dramatists. Whatever England has had she must have—of necessity; that is the principle on which we, the uninspired, believe—the inspired speaks; with this difference—that in America will first arise, "many who will earn for themselves the love and respect of their countrymen, and deservedly occupy all the other gradations of renown,"—whereas, in England, Shakspeare preceded Sheridan Knowles, and Milton had the start of Barry Cornwall.

The Prophet, leaving his mantle in mid-air, and yielding to the law of gravitation, comes to the ground with dangerous rapidity, far faster than a cat in a parachute. "Brockden Brown, Washington Irving, Paulding, and Miss Sedgwick, are all writers of high and unquestioned talent; and Mr Bryant, Mr Halleck, and Mr Willis, stand out from the ranks of common poets. What precise station on the two-forked hill those latter gentlemen have a right to occupy, it is not for us, their contemporaries, to decide. We are ourselves in a state of sufficient uncertainty as to our position. We cannot, in short, determine, without much hazard and presumption, on the exact quantity of fame which belongs to our American brothers." He has been frightened by his flight, and is now as timid as a snail with sore horns. What could hinder a contemporary from at least making a shrewd guess as to the station of these latter gentlemen on the two-forked hill? No occasion for being so very precise. Let us have the respective altitudes within a few thousand yards or so, and so with the measure of their fame. The uncertainty of his own position can be no reason in the world for any uncertainty about theirs—unless he be so far down that he cannot see them—in which

case let him stand aloof—and having taken a base, place his theodolite, and with half the scientific acquirements of a Yankee, he may make such an approximation to their whereabouts as may satisfy the Almanack. "An exact quantity of fame," it would be absurd to seek to determine—for fame is not a fixed quantity—like a sack of flour. So much for the Preface—now for the Poems.

"Melanie" is very elegantly and gracefully written—and has many pathetic touches—but they who may read it alone, can know little of the merits of Mr Willis. It is not original. The style is that of Byron in his more subdued states of feeling; and that impression accompanies you from beginning to end of the composition. There is no direct—perhaps no conscious imitation; but it is insensibly moulded by the delight Byron's poetry has inspired—especially *Parisina*. Mr Willis may not be able to bring himself to believe this; but not a single one of all his readers will be able to disbelieve it; and many a sweet voice will say, "How melancholy! how like dear Lord Byron!" So is the story. An impassioned girl discovers at the altar that her lover is her brother, and dies. The catastrophe is striking—but like most violent and unexpected catastrophes—it loses its power over us almost as soon as it has happened; the only effect that remains is pain—but true tragic genius awakes the joy of grief—or a divine calm of sorrow. The soul, however troubled it may have been, is satisfied at last—and yields submissively as if obeying a decree. Had Melanie not given its name to the volume, we might have commended it more; but from its place it challenges, if not admiration, judgment; and we pronounce it a beautiful failure.

"Lord Ivon and his daughter"—the only other ambitious effort in the volume—is liable to the same objection—it is manifestly—we had almost said—looking at the motto—avowedly an imitation of Barry Cornwall. It is, however, a Dramatic Scene equal to the best of his—and that would be high praise—had it emanated, unprompted and unsuspected, from the author's own genius. As it is, it is delightful reading—and though the subject is in

itself somewhat repulsive, and on the verge of the unnatural, it is treated with so much skill, delicacy, and power, that it is brought fairly within the reach of our sympathies—no mean triumph. But you must read it for yourself—for there would be no use in telling you what it is about—and indeed, without the fine poetry in which it is enveloped, a statement of the nature of Lord Ivon's Confession to his daughter, Isidore, would give you no idea whatever of its tragic passion.

Let us turn, then, from compositions which, fine as in many respects they are, are constructed after a model, and see what Mr Willis is when following the impulses of his own genius. We do not mean to say that there is any thing very original in the stanzas we are now about to quote, either in matter or manner; but they flow freely from his own fount, and 'tis the movement of his own heart that stirs the waters. The feeling is continuous and well-sustained; and they seem to us worthy of all admiration.

THE CONFSSIONAL.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

On ocean—many a weary night—

When heaved the long and sullen sea,

With only waves and stars in sight.

We stole along by isles of balm,

We furl'd before the coming gale,

We slept amid the breathless calm,

We flew beneath the straining sail—

But thou wert lost for years to me,

And, day and night, I thought of thee!

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

In France—amid the gay saloon,

Where eyes as dark as eyes may be

Are many as the leaves in June—

Where life is love, and ev'n the air

Is pregnant with impassion'd thought,

And song and dance and music are

With one warm meaning only fraught;

My half-snar'd heart broke lightly free,

And, with a blush, I thought of thee!

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

In Florence,—where the fiery hearts

Of Italy are breathed away

In wonders of the deathless arts;

Where strays the Contadina down

Val d'Arno with a song of old;

Where clime and woman seldom frown,

And life runs over sands of gold;

I stray'd to lone Fiesolé

On many an eve, and thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

In Rome,—when on the Palatine

Night left the Cæsar's palace free

To Time's forgetful foot and mine;

Or, on the Coliseum's wall,

When moonlight touch'd the ivied
stone,

Reclining, with a thought of all

That o'er this scene has come and gone—

The shades of Rome would start and flee
Unconsciously—I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

In Vallombrosa's holy shade,

Where nobles born the friars be,

By life's rude changes humbler made.

Here Milton fram'd his Paradise;

I slept within his very cell;

And, as I clos'd my weary eyes,

I thought the cowl would fit me well—

The cloisters breath'd, it seem'd to me,

Of heart's-ease—but I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

In Venice,—on a night in June;

When, through the city of the sea,

Like dust of silver slept the moon,

Slow turn'd his oar the gondolier,

And, as the black barks glided by,

The water to my leaning ear

Bore back the lover's passing sigh—

It was no place alone to be—

I thought of thee—I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

In the Ionian Isles—when straying

With wise Ulysses by the sea—

Old Homer's songs around me playing;

Or, watching the bewitched caique,

That o'er the star-lit waters flew,

I listen'd to the helmsmen Greek,

Who sung the song that Sappho knew—

The poet's spell, the bark, the sea,

All vanished—as I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

In Greece—when rose the Parthenon

Majestic o'er the Egean sea,

And heroes with it, one by one;

When, in the grove of Academe,

Where Lais and Leontium stray'd

Discussing Plato's mystic theme,

I lay at noontide in the shade—

The Egean wind, the whispering tree,

Had voices—and I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

In Asia—on the Dardanelles;

Where, swiftly as the waters flee,

Each wave some sweet old story tells;

And, seated by the marble tank

Which sleeps by Ilium's ruins old,

(The fount where peerless Helen drank,

And Venus lav'd her locks of gold,)

I thrill'd such classic haunts to see,

Yet even here—I thought of thee.

"I thought of thee—I thought of thee,

Where glide the Bosphor's lovely waters,

All palace-lined, from sea to sea ;
 And ever on its shores the daughters
 Of the delicious East are seen,
 Printing the brink with slipper'd feet,
 And oh, those snowy folds between,
 What eyes of heaven your glances meet!
 Peris of light no fairer be—
 Yet—in Stamboul—I thought of thee.

“ I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee,
 Through change that teaches to forget ;
 Thy face looks up from every sea,
 In every star thine eyes are set,
 Though roving beneath Orient skies,
 Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,
 I envy every bird that flies
 Into the far and clouded West :
 I think of thee—I think of thee !
 Oh, dearest ! hast thou thought of me ? ”

The “ Wife's Appeal ” is still better—but it is too long for quotation—and to mutilate would be to murder it. It reminds us of no other writer—and shows that Mr Willis can sustain himself by his own strength without the aid of any one—and that too in a troubled flood.

Some of the shorter poems are ingenious and fanciful, and at the same time simple and natural—qualities not easily or often combined—and among them we mention, as especially excellent—“ To a City Pigeon ”—“ The Belfry Pigeon ”—“ on the Picture of a Child tired of Play, ”—and best of all—

ON THE PICTURE OF A GIRL LEADING HER
 BLIND MOTHER THROUGH THE WOOD.

“ The green leaves as we pass
 Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
 And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
 And the low forest grass
 Grows green and silken where the wood-
 paths wind—
 Alas ! for thee, sweet mother ! thou art
 blind !
 And nature is all bright ;
 And the faint gray and crimson of the
 dawn,

Like folded curtains from the day are
 drawn ;
 And evening's purple light
 Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
 Alas ! sweet mother ! for thy clouded eye !
 The moon's new silver shell
 Trembles above thee, and the stars float up,
 In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
 Is pencill'd passing well,
 And the swift birds on glorious pinions
 flee—
 Alas ! sweet mother ! that thou canst not
 see !
 And the kind looks of friends
 Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
 And the child stops amid his bounding
 race,
 And the tall stripling bends
 Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
 Alas ! sweet mother ! that thou seest
 them not !

But thou canst *hear* ! and love
 May richly on a human tone be pour'd,
 And the least cadence of a whisper'd word
 A daughter's love may prove—
 And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
 Albeit thou canst not see my face the
 while !

Yes, thou canst hear ! and He
 Who on thy sightless eye its darkness
 hung,
 To the attentive ear, like harps, hath
 strung

Heaven and earth and sea ?
 And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
 With but one sense the soul may overflow.”

These lines to our mind are worth the whole of “ Melanie ” were it twice as good as it is ; for in them a holy feeling is at once “ law and impulse,” and Mr Willis has only to compose often in that strain—suitable to so many affections, and by them sure to be inspired—and he will not fail to please on all sides of the Atlantic.

We are somewhat doubtful about the following picture—yet we know not why we should be—unless it be that it reminds us of one who is inimitable—dear S. T. Coleridge.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

“ She had been told that God made all the stars
 That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
 Watching the coming of the twilight on,
 As if it were a new and perfect world,
 And this were its first eve. She stood alone
 By the low window, with the silken lash
 Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
 Half parted with the new and strange delight
 Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
 And had not seen before. The purple folds

Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
 That looked so still and delicate above,
 Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
 Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
 Stood looking at the west with that half-smile,
 As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
 Presently, in the edge of the last tint
 Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
 To the faint golden mellowness, a star
 Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
 Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
 Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
 'Father, dear father, God has made a star!'

Mr Willis has arranged his poems in three parts—"rather ambitiously it may seem," he says; "but the interval of four years which has occurred since he last meddled with rhyme, extends also between the dates of the second and third parts of the volume—a difference in the ages at which they were severally written, which he thought it as well to mark by a formal division, and upon which he claims a corresponding indulgence." He does right to please himself, but he is still a very young man—and we shall be much mistaken in him if he do not yet far surpass his most successful efforts—even those which "date from the corner of a club in the ungenial month of January, 1835." There is nothing ungenial in the month of January—and the corner of a club is a cozy nook in which a young poet may dally very effectively with that invisible girl the Muse. We see no inferiority in his earlier to his later verses—nor do we think the worse of him for that—for only in the prime of mental manhood—which he may bless his stars he has not yet reached (it seldom comes before the age of forty)—do poets in general write much better than in the prime of youth. There is one composition, classed under "Early Poems," equal to any other in the volume—except perhaps in the versification, which is somewhat monotonous—but what boy ever wrote good blank verse? We mean "The Widow of Nain." Here it is.

Sacred poetry—as it is impiously called—has of late years in this

Christian country been for the most part absolutely blasphemous—and we have refrained from it in horror. It is something too shocking to hear needy dunces for sake of lucre versifying the Almighty—and to see others skipping in their vanity, and without any neckcloth, on the brink of the bottomless pit. The blockheads handle their Bibles as if they were so many literary albums—and intermeddle with the most awful mysteries—even those of our salvation—with the same nonchalance they sit down with to write an answer to a charade. No imbecility is any excuse for profanity—the mother chastises even her idiot son for taking the name of God in vain. But those we allude to are not "Innocents." They buz under the dominion of Beelzebub—for is he not the God of Flies?

We think of James Montgomery—and what strains of heavenly melody arise!

Soothed and elevated by the music of our dream, we turn to the Sacred Poetry of this excellent young American—and we feel at once that his piety is sincere—for it is reverential—and his sense of the beauty of the miracles he ventures to record in verse is burdened with awe. He sees the light, and knows it is from heaven. The shadow that darkens it he feels to be thrown by his own fallen spirit. He has read aright the New Testament—and such verses as these are not only blameless, but they are a religious exercise. He is a believer.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"The Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
 Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
 Of comers to the city mart was done,
 For it was almost noon, and a dead heat

Quiver'd upon the fine and sleeping dust,
 And the cold snake crept panting from the wall.
 And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun.
 Upon his spear the soldier lean'd, and kept
 His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
 Was broken by the solitary foot
 Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head,
 To curse him for a tributary Jew,
 And slumberously dozed on.

“ 'Twas now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral
 Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
 Unmix'd with voices—and the sentinel
 Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
 Up the wide street along whose pav'd way
 The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
 Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
 And by the crowd that in the burning sun
 Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
 Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
 Sung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
 His spear-point downwards as the bearers past,
 Bending beneath their burthen. There was one—
 Only one mourner. Close behind the bier
 Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
 Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
 Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
 Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
 As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
 Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
 She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
 A widow with one son. He was her all—
 The only tie she had in the wide world—
 And he was dead. They could not comfort her.
 Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
 The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
 With the noon's sultry heat. The heaved sweat
 Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
 And simple latchets of his sandals lay
 Thick the white dust of travel. He had come
 Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
 To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
 Nor wash his feet in Kisbon's silver springs,
 Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
 To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
 Genesareth stood cool upon the East,
 Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
 The weary traveller might bide till eve,
 And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
 The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild,
 Yet turn'd he not aside, but gazing on
 From every swelling mount, he saw afar
 Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
 The place of his next errand and the path
 Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
 Upon the East lay pleasant Galilee.
 Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
 Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
 The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
 Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
 And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
 And an enquiring wildness flashing through
 The thin, gray lashes of her fever'd eyes,
 She came where Jesus stood beside the way.

He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
 'Weep not!' he said, and, as they staid the bier,
 And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
 He gently drew the pall from out her grasp
 And laid it back in silence from the dead.
 With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
 And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
 He stood and pray'd. Then taking the cold hand
 He said, 'Arise!' And instantly the breast
 Heav'd in its cerements, and a sudden flush
 Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
 And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
 He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
 And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
 Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain."

The "Healing of the Daughter of Jairus" is in the same spirit—and so is the Leper. There are likewise three pictures of subjects from the Old Testament—"The Shunamite,"—"Absalom"—and "Hagar in the Wilderness." They are very good—but not sufficiently Hebrew. How could they be? We shall give the "Leper," and leave Mr Willis to the esteem of all the good.

THE LEPER.

"'Room for the leper! Room!' And, as he came,
 The cry passed on—'Room for the leper! Room!'
 Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
 Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
 The early risen poor were coming in
 Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
 Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
 Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
 And all that in a city murmur swells,
 Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
 Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
 Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase
 The death-like images of the dark away.
 'Room for the leper!' And aside they stood—
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
 Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying, 'Unclean! Unclean!'

"'Twas now the first
 Of the Judean Autumn, and the leaves
 Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
 Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
 Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
 And eminently beautiful, and life
 Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
 And sparkled in his glance, and in his mien
 There was a gracious pride that every eye
 Followed with benisons—and this was he!
 With the soft airs of Summer there had come
 A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
 Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
 Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
 The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
 The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
 Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth
 Fetter'd his limbs like palsy, and his mien

With all its loftiness, seemed struck with old.
 Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
 Taking the place of the clear, silver key ;
 And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light,
 And very air, were steeped in sluggishness.
 He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
 Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
 Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
 The arrowy jeered like an aspen shook.
 Day after day, he lay, as if in sleep.
 His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales
 Circled with livid purple, cover'd him.
 And then his nails grew black, and fell away
 From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
 Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
 And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
 —And Helon was a leper!

“ Day was breaking

When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chaunt
 Swelled through the arches of the roof
 Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
 Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
 And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
 Waiting to hear his doom :—

‘ Depart ! depart, O child

Of Israel, from the temple of thy God !
 For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
 And to the desert wild,

From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague His people may be free.

‘ Depart ! and come not near

The busy mart, the crowded city, more ;
 Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er ;
 And stay thou not to hear

Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly
 From all who in the wilderness pass by.

‘ Wet not thy burning lip

In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;
 Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide ;

Nor kneel thee down to dip

The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
 By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

‘ And pass thou not between

The weary traveller and the cooling breeze ;
 And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
 Where human tracks are seen ;

Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
 Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

‘ And now depart ! and when

Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
 Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him

Who, from the tribes of men,

Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.

Depart ! O leper ! and forget not God !’

And he went forth—alone ! not one of all
 The many whom he loved, nor she whose name

Was woven in the fibres of the heart
 Breaking within him now, to come and speak
 Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
 Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
 For God had cursed the leper!

“It was noon,

And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
 In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
 Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
 The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
 Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
 Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
 He drew the covering closer on his lip,
 Crying ‘Unclean! unclean!’ and in the folds
 Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
 He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
 Nearer the stranger came, and bending o’er
 The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name.
 ‘Helon!’—the voice was like the master-tone
 Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
 And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
 And for a moment beat beneath the hot
 And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
 ‘Helon! arise!’ and he forgot his curse,
 And rose and stood before him.

“Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon’s eye
 As he beheld the stranger. He was not
 In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
 The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
 No followers at his back, nor in his hand
 Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien
 Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
 A kingly condescension graced his lips,
 The lion would have crouched to, in his lair.
 His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
 His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
 His countenance, the impress of a God
 Touched with the open innocence of a child;
 His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
 In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
 Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
 The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
 He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
 As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
 He took a little water in his hand
 And laid it on his brow, and said, ‘Be clean!’
 And, lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
 The dewy softness of an infant’s stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus’ feet, and worshipped him.”

THE DOCTOR.

FIRST DOSE.

OUR love of literature, standard and current, is luckily now rather an affection than a passion—for were it a passion, it would devour us and we should die. Our situation in the metropolis of Scotland is so remote from the world of letters, that the last new novel or poem, ere it reaches us, is in a green old age. Thousands never cross the Border—and find themselves at home in their graves. We are members of several Book-clubs, but the books always come round to us at times when we are so busy that, unread by us, they resume their travels. Why don't all publishers send us all their publications? Some years ago we built a library for voluntary contributions, and many shelves are yet empty—especially those for quartos. Duodecimos run compactly all below the cornice—and the middle regions of octavos are thickly studded—while the folios—“each in its narrow cell for ever laid”—sleep within the floor-dormitories in undisturbed dust. But there is still standing room for some thousand volumes—so we hope the Bibliopoles of the Empire will take the hint. The advertising columns of the London newspapers are crammed with announcements of all manner of new works, and are distracting reading to epicures and gluttons like us, who hunger and thirst after knowledge—but open our mouths, and are not fed. They set our teeth on edge—they make our mouth water—affection becomes passion—and often do we resolve to shift headquarters to London. But we always find on such occasions that we are rooted like an old tree. We give our branches a rustle; but the pole stands immovable and steadfast—for as deep down strikes our tap-root into the beloved soil of Scotland as shoots our top bough high into her sky; and here we shall continue to cast our shadow—our-

selves a grove—till in course of nature we fall—never a stump—and all of us that was mortal in the wood dissolve in air, or blend with kindred dust, that when alive hung its gloom over the Druids.

We remember last year taking up the March number of the Quarterly Review, and reading involuntarily aloud to our surprised selves some such passage as this:—“This work has excited more attention than any one belonging or approaching to the class of *novels* which has appeared in England for a considerable number of years; and we are not at all disposed to wonder that such should have been the case.” And pray, we asked ourselves, what work may this be that has set all England agog? THE DOCTOR. What Doctor? We were ready with an answer—Dr Maginn. But a little farther on we were informed that the Doctor had lived in Doncaster, and that so long since, that he must have died had he even been Dr Crow. There was something not a little sublime in the sense of our uncommunicating solitude, awakened by the thought that all England was at that hour ringing with the Doctor. Not a faintest echo of the noise had reached our far sojourn—not a ray of the great graduate's fame had shot across our obscure—when suddenly we were startled in our land of Nod by the intelligence that London was in an uproar.

A year and a quarter of a year has elapsed since that day—and yet only within these three weeks were we by hook or crook able to get such a purchase as to contrive to haul in the Doctor. Now we have him—and a queer customer he is—nor can we quite comprehend his character. “We fell to such perusal of his face as we would draw it”—but by a twist of his nose, or a pull of his mouth, or a cock of his chin, he would so transmogrify his mug, at the very moment we thought we had caught

his physiognomy, that twenty times have we flung aside pen and paper with a tiny tart oathlet—and wished him with the Old One. Yet Proteus himself, we have heard, was a mannerist—so was poor dear Charles Matthews—and so is Doctor Dove. They could all three play many parts marvellously and miraculously; yet in all his monsters the keen eye could detect Protty—Mats was still Mats though a series of ever so many various old women—and in owl, eagle, magpie, merle, lark, or yellow-hammer, you need be at no loss to discern the original Dove.

Having thus expectorated our usual metaphorical matter, and made a clean breast of it, we shall now attempt the regular critic. The character of the Doctor baffles the most skilful analytical genius, and is safe in its inscrutable composition from abridgement. But like all men of woman born, he is subject to extract—and we shall bleed him as copiously as he ever bled the most sanguiferous of his patients. Here is the lancet—and here the basin—and here the bandage wherewith to tie up his arm. Perfect ichor! No bad humours here—the constitution is sound as a roach—and the heart beats as regular as a chronometer. Oh! Doctor! Mayst thou live a thousand years!

And call we this attempting the regular critic? Let us take refuge from the sin that doth most easily beset us with the Doctor's biographer.

“Who was the Doctor?”

“Can it then be necessary to ask?—Alas, the vanity of human fame! Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! ‘How few,’ says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, ‘have heard of the name of Veneatpadno Ragium! He imagined that there was no man in the world that knew him not: how many men can tell me that he was the King of Narsinga?’ When I mention Arba, who but the practised textualist can call to mind that he was ‘a great man among the Anakim,’ that he was the father of Anak, and that from him Kirjath-Arba took its name? A great man among the giants of the earth, the founder of a city, the father of Anak!—and now there remaineth nothing more of him or his race than the bare mention of them in one of the verses of one of the chapters of the Book of Joshua: except for that only record it would not now be known that Arba had

ever lived, or that Hebron was originally called after his name. *Vanitas Vanitatum! Omnia Vanitas.* An old woman in a village in the West of England was told one day that the King of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the great Frederick was in the noon-day of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great slow eyes at the news, and fixing them in the fullness of vacancy upon her informant, replied, ‘Is a! is a!—The Lord ha’ mercy!—Well, well! The King of Prussia! And who’s he?’—The ‘Who’s he’ of this old woman might serve as text for a notable sermon upon ambition. ‘Who’s he’ may now be asked of men greater as soldiers in their day than Frederick or Wellington; greater as discoverers than Sir Isaac or Sir Humphrey. Who built the Pyramids?”

But the hardship of the regular critic is, that the Doctor's biographer is as great an original as the Doctor himself, and some say that he is no less a person than Southey, who, as all the world knows, is likewise a doctor. But so are we. We are a fourfold doctor—all the Scotch universities having conferred on us the degree of LL.D. by diploma—such honours as were never before collected in the person of one individual—not even in Dr Chalmers. But the Doctor's Biographer will not allow that he is Doctor Southey—or indeed any body else—and affects being “an airy tongue that syllables men's names.” His bold assertions non-plus the Literary World, who is at a stand-still. The Pensive Public is perplexed, and beginning to opine not only that these are the memoirs of an imaginary being, but that the memorialist is not only strictly anonymous, but a Non-ens. She looks on the volumes as a natural production—a trefoil—and they are booked as such in her herbarium. But Christopher said unto Robert—“Thou art the man.” Though we shrewdly suspect he may himself have had a finger in the pie—in support of the charge we appeal to Chauncey Hare Townsend.

The book is old—stale—used-up—why review it? Cut and come again is our reply. The work is new to us—fresh as a caller egg—unused as the velvet breeches in which we now exult before the eyes of Mrs Gentle. What is London? Let Shakspeare answer through the

mouth of Hamlet—"a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." Who cares about what may be going on there? Nobody ten miles from Temple-Bar. The nations cry aloud to Maga

"Creation's heir! the world—the world is thine."

And she desires to introduce the Doctor to the people of the Orient, and of the Occident, and of every zone between—

"Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms."

Ay, she

"knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these;"

and ere five moons have waned, the mandarins will be shaking their heads at the Doctor over all the Celestial Empire. We call that periodical literature. Reviewed in that light, what is the Sun himself but the editor of a daily magazine? Our circulation is next to his; and we advise him to take heed of his risings and his settings, or some day soon he will see Maga, risen up before him,

"Flame on the forehead of the morning sky."

Sterne was a man of genius, but a sad sinner. Strange that nature should sometimes be so kind to men who have no hearts! But let us not say he had no heart; he had a heart, and a good one—though no man save himself knew how he had corrupted it. Not otherwise could he have imagined my Father—and my Uncle Toby—and Corporal Trim. They had all hearts, and how have they touched ours! No phantoms they—flesh and blood like ourselves—but we pass away—they endure for ever—we are the phantoms. Peace then be with Lawrence—and may all his sins have been forgiven—as may ours be who had not his genius either to consecrate or profane. But what has become of the Doctor?

The Doctor's biographer has read Sterne—as who has not—and it would seem that he has studied him for other purposes than Dr Ferriar. That one work of genius should suggest another, is according to the

order of nature. Millions of dunces had read Sterne, and millions of the bright—but not till the year 1834 appeared the Doctor. Here we have again my Father, and my Uncle, and though no Corporal Trim, Guy the schoolmaster. But they are as entirely original conceptions, as if unsuggested they had assumed their present semblance—for they were evolved out of another teeming brain. There may be less wit, but there is more wisdom. The learning shown here makes those other leaves look bare. This Doctor is no Quack, and assuredly his biographer is no Impostor.

We like strong language, and not unfrequently use it—but we cannot bring ourselves, with all our respect for him, to agree with the Quarterly Reviewer that the mind of the Doctor's Biographer "is, in a certain measure, under the influence of disease"—"that two-thirds of his performance look as if they might have been penned in the vestibule of Bedlam." The high praise he bestows on the sane third of the work is couched in his own usual fine and vigorous words—and to the letter true. How then shall we review the Doctor?

We shall, in this article, confine our attention and yours almost entirely to the account of his birth and parentage—and his education, till in his seventeenth year he becomes apprentice to Peter Hopkins, medical practitioner in Doncaster. We have headed our article—you perceive—The Doctor—Dose First. Should it seem to operate salutarly on you, our patients, we shall repeat the dose—yea even unto the third phial. But each dose shall be compounded of somewhat different ingredients—so that the immediate effects will be different—but the ultimate the same—a complete clearance of the *primæ viæ*—a rectification of whatever may be wrong with the alimentary canal—an invigoration of the stomach—and a removal of that distressing sensation—fluttering at the heart. By the end of three months, or sooner, you will eat like an ox and sleep like a top. If you do not, then, to borrow a form of speech from Chapter CI, you must indeed be a

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Why should we be in any hurry to introduce the Doctor, seeing that his biographer will not bring before us even the image of his father's house, till he has prattled and pattered, and drawled and dawdled through half a century of pages? It appears that he first conceived the intention of giving the world the Doctor's life, between ten and eleven of the night of the 20th of July, 1813—so that he was engaged more or less—at longer or shorter intervals—in the pleasing task twenty full years! His wife, and his wife's eldest sister—and her younger sister—and a mysterious personage called the Bhow Begum—a bitter barker—all unite in throwing cold and hot water on the nascent scheme. But his wife's nephew (such was the composition of the domestic circle) exclaimed, "Oh! it ought to be written in a book! It will be a glorious book! Write it, uncle, I beseech you!" "He will write it," said the Bhow Begum—taking up her snuff box, and accompanying the words with a nod of satisfaction and encouragement—(how sudden are most conversions!) "He will never be so foolish," said my wife. My wife's eldest sister rejoined—"he is foolish enough for any thing."

In bed he is big with the great idea—nor can he bow an eye.

"I put my arms out of bed. I turned the pillow for the sake of applying a cold surface to my cheek. I stretched my feet into the cold corner. I listened to the river, and to the ticking of my watch. I thought of all sleepy sounds and all sporific things: the flow of water, the humming of bees, the motion of a boat, the waving of a field of corn, the nodding of a mandarin's head on the chimney-piece, a horse in a mill, the *Opéra*, Mr Humdrum's conversation, Mr Proser's poems, Mr Laxative's speeches, Mr Lengthy's sermons. I tried the device of my own childhood, and fancied that the bed revolved with

me round and round. Still the Doctor visited me perseveringly as if I had been his best patient; and, call up what thoughts I would to keep him off, the horse charged through them all.

"At last Morpheus reminded me of Dr Torpedo's divinity lectures, where the voice, the manner, the matter, even the very atmosphere, and the streamy candle-light, were all alike somnific;—where he who by strong effort lifted up his head, and forced open the reluctant eyes, never failed to see all around him fast asleep. Lettuces, cowslip-wine, poppy-syrup, mandragora, hop-pillows, spiders'-web pills, and the whole tribe of narcotics, up to bang and the black drop, would have failed: but this was irresistible; and thus twenty years after date I found benefit from having attended the course."

Gentle reader! art thou familiar with yeoman-life in England? Wert thou ever in the northern counties thereof—among the lakes and mountains—or round about the borders of that region, among the rivers and hills? Then thou wilt enjoy, with an old and a new delight, the passage about to be set before thee—or rather thou shalt be set down, not as in a dream, but in the living day, within an unforgotten dwelling—not air-woven, but of stone and lime—and these are not the shadows, they are the substances of walls, roofs, trees, rocks, fields, and the true-blue skies. Manners change—for a long while so slowly, that no alteration is perceptible even by those among whom it is going on—except to the eyes of the aged or ageing—and they see in their dimness what is invisible to youth's clearest ken—but at last so quickly, that he who runs may note the process—till all around are like outgoings of a new life, here and there but thinly besprinkled with decaying vestiges of the olden time—and with a careless or perhaps a scornful smile he ejaculates that most melancholy of all words—*Obsolete!* A hundred years ago thus stood the house of the Doves. Fifty years ago we think we see it—not its image—itsself—and then it was somewhat touched by other fingers than those of Time. What is it *now*?

"Daniel the father was one of a race of men who unhappily are now almost extinct. He lived upon an estate of six and twenty acres which his fathers had possessed before him, all Doves and Daniels, in uninterrupted succession from

time immemorial, farther than registers or title-deeds could ascend. The little church called Chapel le Dale, stands about a bow-shot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and thither they had, each in his turn, been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth they had been consigned there for so many generations, that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting place. On three sides there was an irregular low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground, than to enclose it; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook whose waters proceed by a subterraneous channel from Wethercote cave. Two or three alders and rowan-trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash-trees, as the winds had sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoined it, in that state of half cultivation which gives a human character to solitude: to the south, on the other side the brook, the common with its limestone rocks peering every where above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

"The turf was as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tomb-stones which had been placed there were now themselves half buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell, which hung in its niche over the entrance, tinkled for service on the Sabbath day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth from which he sprung,

"The house of the Doves was to the east of the church, under the same hill, and with the same brook in front; and the intervening fields belonged to the family. It was a low house, having before it a little garden of that size and character, which showed that the inhabitants could afford to bestow a thought upon something more than mere bodily wants. You entered between two yew-trees clipped to the fashion of two pawns. There were hol-

lyhocks and sunflowers displaying themselves above the wall; roses and sweet peas under the windows, and the everlasting pea climbing the porch. Over the door was a stone with these letters,

D
D + M

A. D.
1608.

The A was in the Saxon character. The rest of the garden lay behind the house, partly on the slope of the hill. It had a hedge of gooseberry-bushes, a few apple-trees, pot-herbs in abundance, onions, cabbages, turnips, and carrots; potatoes had hardly yet found their way into these remote parts: and in a sheltered spot under the crag, open to the south, were six bee-hives, which made the family perfectly independent of West India produce. Tea was in those days as little known as potatoes, and for all other things honey supplied the place of sugar.

"The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the ground floor. As you entered the kitchen, there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afforded more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest in the best kitchen which held the house-linen, bore the same date. The chimney was well hung with bacon, the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the Magi, or of the Vestal Virgins, did not overpower. A few pewter dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red

patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the lions; but happily there were no 'judges' in the family, and it had been bought for its name's sake. The other print which ornamented the room had been purchased from a like feeling, though the cause was not so immediately apparent. It represented a ship in full sail, with Joseph and the Virgin Mary, and the Infant on board, and a Dove flying behind as if to fill the sails with the motion of its wings. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by Daniel the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccommodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls and lozenges, and embossments; and the legs and cross bars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two peacocks' feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large 'sinuous shells' so finely thus described by Landor;

'Of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch; where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave,
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.'

There was also a head of Indian corn there, and a back scratcher, of which the hand was ivory and the handle black. This had been a present of Daniel the grandfather to his wife. The three apartments above served equally for store-rooms and bed-chambers. William Dove the brother slept in one, and Agatha the maid, or Haggy as she was called, in another."

"Happily for Daniel Dove," the father of the Doctor, "he lived," quoth his biographer, "before the age of magazines, reviews, cyclopædias, elegant extracts, and literary newspapers, so that he gathered the fruit of knowledge for himself, instead of receiving it from the dirty fingers of a retail vender." There were—in those happy days—no Southey's—no Gifford's—no Crokers—no Broughams—no Jeffreys—no Lockharts—no Christopher Norths—no Leigh Hunts—no Charles Knights—no Robert Chamberses—no "libraries of useful and

entertaining knowledge." "The dirty fingers of a retail vender," sold food and raiment for the body, but the Daniel Doves soared to the source of wholesale for illumination to their souls.

"His books were few in number, but they were all lengthy, either in matter or in size. They consisted of the *Morte d'Arthur* in the fine black-letter edition of Copland; Plutarch's *Morals*, and Pliny's *Natural History*, two goodly folios, full as an egg of meat, and both translated by that old worthy Philemon, who for the service which he rendered to his contemporaries, and to his countrymen, deserves to be called the best of the Hollands, without disparaging either the Lord or the Doctor of that appellation. The whole works of Joshua Sylvester (whose name, let me tell the reader in passing, was accented upon the first syllable by his contemporaries, not as now upon the second);—Jean Petit's *History of the Netherlands*, translated and continued by Edward Grimston, another worthy of the Philemon order; Sir Kenelm Digby's *Discourses*; Stowe's *Chronicle*; Joshua Barnes's *Life of Edward III.*; 'Ripley Revived' by Eirenæus Philaethes, an Englishman styling himself Citizen of the World,' with its mysterious frontispiece representing the *Domus Naturæ*, to which, *Nil deest, nisi clavis*: the Pilgrim's Progress: two volumes of Ozell's translation of Rabelais; Latimer's *Sermons*; and the last volume of Fox's *Martyrs*, which latter book had been brought him by his wife. The Pilgrim's Progress was a godmother's present to his son: the odd volumes of Rabelais he had picked up at Kendal, at a sale, in a lot with Ripley Revived and Plutarch's *Morals*: the others he had inherited.

"Daniel had looked into all these books, read most of them, and believed all that he read, except Rabelais, which he could not tell what to make of. He was not however one of those persons who complacently suppose every thing to be nonsense, which they do not perfectly comprehend, or flatter themselves that they do. His simple heart judged of books by what they ought to be, little knowing what they are. It never occurred to him that any thing would be printed which was not worth printing, any thing which did not convey either reasonable delight or useful instruction: and he was no more disposed to doubt the truth of what he read, than to question the veracity of his neighbour, or any one who had no interest in deceiving him. A book carried with it to him authority in its very aspect. The *Morte d'Arthur* therefore he received for authentic history, just as he did the painful chronicle of honest John

Stowe, and the Barnesian labours of Joshua the self-satisfied : there was nothing in it indeed which stirred his English blood like the battle of Cressy and Poitiers and Najara ; yet on the whole he preferred it to Barnes's story, believed in Sir Tor, Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot and Sir Lamorack as entirely as in Sir John Chandos, the Capital de Buche and the Black Prince, and liked them better.

“ Latimer and Du Bartas he used sometimes to read aloud on Sundays ; and if the departed take cognizance of what passes on earth, and poets derive satisfaction from that posthumous applause which is generally the only reward of those who deserve it, Sylvester might have found some compensation for the undeserved neglect into which his works had sunk, by the full and devout delight which his rattling rhymes and quaint collocations afforded to this reader. The silver-tongued Sylvester however was reserved for a Sabbath book ; as a week-day author Daniel preferred Pliny, for the same reason that bread and cheese, or a rasher of hung mutton, contented his palate better than a syllabub.”

Good—very good. “ But there are more things in heaven and earth—Roberto—than are dreamt of in thy philosophy ;” and methinks one, who has studied so earnestly, and understood so clearly, so many salient points in the Progress and Prospects of Society, might laud the Past without libelling the Present—and in that spirit be hopeful of the Future. We row in the same boat—and though we too can pull a bit—and know how to trim her well, though sitting on a *thwaite* not four inches broad—we willingly let thee take the stroke oar. But ’ware of catching crabs—Bob—get rid of these antiquated pins—Bob—listen to the music of the rowlocks—Bob—and only see—Bob—how Kit feathers his oar ! Are we pert ? Then Jack’s as good as his master. We have not time to shake hands now over it—but back not water—Bob—we beseech thee—keep way upon the craft—Bob—and fear not, in spite of all thy old-fangled crotchets—Bob—that we two, before all competitors, shall shove her nose first across the stern of the goal-boat—hurra ! hurra ! hurra !

Think not that we love not old Daniel Dove—think not that we love him not a thousand times better than the common-run of the march-of-

knowledge-men—that we would not many thousand times rather take his chance of heaven ! Chance is not the word—but we cannot now hit on a better in place of a worse—so let it stand. No doubt there were many Daniel Doves in those days, though this Daniel who has come to judgment, is their chosen representative, and a topping man of the grade. But during that same era there were—in Scotland—men in the same grade—nobler even than he—who had never heard of the books that he studied on the week days and read even on the Sabbath—but who here below abided by the Bible for which their fathers had battled—and who, stern as iron that glows in the fire but will not melt, were yet weak as a woman’s tear. And are there not many such even now—here—and in unequalled England—who, though they have never heard of the heathens Daniel loved—and have their Christian hands daily *polluted*—as thou wouldst almost lament, O Southsayer !—“ by the dirty fingers of a retail vender ” of matters mean in comparison with the magnificent doings in the *Morte D’Arthur*—have yet fought and are fighting the good fight—in the midst of evils of which he had no experience—but of which theirs is rueful indeed—who have cast their anchor on the Rock of Ages—and look to the Star above all stars—and humbly hope that by its light they may be led across death’s dismal sea into everlasting life ?

Oh ! think not that we love not old Daniel Dove ! We know Pliny almost as well as he did—and our hearts burn towards him as we hear—not of his readings only, but of his doings too—in the following words, which we perceive—without any depression of mind—make our own look dim.

“ He frequently regretted that so knowing a writer had never seen or heard of Wethercote and Yordas caves ; the ebbing and flowing spring at Giggleswick, Malham Cove, and Gordale Scar, that he might have described them among the wonders of the world. *Omne ignotum pro magifico* is a maxim which will not in all cases hold good. There are things which we do not undervalue because we are familiar with them, but which are admired the more the more thoroughly they are

known and understood; it is thus with the grand objects of nature and the finest works of art—with whatsoever is truly great and excellent. Daniel was not deficient in imagination; but no description of places which he had never seen, however exaggerated (as such things always are), impressed him so strongly as these objects in his own neighbourhood, which he had known from childhood. Three or four times in his life it had happened that strangers, with a curiosity as uncommon in that age as it is general in this, came from afar to visit these wonders of the West Riding, and Daniel accompanied them with a delight such as he never experienced on any other occasion.

“ But the author in whom he delighted most was Plutarch, of whose works he was lucky enough to possess the worthier half: if the other had perished Plutarch would not have been a popular writer, but he would have held a higher place in the estimation of the judicious. Daniel could have posed a candidate for university honours, and perhaps the examiner too, with some of the odd learning which he had stored up in his memory from these great repositories of ancient knowledge. Refusing all reward for such services, the strangers to whom he officiated as a guide, though they perceived that he was an extraordinary person, were little aware how much information he had acquired, and of how strange a kind. His talk with them did not go beyond the subjects which the scenes they came to visit naturally suggested, and they wondered more at the questions he asked, than at any thing which he advanced himself. For his disposition was naturally shy, and that which had been bashfulness in youth assumed the appearance of reserve as he advanced in life; for having none to communicate with upon his favourite studies he lived in an intellectual world of his own, a mental solitude as complete as that of Alexander Selkirk or Robinson Crusoe. Even to the curate his conversation, if he had touched upon his books, would have been heathen Greek; and to speak the truth plainly, without knowing a letter of that language, he knew more about the Greeks, than nine-tenths of the clergy at that time, including all the dissenters, and than nine-tenths of the schoolmasters also.

“ Our good Daniel had none of that confidence which so usually and so unpleasantly characterises self-taught men. In fact he was by no means aware of the extent of his acquirements, all that he knew in this kind having been acquired for amusement, not for use. He had never attempted to teach himself any

thing. These books had lain in his way in boyhood, or fallen in it afterwards, and the perusal of them, intently as it was followed, was always accounted by him to be nothing more than recreation. None of his daily business had ever been neglected for it; he cultivated his fields and his garden, repaired his walls, looked to the stable, tended his cows and saved his sheep, as diligently and as contentedly as if he had possessed neither capacity nor inclination for any higher employments. Yet Daniel was one of those men, who, if disposition and aptitude were not overruled by circumstances, would have grown pale with study, instead of being bronzed and hardened by sun, and wind, and rain. There were in him undeveloped talents which might have raised him to distinction as an antiquary, a virtuoso of the Royal Society, a poet, or a theologian, to whichever course the bias in his ball of fortune had inclined. But he had not a particle of envy in his composition. He thought, indeed, that if he had had grammar learning in his youth like the curate he would have made more use of it; but there was nothing either of the sourness or bitterness (call it which you please) of repining in this natural reflection.

“ Never indeed was any man more contented with doing his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. And well he might be so, for no man ever passed through the world with less to disquiet or to sour him. Bred up in habits which secured the continuance of that humble but sure independence to which he was born, he had never known what it was to be anxious for the future. At the age of twenty-five he had brought home a wife, the daughter of a little landholder like himself, with fifteen pounds for her portion: and the true-love of his youth proved to him a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities. If at any time there had been some alloy in his happiness, it was when there appeared reason to suppose that in him his family would be extinct; for though no man knows what parental feelings are till he has experienced them, and Daniel therefore knew not the whole value of that which he had never enjoyed, the desire of progeny is natural to the heart of man; and though Daniel had neither large estates, nor an illustrious name to transmit, it was an unwelcome thought that the little portion of the earth which had belonged to his fathers time out of mind, should pass into the possession of some stranger, who would tread on their graves and his own

without any regard to the dust that lay beneath. That uneasy apprehension was removed after he had been married fifteen years, when to the great joy of both parents, because they had long ceased to entertain any hope of such an event, their wishes were fulfilled in the birth of a son. This their only child was healthy, apt and docile, to all appearance as happily disposed in mind and body as a father's heart could wish. If they had fine weather for winning their hay or shearing their corn, they thanked God for it—if the season proved unfavourable, the labour was only a little the more and the crop a little the worse. Their station secured them from want, and they had no wish beyond it. What more had Daniel to desire?"

We have heard not yet a word of young Daniel—more than a hint or two—and a hint or two is all we wish to hear—for we know that his father and mother have him—and that is enough—ah! the Young Doctor non-prescient of his fame. But little Dan had an Uncle as well as a Father—and such an Uncle!

"William Dove was Daniel's only surviving brother, seven years his junior. He was born with one of those heads in which the thin partition that divides great wits from folly is wanting. Had he come into the world a century sooner, he would have been taken *nolens volens* into some baron's household, to wear motley, make sport for the guests and domestics, and live in fear of the rod. But it was his better fortune to live in an age when this calamity rendered him liable to no such oppression, and to be precisely in that station which secured for him all the enjoyments of which he was capable, and all the care he needed. In higher life, he would probably have been consigned to the keeping of strangers, who would have taken charge of him for pay; in a humbler degree, he must have depended upon the parish for support; or have been made an inmate of one of those moral lazar-houses, in which age and infancy, the harlot and the idiot, the profligate and the unfortunate, are herded together.

"William Dove escaped these aggravations of calamity. He escaped also that persecution to which he would have been exposed in populous places, where boys run loose in packs, and harden one another in impudence, mischief, and cruelty. Natural feeling, when natural feeling is not corrupted, leads men to regard persons in his condition with a

compassion not unmixed with awe. It is common with the country people, when they speak of such persons, to point significantly at the head, and say, '*'tis not all there*;'—words denoting a sense of the mysteriousness of our nature, which perhaps they feel more deeply on this than on any other occasion. No outward and visible deformity can make them so truly apprehend how fearfully and wonderfully we are made.

"William Dove's was not a case of fatuity. Though *all* was not there, there was a great deal. He was what is called *half-saved*. Some of his faculties were more than ordinarily acute; but the power of self-conduct was entirely wanting in him. Fortunately it was supplied by a sense of entire dependence, which produced entire docility. A dog does not obey his master more dutifully than William obeyed his brother; and in this obedience there was nothing of fear; with all the strength and simplicity of a child's love, it had also the character and merit of a moral attachment.

"The professed and privileged fool was generally characterised by a spice of knavery, and not unfrequently of maliciousness. The unnatural situation in which he was placed, tended to excite such propensities, and even to produce them. William had shrewdness enough for the character, but nothing of this appeared in his disposition; ill-usage might perhaps have awakened it, and to a fearful degree, if he had proved as sensible to injury as he was to kindness. But he had never felt an injury. He could not have been treated with more tenderness in Turkey (where a degree of holiness is imputed to persons in his condition) than was uniformly shown him within the little sphere of his perambulations. It was surprising how much he had picked up within that little sphere. Whatever event occurred, whatever tale was current, whatever traditions were preserved, whatever superstitions were believed, William knew them all; and all that his insatiable ear took in, his memory hoarded. Half the proverbial sayings in Ray's volume were in his head, and as many more with which Ray was unacquainted. He knew many of the stories which our children are now receiving as novelties in the selections from Grimm's *Kinder-und Haus-Marchen*, and as many of those which are collected in the Danish Folk-Sagn. And if some zealous lover of legendary lore (like poor John Leyden or Sir Walter Scott) had fallen in with him, the Shakspearian commentators might perhaps have had the whole story of St Withold; the Wolf of the World's End might have been iden-

tified with Fenris, and found to be a relic of the Scalds; and Rauf Collyer and John the Reeve might still have been as well known as Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie.

“William had a great fondness for his nephew. Let not Protestants suppose that nepotism is an affection confined to the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. In its excess indeed it is peculiarly a Papal vice,—which is a degree higher than a cardinal one; but like many other sins it grows out of the corruption of a good feeling. It may be questioned whether fond uncles are not as numerous as unkind ones, notwithstanding our recollections of King Richard and the Children in the Wood. We may use the epithet nepotious for those who carry this fondness to the extent of dotting, and as expressing that degree of fondness, it may be applied to William Dove: he was a nepotious uncle. The father regarded young Daniel with a deeper and more thoughtful, but not with a fonder affection, not with such a dotting attachment. Dinah herself, though a fond as well as careful mother, did not more thoroughly

‘delight to hear
Her early child misspeak half uttered words’
(DONNE);

and perhaps the boy, so long as he was incapable of distinguishing between their moral qualities and their relative claims to his respect and love and duty, loved his uncle most of the three. The father had no idle hours; in the intervals, when he was not otherwise employed, one of his dear books usually lay open before him, and if he was not feeding upon the page, he was ruminating the food it had afforded him. But William Dove, from the time that his nephew became capable of noticing and returning caresses, seemed to have concentrated upon him all his affections. With children affection seldom fails of finding its due return; and if he had not thus won the boy’s heart in infancy, he would have secured it in childhood by winning his ear with these marvellous stories. But he possessed another talent, which would alone have made him a favourite with children,—the power of imitating animal sounds with singular perfection. A London manager would have paid him well for performing the cock in Hamlet. He could bray in octaves to a nicety, set the geese gabbling by addressing them in their own tongue, and make the turkey-cock spread his fan, brush his wing against the ground, and angrily gob-gobble in answer to a gobble of defiance. But he prided himself more upon his success with the owls, as an ac-

complishment of more difficult attainment. In this Mr Wordsworth’s boy of Winander was not more perfect. Both hands were used as an instrument in producing the notes; and if Pope could have heard the responses which came from barn and doddered oak and ivied crag, he would rather (satirist as he was) have left Ralph unsatirized, than have vilified one of the wildest and sweetest of nocturnal sounds.

“He was not less expert to a human ear in hitting off the wood-pigeon’s note, though he could not in this instance provoke a reply. This sound he used to say ought to be natural to him, and it was wrong in the bird not to acknowledge his relation. Once when he had made too free with a lass’s lips, he disarmed his brother of a reprehensive look, by pleading that as his name was William Dove, it behoved him both to *bill* and to *coo*.”

Sir Walter would have understood this—nay, what did he not understand? But we meant to say his grey eyes would have glistened while he read of the “*half saved*”—and perhaps he would have wondered how it had happened that such a being had never occupied a place in his own imagination—but assuredly he had not enviously grudged that a William Dove had been pictured on the page of another Great Master.

But young Daniel’s education was not intrusted wholly to such tutors—and he who drew Dominic Sampson—not that they are otherwise alike than that they are both simple children of nature—would have been pleased with the sketch—and it is no more—though to fill it up would be to spoil it—of Richard Guy.

“A man of a different stamp from either came in declining life to settle at Ingleton in the humble capacity of school-master, a little before young Daniel was capable of more instruction than could be given him at home. Richard Guy was his name; he is the person to whom the lovers of old rhyme are indebted for the preservation of the old poem of Flodden Field, which he transcribed from an ancient manuscript, and which was printed from his transcript by Thomas Gent of York. In his way through the world, which had not been along the King’s high Dunstable road, Guy had picked up a competent share of Latin, a little Greek, some practical knowledge of physic, and more of its theory; astrology enough to cast a nativity, and more acquaintance

with alchemy than has often been possessed by one who never burnt his fingers in its processes. These acquirements were grafted on a disposition as obliging as it was easy; and he was beholden to nature for an understanding so clear and quick that it might have raised him to some distinction in the world if he had not been under the influence of an imagination at once lively and credulous. Five and fifty years had taught him none of the world's wisdom; they had sobered his mind without maturing it; but he had a wise heart, and the wisdom of the heart is worth all other wisdom.

"Daniel was too far advanced in life to fall in friendship; he felt a certain degree of attractiveness in this person's company; there was, however, so much of what may better be called reticence than reserve in his own quiet habitual manners, that it would have been long before their acquaintance ripened into any thing like intimacy, if an accidental circumstance had not brought out the latent sympathy which on both sides had till then rather been apprehended than understood. They were walking together one day when young Daniel, who was then in his sixth year, looking up in his father's face, proposed this question: 'will it be any harm, father, if I steal five beans when next I go into Jonathan Douthwaites, if I can do it without any one's seeing me?'

"'And what wouldst thou steal beans for,' was the reply, 'when any body would give them to thee, and when thou knowest there are plenty at home?'

"'But it won't do to have them given, father,' the boy replied. 'They are to charm away my warts. Uncle William says I must steal five beans, a bean for every wart, and tie them carefully up in paper, and carry them to a place where two roads cross, and then drop them, and walk away without ever once looking behind me. And then the warts will go away from me, and come upon the hands of the person that picks up the beans.'

"'Nay, boy,' the father made answer; 'that charm was never taught by a white witch! If thy warts are a trouble to thee, they would be a trouble to any one else; and to get rid of an evil from ourselves, Daniel, by bringing it upon another, is against our duty to our neighbour. Have nothing to do with a charm like that!'

"'May I steal a piece of raw beef then,' rejoined the boy, 'and rub the warts with it and bury it? For uncle says that will do, and as the beef rots, so the warts will waste away.'

"'Daniel,' said the father, 'those can be no lawful charms that begin with

stealing; I could tell thee how to cure thy warts in a better manner. There is an infallible way, which is by washing the hands in moonshine, but then the moonshine must be caught in a bright silver basin. You wash and wash in the basin, and a cold moisture will be felt upon the hands, proceeding from the cold and moist rays of the moon.'

"'But what shall we do for a silver basin,' said little Daniel?

"The father answered, 'a pewter dish might be tried if it were made very bright; but it is not deep enough. The brass kettle perhaps might do better.'

"'Nay,' said Guy, who had now begun to attend with some interest, 'the shape of a kettle is not suitable. It should be a concave vessel, so as to concentrate the rays. Joshua Wilson, I dare say, would lend his brass basin, which he can very well spare at the hour you want it, because nobody comes to be shaved by moonlight. The moon rises early enough to serve at this time. If you come in this evening at six o'clock I will speak to Joshua in the mean time, and have the basin as bright and shining as a good scouring can make it. The experiment is curious, and I should like to see it tried. Where, Daniel, didst thou learn it?'—'I read it,' replied Daniel, 'in Sir Kenelm Digby's Discourses, and he says it never fails.'

"Accordingly the parties met at the appointed hour. Mambrino's helmet when new from the armourer's, or when brighter for a tournament, was not brighter than Guy had rendered the inside of the barber's basin. Schoolmaster, father, and son retired to a place out of observation, by the side of the river, a wild stream tumbling among the huge stones which it had brought down from the hills. On one of these stones sat Daniel the elder, holding the basin in such an inclination toward the moon that there should be no shadow in it; Guy directed the boy where to place himself so as not to intercept the light, and stood looking complacently on, while young Daniel revolved his hands one in another within the empty basin, as if washing them. 'I feel them cold and clammy, father!' said the boy. (It was the beginning of November.) 'Aye,' replied the father, 'that's the cold moisture of the moon!'—'Aye!' echoed the schoolmaster, and nodded his head in confirmation.

"The operation was repeated on the two following nights; and Daniel would have kept up his son two hours later than his regular time of rest to continue it on the third if the evening had not set in with clouds and rain. In spite of the patient's

belief that the warts would waste away and were wasting (for Prince Hohenlohe could not require more entire faith than was given on this occasion), no alteration could be perceived in them at a fortnight's end. Daniel thought the experiment had failed because it had not been repeated sufficiently often, nor perhaps continued long enough. But the schoolmaster was of opinion that the cause of failure was in the basin: for that silver, being the lunar metal, would by affinity assist the influential virtues of the moonlight, which finding no such affinity in a mixed metal of baser compounds, might contrariwise have its potential qualities weakened, or even destroyed, when received in a brassen vessel, and reflected from it. Flossofer Daniel assented to this theory. Nevertheless, as the child got rid of his troublesome excrescences in the course of three or four months, all parties, disregarding the lapse of time at first, and afterwards fairly forgetting it, agreed that the remedy had been effectual, and Sir Kenelm, if he had been living, might have procured the solemn attestation of men more veracious than himself, that moonshine was an infallible cure for warts."

"Light lie the earth," breathes the Doctor's biographer, "upon the bones of Richard Guy, the schoolmaster of Ingleton. He never consumed birch enough in his vocation to have made a besom." O Busby! Busby! by this time thou must have sorely repented the deeds done in the flesh, and so must thou, O Wiggissime! Parr — Parr — Parr! We pity your poor bottoms! and will no compassionate devil pick out the thorns! You were two great scholars—two great savages—and now you have your reward. They say you ought both to have been Bishops—but there is no justice on earth. A future state of retribution makes finally all things square—and now you are on the Bench. But we fear it may be thought we are getting a little impious, and shall be mute. Childhood is not prone to cursing—yet with blistered hands and flead hurdies can it be expected to pray? Not for the tyrants of the rod—the pitiless pedants who knew no joy on earth like that of "establishing a raw"—who at their desk in the schoolroom were more unsparing in their wrathful pride, than on his throne in the palace the Autocrat of all the Russias.

But Richard Guy is in heaven. How little Daniel Dove loved him—and many other good boys—not better than their own fathers—but almost as well! And how they revered him—not more than their own fathers—but with a peculiar reverence in which none other shared! "A sour, ill-tempered pedagogue would have driven Daniel through the briers and brambles of the grammar, and founded him in its sloughs; Guy led him gently along its green sward. He felt that childhood should not be made altogether a season of painful acquisition, and that the fruits of the sacrifices then made are uncertain as to the account to which they may be turned, and are also liable to the contingencies of life at least, if not otherwise jeopardized." He exercised Dan in writing Latin according to the rules of Lily—and at fourteen he could have stood the Little-Go. When he had done with Cordery, Erasmus was taken up; and then "Guy put into his pupil's hands the Dialogues of Johannes Ravisius Textor." We can afford to confess that here the Doctor, when yet a little boy, had the advantage over us even now that we are an aged man. Christopher North—learned as he appears at a Noctes—never dived into the Dialogues of Johannes Ravisius Textor. Richard Guy delighted in them—in their morality and their satire—and so did dainty Dan Dove. "The book was neither in any respect above his comprehension, nor below his taste; and Joseph Warton never rolled off the hexameters of Virgil or Homer, *ore rotundo*, with more delight, when expatiating with all the feeling of a scholar and a poet upon their beauties, to such pupils as Headley, and Russel, and Bowles, than Guy paraphrased these rude but striking allegories to his delighted Daniel." Old Daniel was glad to see Richard Guy so taken up about his boy, and his boy so attached to the schoolmaster—for the experiment with the warts had won his heart, while it had convinced his reason, and carried away his imagination.

"From this time the two Flossofers were friends. Daniel seldom went to Ingleton without looking in upon Guy, if it were between school hours. Guy,

on his part, would walk as far with him on the way back as the tether of his own time allowed, and frequently on Saturdays and Sundays he strolled out and took a seat by Daniel's fire-side. Even the wearying occupation of hearing one generation of urchins after another repeat *a-b ab*, hammering the first rules of arithmetic into leaden heads, and pacing, like a horse in a mill, the same dull dragging round day after day, had neither diminished Guy's good nature, nor lessened his love for children. He had from the first conceived a liking for young Daniel, both because of the right principle which was evinced by the manner in which he proposed the question concerning stealing the beans, and of the profound gravity (worthy of a Flossifer's son) with which he behaved in the affair of the moonshine. All that he saw and heard of him tended to confirm this favourable prepossession; and the boy, who had been taught to read in the Bible and in Stowe's Chronicle, was committed to his tuition at seven years of age.

"Five days in the week (for in the North of England Saturday as well as Sunday is a Sabbath to the schoolmaster) did young Daniel, after supping his porringer of oat-meal pottage, set off to school, with a little basket containing his dinner in his hand. This provision usually consisted of oat-cake and cheese, the latter in goodly proportion, but of the most frugal quality, whatever cream the milk afforded having been consigned to the butter tub. Sometimes it was a piece of cold bacon or of cold pork; and in winter there was the luxury of a shred pie, which is a coarse north country edition of the pie abhorred by Puritans. The distance was in those days called two miles; but miles of such long measure that they were for him a good hour's walk at a cheerful pace. He never loitered on the way, being at all times brisk in his movements, and going to school with a spirit as light as when he returned from it, like one whose blessed lot it was never to have experienced, and therefore never to stand in fear of severity or unkindness. For he was not more a favourite with Guy for his docility, and regularity, and diligence, than he was with his schoolfellows for his thorough good-nature and a certain original oddity of humour.

"There are some boys who take as much pleasure in exercising their intellectual faculties, as others do when putting forth the power of arms and legs in boisterous exertion. Young Daniel was from his childhood fond of books. William Dove

used to say he was a chip of the old block; and this hereditary disposition was regarded with much satisfaction by both parents, Dinah having no higher ambition nor better wish for her son, than that he might prove like his father in all things. This being the bent of his nature, the boy having a kind master as well as a happy home, never tasted of what old Lily calls (and well might call) the wearisome bitterness of the scholar's learning. He was never subject to the brutal discipline of the Udals, and Busbys, and Boyers, and Parrs, and other less notorious tyrants who have trodden in their steps; nor was any of that inhuman injustice ever exercised upon him to break his spirit, for which it is to be hoped Dean Colet has paid in purgatory;—to be hoped, I say, because if there be no purgatory, the dean may have gone farther and fared worse. Being the only *Latiner* in the school his lessons were heard with more interest and less formality. Guy observed his progress with almost as much delight and as much hope as Daniel himself. A schoolmaster who likes his vocation feels toward the boys who deserve his favour something like a thrifty and thriving father toward the children for whom he is scraping together wealth; he is contented that his humble and patient industry should produce fruit not for himself, but for them, and looks with pride to a result in which it is impossible for him to partake, and which in all likelihood he may never live to see. Even some of the old phlebotomists have had this feeling to redeem them."

And what were little Dan's out of door recreations? Why all those which lads at his age enjoyed a hundred years ago—and most delightful of them all were the Puppet-Shows of Roland Dixon, the Gesticulator Maximus, or Puppet-Show-Master-General of the North The Rowlandian Dixonian, or Ingletonian Puppets, were as large as life. They performed stock-pieces founded upon popular stories or ballads, such as Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, and Bateman, who hanged himself for love; with Scriptural subjects for Easter and Whitsun-week, such as the Creation, the Deluge, Susannah and the Elders, and Nebuchadnezzar, or the Fall of Pride. "A tragic part," says our Biographer, was assigned to Punch in one of Rowland Dixon's pieces, and that one of the most popular, being the

celebrated tragedy of Jane Shore. The Beadle in this piece, after proclaiming in obvious and opprobrious rhyme the offence which had drawn upon Mrs Shore this public punishment, prohibited all persons from relieving her on pain of death, and turned her out, according to the common story, to die of hunger in the streets. The only person who ventured to disobey this prohibition was Punch, the baker; and the reader may judge of the dialogue of these pieces by the baker's words, when he stole behind her, and nudging her furtively while he spoke, offered her a loaf, saying, '*tak it, Jenny, tak it!*' for which act, so little consonant with his general character, Punch died a martyr to humanity by the hangman's hands. Then the famous Dr Green, the mountebank, with his man, Kemp, as aid-de-camp, and Merry Andrew, used to take Ingleton in his rounds—but of him and his nostrums see Chapter xxiv. p. 1, and attend now to far different matter. The following is a pregnant passage, that may set your wits a-working—but, Saunders Wise would say, "the doctrine's verra problematical."

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old his feet will not depart from it." Generally speaking it will be found so; but is there any other rule to which there are so many exceptions?

"Ask the serious Christian, as he calls himself, or the professor (another and more fitting appellation which the Christian Pharisees have chosen for themselves)—ask him whether he has found it hold good? Whether his sons, when they attained to years of discretion (which are the most indiscreet years in the course of human life), have profited as he expected by the long extemporaneous prayers to which they listened night and morning, the sad Sabbaths which they were compelled to observe, and the soporific sermons which closed the domestic religiosities of those melancholy days? Ask him if this discipline has prevented them from running headlong into the follies and vices of the age? from being bird-limed by dissipation? or caught in the spider's web of sophistry and unbelief? 'It is no doubt a true observation,' says Bishop Patrick, 'that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry, is to lace

them too hard, by denying them their just freedom.'

"Ask the old faithful servant of Mammon, whom Mammon has rewarded to his heart's desire, and in whom the acquisition of riches has only increased his eagerness for acquiring more—ask him whether he has succeeded in training up his heir to the same service? He will tell you that the young man is to be found upon race-grounds, and in gaming-houses, that he is taking his swing of extravagance and excess, and is on the high road to ruin.

"Ask the wealthy quaker, the pillar of the meeting—most orthodox in heterodoxy,—who never wore a garment of forbidden cut or colour, never bent his body in salutation, or his knees in prayer,—never uttered the heathen name of a day or month, nor ever address himself to any person without religiously speaking illegitimate English,—ask him how it has happened that the tailor has converted his sons? He will fold his hands, and twirl his thumbs mournfully in silence. It has not been for want of training them in the way wherein it was his wish that they should go.

"You are about, sir, to send your son to a public school; Eton or Westminster; Winchester or Harrow; Rugby or the Charter House, no matter which. He may come from either an accomplished scholar to the utmost extent that school education can make him so; he may be the better both for its discipline and its want of discipline; it may serve him excellently well as a preparatory school for the world into which he is about to enter. But also he may come away an empty coxcomb or a hardened brute—a spendthrift—a profligate—a blackguard or a sot.

"To put a boy in the way he should go, is like sending out a ship well found, well manned and stored, and with a careful captain; but there are rocks and shallows in her course, winds and currents to be encountered, and all the contingencies and perils of the sea.

"How often has it been seen that sons, not otherwise deficient in duty toward their parents, have, in the most momentous concerns of life, taken the course most opposite to that in which they were trained to go, going wrong where the father would have directed them aright, or taking the right path in spite of all inducements and endeavours for leading them wrong! The son of Charles Wesley, born and bred in Methodism, and bound to it by all the strongest ties of pride and prejudice, became a Papist. This indeed was but passing from one

erroneous persuasion to another, and a more inviting one. But Isaac Casaubon also had the grief of seeing a son seduced into the Romish superstition, and on the part of that great and excellent man, there had been no want of discretion in training him, nor of sound learning and sound wisdom. Archbishop Leighton, an honour to his church, his country, and his kind, was the child of one of those firebrands who kindled the Great Rebellion. And Franklin had a son, who, notwithstanding the example of his father (and such a father!), continued stedfast in his duty as a soldier and a subject; he took the unsuccessful side—but

‘Nunquam successu crescat honestum.’

LUCAN.

“No such disappointment was destined to befall our Daniel. The way in which he trained up his son was that into which the bent of the boy's own nature would have led him; and all circumstances combined to favour the tendency of his education. The country, abounding in natural objects of sublimity and beauty (some of these singular in their kind), might have impressed a duller imagination than had fallen to his lot; and that imagination had time enough for its workings during his solitary walks to and from school morning and evening. His home was in a lonely spot; and having neither brother nor sister, nor neighbours near enough in any degree to supply their place as playmates, he became his father's companion imperceptibly as he ceased to be his fondling. And the effect was hardly less apparent in Daniel than in the boy. He was no longer the same taciturn person as of yore; it seemed as if his tongue had been loosened, and when the reservoirs of his knowledge were opened they flowed freely.

“Their chimney corner on a winter's evening presented a group not unworthy of Sir Joshua's pencil. There sat Daniel, richer in marvellous stories than ever traveller who in the days of mendacity returned from the East; the peat fire shining upon a countenance which, weather-hardened as it was, might have given the painter a model for a Patriarch, so rare was the union which it exhibited of intelligence, benevolence, and simplicity. There sat the boy with open eyes and ears, raised head, and fallen lip, in all the happiness of wonder and implicit belief. There sat Dinah, not less proud of her husband's learning than of the towardsly disposition and promising talents of her son,—twirling the thread at her spinning-wheel, but attending to all that

past; and when there was a pause in the discourse, fetching a deep sigh, and exclaiming, ‘Lord bless us! what wonderful things there are in the world!’ There also sat Haggy, knitting stockings, and sharing in the comforts and enjoyments of the family when the day's work was done. And there sat William Dove;—but William must have a chapter to himself.”

Our friend scorns all metaphysicians—not being one himself—and eke all psychologists—indeed he is too ready with his scorn—and perhaps he will even scorn Us. But as he has had for hours the ear of the house—will he allow us—by way of interlude—for a leetle while to play the Doctor. Let us clear our voice—hem!

The alterations which strike us in the *appearance* of the mind sometimes proceed from a change of circumstances which, without inwardly altering its character, simply produce it in a different aspect. For the dispositions and powers which are at any time most marked to our observation, are not always those which are given in fullest measure to the mind itself. That passion, which shall hereafter take possession of the whole man, and rule over him for weal or woe, lies sleeping perhaps in the young bosom, because the circumstances of life hitherto are such, that no room is given it to act, no object has yet appeared to arouse it. It exists already in its strength, but it is not yet disclosed. The change of situation, therefore, through which the human being passes, may seem to change his character, by merely more truly discovering it to us.

Of this we see the example, to a certain extent, in every one around us. The mere common progress of life, with the altered relations which it brings, force the mind to display itself in different manners,—to try powers which heretofore it had not needed to use, but which it finds in itself under the very pressure of the emergency which requires them, and bring to light its unsuspected weakness, when the strength on which it was stayed is withdrawn, and it is left to seek support in itself. Thus, that simple and universal change of external circumstances, through which every human being goes, in passing from youth to manhood, the change from a state of

subjection to others to a state of liberty and self-dependence, does of itself show the character in different lights, sometimes in the most extraordinary contrast. For the boy is not able to know what is the will of his self-left mind: his imagination and his heart are under the awe of others: his will, therefore, is obedient, even more than he knows; and his passions have not leave to speak. The time draws on when that awe which now rests with gracious and gentle influence upon his spirit, or which curbs it down with salutary control, will pass away, when standing as the equal of men among men, he will look into the thoughts of his own breast alone for the mandate that shall govern his conduct through life. Who can tell what passions will then break loose, when the restraint that has hitherto bound them in, is withdrawn; when for that holy or that stern authority which has till now ruled over him, he shall know no law, but the coercion which his conscience shall exercise over his unfettered inclination? He discovers that hitherto he has stood innocent and secure, by the virtue and the protecting strength of others; and is astonished to perceive with what facility the imagined goodness of his heart slips from him, and how easy and how weak a prey he falls to the first dangers and first difficulties that show themselves in his path. In either event, the result of the change of circumstances, is a production of character actually existing, not a formation of character. The mind is more truly discovered, not changed; and so it might have been with young Daniel Dove—he might have turned out the very devil, and not the Doctor.

If we should pursue farther the same progress, and follow men into the various destinations of life which the world throws open to them, we should find yet further and much more diversified exemplification of the effect thus produced by the change of circumstances, to discover long before it has begun to alter the character.

This exemplification is often very striking on account of the defined and specific form of life which belongs to these destinations, and which by their defined form, if they

are suited, are often singularly suited—if they are opposed, are often singularly opposed, to the individual character and genius. In one case, the correspondence which a man finds between the profession on which he has entered, and his own peculiar cast of mind, animates and arouses his powers. In the other, the discordancy which he is made to feel at every moment, between the mind of which he is conscious and the tasks it is called to discharge, discourages and afflicts him. This specific determination of the new circumstances in which he is placed, at once then appeals to, and calls forth powers in the mind which lay there, though unknown, and thus, without altering, makes truer discovery of its excellencies,—or, appealing to powers which it has not, makes discovery of its defects. And this disclosure, let it be remembered, regards not only the intellectual genius, which is what we are perhaps accustomed too exclusively to consider, in estimating the adaptation of the individual mind to its vocation, but attaches equally to what is at least equally important, its moral adaptation, the fitness, that is, or unfitness of its constitution, in passion and affection, to the duties incumbent on it. Here then is a very marked example in this great change of circumstances—one of the most important that can occur to the individual, and on which the whole future of his fortunes, and often of his virtues, is hung—the power of circumstances to make discovery of the real character of the mind:—a discovery, in this instance, pregnant with consequences—since, for the most part, the mind is from that moment either roused to the full use of its powers, or cast down from the possession of those which it has hitherto enjoyed. Hence it is that almost every one may know examples from his own experience, of those who, from the time their course of life has been chosen, have greatly risen above the opinion and expectation of all who knew them; and others who, from the same moment, have as suddenly fallen below it. It might have been so with Dan, had he not been allowed to be—The Doctor.

But these specific and peculiar

courses of life which are thus marked out to individual men, discover their minds not merely by this general adaptation of which we have spoken,—they often carry with them specific adaptation to some single quality of the intellect or the disposition, which they thus find out and elicit. Seeds of virtue or of vice, of genius or wild error, which had lain buried in the depths of the mind, are thrown up into air and sunshine, and begin to spring. Dispositions most at variance with the seeming character of the mind begin to have place. How different may that heart be, which in the simplicity and purity of youthful imagination conversed with itself, and drew its desires only from its own high nature, from that to which the world has opened up its paths of wealth, renown, and power, and which has tasted—has drunk deep of the cup of the intoxication of the passions, which bewilder the virtue of the children of men! What could he know of himself while he was yet untried? He may know himself now, when the spirits that are let loose on the earth have assailed him, and have searched out the frailty and the hidden vice of his soul. Such changes are alike for good and evil. He who thought negligently of himself, who was careless of his repute and of his inward worth, may be flattered into self-estimation, and raised in the whole character of his mind, when he finds the power which the very station he holds gives him at once over the welfare of others—when he feels the dignity it procures him in their estimation—and a genial consciousness which he never felt before may pervade his whole spirit, when, if the avocations to which he is engaged, the scenes and events through which it leads him, are grateful to his genius, or animating to his heart. That *discovery* of character, of which we have hitherto spoken, is the ascertainment of a *fact*, important to us to know, and till then unknown. But the *change* of character that is gradually effected when the mind has been for a length of time exposed to the operation of new circumstances, is far otherwise important, since it regards not a fact already decided, but the undetermined future. It belongs to the

subject which is of all others the most important to the moral philosopher, the *formation* of human character, the investigation of the causes of growth and decay in its powers, of the stability and frailty of its virtues.

The very change the progress of life brings to the mind, may often essentially alter its moral character. Reason enlarging, and imagination expanding, do themselves affect the passions; and the understanding becoming more enlightened to approve and condemn, purifies the heart.

This moral change, which arises out of the natural progress of the intellectual mind, is, in many persons, not distinctly known to themselves. For as their understanding advances, and experience extends their knowledge of human life, of the different objects of human pursuit, of the means by which they must be followed, the sacrifices they demand, and the difficulty and sometimes the impracticability of their attainment—many of their early desires and hopes drop away of themselves; passions which, for a time, had strong hold on the imagination, have utterly disappeared! Not that the wiser mind has regularly compared them with reality and the possibilities of the world, and upon finding them unsuited to this scene of things, has deliberately thrown them aside—but they were illusions which have fallen away unfeared from advancing reason—or other passions which the mind in its maturest reason allows, have arisen up and displaced them. It must have been so even with the Doctor.

The slow and gradual transmutation which the mind sometimes undergoes to a surprising extent, and which is experienced in some degree by all, is to be ascribed less to the altered convictions of the understanding, than to the natural operation on the affections and passions of their own proper objects. For some feelings, which were vivid merely because they were new, die away of themselves when they have tasted their gratification. Others, which have a deeper seat, and which were scarcely apprehended by the mind to be lodged within it, because the occasions by which they might make themselves known had not yet been offered, disclose themselves at last. And these, which are sometimes

weak at first, and to which the mind slowly grants indulgence, come at last by their own gradual unfolding to acquire great power, to diffuse themselves through the whole being, and to exhibit themselves as holding an important part in the conformation of its character. Such change proceeds then by the natural law of the growth and decay of passion. Hence it is found to happen that all minds are at all times undergoing change unknown to themselves; being subject to influence of which they cannot prejudice the force. So men, wild and reckless in their life, following with desperate impetuosity their blind and uncontrolled passions, have become tranquil and sedate, when new relations have opened up to them a deep and tranquil happiness, which before they knew not of, or could not find. In such a change of life and mind, other powers from the depth of the spirit, which had been inactive before, rise up into unwonted and spontaneous activity. That moral sense which the tumult of the world had disordered, begins to return to its natural state and proper empire. The strong feeling of an inward happiness, free from all evil, and blended with all good—the knowledge that is laid open by that very feeling of the real nature of the human mind, and of the real welfare of human beings—is a strong auxiliary support of the highest moral feeling. In such a mind, if piety has fallen asleep it revives in the grateful sense of blessings unnumbered and undeserved. How vain and sad appears to the later mind, chastised by its sufferings, enlightened by its better happiness, the troubled dream of the days that have rolled off from paths now bright with sunshine, and sweet with the freshest flowers! He sees that he was ignorant indeed of human life, when he believed that the gusts of passion, its vehement and transient enjoyment, were that good which the soul is framed to desire—when peace and virtue appeared to him barren, cold, and joyless. He understands now with what nature we are framed; and perceives what a far more powerful interest is attached to the commonest affections than to the fiercest and proudest passions; that a father can look into futurity for his child with more anxiety and

intent expectation than for himself. Was it not even so with the Doctor?

In like manner may the mind be slowly dragged down from its own elevation. For at first it is mixed of passions tending to good and ill, and if it is sometimes the sport of a distempered will, at others it reascends to the consciousness of its own dignity and power. It sustains, therefore, no conscious forfeiture of its nature, while it feels the alternation of these states, and when it has been humbled and sickened by the shame of its faults, can rise up again to trample in scorn on those unworthy passions, and to tower up from the remembrance of its self-humiliation. But these alternations can hardly be long continued. The stronger tendency of the mind will declare itself. It must rise or fall. And if it falls, if vice, which it hates, can fasten its degradation upon the soul, if the conviction comes at last that all proud hope is forfeited, that the struggle is hopeless of good against evil, then will that fixed and habitual subjugation of the mind to debasing ill, work slow and desperate change in its whole character. Those faculties, those affections, those ardent desires, which once raised it up in its own conception, and in the admiring eyes of others, will consume and perish away. Knowledge will be no longer high and clear; imagination will bow down her lofty head; generous and heroic desires will decay with their own hollowness; benevolence will shrink up within the narrowed heart; till the mind has withdrawn itself altogether from the likeness of the lot to which it was born, and changed itself to the resemblance of that which it has chosen. It was not so with the Doctor.

Hast thou wearied of our philosophy, O! thou reader, dull, yet dear? Then clear the motes from thine eyes by a precious passage from this extraordinary Book—and declare that this is an excellent number of *Maga*.

“ ‘But,’ said the youngster, ‘there was one philosopher who chose to live in a tub; and another who, that he might never again see any thing to withdraw his mind from meditation, put out his eyes by looking upon a bright brass basin, such as I cured my warts in.’

“ ‘He might have been a wise man,’ said William Dove, ‘but not wondrous

wise: for if he had, he would not have used the basin to put his eyes out. He would have jumped into a quickset hedge, and scratched them out, like the Man of our Town; because, when he saw his eyes were out, he might then have jumped into another hedge and scratched them in again. The Man of our Town was the greatest philosopher of the two.'

"'And there was one,' continued the boy, 'who had better have blinded himself at once, for he did nothing else but cry at every thing he saw. Was not this being very foolish?'

"'I am sure,' says William, 'it was not being merry and wise.'

"'There was another who said that hunger was his daily food.'

"'He must have kept such a table as Duke Humphrey,' quoth William; 'I should not have liked to dine with him.'

"'Then there was Crates,' said the persevering boy; 'he had a good estate and sold it, and threw the money into the sea, saying, "away, ye paltry cares! I will drown you, that you may not drown me."'

"'I should like to know,' quoth William, 'what the overseers said to that chap, when he applied to the parish for support.'

"'They sent him off to bedlam, I suppose,' said the mother, 'it was the fit place for him, poor creature.'

"'And when Aristippus set out upon a journey he bade his servants throw away all their money, that they might travel the better. Why they must have begged their way, and it cannot be right to beg if people are not brought to it by misfortune. And there were some who thought there was no God. I am sure they were fools, for the Bible says so.'

"'Well, Daniel,' said Guy, 'thou hast studied the end of the Dictionary to some purpose!'

"'And the Bible, too, Master Guy!' said Dinah,—her countenance brightening with joy at her son's concluding remark.

"'It's the best part of the book,' said the boy, replying to his schoolmaster; 'there are more entertaining and surprising things there than I ever read in any other place, except in my father's book about Pantagruel.'

"The elder Daniel had listened to this dialogue in his usual quiet way, smiling sometimes at his brother William's observations. He now stroked his forehead, and, looking mildly but seriously at the boy, addressed him thus—

"'My son, many things appear strange or silly in themselves if they are presented to us simply, without any notice when and where they were done, and upon

what occasion. If any strangers, for example, had seen thee washing thy hands in an empty basin, without knowing the philosophy of the matter, they would have taken thee for an innocent, and thy master and me for little better; or they might have supposed some conjuring was going on. The things which the old philosophers said and did would appear, I dare say, as wise to us as they did to the people of their own times, if we knew why and in what circumstances they were done and said.'

"'Daniel, there are two sorts of men in all ranks and ways of life, the wise and the foolish; and there are a great many degrees between them. That some foolish people have called themselves philosophers, and some wicked ones, and some who were out of their wits, is just as certain as that persons of all these descriptions are to be found among all conditions of men.

"'Philosophy, Daniel, is of two kinds; that which relates to conduct, and that which relates to knowledge. The first teaches us to value all things at their real worth, to be contented with little, modest in prosperity, patient in trouble, equal-minded at all times. It teaches us our duty to our neighbour and ourselves. It is that wisdom of which King Solomon speaks in our rhyme-book. Reach me the volume!' Then, turning to the passage in his favourite *Du Bartas*, he read these lines:

"'She's God's own mirror; she's a light whose
glance
Springs from the lightning of his countenance.
She's mildest heaven's most sacred influence;
Never decays her beauties' excellence,
Aye like herself; and she doth always trace
Not only the same path but the same pace.
Without her, honour, health, and wealth would
prove
Three poisons to me. Wisdom from above
Is the only moderatrix, spring and guide,
Organ and honour of all gifts beside.'

"'But let us look in the Bible:—ay, this is the place.

"'For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good;

"'Kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure and most subtil spirits.

"'For wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness.

"'For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence, flowing from the glory of the Almighty; therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.

"'For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the

power of God, and the image of his goodness.

“ And being but one she can do all things ; and remaining in herself she maketh all things new : and in all ages entering into holy souls she maketh them friends of God, and prophets.

“ For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom.

“ For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars ; being compared with the light she is found before it.

“ For after this cometh night : but vice shall not prevail against wisdom.’

“ He read this with a solemnity that gave weight to every word. Then closing the book, after a short pause, he proceeded in a lower tone—

“ The philosophers of whom you have read in the Dictionary possessed this wisdom only in part, because they were heathens, and therefore could see no farther than the light of mere reason sufficed to show the way. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and they had not that to begin with. So the thoughts which ought to have made them humble produced pride, and so far their wisdom proved but folly. The humblest Christian who learns his duty, and performs it as well as he can, is wiser than they. He does nothing to be seen of men ; and that was their motive for most of their actions.

“ Now for the philosophy which relates to knowledge. Knowledge is a brave thing. I am a plain, ignorant, untaught man, and know my ignorance. But it is a brave thing, when we look around us in this wonderful world to understand something of what we see : to know something of the earth on which we move, the air which we breathe, and the elements whereof we are made : to comprehend the motions of the moon and stars, and measure the distances between them, and compute times and seasons : to observe the laws which sustain the universe by keeping all things in their courses : to search into the mysteries of nature, and discover the hidden virtue of plants and stones, and read the signs and tokens which are shown us, and make out the meaning of hidden things, and apply all this to the benefit of our fellow creatures.

“ Wisdom and knowledge, Daniel, make the difference between man and man, and that between man and beast is hardly greater.

“ These things do not always go together. There may be wisdom without knowledge, and there may be knowledge without wisdom. A man without knowledge, if he walk humbly with his God, and live in cha-

rity with his neighbours, may be wise unto salvation. A man without wisdom may not find his knowledge avail him quite so well. But it is he who possesses both that is the true philosopher. The more he knows, the more he is desirous of knowing ; and yet the farther he advances in knowledge the better he understands how little he can attain, and the more deeply he feels that God alone can satisfy the infinite desires of an immortal soul. To understand this is the height and perfection of philosophy.’

“ Then opening the Bible, which lay before him, he read these verses from the Proverbs.

“ My son, if thou wilt receive my words—

“ So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom and apply thine heart to understanding ;

“ Yea, if thou criest after knowledge and liftest up thy voice for understanding ;

“ If thou seekest after her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures ;

“ Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God.

“ For the Lord giveth wisdom ; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

“ He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous ; He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

“ He keepeth the paths of judgment and preserveth the way of his saints.

“ Then shalt thou understand righteousness and judgment and equity ; yea, every good path.

“ When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul ;

“ Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee,

“ To deliver thee from the way of the evil.

“ ‘ Daniel, my son,’ after a pause he pursued, ‘ thou art a diligent good lad. God hath given thee a tender and a dutiful heart ; keep it so, and it will be a wise one, for thou hast the beginning of wisdom. I wish thee to pursue knowledge, because, in pursuing it, happiness will be found by the way. If I have said any thing now which is above thy years, it will come to mind in after time, when I am gone perhaps, but when thou mayest profit by it. God bless thee, my child !’

“ He stretched out his right hand at these words, and laid it gently upon the boy’s head. What he said was not forgotten, and throughout life the son never thought of that blessing without feeling that it had taken effect.’

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THE MODERN DUNCIAD.

WE shall ever maintain that, in itself, the bray of an ass is infinitely more terrible than the roar of a lion. But such is the influence exerted over all mortal creatures by the association of ideas, that the bray of an ass absolutely goes for nothing, even with the geese on a common, while the roar of a lion appals the tented Arabs in the Desert. Experience has long taught asses that they must not hope, even by braying in gangs in a mountainous country, to inspire a panic.

Terror, we believe with Burke, to be at the heart of the sublime—every body feels it to be so in a thunder-storm. But sometimes the sense of the ludicrous is even more sublime—when suddenly from an Alpine pass breaks out a multitudinous bray—reverberated by asinine echoes from cliff to cliff all round the horizon—and dying away above the region of eternal snow. Nay, we are not ashamed to confess that our imagination has been so moved even by the sudden lifting up of the voice of a single ass in the great solitude of nature. There is not, in such cases, even one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The sublimely ridiculous fills up the hollow of the hills and the heavens—and the effect is heightened by your discernment of the cause firmly planted on his four hoofs on a rock—the

centre of all that circumference—flapping his ears over a cataract dumb in his presence—and yawning as if he would swallow the sun, who is manifestly at a loss what to think of it, and suffering, if not a total, a partial eclipse.

Such an ass is the author of the Modern Dunciad. Had Balaam ridden him that day, pride would have got a fall. No lesser prophet could have kept his seat with such an earthquake of articulate sound beneath his saddle. Not that an ass is bad riding, as long as he holds his peace; but his eloquence, when it reaches its climax, might dismount Ducrow. Therefore, for safety, he should uniformly be ridden double at the very least. The heavier man of the two—or of the three the heaviest—should take up his position—cudgel in hand—on the rump. Yes—let Peter Bell be croupier.

We wonder whether we are now amusing, or simply abusive. Wit we have none—but some humour; and, should the admirers of the author of the Modern Dunciad accuse us of personality, we are willing to retract the image of the ass, and to look on him in the more imposing light of a Centaur—a Centaur, in this case, consisting of a sump and a cuddy. Had he flourished in the heroic ages, he would have been a puzzle to Chiron. Only think of

him teaching Achilles to play the harp!

But a truce to imagery, and let us consider him as a Christian. "Poems, by the author of the Modern Dunciad." "The Modern Dunciad, with notes, critical and biographical; first printed in the year 1815; sixth edition." Why, that was the year in which was fought the battle of Waterloo. What an extraordinary coincidence! Napoleon dethroned, and the author of the Modern Dunciad enthroned, on the same day! Was there ever such an era! Yet how unfortunate for poor Napoleon! Unpitied—nay forgotten—on that barren rock—he who had conquered the Continent and all its Kings. The Destroyer of Dunces, ascending the skies, like a visible god, till the sense ached at him, as he reached the meridian of his fame, in the full blaze of a Sixth Edition!

Thank heaven! that is too melancholy a view of the condition of the great captive on St Helena. There were thousands and tens of thousands of noble spirits who cared not to worship the rising sun, who knew not even, in their abstraction—that he flamed on the forehead of the morning sky. Among that number—and proud are we now to say it—then were we; to us the author of the Modern Dunciad was even as if he had slept in uncreated dust—deaf were our ears to the thunders that hailed his advent—not only was he an anonymous but a nonentity—and, as we hope to be saved—we beheld him in his work for the first time last Tuesday afternoon, smothered beneath a load of trash in our monthly London parcel. During all those twenty years, where—oh where—thou Son of the Morning! hast thou been hiding thy many-coloured head?

But we have a crow to pluck with you—our well-beloved William Pickering—to whom we owe such pleasant pocket editions of our poets from Edmund Spenser to Robert Burns. Never had publisher so narrow an escape from the Crutch. One word in thine ear—"never again let the Dolphin's anchor be cast in such a shallow—the sign Aldine be hung in such a sky." These words are significant but to the wise—being interpreted they mean—"let quacks publish dunces

—and all honest men swear non-allegiance to King Puff."

Prefixed to the Modern Dunciad are some critical notices, which, to look at, must make such a publisher as Mr Pickering blush. Thus said the author (Monthly Review, April 1815), in the farce of "Reviewing Made Easy: or, Every Man his own Critic"—"Gossip Report, who is sometimes correct, and very often erroneous authority, has attributed this poem to the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, and admitting spirited and poignant satire to be an evidence of such an assignment, we have more reason for crediting than for disbelieving the rumour. Certain it is that traces of no comment appear in every page; and that this *Modern Pope*, whoever he be, has produced a Dunciad, which the *stinging Bard of Twickenham* would not be ashamed to own. The bard spares neither poet nor courtier; for in the office of a satirist he speaks with the boldness of a Juvenal. All, however, is not satire; he freely praises as well as freely censures. The HIGH TONE, THE NOBLE SPIRIT, and true satiric energy of the whole, compensate for any little defect." In the *Anti-Jacobin*, January, 1815, he says, "We were soon most agreeably surprised, and so our readers will probably think, when they learn our opinion that the *Modern Dunciad* has nothing to dread from a comparison with the *Dunciad* of the last century. Whoever the author is, and we pretend not even to guess, he is worthy, by talent and principle, to wield the formidable lash of legitimate satire." All this and much more William Pickering condescends to allow Charles Whittingham to print—and himself to publish; while the writer, even now that twenty years have elapsed since the birth of the sly falsehood, "pretends not even to guess" who he is—and in spite of sore gums, and a craving void left aching in his heart, would fain make a mystery to himself of the bare fact of his own existence.

There is no evidence like internal. It is conceivable—and no more—that, in the year 1815, there might have existed in Britain—even then a very populous country—two persons—our friend, and "another

as merry a brother"—willing to attribute "The Modern Dunciad" to the author of "The Pursuits of Literature." But it is not conceivable that two persons could have then existed capable of bringing themselves to write down in as many words "that 'The Modern Dunciad' had nothing to dread from a comparison with the Dunciad of the last century"—that this modern Pope, *whoever he be*, has produced a Dunciad which the "stinging bard of Twickenham would not be ashamed to own." The contemporaneous existence of two such immeasurable blockheads is a thought beyond the reaches of our souls—an impossibility that can be proved *à priori*. The Monthly Reviewer, the Anti-Jacobin Reviewer, and the author of the Dunciad of 1815 *must be one*; and therefore it is needless to accumulate proof that he is the same heavenly body reappearing—with Halley's comet—in the autumn of 1835—the same sly fox, with his brush only a little the worse for wear, that twenty years ago "pretended not even to guess who he was," or in what cover he had his kennel.

Never was there an old anonymous gentleman so fond of grand names. He is not satisfied with being self-dubbed Pope, and Churchill, and Mathias, but he praises himself in his name Juvenal—says, as his own monthly reviewer, "that he should rather have called himself Horace, since his satirical sketches are more in the manner of the Venusian than of the Mantuan bard:" thus giving himself a sly wiper for assuming on the titlepage of "The Modern Dunciad" the *nomme du guerre* of "Virgil in London." Pope Churchill Mathias Horace Virgil Juvenal Swipes, Esq.! "worthy by talent and by principle to wield the formidable lash of legitimate satire!"

We called him an anonymous old gentleman. Perhaps there may be some little inaccuracy in classing among the anonymous a satirist with so many names; but he is assuredly a genuine antique. In 1815—nay, in 1811—for such is the date of his poem "The Times"—his style was so bald, that we must believe his head was no less so; and we may safely set him down at that

era at fourscore—so he must be now in his 104th year, and remember, in the first year of his apprenticeship to a druggist, seeing the Pretender, at the head of his Highlanders, marching into Derby. We think it would not be difficult to prove that the "Famous Ram" was one of the earliest effusions of his muse. The style affiliates it, "the high tone, noble spirit, and true satiric energy of the whole." Now, we modern Athenians, in reverence for old age, yield not to any ancient Spartan that ever ate black broth. Indeed, we are ourselves no chicken; but we scruple not to say, that there is something not a little indecent in the sight of a satirist in his 104th year—a season when the passions are supposed to have lost much of their ardour—republishing and chuckling over truculencies committed on men, women, and children, when he was an ungovernable youth of fiery fourscore. How much more Christian-like the behaviour of Wellington! He will not even read Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular Campaigns. While this cruel old man—in whose cerebellum the lust of blood is still strong—long after not memory only, but all the faculties that dwell before the ear, are almost extinguished—gloats over the records of his Massacre of the Innocents—and like a toothless old gib-cat mumbles their very bones, while his scurvy tail-point, on which hair has long since ceased to fail, languidly keeps time to the pury purr heard during the intervals of the short cough that momentarily threatens to choke the wheazer even in the last stage of the mange. James would call that coarse—and coarse it may be—but so is

"See Coutts ape all that Queensberry was before,
A palsied, amorous Strephon, of fourscore."

And he who, in his 104th year, prides himself in wanton insults to the dead—which can benefit no living creature—forgetful of all the worth which he well knows was allied, in the commoner, with such pitiable weakness—dotard though he be deserves the knout on his shrivelled carcass.

Never was there so self-conceited an old prig. Hear how he prates

away to himself in the preface—
 “THE MODERN DUNCIAD, VIRGIL IN LONDON, AND THE TIMES, are again presented to the public, with such revision as the author’s most careful attention could bestow upon them. Their original reception was highly gratifying. They had the good fortune to be approved by many of the best judges, and censured by some of the worst. An extensive sale justified the favourable opinion of the critics, and afforded the author an opportunity, in subsequent editions, of showing the Dunces how little he was moved by their abuse, and how much he despised it.” And who are the Dunces?

“With this reply be satisfied at once, While BOWLES exists, can satire want a Dunce?”

“It would be a work of no small labour and little profit to wade through the various productions of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. Odes, Epics, and Sonnets innumerable, pass in long review.” “We read of one John Taylor, *the Water-Poet*; Mr Bowles may be christened the *Sky-blue*, or *Milk-and-Water Poet*.” Some twenty years ago, it was the fashion with fools, and with fools and something more, to affect contempt for the genius of this delightful poet, and the author of the *Dunciad* yelped like other curs. But all that folly and worse than folly has long been at an end, and the name of William Lisle Bowles is never mentioned but with respect and admiration. This the old deaf and blind mongrel knows not, and, last of all the pack, keeps still snapping at what he supposes to be the heels of the excellent Prebendary of Salisbury, but is merely a phantom of hydrophobia.

Who is the next Dunce?

“F. To SCOTT you’ll grant some portion of renown;

The man has pleased,

P. And surfeited the town.”

Dunce third?

“The town is pleased when Byron will rehearse,

And finds a thousand beauties in his verse;

So fixed his fame, that write whate’er he will,

The patient public must admire it still;

Yes, though bereft of half his force and fire,

They still must read, and dozing must admire;

While you and I, who stick to common sense,

To genius, taste, and wit have no pretence.

Throughout the whole, we toil to understand;

Where’er we tread, ’tis strange, ’tis foreign land;

Nay, half the thoughts and language of the strain,

Require a glossary to make them plain.”

Scott and Byron, however, it is allowed, have their merits. And neither Mr Coleridge nor Mr Wordsworth, in Nestor’s opinion, are so popular as they deserve to be—for “it is the singular perverseness of those authors to provoke ridicule when they might command applause.” Such judgments, originally delivered in the 1815, are republished for the behoof of a new generation in 1835—and it is added, that “the Excursion will hand down Mr Wordsworth’s name *with credit* to posterity.” “Mr Campbell has written sufficient to make us regret that he does not oftener appear before the public,”—but in spite of all that, “this is not the Augustan age of poetry.” So drivelled “Virgil in London” twenty years ago—and so drivels he now in a sixth edition not a month old.

But hear him on Bloomfield and Burns.

“So long as Nature in her simplest guise,
 And virtuous sensibility we prize,

Of well-earned fame no poet shall enjoy
 A purer tribute than the “Farmer’s Boy.”

Hail to departed worth! All Scotland turns,

With tardy hand, to raise the tomb of Burns.

Ah! spare the fame such frail memorials give,

In his own works enshrined the bard shall live.

Of humble birth, but with a taste refined,

An adverse fortune, with a God-like mind,

He silent bore, but keenly felt the smart,
 Till bitter disappointment broke his heart.

Oh! when released, his ardent spirit fled,
 How envy smiled! how virtue mourned

the dead!

And Scotland's hills heard every tongue
 proclaim
 The minstrel's glory and his country's
 shame.
 Then, with the poet's fate inscribe his
 bust,
 In life neglected, canonized in dust."

Now for the notes to this powerful passage. "Scotland is about to erect a monument to the memory of Burns. Let her not fail to inscribe upon it how nobly she rewarded his talents. She took him from the plough; received the grateful homage of his genius; made him—an exciseman! irritated his mind with indignities and disappointments, and gave him up to an untimely grave! The lively sallies of the Ayrshire bard startled the plodding dulness of his insensible countrymen; the besotted bigots of Modern Athens beheld, with an evil eye, a poet who exposed their vices, ridiculed their superstitions, and despised their ignorance. It is true that some kindred spirits stood forward as the friends of genius in distress, but what could the exertions of a few generous individuals do in opposition to the combined malignity of fools in power? Scotland has much to answer for. Avarice bribed her to sell her king.

'I should have died for shame,
 To see my king before his subjects stand,
 And at the bar hold up his royal hand.'

Fanatical rage compelled her to murder her archbishop, and base parsimony (read the hard fate of the author of Douglas, Fergusson, &c.) to starve her poets. Who was the liberal patron of Sir Walter Scott? England! Who ruined him? His kind countrymen, the Scotch." The superannuated idiot has here, with a vivacity uncommon in a Cockney with all his four feet in the grave, contrived to cram into an epitome of the sins of Scotland a greater number of foolish lies than we should have supposed a memory so enfeebled as his capable of supplying, as its last food to a heart, in extreme decrepitude, kept half alive by its own malice. We think we see the paralytic wretch, with his rheumy eyes and palsied fingers, and tongue all the while essaying in vain to lick up the slaver

that befouls, without refreshing his shrivelled lips, engaged in composition! "We are reminded throughout of the undaunted bard of Twickenham."

We have offended you—gentle reader—and beg pardon on our knees. Suppose, then, old Virgil in London dead and buried,

"And at his feet a green grass turf,
 And at his head a stone."

What have you to say against Scotland? Not a syllable. 'Tis well for you that you have not—for Barry Cornwall's back is yet one perfect blister. Scotland has erected no fewer than three monuments to Burns—one in Dumfries—one near Alloway Kirk—and one in Edinburgh. Shakspeare's tomb is dilapidated in Stratford-on-Avon, and the Club soliciting subscriptions for its repair. So much for England. Scotland did not take Burns from the plough—nor did she make him an exciseman—any more than England made Wordsworth a distributor of stamps. She admired his genius—bought his poems—and he stocked a farm. That he became bankrupt was not the fault of Scotland. She did not make Mossgiel—"God made the country"—and it pleased Him to give her a poor soil—but nobler riches. Burns mismanaged his farm. He has himself told us so, and he ever spake the truth. Of his infirmities let no man speak but with awe—"nor draw his frailties from their dread abode"—but let no man sacrifice—even for sake of her greatest poet—the character of his country. His disappointments were many, his indignities not few—but 'tis a monstrous lie to say "that Scotland irritated his mind with indignities, and gave him up to an untimely grave." Gently—compassionately—and with many a salvo "which the poor inhabitant below" made not for himself, all men read his epitaph—"because that we have all one human heart." Thousands and tens of thousands, who sinned far more grievously than he, seemed far less grievously to suffer. But that is the mystery never to be solved beneath the skies—and that will for ever darken the whole world.

But let us break off, and for relief

listen to the old idiot. Hear him "hoastin'" over the "plodding dullness of the insensible countrymen" of Robert Burns. Why, Robbie was but the brightest among the bright—"all the people quaked like dew stirred by the breeze" at sound of his lyre—his home was from the first in the nation's heart. Of whom did he sing? Of his countrymen, and of them only—and his songs—all the world declares—were worthy of the race. So declares, louder than the rest, the noblest land in all the world—England. She loves Scotland better now than it ever could have been in the power even of her generous spirit to love it—believing in the truth of that Scripture written by an inspired peasant—The Cot-tar's Saturday Night.

Ebenezer Elliot, proud of being the poet of the poor, disdains the praises of those ignorant persons who would represent him as a miracle of genius among the ungifted Sheffield mechanics, toiling as he long toiled for their daily bread. Many of them in all mental powers he rejoices to know are his equals—his superiors—and 'tis a noble creed. That he has done what no one else has done proves not the noble creed to be false—and Burns in his own case would have sworn it true. Such bards are not born—nor are they bred—wherever their lot may have been cast—among "the plodding dullness of their insensible countrymen," but in the midst of kindred spirits whom they recognise as brethren in all things—and whom they love not and honour not the less, but more dearly and highly far, because it has pleased Heaven that their own souls should have burned within them at the touch of some stronger inspiration, and burst forth in music—the joys and sorrows, the trouble and the peace of their own condition on earth the sacred subject—the hallowed burden of their song.

"The besotted bigots of Modern Athens beheld," quod the Dotard, "with an evil eye a poet who exposed their vices, ridiculed their superstition, and despised their ignorance." Alas! the worst of their vices were those to which poor Burns was himself but too prone—so far from exposing he partook of

them, and enlisted his genius in their service. We speak of his worse hours; but they were, we believe, few in comparison with the good—and the best society in Edinburgh at that time—to which Burns had welcome access—was equal to any in the world. The old fool maunders about besotted, superstitious, and ignorant bigots whom Burns exposed, ridiculed, and despised; but Burns himself, in spite of all his disappointments which in after life often embittered his recollections of Edinburgh, never ceased to venerate the genius and virtue for which it was illustrious, and would have trodden such libels and such libellers in the dirt. But though there were Cockneys in those days, they had not begun to jargon about Scotland. What have they got for their pains, now that they have taken upon themselves to intermeddle with our home affairs? On an average each mother's son forty stripes.

"Scotland," says Swipes, "has much to answer for." At the great day of judgment—and so has the whole human race. According to the creed of some Christian sects, even Cockneys will be then called to account. We cannot think so; and therefore they should be cruelly punished in this life. Did we know where to catch him, we would tar and feather the author of the *Dunciad*, and send him to the poultry even in his 104th year. Such punishment is not only defensible but imperiously demanded, on the supposition of there being for the race to which he belongs no future state.

"Avarice bribed her to sell her king"—and he clenches the charge with a most apt quotation—

"I should have died for shame
To see my king before his subjects stand,
And at the bar hold up his royal hand."

Not a creature out of Cockaigne believes now in that fifty-times refuted calumny; but though Charles was not sold he was murdered. At his execution a few women miscarried—but no Cockney "died of shame"—indeed shame is a passion of which no Cockney can have any idea—for it is "the sorrow of pride"—and pride being the sin by which angels fell, it would be impious to expect

it at Vanity-fair in the very heart of Little Britain.

That "fanatical rage impelled her to murder her archbishop" it may be partly true; but her archbishop had no business there—would have been much better employed in England—and he met, we are disposed to think, not much more than his deserts on Magus Muir. Scotland resolved to have her own way in religion, and in establishing it did not stick at trifles. England acted much in the same spirit, and assassinations of the same sort are found by no means thinly sprinkled on the page of her history—yet the English are a magnanimous people, zealous of good works. In Scotland the Reformation was effected by high hearts and high hands—and completed by the Covenanters. First fell the power of the Papacy root and branch—and then Episcopacy went to the ground. So willed the people—the people of Scotland—and now, lo! Presbytery spread like a green bay tree. Both nations have had their will—and both now worship God in spirit and in truth. The slave whom we have been chastising understands nothing of this—has no sympathy with a nation of pious freemen—but blubbers about an archbishop. Hear the caittiff!

"Down with your sacred altars! useless blocks!

Detested relics! even *vindictive Knox*
Shall rise from hell's dark caves with furious joy,

And breathe again his spirit to destroy."

Pray, who told the author of the *Modern Dunciad* that John Knox is in hell? He ought to produce his authority for an assertion so injurious to the memory of our great Scottish reformer. Our Cockney has queer notions of hell. He talks as if it were as easy "to rise from hell's dark caves" as to go to Tunbridge wells. Doctor Johnson said more good things than any other man—and a few bad ones. The few bad ones have been so often quoted by Cockneys that they stink in the nostrils of men. Take for example this fetid note—"Doctor Johnson, hearing the question asked where the *cruel fanatic* John Knox was buried, exclaimed—'I hope in a cross-road.'" We do not doubt he said so—his spleen having been dis-

turbed by some impertinent prater, whom he thus growled into silence by savage nonsense. Our Cockney believes the great English sage was serious; and over a dish of saloop sends the suicide to Old Nick. The ninny!

"Base parsimony (read the hard fate of the author of 'Douglas,' Fergusson, &c.) impelled her to starve her poets. Who was the liberal patron of Sir Walter Scott? England. Who ruined him? His kind countrymen, the Scotch." For a country like Scotland,

"Where half-starved spiders fed on half-starved flies,"

there was some excuse to be offered if she did starve her poets. She was compelled to do so—it is pleasant to know—not by base parsimony but stern necessity—sheer want. But that plea will not avail England. It appears too from historical documents, as well as the voice of tradition, that Scotland did not starve her poets more than the rest of her population. The people—poets and painters included—lived low. A handful of oatmeal mixed with water from the spring was a dinner for a raw-boned Scotsman who would have thought nothing of taking twenty such Cockneys as the author of the *Modern Dunciad*, one after the other, by the scruff of the neck, and cracking them between his thumb-nails like more familiar vermin. This may be starvation—but it is impartial and universal starvation—and the poets of Scotland had no reason to complain that they alone had no butter to their brose. We speak of the olden time. But even in these later days no Scottish poet has died of hunger. Whereas, it is but too true that about a third of the English poets have perished of that vacuum which nature most abhors. With all the unclosed eyes of those ghastly corpses staring him in the face, the author of the *Dunciad* keeps scolding away at Scotland for having starved her poets, not one of whom was ever in want of a sheep's head. He sees the famished Otway choked by the first morsel of that fatal roll—he tells us, that "of the life of Philip Massinger little or nothing is known, beyond the melancholy fact that he was a literary wayfarer, eking out a penurious existence in humble ob-

scurity, and that his transcendent genius, which must command the admiration of the latest posterity, could not save him from a jail"—over the fate of Chatterton he sheds many maudlin tears—and of the "Farmer's Boy," he says—"the neglect, suffering, and distress that darkened the declining years of Robert Bloomfield, are too mournful to dwell upon. I saw him a few months before his death, emaciated by disease, embarrassed in his circumstances, and heart-broken"—yet from these and many other instances of strict starvation, he turns aside, without one word of reproach to England, and launches the lightnings of his wrath on Scotland, whom "base parsimony impelled to starve her poets." "Read," quoth he, "the hard fate of the author of Douglas." Why, John Home was clothed in fine linen—wore a scarlet coat—inhabited a large house, with a front door, a bell, and a knocker—and fared sumptuously every day—till death overcame him like a summer cloud when he was upwards of fourscore. Poor Fergusson, again, died very young in a madhouse. Reckless dissipation crazed his brain—and charity enabled his mother to send him to such sad asylum. *No Scottish poet was ever in a jail.*

We shall make but one observation on what is said above about Sir Walter Scott. "*Whoever the author is—and we pretend not even to guess*"—on detection, he shall be laid across two chairs—his breeches and drawers taken down by his own hands—and his youth renewed by repeated application to his posteriors of a bunch of heather-bent, which Mrs Ambrose has hitherto employed in whipping up cream. A young medical student—a cousin of the "Bashful Irishman"—shall stand by to inform us when the aged culprit has been flogged within half an inch of his life. The amiable monitress will then be requested to desist, and commit the implement of justice to the flames. The patient will then be carried by the cook into the kitchen, and laid on the dresser, with his back to the ceiling, and the scullion will rub in pepper and salt, to prevent mortification. The lips of the leading wound having been sewed up, they will be held together

by ligaments of sticking-plaster, under which is deposited a slip of paper, cut from the notes to "The Modern Dunciad," inscribed with his crime. "Who was the liberal patron of Sir Walter Scott? England. Who ruined him? His kind countrymen, the Scotch!"

We shall then order him to be seated, and take some tripe—for no base parsimony shall ever compel Scotland to starve a critic from Cockaigne on a visit to her shores. As soon as he has quelled the rage of hunger, we shall request him to give us a lesson in elocution—to read up with the proper emphasis his own concluding note—"What will Scotland do for her noblest son—for him who wedded to immortal verse her natural beauties, and made every foot of her mountain and wilderness classic ground? Will she rear a proud temple on the summit of Arthur's Seat, that shall look down with lofty grandeur on the slow-progressing glories of the Calton? Will she bind the broken heart of the sad mourner by some deed of national munificence worthy of her filial devotion and her father's fame? What will Scotland do for her noblest son? is a question which, if she answer not, and promptly, to the satisfaction of the world, let her hereafter for ever hold her peace!"

"That strain I heard was of a loftier mood;" and Pope Mathias Churchill Horace Virgil Juvenal Swipes Sorebottom, Esq. having recited it with all the necessary gesticulations—will then be requested to give a specimen of more subdued speech from the same composition. "His classic learning was considerable, and his knowledge of antiquities, history, and the manners and customs of the olden time, profound. He was well skilled in demonology and witchcraft, and a member of the Roxburgh and Bannatyne Clubs. Old ballad poetry was his especial delight; and, had he lived, I contemplated the pleasure of showing him a singularly curious volume of black letter ballads, all printed prior to the year 1600; to have pored over which, he had, in better health, journeyed from Scotland, 'booted to the groin!'"

"Somewhat too much of this"—

so let us put about ship and carry on another tack.

“ Stands Scotland where it did? Alas!
no more—

Since truant Jeffrey flies his native shore:

For who among her sons, to speed their gain

(Her sons more famed for brimstone than for brains),

Like him retraced the path which Kenrick trode,

Traded his country, and blasphemed his God?

Mourn, Caledonia; let thy rocks reply;

Nor leaden Sydney can his loss supply;
Too dull, alas! to satisfy a pique;

His heart is willing, but his brain is weak;

Nor Holland's spouse, nor Holland's manning bowl,

Can rouse from torpor his benighted soul.

Illustrious Holland! doom'd by angry fate

To rack the muses, and reform the state;

Consistent peer! unstained with courtly crimes,

Save some few venial spots, and doggrel rhymes;

His Jeffrey lost, shall haply mount the throne,

And execrate all dulness—but his own.”

We look upon this as the best passage in the *Modern Dunciad*, though worse than the worst passage out of it with which we can charge our memory. We shall never suffer our political opinions to bias our judgment in literary questions—and candidly confess that the most worthless versifier of this or any other age—is a Tory. Did we believe that there was another such piece of unprincipled impudence in the Conservative ranks, we should turn Radical, and insist on the ballot. Remember this satire was written more than twenty years ago, and is now republished “with such revision as the author's most careful attention could bestow upon it.” He thought then, and he thinks now, that Francis Jeffrey is a dunce. In Cockaigne, we presume, “they show a Newton as we show an ape.” In Scotland Lord Jeffrey is thought by no means stupid—nobody there knows that he has been engaged for twenty years in traducing his coun-

try—and as for blaspheming his God, we never heard such an insinuation hinted even by the whisper of a faction. The author of the *Modern Dunciad* may therefore rest assured, that he is a miserable liar, and ought, in case of accidents, to have his nose soaped.

By the by, speaking of his nose, he cannot be aware how very disgusting it is—for if he were, he never could have indited his “Address to a Fly.”

“ Busy, bustling, buzzing fly,
Which is happiest, you or I?
Ever roving like the bee,
Is the merry lark more free,
When to heaven he soars and sings,
While the vocal woodland rings?

*Round my nose on rapid wing,
First you buzz, and then you sting,
Then to Celia's cheek repair,
Seek a soft asylum there,
In her auburn tresses skip,
Taste the nectar of her lip,
Bask in the sunshine of her eye,
With all the effrontery of a fly.
Which is happiest—you or I?”*

We have studied Entomology under Kirby and Spence, Professor Rennie, and James Wilson, to say nothing of Lacepede and other Frenchmen, and we boldly take it upon us to stake our character, as an observer of “the tiny folk that wanton in the sun,” that no fly, not even the Bloody Doctor, ever settled on the nose of the author of the *Modern Dunciad*. There is a fly, indeed, called vulgarly the Dung-Fly, and sometimes by even a grosser name, whose instinct it is to settle on matter of a very questionable shape. *He* may have buzzed round the nose of the author of the *Modern Dunciad*—and if so, we do not doubt it was on rapid wing—for no Bloody Doctor in his senses would circle slowly round it who had a nose of his own. That he ever stung it we utterly disbelieve—and our disbelief is justified by the context. For overlooking the fact—known to all naturalists—that the Bloody Doctor—we like to use the colloquial designation of that acute practitioner—has no sting—and admitting for a moment that he had broached a pimple and imbibed pus, who so ignorant of the economy of nature as not to know that he would have

instantly expired on the spot? Whereas—consult the context—it is averred that he repaired to Celia's cheek, skipped in her auburn tresses, and basked in the sunshine of her eye—

“With all the effrontery of a fly!”

We know there is no setting bounds to the effrontery of a fly—and that fly, too, the Bloody Doctor. But we know also that he is not immortal—and therefore adhere to our original disbelief of the story of the sting and the pus. Nay, we disbelieve even the buzzing on rapid wing “round my nose,” unless it be intended to allow the utmost latitude to the meaning of “round.” The nose of the author of the *Modern Dunciad* may have been included within the circle formed by the Bloody Doctor sporting in the sun—just as the sun himself is included within the earth's orbit. In this sense, and in no other, we can with some difficulty bring ourselves to believe that the fly aforesaid may have buzzed round the nose in question—but at such a vast distance, that the author must have ascertained the fact by glasses of great power. Buzzing is here used metaphorically for flying—for though the Bloody Doctor, wherever he may be in space, must buzz if he be on the wing, yet by hypothesis he is out of hearing—at a more than respectful distance from the given nose—and much remains to be done in acoustics.

But granting for a moment all that the author of the *Modern Dunciad* can ask, see to what incredible conclusions the admission leads respecting Celia? “Ah! call her fair not pale”—yet is she born to die! A Bloody Doctor, fresh—no—no—no—any thing but fresh—from the pus in the pimple on the nose of the author of the *Modern Dunciad*—fastens on the nectar of her lip! Does she instantly shrivel up into a leaf, and waver away out of sight on the wind? Such is the known effect of that strongest of all animal poisons. But no. Celia suffers him to sip as if he were a tame sparrow. Off flies the Bloody Doctor in a state of intoxication, quarrelling with every fly he meets—and, wiping her rosy lips with her lily hands,

Celia takes up her knitting, and sighs for the Captain.

To return.—

“Since truant Jeffrey flies his native shore”

is a line that puzzled us—but it refers to that gentleman's visit to America in 1811, we believe—where he was received with the greatest distinction as one of the brightest ornaments of the “Old Country.” “Leaden Sydney” is the Rev. Sydney Smith—universally allowed to be the wittiest prose writer of his age. There is much malignity in the allusions to Holland House. The lines are such as we might imagine to have been penned by a swindling petitioner,

“Too dull, alas! to satisfy a pique,”

who had been detected by his lordship with a forged list of names, and who, so far from being, as he represented himself, a decayed clergyman and writer of a *Word of Advice* to young persons before confirmation, was in fact a member of the swell mob, and an assistant to John Bee in getting up the slang dictionary.

Bowles being the greatest dunce in Britain—Jeffrey a truant flying from his native shores, retracing the path which Kenrick trode, traducing his country and blaspheming his God, and, like Scotland's more faithful sons, “more famed for brimstone than for brains”—Sydney Smith, leaden—with a weak brain—a benighted soul sank in torpor—and

“Too dull alas! to satisfy a pique,”

and Lord Holland purposing to become Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, that he might “execrate all dulness but his own”—what does the Dunce-destroyer think of Theodore Hook? Not much. In 1815 he thus advises a friend—

“To win, employ the graces of thy style,

Not the loud laugh, but the approving smile;

To Hook and Dimond leave the noisy crew,

Content to number the judicious few;
Nor let thy wit, like bards of little worth,
Offend our reason, to provoke our mirth.”

In 1835 he adds this note. “Many years have elapsed since Theodore Hook and Sir Lumley Skeffington first figured away in the side-boxes

of Old Drury. The one, a *smart punster*; the other, a curled darling. Sir Lumley wrote the *Sleeping Beauty*: Mr Hook penned sundry dramatic trifles; which, with the help of good acting, music, scenery, a judicious sprinkling of loyal sentiments, and a few apposite jokes, kept his audience awake. *Time has laid his heavy hand on both; the punster looks as worn out as his jokes; and so bent is the Baronet, that he is become as it were a double-entendre.* Yet do we feel grateful for the past; since there was a time when we hailed them joint masters of the joke; and we have roared, *yea heartily, at the wit of the one and the whiskers of the other.* Hook is a good table companion, and well worth his dinner, to entertain a company. His levities, when they steer clear of indecency and profaneness, are amusing; and to those not read in *Joe Miller*, have an air of novelty." How patronising! He writes with the air of a person conscious of being the eldest natural son of a Duke. The Disowned and the Unowned are two very different characters. The author of the *Modern Dunciad* is one of the Unowned—as such hangs on the outskirts of high society—and once or twice a-year finds himself in Devonshire House. These are your only vulgar men. But we are not going to describe them—and perhaps, after all, the author of the *Modern Dunciad* may be the legitimate son of a tallow-chandler, and his mother an honest woman. What right has he, in the 104th year of his age, to ridicule the figure of Sir Lumley Skeffington? and what right has he to praise Mr Hook's puns, ignorant as he shows himself to be of what a pun is, by that idiotic use of the term "*double-entendre*," applied to the person of the excellent and accomplished baronet? There is not even the slightest play upon words in that anile attempt. Such impotence is incredible in a man of the world upwards of five-score—for there are no symptoms of second childhood about him—he wants that sweet but inexpressive smile about the mouth peculiar to that season. The winter of his discontent will never be enlivened by that innocent spring. His is a case of ordinary dotage—

but we believe we have given above some of its characteristics.

"Let humour broad, with polished wit combine,
No faculties more risible than mine;
But shall I laugh because some antic droll
Squints in my face?—I cannot for my soul."

Yet he writes, "*we have roared, yea, heartily, at the wit of the one, and the whiskers of the other.*" Roaring heartily at a gentleman's whiskers, yet for his soul unable to laugh at Liston! Nobody "roars heartily" in private life. True that Yorick used to "set the table in a roar." But then he was the king's jester—and long ago—at the Court of Denmark. Spenser and Wordsworth both speak of a "gentle roar" of a river; and probably Hamlet meant no more. The voice of no immoderate mirth would seem "a roar" in his still imagination moralizing in a churchyard over that skull. And, finally, a man is not a table. To set a table in a roar, you must tickle the midriff of a number of men—each with a peculiar character of his own—by some felicitous fancy irresistible to the whole human race. Not one of them all shall "roar heartily"—Heaven forbid—yet the table shall be in a roar—and yet that one peal, composed of many peals, shall not be very loud—and there shall be music in it—as if each royal associate were laughing his own part, arranged for him by some great master—while Momus is felt by all to be as true a god as Apollo.

"Hook is a good table companion, and well worth his dinner to entertain a company." Worth his dinner! That insult could only have been penned by a man who has all his life known to a farthing the precise price-current of the coarsest mutton per pound. If Mr Hook "be well worth his dinner to entertain a company," and no more—and the cost of the wet and dry provided on his account be three guineas—at what expense, on the same principle, might the author of the *Modern Dunciad* be at once judiciously and generously hired to perform similar service? He would be dear at a doit. It matters not at what board

Theodore Hook sits—sumptuous as that of Apicius, or simple as that of Curtius—though, as far as mere edibles are concerned, we believe he prefers turtle to turnips. Of that board he is still the delight. Indecency and profaneness are the last resource of the worn-out hack of all work, who has been black-balled at clubs, originally constituted on the model of the Free-and-Easy, has no credit at shabby ordinaries, and is occasionally asked to dinner by some compassionate host who knew him when he was not thought entirely disrespectable—an ensign in some militia regiment well down in the North. The author of the *Modern Dunciad* may have himself been such a person some sixty or seventy years ago, though now a Puritan. Be that as it may, he shows himself a thorough old blackguard by publicly accusing any gentleman of indecent and profane talk in private society—even if the charge were true, as in this case it is false. But it is clear from the whole passage that he never was in company with Mr Hook in his life. Theodore never was known to tell a Joe. The insolent old fool, insinuating that he himself is not read in Miller's *Miscellany*, affects having been amused with levities borrowed, as he has been told, from that rare work, whereas the notes to the *Modern Dunciad* contain ample evidence of his familiarity with the *Bagman's vade mecum*, in which, with all his cant, he is better read than in his Bible. Of Mr Hook's many admirable novels he has the cunning not to say a word. On *John Bull* he is also silent. He felt that were he to speak of them he must lower his tone a peg. So he confined himself to sneers at witty farces, carelessly poured forth with the prodigality of youthful genius, and long since forgotten by Mr Hook, who says or writes as many good things every day of his life as would, if sprinkled through the *Modern Dunciad*, have made the perusal of it possible to the more strenuous students of what is absurdly enough called satire.

In conclusion we remark, that the notes drivelled lately are more virulent—fuller of malignant matter—than those of 1815. Alas! for poor human nature, it is often so with

extreme old age! In the verse of 1815 we meet with not a few jibes on parsons, but in the prose of 1835 Spindleshanks stands up a champion for the Church. We cannot but look on him with complacency in that imposing attitude—but his poor knees give way, and with the most foul-mouthed vociferations he sinks down on his rump. Here is a sample of his argument in defence of the alliance between Church and State. "Fanatics of every variety of creed, hating, persecuting, and reviling each other, have held a temporary truce, and welcomed into their ranks the notoriously profligate and profane, to make head against their common enemy. How-IT" (it is so printed) "happens that a mountebank in quaker masquerade should presume to charge any set of men with hypocrisy and fraud, is a question that the impudent impostor who babbles so much about priests and priestcraft can best answer. It is surely enough for this low buffoon to be the scandal of one sect, without craving the additional infamy of lifting his hoof against a faith that, while it deploras his errors, dispises his animosity." Does he mean to say that WILLIAM HOWITT is "notoriously profligate and profane?" We hope not—yet his words hardly admit of any other interpretation. He calls the Quaker a mountebank, an impostor, a buffoon, and the scandal of his sect. The book on Priestcraft we think a very bad one—but good men have written bad books ere now—and there is much that *ought* never to have been written in the works of John Milton—though "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart." Let William Howitt on Priestcraft be tried in the proper court—the only open court in the world—and if found guilty, punished according to the law of nature and nations, by perpetual banishment to the Bay of Shelves. But let not, in this case, that distinction between the author and the man be disregarded, which has ever been acknowledged in polemics. In all the relations of private life, William Howitt is not only blameless, but a man of active virtue. He is a Christian—according to his creed; and we hope we are a Christian—according to ours; which

creed is best being known but to the Almighty. Some of his miscellaneous writings we have read with unmingled satisfaction—and all that have happened to come within the range of our eye have been distinguished by great talent. His “Book of the Seasons” is a very

delightful one, and already, in the best sense, popular. It is shocking to see such opprobrious epithets applied to such a man, and we should be ashamed of ourselves if we did not look at them with indignation and disgust—and then fling the Modern Dunciad into the fire.

THE SISTER'S GRAVE.—BY A YOUNG LADY.

I HAD a little sister once,
And she was wondrous fair;
Like twined links of the yellow gold
Was the waving of her hair.

Her face was like a day in June,
When all is sweet and still,
And the shadows of the summer
 clouds
Creep softly o'er the hill.

O, my sister's voice—I hear it yet,
It comes upon mine ear,
Like the singing of a joyous bird,
When the summer months are near.

Sometimes the notes would rise at
 eve,
So fairy-like and wild,
My mother thought a spirit sang,
And not the gentle child.

But then we heard the little feet
Come dancing to the door,
And met the gaze of brighter eyes
Than ever spirit wore.

And she would enter full of glee,
Her long fair tresses bound
With a garland of the simple flowers,
By mountain streamlets found.

She never bore the garden's pride,
The red rose, on her breast;
Our own sweet wild-flower ever
 loved
The other wild-flowers best.

Like them she seemed to cause no
 toil,
To give no pain or care,
But to bask and bloom on a lonely
 spot
In the warm and sunny air.

And oh! like them as they come in
 Spring,
And with Summer's fate decay,
She passed with the sun's last part-
 ing smile,
From life's rough path away.

And when she died—'neath an old
 oak-tree
My sister's grave was made;
For, when on earth, she used to love
Its dark and pensive shade.

And every Spring in that old tree
The song-birds build their nests,
And wild-flowers blow on the soft
 green-turf
Where my dead sister rests:

And the children of our village say
That on my sister's tomb
The wild-flowers are the last that
 fade,
And the first that ever bloom.

There is no stone raised there to
 tell
My sister's name and age,
For that dear name in every heart
Is carved on memory's page.

We miss her in the hour of joy,
For when all hearts were light,
There was no step so gay as hers,
No eyes so glad and bright.

We miss her in the hour of wo,
For then she tried to cheer,
And the soothing words of the pious
 child
Could dry the mourner's tear.

Even when she erred, we could not
 chide,
For though the fault was small,
She always mourned so much—and
 sued
For pardon from us all.

She was too pure for earthly love—
Strength to our hearts was given,
And we yielded her in her child-
 hood's light,
To a brighter home in heaven.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

A BALLAD FROM SCHILLER.

To Corinth, where the sons of Greece
 Forget their strifes in festal peace,
 Went Ibycus the games to see,
 And win the wreath of poesy.
 Him gave the Muse the honeyed song
 That from his mouth so sweetly flows;
 From Rhegium, on lightsome staff,
 Full of the god the poet goes.

And now before his weary eyes
 The pillar'd heights of Corinth rise;
 And in the grove of Poseidon
 He walks, revering, and alone,—
 All still as death, save fluttering
 cranes

That cut the air with pinions strong,
 And from the friendless Northern
 shores

Flit to the South, a darkening throng.

“I greet ye well, ye friendly crew,
 That with me o'er the waters flew!
 A happy omen makes the same
 Our path, as chance hath made our
 aim.

Alike from distant shores we come,
 Alike a friendly roof we pray,
 A friendly host us both receive,
 And be the helpless stranger's stay!”

Thus walks he on in cheerful mood
 Into the thickest of the wood;
 Till in the dark and narrow way
 Two murderous hands his progress
 stay.

He girds him manly to resist,—
 He deals—but not the surest blow—
 The hand that struck the poet's lyre
 Was weak to bend the archer's bow.

He calls on men, on gods—in vain!
 They hear not now that heard his
 strain;

And through the forest, far and near,
 No living motion meets his ear.

“And must I thus neglected die,
 On foreign strand, bewept by none,
 By hand of reckless ruffians slain,
 And none my murder to atone!”

He sinks beneath a heavy blow,
 His dimm'd eye may not see, when
 lo!

He hears the whirring of the cranes,
 That sweep across the darkened
 plains.

“Hear me, ye cranes that fly aloft,
 When men and gods hear not,” he
 saith—

“To you my murder's cry ascend!”—
 He spake, and breaks his eye in
 death.

Next day his naked corpse is found,
 With many a scar, on gory ground,
 And he that should have been the
 host,

Sees his dear guest for ever lost.

“And must I see thee thus, my guest,
 Whose brow with the victorious
 pine

I hoped to bind, with poet's fire
 Encircled, and with glory's shine.”

And the guests hear it with a moan
 At the glad feast of Poseidon,
 And universal Greece beweeeps
 Her bard whose lyre for ever sleeps.
 The people rush, in stormy throngs
 Around the Prytanes they crowd,
 “Appease the Manes of the dead,”
 They cry, “with the foul murderer's
 blood!”

But where the trace by which to ken,
 Amid the flowing throng of men,
 Amid the whirling chariot's speed,
 The hand that did the bloody deed?
 Did reckless robber strike the blow,
 Or him some secret foe waylay?
 No god, but Helios, may tell
 Who seeth all things with his ray.

Mayhap he walks with fearless pace
 'Mid the free sons of Grecian race,
 And heeds not the avenger's tread,
 In car of Isthmian glory led.

Mayhap, upon the sacred floor
 He impious stands where gods have
 been,

Or with that wave of men is borne,
 That rolls on to the tragic scene.

From bench to bench, in many a ring,
 (Beneath them groans the scaffold-
 ing)

The Grecian tribes, from far and
 near,

Impatient wait with eye and ear;
 And like the ocean's hollow swell
 The swarm of men still wider grew,
 In sweeping circles mounting high,
 And mingling with the heavenly blue.

Who counts the nations, who can name
 That to this feast of glory came?
 From Attic and from Aulic strand,
 From Phocis, and from Spartan land.

From Asia's far distant shore,
From isles that gem the middle sea,
They come with holy awe to hear
The chorus' fearful melody.

The ancient chorus, stern, severe,
Lo from the distant scene appear!
And with a slow and measured pace,
The circle of the stage they trace.
No mortal women walk as they,
No earthly house gave birth to them;
So giant-like, so more than man,
From the far distant scene they
came!

A robe of pitchy black they wear,
In skinny hand a torch they bear,
That with a murky redness glows;
In their pale cheeks no life blood
flows;
And where the locks, like Ceres'
waves,

Down human temples kindly well,
There snakes and adders twine their
knots,
And with impatient poison swell.

And as they chase the fearful round,
Uplifts their hymn its solemn sound,
They pierce the heart with threatful
strains,
And round the sinner weave their
chains.

Sense-bereaving, heart benumbing,
Sounds the Furies' fearful strain,
To the hearer's marrow piercing,
And the soft lute sounds in vain.

"Well he, whose child-like soul
within

There dwells no guilt, there lurks
no sin,

To him the Furies come not near,
His path of life is free from fear.
But wo to him whose secret hand,
Hath done a deed that fears the
light,

We tread upon his fleeing heels,
The fearful daughters of the night!

He may not flee, he may not 'scape,
With shadowing wings our course
we shape,

And round his feet a net we throw,
From which no sinner free may go.
Thus urge we him, without remit,
No plaint of man may bend our
will,

Down to the regions of the dead,
And even there we urge him still!"

Thus, singing, do they beat the
ground,

And death-like stillness reigns
around,

As if embodied Deity
In fearful wrath reveal'd, were nigh.
And solemnly they walk around,
With fearful look, with awful mien,
And with a slow and measured pace
They vanish in the distant scene.

And, between truth and semblance
swaying,
Trembles each breast, deep homage
paying

To the dread judger of the hearts
That dwelleth in the inward parts:
That all unfathomed, unexplored,
Winds the dark clue of Fate away,
That speaketh to the bosom's depths,
But flees the garish light of day.

Then from the théâtre's far end
They heard a sudden voice descend—

"Behold, behold Timotheus,
Behold the cranes of Ibycus!"
And dark the sky becomes, and
darker,

And o'er the open canopy,
In hurried and ill-omened flight,
A banded troop of cranes they see.

"Of Ibycus"—the dear-loved name,
Shakes with new sorrow every frame,
And as in ocean wave on wave,
From mouth to mouth the word they
gave:

"Of Ibycus, whom we lament,
And weep in vain his hapless end?
What may it mean?—why spake that
voice?"

What may the flight of cranes por-
tend?"

And louder still the murmur flows,
And, like the lightning's flash, it goes
Through every heart. "Give heed,
give heed!

This is the Furies' proper deed;
The pious poet is revenged,
The murderous mystery is broken;
Seize him,—the man that spake that
word,

And him to whom that word was
spoken!"

But he that spake that word,—in vain
He sought to call it back again;
His terror-blenched lips made known
The crime that they would fain dis-
own.

They drag the twain before the
judge,

The scene becomes a judgment-seat,
The murderers confess their guilt,
And wreak the Furies' vengeance
meet.

THE SCIENCE OF SWINDLING.

IMPRESSED by the conviction that this subject—a theme, which, after much preparatory self-mortification, we now tremblingly propound—hath a most dear and vital interest, not only to thousands still in the flesh, but, with an occult and fearful influence, may work enchantments even on the dead, we stand for a moment appalled by the vastitude of our attempt, and the character and number of our audience: How the lecture-room is crowded! And only listen to the din without! What a Babel of coachmen—footmen—link-boys—grooms! How they storm and curse! What plunging of horses—what snapping of poles—what splitting of pannels! Doth not this tumult in more than trumpet-notes declare the embracing interest of our topic? Doth not the clamour indicate how intimately, how subtly the speculation is worked up with the destinies of man? No; looking at the multitudinous crowd, we cannot attribute the gathering to our unknown merits, but to the thrilling importance of our subject.

* * * *

We are now convinced; we have spoken with the owner of the hall, and he assures us, with a look of mounting hope, that never before did the roof cover such a throng—never, in his own homely words, did he see so many well-dressed persons—so many gentlemen! For instance, he tells us, that a few weeks since, in this very room, a professor lectured on the heavenly bodies; he exhibited his zodiac, and shewed his moon to six spectators and eight sleepers; the somnolent from a most scientific boarding-school, and varying in age from nine to twelve. A little before, says the landlord, a water drinker, of considerable celebrity—unfortunately his name has not yet transpired—having two shares in the Chelsea Works, held a meeting in our present arena, in the lovely cause of temperance; but only registered as members himself, his wife, his children, and all his servants. No former assembly, either in number or respectability, the landlord assures us, could

match with the multitude before us. The only crowd at all comparable to it, was on a meeting—the reader must remember it—held to discuss the pleasantness and utility of a family trip of some five hundred round the world, every arrangement being made by the projector for “women labouring with child, sick persons, and young children.” A daily supply of poultry and milk for the delicate and consumptive was sacredly promised; and we conscientiously believe that several geese and asses were absolutely secured. This we know; so many families were expected to circumnavigate—to make drakes of themselves, that midwives were much advanced; a nurse—the fact is imprinted on our heart and brain by a very clear circumstance—was not to be had for love, no, not even for money. “Perhaps, sir”—it was the only way in which the man could account for our still multiplying audience—“Perhaps, sir, that gentleman and you lecture on the same thing.” We made no answer to the impertinence; the fellow might have read our bill.

Still the throng increases; and, bless us! how many “old familiar faces!” And see! awakened by the charm, a host of shades make through the press! “Even in their ashes live their wonted fires,” and we have among our listeners the shadowy semblances of ancient heroes, statesmen, philosophers! How many of Plutarch’s men are there! how many of the solemn worthies of the olden day, by their awful presence patronise our theme. See, the shadows yet advance, hurrying from the shores of Greece—from the banks of Tiber—from Macquarrie harbour;

“And a God leads them—winged Mercury!”

Thus much for our audience; for the crowd that hung upon our lips during a discourse, the substance of which, though not at the vociferous request of the hearers, we are unwillingly prevailed upon to print. We should have resolutely denied the prayer of our auditors; but we were conquered by the applications

of at least ten thousand souls, who in vain elbowed and perspired at and about the doors, baulked by want of space of entry. And the fact that no riot took place, is a pleasing evidence of the respectability and intelligence of the disappointed. Never did a body of men exhibit such a regard for the constituted authorities—such an instinctive respect for the police!

A huge table-land of letters lies before us, the writers one and all begging us to publish, and enclosing a subscription for six—ten—a dozen copies. We will not gratify our pressing vanity by printing a list of our patrons; indeed, we believe their modesty would mantle at the publicity, many of them doing what they believe to be "good by stealth;" otherwise, we might show what interest was taken in a subject, by persons whom the superficial world holds altogether regardless of the theme. And now, rising to the nervous handbill language of men of science, we can only assure our readers that their communications will be duly attended to, and secrecy inviolably kept. We have been compelled to commit this preface, both as an apology and a reason for thrusting ourselves into type. Another explanation is due to our fortunate hearers; we have been necessitated to remodel the form of our lecture; having, on the night of its delivery, lost our notes. Of this we do not complain; we know that such accidents will happen at the most erudite, and therefore the most select assemblies. To commence (after the most approved models):—

The ancients—although they had no word which, to our philological mind, fully answers the expressive and happy term, swindling—we shall duly descant on the subtle, insinuating harmony of the dissyllable—certainly possessed a knowledge, though crude and imperfect, of the thing. It may, however, form the peculiar boast of the age in which we live, that, by means of active intelligence operating on passive simplicity—a felicity of circumstance rarely awarded to great projectors—we have reduced swindling to an almost unerring science. We are not to be confounded by the assertion, that the cradle of the infant

was in ages far remote—so distant—so shrouded in the haze of time—that no positive birth-place can be pointed to. Possessing a good, let us not wrangle for its first whereabouts. We are practical men, and leave such shadows to be chased by mildewed antiquaries. Thus, if they will, let us allow that the child first saw the light in Palmyra—or, that the young vagabond slept on a bench in Nineveh—or, that he thrived on stolen camel's milk in Babylon—or, that he tricked school-boys of their onions in mighty Thebes—or, taken by the priests, that he waxed in means, cheating Apis of its lawful oats and hay—or, trusted as a shepherd, that he juggled with the ewes. We grant any or all of this; it makes not against the wisdom of our times. Swindling, with all these tricks allowed him, was a poor outcast, a tatterdemalion, "blown about by all the winds of heaven;" and for the city in which he first sprawled and cried—where is it now? Ask of the owl—the bat—the sagacious, and much-vilified jackal. Striving to get at the true origin of the science, we are like the silly insect that, whilst we write, is every other minute striking its sharded wings at the casement, attracted by the lamp within, but repulsed, confounded by every attempt to reach it. Swindling was a coarse, ignorant, clownish beggar; behold him now! Look and wonder at the handiwork of our days. Hath he not the limbs of a Hercules, with the bloom and curls of an Apollo? See him walk, ride, drive. Follow him to the mart, the race, the show; follow, and, with wondering mind and reverential eyes, mark the dear darling of these modern times.

To resume our historical sketch. Descending from the uncertainty of extreme antiquity, we at once recognise in the puller of wires, the squeaker of gibberish, and the mechanical contriver of ready tears and blood, the swindling of the middle ages—the rude science, that with its tongue in its cheek, thrust an alm's dish on the devout. Then, swindling showed its head and wore a gown. There can be little doubt that the great body of elegant and captivating professors of the science at the present hour enlightening our

cities, would, in the good old monkish days, have lived by napkins canonized, and rods of grace. What a straw is man! How whirled and tossed by circumstance! Strange! that what in one age is to be obtained by an assumption of the livery of squalor, rags and dirt, is, in succeeding times, best compensated by a livery of green and gold—that now, to seem poor, is the way to wealth—and that now, to escape poverty, it is indispensable to appear rich.

As the pantomime of the convent became less potent on the minds of men, they betook themselves to profane imaginings, presumptuous speculations. Of these was alchemy, a pursuit with which, as the most superficial thinker must admit, the yet infant science of swindling was often closely bound. And here we cannot repress a pitying smile at the simplicity of our ancestors, at the benighted weakness of the men, who for months and years, their skins hardening in their laboratories to parchment, toiled at their powders of projection, at their philters, and their twenty tinctures, to obtain that, which our improvement in the science shows to be, if not altogether useless, at least unnecessary. It was the swindling of a past age to blow and toil for the philosopher's stone; it is the triumph of our swindling to do without it.

A tract, once to be purchased "in Goat Court, Ludgate Hill," is now before us, in which are narrated the many trials and escapes of one Friar Wincellaus of Bruma, in Moravia, who, "at the emperor's court of Vienna," turned pewter platters into virgin gold, and was, of course, rewarded for his pains with odium and persecution. It is true, perhaps, the platters did not stand all the tests of the goldsmiths; but are we to have no sympathy for this victim of early knowledge—for this operator, born in the childhood of science, in all his castigations of spirit. Because we live in a happier age, are we to shut our eyes and close our hearts to the miseries of those who toiled before us? We suspect—so wonderfully has our science advanced, so far removed is it from the means and influences of the days of the Moravian—that were it asked of any of the

ten thousand living students of swindling, if they had ever heard of the easiest compound known to the merest tyro in alchemy, they would answer—no. Much, very much we fear, they would declare their ignorance of even powdered cinnabar, and, putting their hands upon their hearts, protest they could not define a *caput mortuum*. But alchemy has had its day: its vessels are broken—its furnaces cast down—breathless are its bellows—extinct its fires; and our science, though thrust from beneath the sheltering cloak of the quack-salver, aims at a simpler, surer mastery of its first great purpose.

It hath ever been the cunning of man (though we may seem to digress, it will be found that our subject has still been with us) to turn his degradations into triumphs: out of his very baseness he extracts a self-glorification. He holds up his chains, and calls them trophies—he rattles them, and dances to the music. He walks on dust and ashes, but vanity, born of the serpent, spreads beneath his feet a golden carpet. Thus reflecting, what a serious thing to a philosophic mind is—a pair of breeches. We care not now to speak of credit; and, indeed, never wish to touch upon ready money; we speak of breeches in their entity, altogether away from any legal corollary. Are we not, if we think at all, every hour of the day reminded of our abasement by that which we make our pride? What are the finest clothes but the most oppressive evidence of our sin-doomed shivering nakedness? Can we button our coat, and forget we are fallen? Can we cast our eyes on gown or petticoat without some lurking thoughts of Eden? Possessed by these reflections, we have stood before the window of a tailor, and—weep. Glittering buttons have not dazzled us—silks have not softened—velvet has not smoothed. We have seen the superficial and the callous bargain for the livery of mortality, for the mark and type of their disgrace, as though with the garments they had bought new life. Now, the mind of the orthodox philosopher sees in the very necessity of breeches the abasement and the doom of man. In the eyes of the sage, the finest silk is spun by grave-

worms, and the most succinct great-coat is no other to him than a well-made winding-sheet. Indeed, what is a tailor—looking profoundly downward to his origin—what is he but a patch-work herald, continually crying “death!”

However, as we have said, the human faculty turns the wretchedness of its clayey partner into pomp, and thus, like a flock of merinoes, men in the great thoroughfare of the world are estimated rather by what they show on their backs than by what they may carry in their bosoms. The swindler, knowing this, adapts himself to the prejudices of society, and is, of course, well-dressed. Indeed, his knowledge of his art is best shown in his clothes and equipage: we see and applaud his wisdom in the dexterous pains he takes to make of the weakness of the world a weapon against the world. He marks how men scrape and duck to the mere superficies of things, and thus his first great care is of his outside. We fear that persons may be found sufficiently foolish to condemn the adroitness of the practice. They might, with equal reason, abuse many excellent and intelligent keepers of asylums for the mad; inasmuch as they, the landlords, live and thrive by lunacy—for the swindler does no more—only, fortunately for him, *his* insane have the uncontrolled expenditure of their own fortunes. To make the elements work for us, is held by philosophers to be one grand triumph of human reason: to tax water—to subdue air—to make a slave of fire—is a high manifestation of the divinity within us. Then, we ask, is it nothing for the swindler to make to himself a host of tributaries out of the very falsehood of their knowledge? For such is the potency of the true professor—the achievement of the consummate artist. Who, whilst such magicians are among us, shall say the age is stranded on the dead flowerless level of mere utility? No; the spirit of the enchanter is not vanished; the light that shone in Arabian cities is not quite extinct; it may flicker, but it is not out. The necromancer of old, by some crystal beryl—a wand—a mystic syllable—brought to him swarthy genii laden from their mines—brought in a

shower at his feet the scattered luxuries of the East. The genuine swindler works the like wonders with the best instruments allowed him by the progress of human ignorance. And the truth is, the unreflecting world is apt to under-rate the triumphs of the artist, in consequence of the vulgarity of his agents; as if the battles of Nelson were less glorious, because it could be proved, that throughout his whole fleet there was an impressed dog-stealer, or a volunteer footpad. Who shall try triumphant generals by a standard so foolish and so false? Who will have the hardihood to say that Cæsar’s laurels were not laurels, because, it may be, they grew in the vicinity of hemp fields? To say this is to utter the monstrous falsehood that men have been known to seek glory, in order that they might escape the hangman.

To come at length to the main object of our essay. It is now full time that something should be done for swindling as a science. It has, we conceive, passed the probationary term hitherto required of every art, ere dignified by the honourable acknowledgment of mankind. Many recent anomalies make some such recognition indispensable. It is but a short time since a gentleman, named, if our memory serves, —, was absolutely transported as a felon—and for what? For engaging, on receipt of certain monies, to tell individuals “something to their advantage.” It is possible that the gentleman may, in some instances, have failed in his benevolent intentions; but ask of a thousand patients—a thousand clients, whether the most skilful physicians—the most clear-headed lawyers, though trying their best, have not sustained similar discomfitures? To tell a man “something to his advantage,” is, in these days of difficulty, so extraordinary a service, that the very wish to make the disclosure should be received with kind thanksgivings. Notwithstanding, poor Mr — was transported; nor was transportation the least; he had, at least a dozen times, to endure the wit of a lord mayor. However, should our present plan succeed—and we are promised very influential assistance—we have hopes that Mr — will yet be called back to his fireside and his friends by a

special vote of the Parliament assembled. Mercy on us! how all professions would be thinned, were judges to expatriate all such members who practically fail in their ostensible business of telling those who consult them "something to their advantage." But, unhappily for Mr —, he belonged to a body not yet graced with a charter.

In these times, when the feelings and rights of every class of men are to be considered with the most prompt and charitable spirit, the peculiar claims of swindling, as a science, *must* be entertained. It is true, they are and have been attended to—but not in that direct and straightforward spirit which is the proud characteristic of our ingenuous days. We well know, that swindling, under a thousand fictitious names, may have enjoyed the most gracious patronage—may have been heaped into accumulated rewards; but we are for plain-dealing: we are for having a college founded, and professors appointed, whereat and by whom swindling may be taught to the studious on truly scientific principles. Seeing what, even in its unprotected state, it can effect—marking the wonders it hath by its own unassisted strength achieved—we look for the proudest results when the science shall have the grace of public approval, and the power of public authority.

And first, for the edifice itself. Unless the decree is irrevocable which has doomed the new National Gallery to the trifling purposes of painters and sculptors, we might be prevailed upon to accept a grant of Mr Wilkins's handiwork as the temple of our peculiar science. However, should such a compliment be refused us, we will put up with either of the two patent theatres; and considering the things done at them for these few past seasons, there will be no great violence in the change of public instruction and public amusement. Indeed, a few of the humbler offices might be filled by some of the discarded functionaries.

Secondly, for the dignitaries. We must, of course, have a president; his election—for the office must be elective—will, we fear, be a matter of some difficulty, from the number

of candidates. Not that we purpose throwing it open to all aspirants. No; we think we shall confine it to those gentlemen of the Stock Exchange who have killed their own kings—made their own declarations of war—and fought their own battles. The gentleman who within the past seven years—we intend to have the election septennial—shall have made most money by the least number of fabrications (bearing in mind that he must have made one), to be declared president.

Under the president, we will have a council composed of four-and-twenty, to be elected according to their characters and their—cabs.

We now arrive at what might be considered the prime stumbling-block—the constituency. We shall with three strokes of the pen clear ourselves of the dilemma. Every man who can prove that for not less than three years he has paid no shilling of rent—every man who has ruined three tailors—every man who has no visible means of bread, and yet lives, dresses, and drives—in fact, every man with a shirt or without a shirt, who, keeping on the weather-side of our act of parliament, breakfasts, dines, or sups—each and all of such men to be entitled to vote at the election of the council—the four-and-twenty electing the president.

The lecturers—their qualifications being proved—to be chosen by the council. For instance; no man is to be held capable of discoursing on philosophy, who has not stood, at least twice, in the pillory. (Those candidates who have been whipped at the cart's-tail to take priority of the merely pilloried.)

No man to be allowed to lecture on political economy, who has not at least been tried for picking pockets.

For the expenses of the college, they are to be defrayed by voluntary bequests; of the plenitude of which we have little doubt, seeing how many of its richest members are likely to die without any relations.

We have nearly a thousand other wise regulations to propound; but the reader must be content with the scantling before him; in which we trust there is sufficing evidence of

the wise liberality hereafter to pervade and animate the perfected system. We allow much to the restless spirit of cavil; but we can really anticipate no objection to the leading principles of our plan. They are, we conceive, the offspring of wisdom and justice, after a long and painful enquiry into the prospects of the present and the succeeding age. For instance, we can imagine no fitter man for president, than he who by some masterstroke of ingenuity reduces in a day a few score families to a wholesome condition of penury—to a state which Thomas à Kempis declares to be peculiarly favourable to the birth and activity of all the humanities. To win a battle—to slay whole armies—is a poor, gross achievement, compared to the peaceful faculty which, by visionary slaughter, empties our neighbour's pockets. What is the sacking of a city by uproar and physical outrage, to the still influence of that moral strength, which compels your bosom friend to—stand and deliver?

And next—(as we tenderly wish to meet all difficulties for the council)—we hope that in making the possession of a cab an indispensable qualification, we are not asking too much. Indeed, a swindler, according to our imperfect impressions of society—can no more make his way on foot, than can an opera-singer or a player. A pirate floating on a single plank, would be as likely to make a capture, as would the pedestrian swindler. And the time is gone when men could levy contributions on horseback. They have built over Finchley—there are gas-lights at Hounslow; the rustic and the picturesque are fast disappearing from the face of the land; and the fine high-spirited, gay-hearted cavaliers, who were wont, when hurried, to bury their spurs in miraculous horse-flesh, have given place to a lolling, luxurious dynasty, that elbows it in cabs. It is true, there is somewhere a concealed charm in the cab of the swindler; there is some spirit living in it; some subtle mysterious fascination. Where grows the wood of which these vehicles are made? Is it cut from forests where damned rites are done—where “blue-eyed hags” mope and moan at the shud-

dering moon, where priests of Obeah chant their devilish creed? Some invisible potent agent must be in the wood—some tyrannous imp, drawing the hearts of men; the sorcery is manifested by the conclusions. For how many jewellers, mercers, goldsmiths, hurrying victims to the swindling Juggernaut, have cast themselves beneath its crushing wheels? Grievously hurt—many of them entirely broken—ask them why they threw themselves down? pray of them to give you their “most exquisite reason” for each self-prostration before the swindler? they will, with flushing faces and stammering tongues make answer—“He drove a cab!” It is plain then, from these confessions, that such engines are not “of the earth, earthy;” they are built by some demon—

“Time out of mind, the swindler's coachmaker.”

Oh, that Sir Thomas Brown would start in his shroud at our side, to dictate but one explanatory paragraph on this possessing theme! For ourselves, we profess our total ignorance of the nature, nay, of the very name of the wood employed; it may, for ought we know, be of the tree—indeed, certain things favour the speculation—a branch whereof was described to Æneas:—

———“*Latet arbore opaca
Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus.*”

It may be made of the tulip-tree; nay, it may be made of cabbage-wood. However, we quit these subtleties, content with having indicated their salutary use.

And now, a word on the constituency. Surely, if we may pride ourselves upon any thing, it must be on the wise liberality which at a word invests tens of thousands with the grateful privilege, the social dignity of an elector. His qualifications are, we submit, not made too exacting. On the other hand, not to have paid rent for three successive years, is a proof of combined wisdom and ingenuity, not to be too liberally rewarded. What are landlords, but grasping harpies who fill their claws from the wants and necessities of hapless folk? Does the eagle pay for his rock? Does the fox (except that he is hunted now and then) make any return for his

cover? Doth not the sparrow (to be sure he is his own builder) chirp rent free? Doth not the coney (though not ensured against lawyer ferret) burrow gratis? And if these be not convincing arguments of the insanity of paying rent, the fault is not in them, but in the provoking bigotry of landlords. We quit this point, strengthened by the fervent belief, that an immense number of the constituency will be supplied by those who indicate the natural nobility of man—who show at least his equal rights with the fowls that fly—the beasts that walk—and, if farther proof be requisite, with the things that crawl.

We shall next jump to those constituents who claim their privilege by simply defying the discovery of their ways and means,—visits to card-clubs, races, and other crowds, to pass for nothing. We believe that after the exercise of the closest scrutiny, many thousands so qualified will increase the mob of electors.

Next for the voters with shirts and without shirts. Though, in our pure philosophy, we would place the shirtless very far before the shirted, inasmuch as they who despise (though not because they cannot obtain) the luxury of fine linen, best illustrate and support the beauty of our favourite hypothesis of the man naked, and the man clothed; still, in common with all high-minded projectors, we are content to sacrifice a handful or two of exquisite theories in deference to popular prejudice. Though loth, very loth, to give up our man-without-a-shirt, we find we must not satisfy our hopes by enduing him with peculiar advantages; and thus, with some violence to our feelings, we merely rate the man-without-a-shirt as a common elector; he is only to have the like voice with the man of cotton or cambric. But number is influence, and there rests our hope at the elections.

We wish to be particular as to the qualifications of the lecturers. It is our desire to obtain practical philosophers; therefore, if we cannot have men—for, as we have said, the picturesque is fast fading—who have contemplated the world through the pillory, such philosophers being the

rara avis of the times, at all events, let us secure such teachers, who, beyond dispute, deserve that high reward. The pillory, it is a sad truth, may be cast among the lumber of antiquity, but human nature remains.

Of political economists duly qualified there can be no dearth. A man with a tolerable eye and hand may, from any first floor window, harpoon fifty, ay, a hundred a-day. Even counting on the natural cunning of the species, and after a time, the consequent difficulty of catching any specimens, the hulks, thank heaven! are always open to us.

A few words on the mode of receiving votes at the election of the council. Wishing to get through the ceremony as quickly and as quietly as possible, we are desirous that the votes should be taken at various places. We have not yet decided on the most fitting localities; and therefore leave it to numerous bodies, public, corporate, and chartered, to submit, for the use of the electors, their galleries, courts, and halls. We make no selection; we entirely leave to the parties themselves the grace of making an offer, the end of which will be the quick despatch of a most momentous business, ensuring the preservation of the public peace. For we put it to the reader to consider the ferment consequent on the election of four-and-twenty swindlers. Let him imagine the state of the metropolis on such an event! Let him picture to himself the walls of the most respectable houses covered with placards—many of them gemmed with some long-remembered name—some household word—syllable or syllables almost sacred to our *lares*; let him fancy the burly—the contention—the claims and counter-claims on the voices of the electors!

“Vote for ——! the consistent Swindler!”

“Electors! remember ——! your tried Swindler!”

“Voters! support ——! the only Swindler for the people!”

“Rally round ——! the Swindler’s glory!”

But no, had we a pen of flame, we could not trace the words of fire which, burning on every wall, will animate the constituents. It rests, however, with certain bodies to ren-

der the struggle as brief as possible; for it is not to be hoped that in the present day, with such a crowd of candidates, and many of them with claims so equally poised, the elevation of two dozen swindlers to places of lasting honour and emolument can be compassed without considerable stir. Indeed, sorry should we be were it otherwise; for there is an indifference to distinction—an apathy towards real greatness, which ever marks the decline and fall of a great people.

We have now laid before the world an outline—and, we own, only an outline—of our plan. That it will be reduced to practice we have no doubt; our petition to the House of Commons being in the hands of a most eloquent member, in every way qualified to advocate the cause, and to explain alike to the obtuse and the fastidious any of its many difficult and delicate details. In his hands we leave it, conjuring him by that power—by those sentiments which have conducted him to his present useful elevation—to devote all his energies to the success of a principle, of which he is at once the offspring and the representative. To use a novel warning, we can assure the honourable member that the eyes of the whole nation are upon him, and that—by way of serious climax—we shall be in the gallery. But, in truth, we fear not the result. Even now, with prophetic eyes, looking around our study, we see upon the wall (immediately below an original oil portrait of Mr William Soames) the following extract from a future *Times*:—

“Early in the afternoon of yesterday the whole metropolis seemed flowing towards Westminster. Parliament Street presented a sea of heads; as we approached Palace Yard, the crowd became insupportable. The roofs of the houses were covered—the windows thronged—the door-ways choked—the lamp-posts loaded. The very sparrows seemed dislodged by human intruders. Great merriment was excited by three chimney-sweepers seated on the head and shoulders of Mr Canning; desired by the police to come down (the men carried their staffs, and behaved with remarkable temper), each offender, the action

evidently premeditated, placed the end of one thumb to his nose, joining the tip of his other thumb in a straight line to his little finger. They remained where they were, and were much cheered.

“As the members came down to the House they were huzzaed or hissed, according to their known or unknown principles on the measure of the evening; no other violence was offered. A fellow with a placard, bearing ‘Eggs, fifty for twopence, to be had at — Tothill Street,’ was very properly apprehended, as provoking what might have led to a breach of the peace.

“The hurry and animation inside the House were truly exciting. Except during the progress of the Reform Bill, we never remember such an attendance of members. The gallery was crowded; we recognised among the visitors very many public men; there were many “supporters” of the turf, players, system-mongers, spirit-merchants, corn-factors, &c. &c. (By the way, we saw Mr Haydon, busily employed taking sketches; he afterwards informed us—stating that he did not wish it to be known, so we oblige him by publishing the fact—that he contemplated an historical picture on the sublime, the soul-stirring event.)

“A petition from the Corporation of London for the appointment of a committee to enquire into the size of wine bottles, with a view to fix a standard measure for the same, having been presented,—

“Mr YMPK moved the order of the day.

“Here a sudden pause fell upon the House. The silence was for some seconds as profound as it had been instantaneous. Nothing, if we except the hearts of three Irish members, audibly beating beneath six waistcoats, broke upon the stillness. All eyes were cast in the direction of the honourable member for ———. At length, the House being profoundly hushed,—

“Mr XLRCH rose. (Whether from illness or agitation, we know not; but the honourable member looked unusually pale.) He said, it had fallen to his unworthy lot to advocate a measure, in which he felt the interests of an immense body of his fellow-subjects were closely invol-

ved. (Hear.) He had given an undivided attention to the matter: he might say that the energies of his whole life had been employed upon the theme. (Hear, hear.) He had looked neither to the right nor to the left, but, undistracted by public tumult, unswayed by private solitudes, he had, in early days, united himself to the cause; and the tie, he felt, was indissoluble. (Cheers.) The honourable member spoke at considerable length, and to the last with increasing eloquence; but we regret to say, from the emotion of the orator, he was altogether inaudible. We understood him to conclude by moving an address for the granting a charter.

“ Lord BWFGLK seconded the motion. He did so after a most philosophical consideration of the subject in its manifold bearings. He felt that the increase of the population, and the advancement of knowledge, imperatively called for some such establishment as that which would arise from the charter. In a very few years, he asked, what was to become of the people? Peace continuing, law simplified, medicine and surgery improved, science performing all the work of human hands, it was clear that men could only exist by an exercise of their wits; and the House had, in its wisdom as a deliberative assembly, to provide for the wants of a doubling population, deprived, by a combination of circumstances, of the ordinary means of subsistence. (Hear.) He might be called a vain sciolist, a system-maker, an enthusiast—he had been called so—(hear, hear);—but he remembered the words of a great English writer, no less than John Dryden, who said, ‘It was very easy to call a man a fool, but not always so easy to prove him one.’ (Cheers and a laugh.) He understood that laugh, and he cast the gauntlet to the honourable and learned member, to disprove the position he (his lordship) had taken up—a position to which he would

return. And, again he would ask, what was to be done with the people? It was plain they could not proceed in their present course. The tools used by men in a state of semi-civilisation were taken from the hands of the nation by the advancement of science. Men had nothing to depend upon but their intellect; and it was to give to intellect its fair heritage that he seconded the motion. He wished to see the day when swindling should be placed on its proper footing. (Loud cheers.) He wished to see it relieved from those degrading badges—that contempt and obloquy which had been fixed upon it by the ignorance of their ancestors. All he asked was, that swindling should be placed on an equal rank with the other sciences—that its professors should take the like degrees—enjoy the like immunities and honours with the professors of other arts, only superior because acknowledged by the statutes of that and the other House. The motion might be lost, but he did not despair of its ultimate success. No; he could lay his hand upon his heart, and feel—and sweet, indeed, was the feeling—that there were proud days in store for swindling. (The noble lord sat down amidst loud and oft-repeated cheers.)

“ Sir PLGSTR begged to”——

We were proceeding through the speeches when our eye caught the golden line at the bottom—

“ Majority for the motion, praying for the grant of a charter”——

We looked upwards—caught the eye of William Soames: we thought it gave a knowing wink of congratulation, and we sank back in our chair, invested with all the glory of a prophet. “Yes,” we exclaimed, “we are appeased; swindling *is* at length acknowledged—swindling *is* a science!”

One word, gentle reader. We earnestly beg your vote and interest on the ensuing election.

FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL IN BRETAGNE, &c.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.—Steered from Southampton; a glorious evening of autumn; the estuary calm as a sheet of glass, and the steamer carrying us down at the rate of a dozen miles an hour. The vessel crowded with holiday visitors to Guernsey, Jersey—"all the world." John Bull and his family, of course, pursuing their national avocation, eating and drinking à gorge déployée, the moment they came on board. The cabin was voted close; the gentlemen and ladies both in full East London costume, declaring that they delighted in viewing the country: tea, coffee, beefsteaks, and porter (!) brought on deck, and all the senses thus regaled together.

Nightfall.—The ladies had grown sensitive, and retired from the chill air that now came from the Channel. The gentlemen smoked cigars, and strolled about the deck until the cabin lights told them that festivity was begun below. They then plunged down, and, looking through the skylight, I saw at least a hundred and fifty again engaged in the national vocation, "fast and furious" at supper. The exquisite power of the genuine City stomach is certainly incalculable. But no enjoyment, however captivating, can be relied on in the region of the winds and waves. A heave of the steamer, as she darted out from the shelter of the isle of Wight, evidently stirred other sensations than those of pleasure among the party below. The wind rose, and though the vessel shot along like a wild-duck, I could see, from my bird's-eye position by the binnacle, a general change of movement. Every additional roll spoiled some angry citizen's supper, or displaced some well-curled and high-collared beau from the side of his fair one, until, at last, the surges of the open Channel produced their natural effect, the ladies rushed away in all directions, and the beaux hurried upon the deck, or found out their berths as speedily as they could, and were lost in the general *mêlée*. But never was the old proverb of "the wind" more completely verified. The supper chiefly remained

as the spoils of the field. The general provision of the vessel is tolerably good and abundant; but John Bull is provident in those matters, and tongues, pasties, and similar luxuries, had been brought by the different parties. Those were now seized on, first by the steward and his subordinates, and then by such of the sailors as could steal away from the working of the vessel. Here sickness could have no effect, and the tables were emptied with a rapidity that argued experienced appetites. There was a great deal of laughing, too, among the feasters, and many a sly glance turned to the beds where poor John lay "cribbed, cabined, and confined," groaning with all his might, probably indignant enough at this use of his property, but as helpless for its protection as a turtle on its back.

Morning.—The cabin intolerable from heat, groans, and the perpetual cry within every curtain, of "When shall we get on shore?" I started up, threw on my cloak, and went on deck. The contrast of the cool dewy air was delicious. The coast of France, on my left, was still a long heavy ridge of cloud, with the lights of Cape la Hague glittering like a little constellation of morning stars in its front. As we passed along, a dozen bright flashes rose high in the horizon, which the steersman told me were rockets from Cherbourg, probably the signal of a new rabble *émeute*, or the apotheosis of that powdered and bowing knave, old Lafayette, or of a dynasty of newspaper editors superseding Louis Philippe. France certainly keeps up the spirit of novelty beyond any other nation of the earth. Every day of the year, or hour of the twenty-four, may produce a revolution.

But the dawn soon came. A long pale mist, touched slightly by the sun, was all that remained to us of England; while the French coast stretched before us, a succession of harsh, low, and sea-stained ranges of chalk, clay, and stunted herbage. As the sun rose, the cabin began to give up its dead, and the beaux

and belles covered the deck in their morning dresses. It is by no means from a want of gallantry that I say the circumstances were peculiarly trying to female charms. If the most imprudent beauty thinks it rash to meet the sunlight without due preparation after a ball, what must have been the severity of the ordeal, when the night had been spent, not in dancing, but in paroxysms — not in sipping lemonade, and listening to the speeches of attendant cavaliers, but in echoing each other's stomachic agonies — not in "breathing the perfumed breeze" on staircases "piled with aromatics from Jenkin's nursery," but in the heart-sickening effluvia of tar, ship blankets, and bilge water. However, I always speak with an instinctive tenderness where the sex are concerned, and I shall say no more on the subject.

Jersey in sight. — Our ladies were kept in a flutter for about an hour before we cleared the French coast, by the appearance of a small schooner-rigged vessel, which slipped out from under the shadow of La Hague, and seemed to eye us very narrowly. As war with France was out of the question for the day, or until the next rabble of Paris declare it, we were safe against any fear of being carried against our will into Cherbourg. But the schooner's appearance was certainly what the sailors call *roguish* — a long low-sided slight thing, that slipped along like an arrow, and floated round us like a hawk on the wing. The sailors held a consultation on the poop, but they were evidently puzzled. At a venture, I pronounced it a "South American privateer;" and though the name was denied, yet I had strong suspicions that I had hit the mark. The same idea had reached others, and one, a young and rather talking trader from the West Indies, offered, in the true trading way of settling disputed points, "to bet any thing, from five shillings to fifty pounds, that she was the famous *Pesce d'Espada*" (the Swordfish) of Bolivia, renowned for having scuttled more prizes, and cut more throats, than any privateer out of the Spanish main. This was awkward intelligence. It was, however, a good deal laughed at by some,

and rather angrily disputed by others. The ladies naturally gathered to hear the discussion, and pale as their faces were before, the fright added nothing to their attractions. Still the trader persevered; every glance which he gave through the mate's glass satisfied him of his fact, and he grew loud in demanding, "whether any one would take up his wager?" probably that, in the "untoward event" of being caught, he might have some drawback on his losses, or, like the better on a losing horse, he might *hedge*. In the mean time, the schooner flew back and forward, still at a shorter distance, and I observed several of the loudest among the laughers quietly slip below, and begin to be busy with their trunks. Others blustered about the deck, and talked of making "a desperate resistance."

Yet what was to be done? If the privateer could be beaten off by hot water, we had enough to scald her out of the creation. But she had evidently a terrible long gun peering over her decks in whatever direction she darted, and the inevitable result of war must be our going to Bolivia, or the bottom. Extremes meet. There is nothing more like heroism than despair; and as I had no help for it, I sat with the fortitude of a Nelson. In the mean time the steamer was making a run at her best speed for the islands; still the schooner beat us. We could now see that she was full of men, and all in the established pirate costume, black or brown jackets, whiskered visages, and red night-caps. A man now ran into her top, making signals, and a dozen were in an instant in the rigging with glasses. It was all over with us. We were a sure prey. The laugh had gone down completely, and even the ladies spoke no more. At this moment, when every eye was fixed on the privateer, we heard a heavy gun in the rear. The explosion was so close, and so unexpected, that three-fourths of us had well-nigh sprung overboard. But, joyous sight! a fine British frigate was quietly rolling along within a cable's length of us, with a whole host of bold faces gazing over her side, and probably much amused at our confusion. Now was our time for

making the "*Pesce*" pay for having frightened us. But on giving a glance towards the spot where she had hunted us so close, not a vestige of her was to be seen. We could have been brought to believe, at that moment, in the Flying Dutchman, in Ghosts at cockerow, or any other spiritual dealings. The little, fierce, black monster that had painted every porthole, every rope, and almost every nail of her fabric, in living distinctness on our startled sensoriums, was vanished into thin air. A long blue fog bank, which I had at first mistaken for land, was probably her receptacle; for the gallant frigate immediately altered her course, and plunged into the cloud. We saw her tall tops rushing along for a while above the vapours; heard a gun or two through the mist betiding ill news for the Columbian, and I live, to this hour, in fervent hope that her cruising exploits were finished on some rock off the coast, or in Portsmouth dock-yard.

The adventure, such as it was, was of service to the sociability on board. Nothing makes men, and women too, more tractable, than being well frightened in company. All was now an interchange of smiles and civilities. And in this mood we rushed along, passing Sark and Alderney, two little floating fragments of earth that seem struggling for life in the water; or, like sieves, equally ready to go up or down, at every wash of the wave. Still we rushed on, adroitly steering our way clear of the numberless little, black, and very sharp tops of the rocks that line this part of the Channel as thick as crowsfeet and caltrops were ever planted by the hand of an engineer, and at length, having gallantly accomplished our course, drew up alongside the pier of St Peters, and discharged into Guernsey a perilous part of our cargo, a whole boarding-school of girls returning from their English vacation, and at least a regiment of half-pay officers, coming like the minstrel to

"Feed upon smiles and wine,
Of the brightest hues, while they linger
there."

Jersey.—The steamer panted away again; and leaving Guernsey, and all its gaities behind, we rapidly

approached its "Sister Island," a relationship, among commonwealths, which, like the relationship of niece and aunt, generally passes for something peculiarly discordant. The "Sister Isles" of the Channel form no exception to this curious law of hostility. But I shall not enter into details, further than to say, that the difference of opinion, to give the name most conformable to *bien-séance*, extends to every thing, from the sky to the ground, women and wine, corn and constitution, manners, methodism; nay, down to the pig, which the man of one island protests will never make bacon, and the potato which the man of the other protests will never fatten the pig. Rival antiquaries alternately pledge themselves to the precedence of their respective islands in rising from the flood. The balance is still anxiously suspended on the question, which of the islands first committed piracy, or most busily carried on smuggling. Nay, the controversy goes deeper than the ground itself; for a Jerseyan, zealous for the honour of half a dozen furlongs which constitute his world, has lately thrown out a challenge to the Guernseyan to match, if he can, the elegance, ease, and comfort of the churchyards in his native isle.

Landed at St Heliers, and spent the day rambling through the island. It might be traversed east and west, north and south, in a twelfth part of the time. The churchyard controversy tempted me to look into one of those places. Any thing but places of rest; if I were to form an opinion from the population that run over them, and the general clamour of tongues. Yet the island is pretty; an inclined plane descending from the north to the south, an exposure which partially shelters its crops, and gives it such chance for fertility as is to be found in an atmosphere impregnated with "sea." It sleeps in a complete saline vapour-bath. Every cabbage and onion in the land is already pickled. The ribs on the living cow or sheep might be packed up, and sent without farther preparation on the circumnavigation of the globe. The evening dew, dear and dangerous as it is to roamers at twilight,

is profitable here; and no man can return from his idlest lounge, "under the vesper star," without bringing home his own salt. Even on the single evening of my resting there, I saw a pair of lovers, who had sentimentally loitered a little beyond sunset, return like the princess in the Arabian Nights, frosted from top to bottom. This may help to account for the extraordinary phenomenon, that all the young seem old, and all the old immortal. It is the result of the great pickling process going on at every hour since their cradle. "One universal Muria reigns."

One of the odd circumstances of this very odd island is its giving a moral to mankind of the hazards of being great, rich, or remarkable in any sense of temptation. Half the empires of the continent have been stormed and sacked, fettered and massacred since the little Channel islands have had a shot fired at them, or have had a pullet carried off by the rapine of an invader. Since the Norman Conquest, when, as part of the great duke's domains, they were transferred to England, there has been no flame lighted on their shores more formidable than a Dutchman's pipe; the single and silly little enterprise of the French in the last century excepted, amounting, in fact, to nothing beyond a skirmish in the market-place of St Heliers,—rescued from utter oblivion only by the death of a gallant officer, Major Pearson, and Copley's fine print of the little, busy scene.

But there is a reason for all things; and, to me, the evident reason for the existence of these little spots of earth is their reading a moral lesson to France. The Romans put a slave behind the consul in his triumph, to tell him that he was but a man after all. What could be more like that wise but rather unwelcome lesson, than to put under the very eye of France, and almost clinging to the hem of its embroidered and jewel-hung robe, a pair of little communities, neither of them able to have held up a finger in defiance, yet on neither of which it has ever been able to lay a finger; that, in the palmiest days of its triumphs, have been a perpetual re-

buke to its ambition,—a new and palpable protest against its claim of universal supremacy, whose very existence was a loud-tongued scoff at its presumption, and who told alike to the pomp of the Grand Monarque, to the fiery ferocity of the Republic, and to the dazzling, demoniac majesty of the Empire, that there was one domain beyond them all, that the protected of England were not to be assailed, and that their arrogance must stop when it touches the borders of the Key of the Ocean?

"If in these remarks I have been dull or declamatory," to use the parliamentary phrase of the late excellent Sir James Mackintosh, "I beg to lay the blame on the subject." But my theory is indisputable. Or if things are not made for this, for what are they made?

It is next in oddity, that, with France within a bowshot, perverting all the world with its fashions, its tongue, and its politics, and with England pouring its population, its money, and its merchandise, hour by hour, like a flood-tide over the land, this little spot of Jersey is neither English nor French, but a middle term of existence, which it persists in calling Norman; speaks a language which is neither English nor French, but forms a new anomaly among the eccentric tongues of mankind, and exhibits an island physiognomy, which as much disdains to borrow from the briskness of the French visage as from the beauty of the daughters of Britain—a neutral captivation which it is not my policy to describe. No man can answer for the future in these times, when kings and queens are little better than men and women; and with Charles Dix and Dom Miguel for my warnings, even I may yet be driven to deposit my state in the realm of the Channel islands. Casualty in the higher regions ought at least to have the merit of teaching caution in all, and I am not willing to prepare for the days of my refuge inextinguishable hostility in the better half of humankind. Yet, let all be told. There are hospitable thresholds in this little relic of the unconquered (the population will have it the *unconquerable*) inheritance of the Conqueror. There are

handsome faces, too, and *bons compagnons*, clever fellows, who have seen the world; and, singular as it may be deemed, in a spot which lives by sufferance of the surge, and where, at least, to a stranger, every sound of the tide, and every gush of the gale, comes fraught with the promise of that submarine *tranquilization* which Sir Joseph Yorke proposed for the troubles of Ireland, there is a good deal of that gaiety, which, though all the gold of England has never been able to buy, France, and every thing French, down to its "looped and windowed" beggary, has for nothing.

St Malo.—While I was bargaining with one of the shallops of the island for a passage to the main (and even my native negotiator was astounded at the price demanded for the service, a price which would have been generous for the shallop and its owner into the bargain), I was saved from tempting a rogue to add extortion to his catalogue by the arrival of a friend's beautiful yacht. She had been flirting with the French coast from Bourdeaux, and was now returning to rest herself among the holyday navigators of the isle of Wight. Luckily for my revenge on the trafficker, she ran into the anchorage to refit a deficiency in her *punch à la Romaine* and *Lafitte*, preparatory to an expedition on the usual yacht club scale from Spithead to Portsmouth, and from Portsmouth to Spithead. My friend having somewhat more of the "brazen heart," which Horace wonders at so much, in his composition, had stolen away from his noble competitors, dashed into blue water like a Newfoundland dog; and after having satisfied himself of the possibility of living out of sight of land, and finishing a day's navigation without dining at the club, was floating homewards to amuse himself, I have no doubt, with the easy heroism of his harbour Columbuses. He offered me a passage. We left Jersey in the evening, rolled away with a brisk breeze, and got far enough from the island before twilight to see it moving like a planet across the sun. The twilight was charming, but too chill for my love of the picturesque, and I left the west glowing like a crimson stage-

curtain, shot and striped with a thousand shapes and embroideries of all kinds and colours, to take shelter in the cabin. But how different was all here from the cabin of the steamer; from the noise, the crowd, the intolerable heat, the equally intolerable stuffing, and the incipient contest between an evident resolution to eat every thing and a loathing of all! All was luxury, but luxury of the true English breed—quiet, rich, and complete. I shall venture to say, that there was not as much gilding or glitter in the whole vessel as would cover a gingerbread doll. There were no ceilings sheeted with mirrors, nor cabinets filled with nicnacks. But the foot plunged into a carpet like a velvet bed; the sofas, of plain green silk, were delicious, the berths were exquisitely fitted up for their proper purpose of rest, and all, from the little library to the bronze lamp that hung over our reading-table, was in that perfection of sober opulence and elegance, which the Englishman alone attains among all the professors of enjoyment on the face of the waters or the land. We had some pleasant conversation at supper—discussed my proposed tour of the western departments of the sail ahead of us; and after a bottle or two of Burgundy, to which was appended a toast in honour of the naval king, as became Britons, we laid ourselves down on beds worthy of a Sybarite.

The wind fell calm during the night, and it was broad day before it sprang up again. But we could find no fault with our quarters. Our entertainer was boundless in his hospitality; his cook was capital, and it was not until after a dinner worthy of himself that he would suffer us to leave the vessel, and trust our feelings to what he pronounced the "mortifications" of the French *cuisine*.

We were landed under the batteries of St Malo, just as the bells rang for vespers. Nothing could be more romantic than the time and place, if we had any romance in our composition. Frowning rocks bronzed with every hue of tempest; battlements and buttresses overhanging them, that looked almost as old as the rocks; fishing boats,

some busy, some anchored along the little coves of this very curious harbour. Even the accidental sight of a pleasure party stretching out under easy sail to catch the fresh air of the ocean after a day, no doubt, sufficiently sultry on shore, with a couple of sweet-toned bugles in the stern of the barge, carolling away some sprightly air, as they passed us, all might have set a poet on his Pegasus. But having no pretensions to that airy horsemanship, and greatly admiring the wisdom in the "critic," of getting rid of "all about the sun gilding the horizon," whether eastern or western, I was content with unambitiously ascending nothing higher than the steep stones that make the rugged landing-place of St Malo, and after a march across the equally rugged *pavé* of this old town, taking up my rest in its least bustling, and therefore best, hotel.

I had set out from England alone, rather contrary to my inclinations in the matter of touring. But of the two friends who had agreed to accompany me, one had received a diplomatic direction to South America, and the other had, by an equally sudden change, gone to join his battalion in Bengal. Thus, with my two friends as wide asunder as the antipodes, I had to take my solitary way, and trust to chance for finding their substitutes. Chance, however, deserves, in most cases, to be better spoken of than she is by human gratitude. Many a general, statesman, and spinster have found her their best friend. At St Heliers I found, watching the distant smoke of my steamer, a school friend, whom I had not seen for twenty years, and who had travelled half the earth in the time. I was seated with him at breakfast in the hotel on the morning after my arrival in St Malo, when my new friend, of the yacht, was announced. A frolic had taken him of seeing something of the land which he had been skirting during the last month. Our plans were quickly arranged.

Started in the evening for a slow drive along the shore. The causeway which joins St Malo to the main land, a narrow road, of somewhat less than a thousand yards, places it in a becoming po-

sition for a little Gibraltar—if the Gibraltar had any thing to guard beyond oysterboats. Seen from *terra firma*, the whole affair looks like a well-sized feudal castle, a little overrun, it is true, with retainers, but the ramparts and battled towers towards the land, and the half-dozen minor fortresses, each perched on its rock, round the sea-front, may match with any thing among the Rhingraves — Ehrenbreitstein, that queen of fortresses, with her jewels of brass glittering in circles on her drapery, and her coronal of granite and sunshine gleaming above, always excepted. The inhabitants are proud of it, for the more romantic reason, that it is a kind of French Venice. In fact, the origin of the little western port, and the "Lady of the Adriatic" who "held the gorgeous East in fee," is much the same; the Frenchmen having been driven from an old settlement on the mainland, to hide themselves from the molestations of Danes, Normans, and other infesters of the soil, in the crevices of the rock, where they lay and vegetated like *fungi* for a thousand years, until at last the vegetation began to show itself, the little community was discovered to be alive, and St Malo had a name among the nations.

Left the town behind sinking into its own smoke, and glanced across the little peninsula to where another column of smoke marked the place of Concalle, rescued from utter oblivion within the last fifty years by the enterprise of the well-known Parisian restaurateur, who determined that oysters, whether in season or out, were always good for those who would pay for them. And having full faith in the gourmand's definition, the "mauvais cœur, bon estomac" of his countrymen, made his Rocher de Concalle the "grand magasin" for indigestions in every month of the year.

Turned by a tolerable road from the Department of the Ille et Vilaine, into the more flourishing scenery of the Cotes du Nord. We were now entering a portion of France, which might remind the traveller of one of the midland counties of England, fair, populous, and fertile. The similitude, however, must be limited to the silent pro-

ducts of the soil. The towering caps, preposterous petticoats, and Abyssinian complexions of the females, and the eternal chattering of both sexes, were sufficiently distinctive of our being in a strange land. Still there was life round us. If the voices were intolerable to ears accustomed to the low tones of England, they were at least the voices of health, mirth, and activity. The people were so good-humoured in the hundred little ways that civility can invent to show itself, in moving their carts and droves of cattle out of our route, in their readiness to help us whenever our position cracked one of his rope-traces, and set to work to mend it with his penknife and his garter, even in a passing curtsy, or the taking off of a cap, that I am satisfied they have not studied a single page of the new rights of legislators, have never given a sigh to the melancholy want of the vote by ballot, and would rather have a good harvest than a new revolution, annual parliaments, unstamped newspapers, and all.

Dinan.—The road along the Rance continued the same scene of lively fertility, varied with hill and dale, and those abrupt bursts of landscapes that belong to the borders of every river of tolerable size; and the Rance seems to make pretty strong amends in winter for the glossy back that it showed us under the summer sun. Large portions of the high bank torn away, frequent invasions of the more level surface on either side, and capes stripped to the naked rock, and standing out, like the preserved relics of some mightiest of the Mammoths, and coves deep delved under the banks, gave strong evidence that the Rance could, as well as its compatriots, conceal a great deal of mischief under a gay outside. At length came the hour that told us we were approaching a human hive. A dingier shade on the sky above the sheet of forest that still covered every thing with green; the tolling of a slow bell, for the bells in France are in full activity whatever else may be idle, and are likely long to survive the churches; a spire piercing the tree-tops; then a range of squalid huts with a host of tenants perfectly worthy of them grouping round their

doors to gaze at our vehicle as it rattled along, the last exploit of our tired horses for the day; all in the regular succession brought us to the entrance of Dinan.

Spent an unexpectedly pleasant day. On alighting at the hotel, my friend of the yacht found an acquaintance he had made in the gulf of Lyons, and whom he invited to dinner. He was a Pole, who had taken his share in the late insurrection, and after the general failure of his countrymen, returned to the French service, in which he had formerly distinguished himself in the showy days of Napoleon. He was lame, from the wound of a Russian pike in his thigh, and was now on his way to sea-bathing at St Malo. Though an invalid, and evidently impaired in his appearance by the issue of his career, and perhaps a little by time, for his brilliant mustaches were already showing a touch of silver, he was what must have been, a few years before, a very fine looking fellow; the soldier, and the soldier of rank, was in every gesture; and it was easy to account for the extraordinary struggle of the little Polish army against the enormous weight of Russia, if many such were in its battalions. Yet, to an Englishman, there is always something even in foreign manners of the most courteous kind, that marks the foreigner. Though he was the guest of my sailor friend, the gallant Pole gave him to understand in the most expressive way, though certainly with a profusion of civilities, that he was not fit to be trusted with feeding himself or his company, and therefore proposed that the ordering of the dinner should be confided to his own hands. The concession was easily made, and after the first surprise, we were all the better for it, for the dinner was all that could be desired. The beginning of every thing is a serious matter, even the beginning of dinner, and for the first few minutes we adhered punctiliously enough to the maxim of the "Almanac;" that during the first course, it is impolite to open your lips, for any purpose, but to fill "them." But this etiquette was soon at an end, and with a batch of *vraie Bourgogne* before us, chosen by the express dictation of the Pole, who perfectly showed his connois-

seurship on the occasion, we began our "planetary shining" with great rapidity round the "sun of our table." All subjects were started in succession, England, the Continent, sovereignties, armies, politics, wine, women, and Poland. Such freedom of speech probably never made vocal the echoes of the hotel since the days of Dagobert. And kings, queens, and ladies of the bedchamber might have been much the better for overhearing the spontaneous wisdom of our three hours over the bottle. The Pole was showy, original, and *tranchant* on all topics; and if his sword in the field shivered away the limbs and laurels of his adversaries with as rapid execution as his oratory sliced down the mighty of courts and cabinets, he must have put John Sobieski himself out of countenance. As to the princesses and *preux* of the Continent, his candour would have been worthy of the "palace of truth," where facts came from every body's lips in spite of themselves; and the courts of Brussels and Paris came in for an especial display of his knowledge, which would probably have much surprised every one but the court confessors. I laughingly hinted at the peril of this freedom of speech in the land of the police *par excellence*. "Sir," said the Pole, "I have lived all my life in countries where the police was every thing, and I have always found it good for nothing. You have a capital proverb in your country about 'shutting the door after the steed is stolen.' It might be inscribed in front of every police bureau from Calais to Constantinople. The police knows all secrets, after they have been in every body's mouth; knows every knave's person after he has been put in chains; and detects every conspiracy after it has done its business."

"It is, however, sufficiently on the alert in Russia," observed the traveller; "it conveyed me from Sebastapol to St Petersburg, to my utter surprise and great convenience, for my conductor travelled in very good style—dismissing me too at the end of my journey, it happening that he had made a slight mistake in the person, and arrested me for some prodigiously great man, who was come to spy out the nakedness of the imperial dockyard."

"That is exactly the point," said the Pole. "They are the pest of honest men, the perplexity of common intercourse, and the scandal of governments, which show that they are helpless, without stooping to arts and trickeries, eavesdroppings and whisperings, briberies and betrayals of the common confidences of life, that would scandalize any man in the face of society. If a government actually encourages a system of hourly baseness, nay, more than encourages it, lives by it; trusts to it in preference to manliness, directness, and public integrity; and is content to exist in the lips of official lives, instead of making its appeal to the open sense, and evident self-interests of the nation, then let it take the consequence, let it live on in the precarious, contemptible, and artificial security that betrays it into perpetual *emeutes*; makes every king of the Continent lay down his head on a pillow of thorns, and turns the slight popular effervescences that in your country would furnish only an anecdote in the journals, into the forerunners of bloody revolution."

"And this, then," I asked, "is all that France has yet got by her half century of confusion? In that case how long is Louis Philippe to keep her from another fit of the national epilepsy?" "As long as he lives," was the answer. "But this may not be a year, a month, or a minute. I have no doubt that the royal schoolmaster often wishes himself earning his twelve sous a-day in the Grisons again, or teaching grammar beyond the Atlantic; he was fully as well employed, and much more at his ease."—"Or living quietly at Richmond," said the sailor. "Oh!" was the Pole's answer, "that would be infinitely too fortunate for any sinner on a Continental throne. Their lot is cast, they must be content to manage as long as they can,—watching rebels, cutting down revolutionary journals, and riding about at the head of hussars and Cossacks to save themselves from being thrown into irons by some legislature of the highway, or sent to beg their bread, like old Gustavus and young Brunswin, to turn friar like Dom Miguel, or eat horse beans and sleep upon straw, like Don Carlos." I observed, "That Louis Philippe had

borne his faculties with remarkable moderation."—"You are right, sir," was the reply. "Louis Philippe is the ablest man in France at this hour. Clear headed, well informed, and well intentioned. He has already steered through difficulties that would have perplexed and overturned a dozen cabinets; nay, have actually overturned every cabinet of France since Napoleon, until he took the reins into his own hand. He has effected what even Napoleon declared to be beyond his own extraordinary skill; keeping France without a revolution in a time of continental peace. I was long enough on the Emperor's staff, to know that he was wearied of war, but that he was urged to it in his later years, simply from a conviction that the forward spirit of her young generation could not be kept from riot but by war; nor the childish spirit of her old generation be kept from eternal plotting, without battles and marches to prate of. The king has done this, and done it through five trying years. But he must give up the game at last, if not for himself, at least for his dynasty. Jacobinism never sleeps, it is growing stronger, more active, and more unanimous hour by hour; and the kingdom of France will be only the first sacrifice to the dagger of universal anarchy."

The dinner was over. The air from the Rance breathed coaxingly through the vine-covered casement; and we sallied forth to see a mineral spring, one of the lions of the neighbourhood. A valet from the hotel attended as our cicerone, a capital specimen of the La Fleur family—brisk, officious, and an incessant chatter. He might have been recognised as French every where but in a forest of baboons. A Frenchman's spine, like his tongue, seldom gives a hint of his age. While this dapper personage was capering and chattering before us, he was a boy, when he turned to observe the effect of his information, he was a senior of between sixty and seventy! But there was something in the valet after all. He took the first opportunity of letting us into the secret, that he had, but a year before, fought a duel with swords for the smiles of a widow in possession of an auberge, which he pointed out to us at the

otherside of the river, and a very pretty position it was for his headquarters, and worth a *lounge* or two; and he gave us further to understand, that the mistress of the prize was "charnante, celeste," and so forth; and that his only reason for delay, was consideration for the hearts of some half dozen of the "bien jolies" of Dinant, to whom he wished the matter to be gradually broken. We commended his delicacy, but recommended him to lose no farther time, "as French ladies were sometimes the more precipitate the nearer they approached the years of discretion." He received our advice with the air of a man secure in his own charms; and as he dropped a few paces behind, I saw the wrinkled old rogue actually draw out a pocket mirror, arrange his half dozen hairs on his forehead, and giving a gaze of first-rate approval in his glass, turn a pirouette in the air, as he replaced it in his pocket, with a look that would have done honour to a Vestris in the full triumph of a *pas seul*.

The bank of the river is finely broken, rising abruptly from the water, and covered with large clumps of trees. On one of these eminences we stood, to enjoy the breeze which was now setting in from the sea. The turrets and steeples of Dinant shot up strikingly through the foliage, and the general effect was broad and bold. As we looked in silence, I observed the gallant Pole pass his hand across his eyes, but he turned quickly, and said, with a half smile, "folly of this kind, gentlemen, may be permitted to an exile." By some strange coincidence, this view reminded me of the banks of the Vistula. Thin the groves, and extend those steeples a little more to the right of the river, and you have Warsaw. The topic was not one which we would have volunteered, but foreigners have few reserves of this order; and the showy lancer's mind was as full as his tongue was eloquent. To our general surprise, his anathema was poured, not on the head of Nicolas, but of his countrymen. He bitterly characterised the whole late insurrection as an absurdity, a splendid *betise*, which only showed that Polish brains were fit for nothing but to be knocked out by Russian cannon balls.

"Peste," said he, "we never had more than thirty thousand men under arms. What was to be done with such a force in the teeth of Russia, surrounding us on every quarter, capable of pouring in a hundred thousand regular troops on every frontier of the kingdom;—with Prussia ready and willing too to fall on us in the rear;—with Austria equally ready and willing to fall on us on the flank; both jealous of every movement in Poland, from the simple circumstance, that both had robbed us, and must expect a demand for the return of the robbery? Our troops were brave, but of what use was their bravery but to get themselves cut in pieces; the bravery of lions and tigers, if you will, but lions and tigers in a cage, the more they spring, the more they expose themselves to be shot or stabbed by their tormentors on the safe side."

"But the attempt was only the more heroic," said the sailor.

"I heard of it within a league of the Wall of China," added the traveller, "and was one of a circle of sons of the desert, who are taught to drink success to it in bowls of mares' milk, and who shook their wild whiskers and screamed with joy at the operation."

The Pole looked at me, as I supposed, for consent in those ideas. But the conduct of the affair had been too rash for my notions of national wisdom; and I could only observe "that it had excited great interest in England." The gallant Sarmatian saw my meaning at once. "Ah," said he, with a shade of melancholy suddenly clouding his fine features, "if, in that hour, we had but the common sense, sir, that belongs to your noble country! But we listened to the declamation of newspapers, haranguers in the French tribunes, and talkers in the coffee-houses, and, in a fit of folly, shut our eyes to the facts, that we had not, in all Poland, muskets for 100,000 men, nor cartridges for them for a month, nor money to feed us for a week. And all this seems so monstrous, that I am almost inclined to think Russian intrigue was at the bottom of the whole transaction." He was met by a general look of incredulity. "Gentlemen," said he, "I know nothing infallible in this world except his Holiness

the Pope, and the fact that he who plays at *rouge et noir* will be cleared of his *argent comptant*; but there is something to be said still for my *hypothèse*. The twenty years of peace had made Poland richer than she had ever been since the days of the Jagellons. The Russian despotism, if it did nothing else, at least kept us from cutting each other's throats, which had always been the amusement of Polish liberty. Our animal spirits, thus forbidden to find their escape by sabre blows and thrusts of the lance, were turning to our fingers, and we had actually begun to clothe ourselves in something better than the furs of our wolves and bears, to drink something better than birch tree beer, and to talk of something better than the *escapades* of our young nobles, or the characters of our opera-dancers. In short, for the first time for three centuries, we were becoming a people."

"But," said the traveller, "you had an incubus upon your neck, and the ugliest incubus that ever disturbed a people—Constantine, with his Calmuck visage, and his more than Calmuck manners. I, at least, owe him a grudge, for I have to thank him for a fever which I got by shivering at his levee at five in a December morning. Fifty of us, at least, were ordered out of our beds to attend the caprice of the barbarian, were forced through the streets of Aracan by a band of ruffians whom he called his police, and who robbed us on the way; and then kept for hours waiting till he had despatched his meal of, I presume, horse-flesh, and admitted us to the honour of his presence. And the whole ground for this insolence, for dragging us through streets up to our middle in snow, and keeping us freezing in the midst of a rabble of felons, was to give his Tartar Highness the opportunity of asking us, in person, 'whether our passports were *en règle*.'"

The Pole, with a smile, observed, that those were frequent frolics with the Grand Duke, and that he called them "discipline"—his boast being *martinetism*. "But," he added, "untamed savage as Constantine undoubtedly was, he had points which made him not unpopular with the troops, and those made him formid-

able to more eyes than those of the travellers in Warsaw and Cracow. He had wrongs, too, to revenge; and his was not the nature to forgive them. A still more pressing matter was, that the Polish troops had not forgotten Kosciusko and Poland, nor Napoleon and France. A compact army of thirty or forty thousand men, brave enough, and a good deal trained by circumstances in the German fashion of talking about liberty, might be expected, in process of time, to add the practice to the theory, and exhibit *à la mode Française*. It is at least perfectly known that the Polish troops could not be safely employed in the field under Russian officers; that in the Turkish campaigns they were not employed at all, and for that reason; and, finally, that the correspondence with the French propagandists, ideologists, and revolutionaires, was perpetual. Must I follow the subject further."

"But," said I, "do you acquit Nicholas?"—"Certainly," was the prompt and manly acknowledgment. "As a Pole, I am his enemy for life. As a man, I owe him nothing, and shall never owe him more. But I am perfectly satisfied that the whole was a surprise to *him*, and that he would be among the last men in his dominions to gain the subjugation of my country by either the artifice or the bloodshed that once broke it down. He is clear. But others are not so. The result of this fatal and most foolish and premature attempt at independence is, that Poland is undone—that her people have extinguished every prospect of being above the serf; and that Russia, instead of finding a restless, active, hot-headed, and quick-handed commonwealth posted beside the most vulnerable member of her unwieldy frame, has now, by our own inconceivable stupidity, turned the peril into strength—the half-republic into an iron-bound limb of her despotism, and the dangerous neighbour into the unresisting and unquestioning slave. And this," said he, with a look of indignant remembrance, "we owe to the haranguers on rights and wrongs—the apostles of national regeneration—the fraudulent, fickle, and false declaimers on liberty in France and Germany; a race of

wretched pretenders, who first stimulated us into the contest, then abandoned us in the hour of struggle, and now leave us to linger out life in banishment, or, perhaps, add to the population of Siberia."

Rennes—A showy town. The little river Vilaine, which shares with the Ille the honour of giving a name to the neighbouring department, cutting the whole in two, a fair representative of Fleet Ditch. It is remarkable that half the good things in this world have been the work of accident. Rennes was once of wood, and fully emulated those cities of stables and pigstyes, which form so large a portion of the urban architecture of *La Belle France*. But some patriotic incendiary, whether in the shape of a lover burning his billets doux, a femme-de-chambre setting fire to her curtains and herself over a romance at the witching hour, or one of the magistrates, over his final bottle, setting his curls, *à la Louis Quatorze*, in conflagration, propagated the flame through the mass of timber and thatch with such effect, that Rennes, like an ancient hero, lived only in its ashes. In any other portion of France it would probably have remained in its ashes until this hour; but commerce, even in its humblest capacity, is a great renovator. The merchant sees too much of better things in better places, to be content with the naked breezes of Bretagne; and thus the town grew, until it has actually grown into something not altogether unlike a good clear-spaced substantial English town; with, however, some handsomer public buildings than are always to be met with in our towns, and a cathedral, old, wild, and gloomy, yet venerable for its reminiscences, the site of the inauguration of those once-powerful vassals the Dukes of Bretagne; the walls were "redolent" of chivalry. I saw a helmet hanging in a corner, with a cut of a falchion right down through the crest into the jaws, but whether inflicted by some Saracen blade on the bold belligerent within, or due to the weight of some Teutonic battleaxe, the history of the wearer's adventures must have been effectually brought to a close in the operation.

At the hotel we found an English

family just on the wing, after a residence of some months in the neighbourhood, as they told us, for the benefit of educating their younger branches. The experiment seemed to have been a dear one. Whatever fruit the branches may bear, I am afraid it will not be that of health, strength, or English feelings. The two girls, and they were pretty creatures, were as prim as if they had spent their sojourn in the stocks, and with complexions to which I know no honester comparison than that of a stewed cabbage. One of the boys, once a handsome lad, seemed consumptive, and took snuff from his waistcoat pocket; the other, younger still, was uneasy until he got out on the balcony to smoke a cigar! of which he gave us the benefit as we took our coffee. The conversation of the seniors was a duet of discontent at the numberless grievances which must assail every English family of the better order, whenever it attempts to domicile itself in France. Their first experiment for the girls had been a convent, where "every thing was taught," and, as the parents speedily discovered, Popery, into the bargain. Their next was a boarding-school, conducted by the most matchless of possible instructresses, who turned out to be a cast-off actress from the Théâtre Française, with morals corresponding. Their final experiment was that of a governess at home, who, in the course of her harping, singing, and chaiseing, contrived to introduce a fellow whom she called her brother, but who might as well have been called her grandmother, for the express purpose of entangling the elder of the daughters in an elopement, which of course was to have been finished by forgiveness and an English fortune. And for all this the compensation had been, that they spoke, and even that in the pyebald style of a fashionable novel, Norman-French, which bears about the same proportion to Parisian, that Yorkshire does to the language of St James's. In addition, they seemed to have acquired the still more unlucky affectation of a considerable degree of contempt for their own country—could talk of nothing but some half-mad marquise who had paid them some trifling civilities,

and paid herself off by fleecing them at *écarté*, and making use of their purse and their carriage on all occasions. But "then she was so charming, her air so *distingué*, her manners so *superbes*, in short, so French—so perfectly French," that I grew sick of the panegyric, the frippery, and the phraseology, and made some vows on the subject of foreign education, which shall be kept to the last rigour and vigour of human purpose. As to the young gentlemen, their acquisitions were sufficiently displayed in their sallow looks, snuff, and cigars, to save me the trouble of any further question. They were *merveilleux* already, and seemed to have as fair a prospect as any I had remembered, of spending their last sixpence at Crockford's, and sending out their last lungs in tobacco smoke.

Rennes has the additional merits of being dear, dirty all the winter, and equally dirty in summer, after a five minutes' shower, as all places must be which are only paved;—unsociable, except so far as the emigrant English, generally the most discreditable of their country, make up a meagre society among themselves (for the French families are too poor, too proud, and too cautious, to have any thing to do with them), and in autumn overrun with vapours from the low grounds, which very effectually do the business of *malaria*. A consumption would be a tolerable price for the best *pirouette* that ever made an English gentlewoman emulate a French *figurante*. But to those who have fortitude enough to brave the eternal tobacco smoke, through unnamed and unnameable odours which the French police suffer to transpire from every corner of the streets, the mire, and the *malaria*, Rennes is perhaps as endurable a spot to prepare for the stage, an elopement, or the churchyard, as any in the land, short of Paris.

Nantes.—Passed through a productive country in which the cows seemed the legitimate proprietors—the peasantry interlopers. The fields were luxuriant, but all that betokened the presence of man was deplorable. "Heaven made the country, but man made the town," is the poet's mode of accounting for narrow streets. But the general order of

French towns do not come within the category of human building. Nothing on earth approaches nearer to the troglodyte style. Nine-tenths of them seem to have been the simple work of nature; piles of mire, shaped and pierced into habitations by the hand of time and tempest, and as guiltless of glass windows, white-wash, or comfort of any conceivable kind, as a cavern in the back of an American wilderness. But the Frenchman is a genuine "Galleo," in private life, and "careth for none of those things." Yet he is within fifteen miles of a people whose study is every thing of domestic convenience. To what can the extraordinary difference be attributed, which makes the man of England and of France as essentially antipodean as if the diameter of the earth divided them? It cannot be climate, for in three-fourths of France they have shower for shower with London; or, if there be a distinction, the winter is keener and the summer more torrid, thus both requiring more diligence in repelling the effects of the season. It cannot be poverty, for the French peasant has generally become a proprietor, and is now comparatively rich. It cannot be government, for, if government acts at all in the matter, it is to set the example of building, and even loading the public taste with prodigal decoration. Yet the French peasant goes on from year to year, and from age to age, sitting in a cottage as naked of comfort as if he sat on a hill in Siberia. A Tartar tent would be well equipped, to the best of those hovels. They have not even the merit of being whited sepulchres, for a brush has never touched them since the moment when they arose from their original mire. The truth is, that "home," as it has been a thousand times observed, is not *French*. There is but little gathering round the family hearth—the cottage is not the place of their mirth. They return to it to sleep, they go to it as men go to the churchyard, because they cannot help it. Their festivities are for the guinette, their superfluous coin is expended on the gilded head-gear of the rustic belles, or the flame-coloured waistcoats and flowered stockings of the rustic beaux. While the

summer lasts, they live in the open air, working, dancing, eating, and flirting, *sub dio*. When the winter comes, they cluster together in their huts, like bees, with no more concern for their furnishing, than a generation of rabbits in their warren. There they *hibernate*, dismal, dark, and frozen, until the first gleam of sunshine rouses them, lets the whole tribe loose like the swallows, and all is fluttering, frisking, and hunting flies, or matters to the full as light as flies, again.

On our way we had a glance of the Trappiste establishment at Meilleray—of the outside, only, however; for the difficulty of access was more than we thought it worth our while to overcome for the pleasure of seeing half a hundred human beings making mutes and mummies of themselves, for no earthly reason nor heavenly one either. But newer things lay before us, and we might well leave those relics of a past age to live the lives of so many spiders, and be buried in their own cobwebs. We were entering upon the classic ground of France. It was a burning noon when we first came in sight of a slow blue river, a lofty grey cathedral, a glittering group of steeples, towering over masses of irregular buildings, then a barrier—and *voilà*, the city of Nantes. The heat was so intolerable, even in the shaded road, that we felt the reflection from the pavement like the glow of a furnace. But we escaped the fate of St Lawrence, and drawing up in the *Grande Place*, fully enjoyed what an Anglo-Indian voluptuary declared to be the "only two luxuries of India, when you *could* get them, cool water and cool air." A few glasses of iced water, which, for the purpose of refreshing, are worth all the vintage of France, having replaced us in the condition of human beings not absolutely liquescent, we made arrangements for establishing our headquarters in the city, and taking it as a centre for our excursions into the fine and varied country of the surrounding province.

The Duchess de Berri.—One of the *notabilia* of Nantes is the house which sheltered the duchess in her Vendéan attempt. It is a tolerable fabric, in an obscure street near the castle. The histories of this adven-

turous lady's ramblings and capture are in every one's lips, and will undoubtedly yet supersede half the fairy tales that once made the rapture of the nurseries of France. But so much party spirit still mingles with fact, so many are still proud of their Carlism, however ashamed of her royal highness' subsequent developments, and so many adherents of the new system would plunge her in the river Styx, were she pure as Hebe, that it is still among the most delicate matters imaginable to sift the truth from the enormity of the fiction. What I give is thus less any attempt at a narrative, than the mere fragments of recollections which reached us in various and casual intercourses with intelligent people. My friend the traveller had met with an old Indian acquaintance, by the merest chance, in wandering through the city museum. We happened to be standing before a picture of St Anthony's Temptation, a subject which one finds every where in Popish collections, as if the art of painting desired to revenge itself by caricature, for being so mercilessly wasted on monkeries and mummeries of all kinds. As he contemplated the group of baboons, frogs, and adders, all capering and twisting round the venerable saint's cavern, and the *chief* demon in the shape of a woman, and a very handsome *Nantoise* she was, performing the rôle of principal temptress, the words, "A capital idea of a French paradise," escaped him. "Ou M. (my friend's name) ou le diable"—was heard behind him. He turned, and saw an old associate, a French *militaire*, whom he had known in Pondicherry, and with whom all now was embraces, kisses on both cheeks, and congratulations. The gallant Frenchman had long hung up his sabre over the family hearth, married, had already added to the number of his majesty's loyal subjects by half a dozen young ones, and purchasing a small estate in the neighbourhood of the city, prepared to take his ease and talk of battles, though not fight them, for the rest of his life. He had commenced service in the republican levies of 1793, and by activity and good luck had risen rapidly. The return of the Bourbons had reduced the general, for to

this point he had long risen. Napoleon's *avatar* in 1815, had seen him again sword in hand for the honour of his "*superbe patrie*." But the vision dissolved—Napoleon's star went down—and my gallant friend turned farmer. With him we made some very agreeable rambles to the spots marked out by the struggles of the early and present days of Vendéan celebrity. From this clever and clear-headed individual I heard a great deal less of the reflexions which are the bane of French narrators, than of the direct and substantial proceedings which are, after all, the only things worth knowing in public affairs.

"Early in 1832," observed my informant, "there were evident symptoms of disturbance in the country. And the conduct of the Government, rash and unsettled enough at all times, told me that there was some fear of a counter-revolution. Couriers from Paris succeeded each other with rapidity. We had two or three new prefects within a few months. The troops patrolled, and though nothing more warlike appeared among the peasantry than an old pedlar from time to time selling plaster medals of the Duke of Bourdeaux, or a ballad-singer caroling Bourboniste songs, the people felt alarmed; there was the feverish restlessness that one feels before the breaking out of the actual distemper—the uneasy anticipation that tells us the earthquake or the volcano is awaking. My own position," said the general, "was perplexing for the time. I had no love for the Bourbons, but I had lived quietly under Charles Dix. I had no hate for his successor, for under him I had lived quietly too. But, *soldat de Napoleon*, as I was, I was still a Vendéan; and it was to be supposed that the old feelings belonging to the name still hung round me. In this state of things, I was like Mahomet's coffin suspended between the sky and the ground, liable to be hanged by the Government on suspicion of treason, and to be shot by the insurgents on suspicion of loyalty. I had unluckily taken a small villa in the Bocage early in the year. And the first intimation of the awkwardness of my purchase was a pretty smart action between the peasantry and a

few companies of the *voltigeurs*, with whom they fell in on *patrole*, and handled very handsomely. The beaten *voltigeurs* made the best of their way back towards their quarters, pursued by the victors, and, as ill-fortune would have it, on being pressed on their march, and in considerable hazard of being made prisoners, threw themselves into my grounds. The insurgents came up with them, and beat them into my house. My neutrality was then practicable no longer, and to save my property from being burnt, and the lives of my family from being sacrificed in the *mêlée*, I was forced to take a musket in my hand, and do what I could in the general defence. The insurgents quickly increased in numbers and boldness, and the affair was becoming critical, when luckily the firing caught the ear of some of the other detachments quartered through the district, troops began to arrive, and the business was at an end. However, as this specimen of a country life was not at all to the taste of my family, and not much more to my own, I immediately transferred them to the city, and I was very well content in exchanging my vineyard and corn fields for the narrow causeways of Nantes. But, if I had been inclined to delay, a simple circumstance would have decided me. On the very night after the skirmish, as I was looking from my bed-chamber window on the landscape which I was about to leave, and which then, as such matters always do to the reluctant, looked more tempting than ever, I observed a figure struggling through one of the fences of the shrubbery, but evidently unable to make its way. My first impulse was to call up the soldiers; several of whom slept in the outhouses. But the individual, whoever he might be, was alone, and as evidently exhausted. I therefore paused a moment or two before I raised an alarm, and in that time he had come near enough to speak. To my surprise I found him an old comrade, of whom I had lost sight for some years, and who, on my bringing him into the house, claimed my assistance and protection. He had received a ball in the thigh, and, from what I learned afterwards from himself, had commanded the pea-

santry in the action of two days before. Like myself, a Vendéan, he had been bit by the mania of the hour; and being a bachelor, had nothing to tie him down to the soil; from him I received the first certain intelligence of the arrival of Marie Caroline in the west; he had seen her the day before the rising, and described her as full of security on the subject of her conquests. My situation was now embarrassing. I had not merely to act the protector but the surgeon, and at once avoid compromising my own character, giving up my unfortunate friend to the authorities, and find shelter and medicine for one whose next bed would probably be in the *Conciergerie*, if he were not shot at Nantes.

"On this occasion," said the general, laughing, "I practised a little *ruse*, for which I trust his Holiness the Pope and the College of Cardinals will forgive me. As they have made many a sinner a saint, I turned a gallant though unlucky soldier into a woman. His figure and features assisted the *travestie*; and by the help of my wife's skill and her *femme de chambre's* wardrobe, the chevalier made his appearance in the family as a very plouante grisette; in that character took part in the box of my britchka, headed the family march into Nantes, and remained unmolested in my household, until I made a confidential present of Mademoiselle Julie Angélique to an English family, who carried her in perfect safety to Paris, and from Paris across the Channel, where she threw off her *jupon*, and became once more the very gay and pleasant chevalier that I knew him."

To our questions on the probability of the Carlist successes in the Vendée, his reply was, "Who can answer for the accidents of insurrectionary war, for the temper of a nation which has been in a state of change for almost half a century; or for the oddity of public affairs? But if you ask me whether the people felt any desire to run upon the bayonets of the troops for the sake of any man, woman, or child of any dynasty under the moon, I can tell you that it was the last thing that entered into their thoughts."

I observed that the Bourbons had

not remembered the gallantry of Vendée with any feeling worthy to be named as royal gratitude. The truth of the observation was perfectly acknowledged. "Why, sir," was our friend's remark, "there was not a province of France that did not share to the full as much, if not more, of the royal bounty. A few complimentary speeches, a monument or two to the brave men who had died for the cause, and a civil reception of the Rochejaqueleines and a few others at the Tuileries, and all was ended. Not a single privilege, not a single royal grant, not even a personal civility to the province, ever showed that the restored family thought more about us than if we were so many Laplanders. Instead of making the province the headquarters of royalty, instead of establishing the court at Nantes, or any other leading spot of the west, and gathering round the person of the king the crowd of heroic men who still survived the battles of the war of Brittany, and the banks of the Loire, the court remained in Paris from year to year, at the mercy of the mob, and thinking of nothing but how to avoid giving offence to that mob. The men of the Revolution were the only objects looked to by the imbecile king and his still more imbecile counsellors. The ministers of Napoleon were the king's advisers. It is scarcely to be wondered at, that in circumstances like those the Vendée should be left to itself. The wretched policy of the time was, to conciliate those who had struck blows against the throne, for their hostility was still bitter; and to neglect those who had struck blows for it, for their fidelity was still secure. The consequence—and nothing could be more natural, just, and inevitable—was, that her enemies and friends regarded the conduct of the court alike with contempt; the one receiving the royal favours as a sign of the royal fears, and the other resenting their neglect as a ground of alienation."

The sailor now recollected some curious incidents in a voyage which he made up the Mediterranean about the spring of 1832, and of which the adventures of the duchess seemed to furnish the key; but

this was destined to future elucidation. I continued to urge the general's reminiscences. "From this period," said he, "a series of small but harassing actions took place, in which the troops generally beat the peasantry, though with little loss, for cavalry could not be ventured among the thickets, and retreat was always easy. But suddenly, to the universal astonishment, all this ceased. Whether the duchess had fallen by some random shot, had fled the country, or was about to try some new plan of operations, were points which occupied all our wise men, even up to the Tuileries, but to very little purpose. It subsequently appeared that at this moment the duchess was actually living in the midst of those authorities which were hunting the department in search of her, probing every bush, overhauling every fishing boat, and ransacking every cottage. She was within the circuit of the city, and living under the very eye of our purblind police. The activity of the detachments sent out against the peasantry had rendered her security so precarious, constantly beating up her quarters, and compelling her sometimes to fly from the cabin where she had taken up her bed for the night, that, as the hare finds the neighbourhood of the kennel sometimes the safest, she boldly resolved to hazard all, and hoodwink the vigilance of the prefecture by coming to reside in the heart of Nantes. This she effected in the most complete manner; and, in Nantes, she remained four entire months, from June till October, setting at defiance all the skill of the most bustling and most worthless body of public guardians that any nation of earth possesses—the minor magistracy and police of France."

I observed, that however secure the location, it must have put a stop to all the movements of the conspiracy. "Such became undoubtedly the immediate result," was the answer. "From that day the insurrection was virtually disarmed. But my countrymen, in all their public projects, have two points in view, a minor and a major, and the minor is always the one which influences

them most. This comes of superabundant cleverness. To men plain enough to have but one way of seeing things, it must have been clear, that as the presence of Marie Caroline was the mainspring of the new machinery of insurrection, her disappearance must let down all its works at once. But the Carlist leaders had devised a grand plan of operations, as visionary as a campaign in the Arabian Nights, for conquering all France at a blow. On the cessation of the peasant skirmishes, which were all to be put a stop to at the moment, it was to be taken for granted that the troops forming the garrison of Nantes were to be withdrawn, and all was to be lulled into a state of tranquillity. In this event, summonses were to be despatched through the country to collect the whole Carlist force; they were then to march for Nantes, take it by surprise, produce Marie Caroline before the eyes of the people, make the city the head of a new government, declare the *déchéance* of the Orleans branch, and make the duchess regent, in the name of her son. Still a difficulty remained which puzzled all the sages of Carlism. It was the *premier pas*, how the entrance into the city was to be effected at all. For whatever was to be done must be done at once, and our police and patrols were by that time prodigiously full of bustle. It was managed, however, and cleverly enough, but by the perseverance of the heroine herself, as we afterwards learned. She set out on the first market-day from the cottage which she had made her quarters the night before. Her expedient was to dress like one of the market-women, and, with one or two companions in the same costume, she began her march, *à pied*.

“The weather happened to be hot, and the peasant petticoats were an unusual burden for the form that had never till then been touched but by silk and lace. The heavy shoes, too, galled her feet, and at last her highness was compelled to stop. She could not very well dispense with the dress, but she took off her shoes, and in that style began her journey again, taking the precaution of colouring her ankles, which her companions remarked were too white,

or too handsome, I forget which, to escape the admiration of the gens-d'armes whom she might meet on the road. On the whole, she got through the business very well, made out her five leagues like a stout country wench, seemed to be amused by the adventure, and at length, without a question being asked of her by any of our wise people, reached the house fixed on for her reception. Her companions, however, were kept in continual fright, as they acknowledged afterwards, by her highness's vivacity—it was altogether too much for their prudence. She nodded and talked to every one on the road, was in high good-humour, bought fruit from the old women in the market, and actually could not be got away until she had read the whole long placard on the walls, declaring the city under martial law, and offering a reward for her own capture. The house which now became her dwelling was the one which you have seen in the *Rue Haute du Château*, a poor affair at best; but even there her suite of rooms consisted of nothing better than a garret, with two chambers and a closet behind the chimney, which had probably been used for smuggling by some former owner.”

“*Voilà ma romance Française,*” exclaimed the traveller. “When I was last in Paris, I saw the *petite duchesse* galloping about the streets with a troop of the body-guard after her, the wonder, and, for any thing that I know, the worship of the Parisians.”

“I had the honour to have a card for her *fête* at the exquisite ‘palais,’ in the Champs Elysées,” said my sailor friend, “and fairy-land never produced any thing more showy. If on that night a wizard had stood beside me, and in the glittering and girlish figure of the princess, all smiles and diamonds, he had told me of the work of a couple of years, and, instead of the court circle of epaulettes, cordons, and feathered marshals, princes, and ambassadors, he had shown me in some magic glass, like the Lapland witches, the little, gay, giddy, and flattered ruler of the night stealing a march upon the rabble of a provincial police, walking barefoot upon

the high-road, and, finally, shut up in an attic for half-a-dozen months together, I should have broken his glass for his insult to possibility."

"In fact," said the general, "I think her residence in the attic was the most trying portion of the whole. Her rambles through the woods might have been fatiguing, but they had at least variety. Her escapes from the movable columns might have been nervous affairs for the time, but when they were over, they served to think about and to talk about, and that is something in this tiresome world. Then she had what probably she never had before, sound sleep after her day's march, sound appetite after her day's fasting; and let me tell you, gentlemen, that those who live in Elysée Bourbons—who never use any legs but those of four horses—who know no more of fresh air than they can get through the windows of a chariot—or enjoy no more appetite than they can find after a day of idleness in the contrivances of a royal kitchen—know nothing of rest, eating, or sleep,—genuine gratifications, real luxuries, that are worth all the crown jewels. My only astonishment is, that, after the first twenty-hour hours of that detestable *mansarde*, where she was, in truth, as much a prisoner as if she had been in the Pelagie, she did not take wing for the woods again. She must have passed her time *ennuyée à mourir*, and envying every beggar in the streets, and every swallow round the castle battlements."

I observed, "that as her presence among the people must have kept the country restless, and her capture must have thrown the royal family into a state of considerable embarrassment, this voluntary adoption of the dungeon must have been a matter of convenience, and the longer it lasted, the better for the cabinet of the Tuileries." "True," said the general; "but still there is a time for all things. Her highness's residence in Nantes could not be concealed for ever. It had even begun to be talked of, for the limitation to silence even with a Frenchwoman's tongue," he added, laughing, "is not easily to be enforced. At all events, the police were compelled to hear, *at last*, what was in the mouths of all the populace, and the alternative now

was, either that of driving the royal refugee out of the city, which would only renew the old disturbances, or arresting her without further delay. At this time, the memorable Monsieur Deutz came into play. This fellow's history was a kind of romance too. He was a Jew of Cologne, who, for reasons of his own, after a residence of some years as a mechanic in Paris, where he certainly was not likely to have much improved his notions of Christianity, took it into his head to turn Christian. But he took care at the same time that his conversion should be of good use to him among our great people. He would be converted, in the first instance, by none but the Archbishop of Paris, and he would receive his last perfection on the subject from none but the Pope, with the ambassador, or secretary, of the French embassy, I forget which, for his godfather. He received some money on the occasion; and, after a short period, attached himself as confidential agent to the duchess, who was then in exile, and preparing for the civil war in France. By what means this fellow ascended so rapidly into her highness's confidence," said the general, "I neither know, nor much desire to ask. Italian ladies have tastes of their own, and the lively widow may have found peculiar grounds for friendship in the physiognomy of M. Deutz. The Count Luchesi Palli is the only man entitled to remonstrate on the occasion, and to him and his successors I leave the question. But, whatever the nature of M. Deutz's alliance may have been, his purse had gradually become low; her highness's finance was not in a much better condition, and, with his supplies cut off, his constancy ebbed deplorably. In fact, the confidential friend, or whatever title he might bear, was sent down for the express purpose of laying hands on the confiding duchess; and M. Deutz, provided with an intercepted letter from one of her faubourg St Germaine friends, had the honour of an interview in the *mansarde*. But there was treachery at work in other quarters. The duchess, on a second interview, reproached him with betraying her, and showed him a letter from Paris, received that day, which

warned her of him, and told her that she was to be arrested immediately. But the Jew had gone through too many affairs to be taken on the side of conscience. He contrived to soften the duchess's alarms; and on leaving the house instantly went to the prefect, and recommended that the seizure should be effected without delay.

"I was taking my coffee, and half asleep over the columns of the *Moniteur*, full as they were of *doctrinaire* wit and wisdom, when my valet came in with a face of fear, to tell me that something of vast importance was about to take place; but whether an *emeute*, or an earthquake, the arrival of a new *chef-de-police*, or the breaking out of a new insurrection, was hopeless to learn from the frightened blockhead. However, those were not times to leave things to themselves; and putting a case of English pistols in my pocket, I sallied out into the street. It was a fine evening, with a rising moon, and all was as quiet as possible. I made my *reconnaissance*, and was returning to finish my paper, when, in passing by one of the narrow alleys in rear of the chateau, I saw the sparkle of muskets, and shortly after half-a-dozen companies took post in rear of a range of obscure buildings. Happening to know the officer in command of the troops, I went up

to him, but he had nothing to communicate. On my way to the main street, I saw another body of troops, about the same number, halt in front of the house of the *Demoiselles de Guigny*, with a concourse of the populace crowding at the end of the street, and evidently in expectation of some public movement. Those men were under the orders of a colonel, an old comrade of mine, of whom I asked, whether there was any apprehension of an attack, or any intelligence from the Government. But he was as much in the dark as myself, and I was forced to return home, satisfied simply that the people were quiet. However, the *enigma* was solved next morning. A multitude of the people running through the streets towards the castle, roused me. I went out, and was just in time, to take off my hat to her Royal Highness, Madame the Duchesse de Berri, mother of the young hope of the Bourbons, niece of the queen, and sovereign of the Carlists, walking through the streets, with an officer on each side of her, and a platoon of *gensdarmes* before and behind. The procession, which was certainly not a triumphal one, moved on rapidly, and I soon saw the gates of the chateau close on the most important *rejetton* of the line of the Bourbons."

BEYOND THE RHINE.

BY E. LERMINIER.

WE may say at once that we do not notice this work on account of any information it contains, or any views it embodies with regard to Germany. Though M. Lerminier spent some years, we believe, on the banks of the Rhine, he is not exactly the person from whom we should be disposed to take our opinions, either of German politics, poetry, or philosophy, even if his book had been, *bona fide*, devoted to that end; but, in truth, Germany plays but a very subordinate part in these volumes—being used as a mere text on which M. Lerminier chooses to suspend a running commentary, for the benefit, we presume, of the students at the *College de France*, containing his views on religion, morals, law, and political institutions as they ought to be, but are not yet, in this nineteenth century. Germany was used merely as “a peg to hang his doubts on,” or rather—for M. Lerminier never doubts, but always dogmatizes—to be the foundation on which he was to construct his new edifice of society, according to the latest judgment of Paris.

Most fortunate, we think, it is for England, at the present moment, that the solution of the grand question, “What is the necessary consequence of a revolutionary movement once begun”—of all organic changes which subvert the natural order of things, and subject the influence of property and intelligence to the overpowering influence of numbers without political wisdom, is working itself out—by our side, before our very eyes, in France, in ciphers so clear and legible, that even the dullest eyes, if they will but look, must read; and the dullest intellect, so it be but associated with an honest heart, understand and tremble. From France came the impulse which, convulsing England for a time, in 1789, “in hollow murmurs died away” under the firm pressure of Pitt, and the manly and constant resistance of

the Sovereign. From France, in 1830, came—not the impulse—for that, alas! had been given nearer home, but the additional weight which, thrown like the sword of the Goth into the quivering balance of the constitution, turned the scale in favour of popular audacity and popular power, and forced on the most questionable of changes, by means the most unquestionably unconstitutional and dangerous. From France, too, we would fain hope may yet unconsciously come the antidote against the social and political poison she has ever yet administered to England. There the march of revolution is more rapid, more palpable, more consequential, more undeviating; its advanced guard is yet, thank heaven! many leagues in advance of ours; and we can see before us for miles, by the blood-stained marks, the burned-up plains, the ruins scattered along the route, what are the prospects for our own melancholy progress in the same direction. From *her* errors and crimes; from the physical suffering, the moral and religious abandonment under which she labours; from the facility, the almost demonstrable certainty with which concession in one point has ever led to demand in another; and projects, laughed at the one year as insane and impossible, have the next been propounded in the most influential quarters, and are all but realized, or rapidly in the course of being so; from the palpable feeling of mental discomfort and moral degradation which, amidst all the pretended pride of national intelligence, penetrates and oppresses all the better literature of France; from the hopeless and ever increasing darkness of her political condition, maintaining existence at present, like Dionysius, only by the fear of a still more fearful successor; and destined assuredly, at no distant day, to give way before another explosion of that volcanic irruption to

which it owed its ephemeral existence;—from all these we would fain hope that England may have the true character and consequences of revolutionary movements forced upon its observation, and learn, before it be too late—if already time be not past—what it is rashly to remove the old landmarks, to break down the ancient bulwarks of order, while the tide of passion and poverty, troubled by the evil spirit of a misdirected and immoral intelligence, is foaming and breaking behind them.

We would fain hope—yet it is a “trembling hope”—for experience seems but too often to prove that nations are taught only by the actual consciousness of suffering; nay, that the same nation which has already suffered, is prepared in the course of a few short years to run anew the same race of delusion, suffering, and repentance;—we would fain hope, we say, that the aspect which France at present presents, as exemplified in such works as those of De la Mennais and Lerminier, may awaken reflection in the vast mass of the well-intentioned but unthinking, or deceived, as to the probabilities of revolutionary demand, and temporizing concession, and teach them to abate somewhat of their confidence in the *good sense* of the *people* (that is to say, of the stirring and *influential*, as opposed to the tranquil and *inert mass* of the public), and of that feeling of security for the leading principles of government, and institutions of society, which is supposed to be afforded by a wide extension of the democratic influence, and a more immediate communication and control on its part over the system of government, and the course of legislation.

From the first, amidst all the glitter with which a rapid and dazzling success surrounded it, and all the *prestige* with which it seemed to be invested in the eyes of our journalists, we stated that the Revolution of 1830 would be calamitous, not only to Europe, but primarily and principally even to France herself. We foresaw and predicted, that she had exchanged that tempered and rational liberty, both of person and pen, which even the liberals, cor-

trasting it with the present state of things, admit she enjoyed under the Bourbons, for real slavery, disguised under the name of freedom; that increasing financial prosperity, which drew from Cousin, in 1826, the admission that thenceforward the so called liberal party in France would cease to have an existence—for agricultural and commercial distress, developing itself on the dreadful riots of Lyons, Strasbourg, Thoulouse, and Paris; that moral steadfastness and unity of purpose, which slowly (alas!) but surely, was springing up under the influence of religious education, early begun and steadily practised under the countenance and protection of the government, for a state of moral anarchy, and corresponding vacillation and indecision in all her aims; and finally *that* security for person and property which existed in the highest degree under the dynasty of the Bourbons, for a degree of insecurity with regard to personal liberty greater than had ever been felt under the despotism of Napoleon, and with regard to the possession of property such as had never been experienced since society itself had come into existence.

Have these anticipations of ours been disappointed or confirmed? Let the Abbé de la Mennais answer—the author of the “*Paroles d'un Croyant*”—once the defender of legitimacy, now the partisan of the movement. We borrow his statement, not because we agree with his views either as to the causes of the existing wretchedness of France, or its probable cure, but because the features of the portrait, strongly as they are drawn, seem in the main correct. In a preface to a late republication of some of his contributions to the *Avenir*, he thus paints the benefits of the change—

“You have been in possession for four years of a new monarchy, purged, we are told, of the vices of that which preceded it. Calculate its cost, look to its actions. I lay aside its minor turpitudes, its sales of place, its shameful bargains, its dirty intrigues of the Bourse and the Budget, its dilapidations, its corruptions, public and private. I confine myself to the steps to

which this dynasty has been led for its own preservation—its conduct at home, its policy abroad.

“Nine hundred millions added to the deficit, there is the first item of your gains, oh, long-suffering and much paying people! Perhaps you ask for what are these enormous expenses? To pay the 400,000 troops required for the defence of the throne. Are 400,000 soldiers really necessary to defend the people against the people? It is true that without them you would not enjoy the state of siege, or the *mitrailles*, nor dramas such as those of Lyons and the Rue Transnonian. One would not know where ‘public order’ was to be preserved!

“Pass we to what concerns liberty. That of the Press, how has it fared? After being surrounded with fiscal checks, it has been still thought dangerous to the interests of the existing dynasty, ruined by fines, plunged into prisons beside robbers, thieves, and assassins. Above all, the people must not read! Where should we be if instruction were to be allowed to reach the labouring classes (*prolétaires*), who are always too much inclined to think that they too are men, that they too have a country, and rights in that country—at least that of existence? What arrogance! It must be put down forthwith by a disarming act, and a law against associations. Of a truth the ministers of this citizen kingdom had reason for the boast that no nation in Europe was so free as France. We are free to write—between the tax-gatherer, who stretches out his hand to receive the fine, and the jailor who extends his to turn the key upon the writer. We are free to assemble and to converse with our friends, provided we have made up our minds to continue the conversation in prison; free to walk in public, if we have not the weakness to fear the bludgeons of pensioned assassins; free to have arms in the house, provided we do not attempt to keep them, if discovered, and that we are willing to give due information of our fancy to the *procureur du Roi*!

“Has personal liberty been more

respected? Never at any period have there been so many odious illegalities, violations of the sanctity of domicile, brutalities of the police, so many hideous acts of vengeance exercised by the most implacable of hatreds, that which has its foundation in baseness. It has been made a subject of boast to be without pity. France, wearied with this hangman policy, demanded an amnesty. And who refused it? Yes! let the minister say as he pleases, there are among us proscribed men. When Frenchmen are torn by hundreds from their families, from their homes, from their labours, pent up for months in murderous prisons, subjected for months longer to secret punishments, and when after these long months of suffering they are coolly told, ‘we have examined into the matter more minutely, and find there was no ground of accusation against you;’—when after all this, ruined in their industry, ruined in their health, they return to their miserable dwelling, to find there neither their bed, which has been sold, their wife, whom misery and anguish have killed, nor their children, who have followed their mother to the grave; is this not *proscription*? What, but for the Court of Cassation, would have become of those citizens which the Government, in violation of the charter, had delivered over to a council of war? What, at the present moment, is the condition of those who have been subjected to exceptional jurisdictions? There have been bodies,* who, believing themselves offended, have constituted themselves at once accusers and judges. Admirable justice!”

The Abbé de la Mennais, our readers perceive, is a good hater; a graft in fact of the Jacobin on the Jesuit. In this passage, we need hardly say, we admit nothing except the premises, and even these we believe to be overcoloured; we entirely deny the justice of his attack upon the existing government. True, it has put down with a high hand the licentiousness of the press, and sometimes we may think with a disproportionate severity, but why?

* The Peerage.

Because, indifferent to every principle, save that of rendering themselves of sufficient importance to be purchased at the price of place or pension, the leading journalists of Paris had set truth, decency, and consistency at defiance, and had rendered the periodical press of France the scandal of Europe, a mere lion's mouth, into which they discharged their private animosities and public flatteries, their calumnies, and sophisms; their attacks not only on the government, but on all the principles out of which any stable government could ever spring; and their impracticable, or dangerous, and insidious, and purposely vague projects of amelioration;—because, in short, the spirit of falsehood and not of truth; of systematic perversion of intelligence, not of the diffusion of knowledge or morality, directed and characterised it. True, the government of Louis Philippe has suppressed with an iron rigour the tumultuous rebellions of the provinces and the capital; but in so doing, has it not vindicated what remained of order against anarchy—and shown the truest mercy by extinguishing in its birth, at the present cost of some blood and suffering—what, if it had been allowed to reach maturity, must have conquered or been conquered at the expense of oceans of blood and years of contest, suspense, agitation, and misery?

So much, then, for the *material* advantages which France has reaped from her last revolution. It remains to be seen how stands the account as to the *moral*.

With the moral, the press of France had little concern, save as a step to the *material*; but in this point of view its leading organs were well aware of its importance. One grand object—the grand object indeed of all revolutions—still remained unattained after the revolution of July—unattained, but never lost sight of. The privileges of cities and incorporations, as well as of individuals, and the paternal right of disposing of property by will, had been swept away by the Revolution of 1789. The hereditary succession of the peerage did not survive for a twelvemonth the accession of Louis Philippe. The hereditary succession to the crown was scarcely worth assailing. It ex-

pired in substance with the exclusion from the throne of the elder branch of the Bourbons; for Louis Philippe, the “heir of the Revolution,” and holding the throne only on the principles of the Revolution, was viewed in no other light than as an elective sovereign,

“Qui sumit aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis aureæ.”

There remained, however, one other *subject of inheritance*, which was of more importance—the right to property itself—and now the true object for which all this “comédie de quinze ans” had been enacted, became obvious—the old feud of “the house of want” against “the house of have,” broke forth without disguise. The mere apparatus of charters and constitutions, checks and balances, which had been the watchwords of faction while it was necessary to gain an opening for the revolutionary principle by specious theories, were at once cast aside, for now the fulness of time was come for practice—and plunder. The poor charter—the pretended violation of which had cost Charles X. his crown, was now assailed with a torrent of vituperation and contempt by the very persons who had represented it as the Magna-Charta of French liberty—without which, in fact, respiration was impossible. The seizure of the property of the rich, or, as it was mildly termed, a “redistribution” of property, then was openly avowed, as the practical application of those fine-spun and eminently constitutional theories which the *doctrinaires* had first broached—with what views we shall not enquire—but which were now followed out to their last results by the men of the Revolution, with a stoutheaded strictness of consequence, for which Messieurs Guizot and Thiers were little prepared.

But the right of property—the existing arrangements of society, by which wealth accumulates into masses in the hands of industry and talent, and is then bequeathed (though in a divided state) to the descendants of the acquirer or possessor, can only be effectually assailed through the side of religion.

What matters it that Providence has dealt to us a slender measure of worldly goods, if we believe that our portion is laid out elsewhere;—what

matters it that our position here may be a humble one, if we feel that we are all equal before the only tribunal where our destiny is to be fixed for eternity;—of what consequence, indeed, is this world, with all its wants and all its privations, if it is to find its full complement and compensation in another?

In the mind of the Christian, the distinction of ranks, the unequal distribution of wealth and power, excites no feeling of repining or regret. He would as soon think of attempting to equalize the distribution of intellect, or establishing a maximum of physical strength. He views the whole, not in reference to its political expediency, but as part of the order of nature fixed by the Creator, immutable and divine. As such he receives it and obeys its laws, not grudgingly or of necessity, but with the inward assurance that Reason and Religion always walk hand in hand, and that the sum of social and individual happiness is, in truth, more augmented by this inequality, than if all the produce of human heads and hands were measured out among its members with a mathematical exactness, according to the nicest parallelogram ever drawn by the hands of Owen or Spence, Wronzki, or St Simon.

But once take from society this conviction—leave the question to stand on the mere grounds of political expediency—how frail, how treacherous the foundation! The men of property, the descendants of the “house of have,” see the force of the argument. They acknowledge the beneficent and stimulating influence on industry and national prosperity which the distinction of ranks, and the difference of fortune produces. But how shall they of “the house of want” be satisfied as to the arrangements of society, stimulated as they are to enjoyment by passion, or by the consciousness of talent, yet without the means, or even the hope of indulgence? By what human argument shall the individual thus be induced to devote himself as it were for the good of society?

The first object of attack, therefore, with the men of the Revolution, is the Christian religion; and this is assailed in two different ways. First come the class of whom De la Men-

nais may be considered the representative. They do not reject Christianity entirely; on the contrary, they profess to say, that though now “poor and miserably old”—in fact, altogether tattered, and unfit to meet the eyes of the enlightened youth of France—yet the old system possesses some remnant of vitality, and might, with a new garb and with a due infusion of fresh spirit—a more phlogistic regimen, in short—still subsist for a good many years, if indeed it did not quite regain its youthful freshness and vigour. They would employ the stones of the old temple at least to build the new;—they would avail themselves of the old statue of Jupiter to form their St Peter, merely encircling it with a glory, after their own fashion.

To restore religion from that atrophy into which it has sunk, we have only, as the Abbé mildly but somewhat obscurely advises, “to break the bonds which subject the Church to the State (*i. e.* put an end to an established Church); associate her with the social movement which is preparing new destinies for the world (*i. e.* expunge from the Bible every doctrine which militates against human pride and the course of modern opinion); with liberty, in order to unite her to order, and correct her wanderings (this we do not profess to understand); with science, in order to conciliate her, by means of unlimited freedom of discussion, with the ‘eternal dogma’ (*dogme éternel*—if this mean any thing it means that every thing is to be rationalized down to that pitch which shall make it plain to the meanest capacity, and all else thrown overboard);—with the people, in order to pour forth over their miseries the inexhaustible waters of divine charity.”

The Abbé, if he would venture to speak out a little more distinctly, instead of sheltering himself under that slang which seems at present to be universal in France in all such discussions, would be found to go pretty far; but there are reasoners who go to work more thoroughly than he; and one of these is M. E. Lerminier. If M. Lerminier had been a person unknown to fame—a mere ordinary St Simonian enthusiast, we should never have thought

of wasting a word upon his views. But when a person occupies the situation of professor (of law, we believe), in the College of France, and disseminates among the rising youth of Paris his insane and unchristian opinions; when he is able to prefix to the cover of his present volumes the names of half-a-dozen former works on philosophy and law, all which inculcate similar views, and all which, we know, have had an extensive circulation in France, we may be forgiven, even at the risk of outraging the religious feelings of our readers, for exhibiting to them some specimens of those doctrines which our professor is pleased to dispense *ex cathedra* as the canons of religion, philosophy, literature, and law.

With M. Lermnier and his school, Christianity is held no longer capable of revival to any effect whatever, but must be laid aside as a worn-out garment which has done its work. Herein the irreligion of the present age differs from that of the eighteenth century, that no ribaldry, no sneers, are now directed against Christianity. On the contrary, it is admitted to have been admirably suited to its time—beneficent in its influence on society during the middle ages—softening the atrocities of the feudal period—furthering in the outset the development of popular intelligence and popular liberty. They merely hold that its day is past—and quietly dismiss it with a

“Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine.”

The Mosaic dispensation, the Christian religion, the creed of Mahomet, are viewed as all alike—in regard to their pretensions and origin. Each was adapted to its period and purpose. But as society changes so must religions. New ideas have sprung up; the old institutions, the old relations which bound man to man, are crumbling into pieces. The Christian religion, fitted only for another and earlier phase of the human mind, does not adapt itself to the present. Instead of furthering, it represses the development of intelligence, the amelioration of the prospects of society.

We have just closed one of those periods of criticism which designate

the waning and expiry of an *effete* religion. We are on the eve of a creative period. As Christianity sprung from the ashes of Paganism; as Protestantism revived the dying embers of Catholicism; so St Simonianism, Messianism, or some other ism (for as to details they are not agreed), is about to supersede Christianity. There is to be a new heaven adapted to the new earth, a Palingenesis of man and of society.

Human society is in fact advancing, and has ever been advancing towards *perfectibility*. Every stage in its progress has brought it nearer to that consummation. The doctrine of the inherent depravity of human nature, of the weakness of its faculties, of the impossibility of its attaining perfection on earth, are all mere illusions, which it is time should be dissipated: and no religion like the Christian, which involves such assumptions, and by its doctrines of humility and obedience, self-distrust and reliance on higher and extrinsic aid, impedes the free development of human speculation or thought, or weakens man's confidence in the nobleness and omnipotent energies of his own nature, can maintain its ground against the progress of opinion, and the truer light which the Revolution has thrown on the origin, the object, the wants and legitimate demands of society.

This is our notion of M. Lermnier's doctrine. Let us now see whether we have misrepresented his views. We warn our readers, however, not to expect much clearness or precision in our extracts. There is a jargon at present in use in Paris, and M. Lermnier, like a skilful juggler, deals in it most liberally. Still we think the drift of his observations will be sufficiently clear.

The first question which requires to be settled of course is, Does M. Lermnier admit a Divinity at all? Yes. According to him there does exist one divinity, and it is the only one, that of *Thought*.

“There is no medium. Either ideas exist not, or they are God himself. Man, in the fulness of his strength, neither conceives nor thinks by halves; thought pure and complete is nothing else but God himself. . . Thought is the Ja-

cob's ladder by which we ascend from earth to Heaven, and descend from Heaven to earth. *Man naturally thinks out God* (pense Dieu naturellement), *because he is God himself*; he conceives and desires happiness and glory, *because, in virtue of his nature, he has the right to be happy and glorious.*"

There is no God but thought, then, and M. Lerminier is its prophet. It follows, naturally, that all forms of religion which have existed in the world are only Divine, inasmuch as they are emanations of thought, which is itself the only divinity. All are equally true and equally false,—all equally divine in one sense, and all equally human in another. Moses is an honourable man, but so is Mahommed,—so are they all, all honourable men. Christianity is a purer emanation of thought than Paganism; but in regard to its divine authority it stands exactly on the same grounds. It was worked out by the creative force of the human mind, to fill up the moral and religious void created by the waning and dying faith of Paganism. It has now performed its task—is falling into the same decay with the faith which it superseded—and the human mind is again brooding over the abyss of thought, and agitated by the throes which announce the birth of a new religion.

"Humanity," said M. Lerminier, speaking of the advent of Christianity, "had seemed, in antique times, to have exhausted all the forms of its grandeur and strength. She had produced an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Socrates. Here was something still more pure and noble. Never did *man* embody in his soul more of God than Jesus; he has in him more of the divine Father than any other, and for this reason he is called his Son. Humanity, blessed be the fruit of thy womb! thou hast borne a noble infant—he is divine, un carnal, pure, chaste without effort—slain to-day to be adored to-morrow—and to live for centuries, without meeting the equal of his human divinity.

"At this epoch of the world there were several liberators, several messengers, several Christs; but there was one excellent above the rest. For a great work there are always

many and one. There were tragedians around Shakspeare, captains beside Napoleon. It was given to one to be excellently religious; he has revealed a new disposition of the soul and of humanity, devoted to this mission by a singular call. Poetry, religion, philosophy, politics, have their predestined children, marked on the forehead by the finger of Nature.

"At the advent of Christianity, the world was in subjection to the civilisation of Rome. The language, the administration, the laws of the Romans, had passed into the usages of most nations. The faith of Christianity penetrated into the political civilisation, the positive character of which served as a solid foundation for it. It was one of those fortunate accidents which are kept in reserve by fate for novelties which are destined to succeed.

"There was a city, magnificent above all others, the City of Humanity, which it had crushed. Rome slumbered over the memory of her prosperity and her recollections,—a splendid temple, no longer containing any thing but powerless divinities. Hence, then, ye antiquated and unsuitable deities!—a new God drives ye forth: Disappear! Your haunts are suited for his purpose; the Pantheon of Agrippa pleases him; he is *new*, that is his title; ye are old, that is your crime; but the walls of your sojourn are solid, and it is of good augury for a God of yesterday to inhabit the Eternal City."

What all this insane effusion means, we shall not pretend to elucidate; indeed little more is apparent than that, like "miching malicho," it means mischief.

M. Lerminier, however, begins to speak a little clearer by and by, when he proceeds to the great separation of the Christian church effected by the Protestant religion—the rise of which, and the decline of Catholicism, he ascribes, of course, not so much to any superior purity of the former, but simply to its superior adaptation to the political wants of society at the time. Protestantism is now giving way under the operation of similar causes. "Protestantism is now on the decline, because it has forsaken the

liberties of the people—because it has been carried away by that philosophy against which it is beginning to murmur. It is not *pöpopular*, it has produced all its scientific results.”

“The necessary conclusion is, that the futurity of the world belongs to neither the one nor the other.”

He then proceeds to enquire, whether its condition be really “past praying for,” or whether a new infusion of vitality might not be administered to it by *mysticism*. Even mysticism, however, he thinks can now do nothing for it; it would not bear the operation; “the ancient forms will not support the spirit and fire, they must fall.

“But higher than the Christian mysticism is the mysticism of the Infinite. Beautiful as the Christian tradition is, it does not equal the universality of things. Humanity cannot for ever be shut up in the Hebraic conception of the Cabala and the Gospel. Christianity, however pure and ethereal it may represent itself, is itself a material form compared with ideality, ephemeral beside eternity!

“The mysticism of the Infinite will by a necessary superiority absorb the mysticism of Christianity. That done, new forms will arise on the renovated face of the earth, in the midst of converted mankind.”

Christianity having been thus swallowed up by the mysticism of the Infinite, we must set ourselves to work to regenerate society on very different principles from those which it inculcated; and first of all we must get rid of *humility*;—a very simple task we should imagine for M. Lerminier and his followers.

“It is no longer the time for humanity to bend its shoulders under the yoke of a false and miserable humility; the persevering exaltation of strength is a duty; it is by it that we shall bring ourselves near to God, and enter into a true communion with him.”

It is rather to be regretted that M. Lerminier, after laying down these admirable general premises, has not thought proper to follow them out in their practical application to the society and government—to the right of property—to the relations of the sexes, and other points on which one would feel curious to see how “this great great argument” was to

operate. Vague hints of these are scattered through the book—sufficiently “vocal to the intelligent,” who peruse them in connexion with the context, but scarcely stated in language precise enough to admit of extract. Perhaps although religion is allowed to shift for itself in France, it was not deemed altogether prudent for the professor of law, in plain terms, to preach a crusade against property, or the institution of marriage. Yet M. Lerminier’s sentiments on both subjects may be sufficiently guessed at: “If we have done any thing in our studies on law, it has been to proclaim aloud the life mobility of *rights*. . . We cultivate right by action, by the press, by the tribune, by revolutions, by our journals and political ardours. Let us establish the ideal and real empire of the *eternally fluctuating right* of humanity.” Most men, and most lawyers, we believe, rather pique themselves on establishing an opposite principle—the *eternally stable* and *unchanging* nature of right; but, to be sure, a fluctuating right is a more convenient theory for those who regard the property of the rich as at present only *in transitu* towards the pockets of the poor.

One need be at no loss, too, to guess how M. Lerminier stands inclined towards the institution of marriage, from the raving idolatry with which he alludes to Madame Dudevant (G. Sand), in a passage which more resembles a Bacchanalian hymn than a sober criticism indited by a Professor of Law in the College of France. Every one knows that this woman—equally distinguished for high talents and for their most shameful prostitution—has dedicated a series of high-coloured and frequently most licentious novels, to assailing, by all the weapons of irony, passion, and philosophy, falsely so called, the Christian and sacred institution of marriage, and inculcating the convenient philosophy of the Amanta, the

“Legge aurea e felice
Che natura scolpi:—S’ei piace ei lice.”

M. Lerminier selects from the history of the nineteenth century, three women as the prophets of the new era, Madame de Staël, of moderate talents; Madame Varnhagen, and

Madame Dudevant. Poor Rachel Varnhagen, little did she expect, while pouring out, in the familiarity of private correspondence, some rash, indiscreet, and startling observations on manners and morals, that she was in consequence to be exalted to the honours of the prophetic tripod! Little also, we will venture to say, would Madame de Staël have expected or wished to find herself in such close companionship with the *inspired* authoress of *Lelia* and *Valentine*, André, and Jacques!

“Our age possesses three women who, like the inspired women of ancient days, have prophesied a new age. First in the field, Madame de Staël studied the world,—Italy as well as England, Germany as well as France. She loved the people and the nobility—Christianity and philosophy. She comprehended every thing in a certain degree; but there are elevations in metaphysics and art which it was not given to her to attain. It is only at a lower range that she enjoys an incontestible superiority. She cries, she agitates herself—she expires over her conceptions, exciting in the mind and in the soul those troubles, which, without possessing the profundity of revolutions, announce and prepare them.

“In Germany, mean time, a young Christian-Jewess, in the bosom of her retreat, existed for thought, for her friends, for divine love, for the worship of genius and of God. Rachel de Varnhagen, in her copious correspondence, pours forth her soul. She is audacious in secret; she despises the vulgar superficialities of things; she innovates in silence; she allows herself, in calm sorrow, to be preyed upon by the desire, the hunger after truth. What is she in the bottom of her heart? Now she adores Goethe, her literary divinity; now she prostrates herself before St Martin, whom she styles her great revelator; she is divided between the mysticism of Christianity and the idealism of infinity; she has not solved the problems, but she has at least announced them; she curses in her heart a law without heart and without intelligence; she has in her soul the revolutionary fire of innovators; and she dies without having allowed the tempests of the

world to tear the veil which concealed her from the crowd.

“Patience! behold at last comes the true priestess, the true prey of a divinity. The ground shakes under the impetuous foot of *Lelia*: she appears, and at one bound she places herself at the head, not of women only, but of men. An inspired Bacchante, she leads in our age the chorus of intelligence, which follows her with ardour. Pursue, O *Lelia*, thy mournful but triumphant march! Thou art devoted—then do not give way. Heaven has sent thee after the Protestant and the Jewess to be, in the fulness of day, the poetess of the ideal and the infinite. *Veils are unsuitable to thee; timidity would be misplaced.* Abandon not the sublime audacity (*sublime effrontery*) of thy genius; *renovate the laws of love and marriage; sing—weep not; and instead of suffering thyself to be consumed by the divine fire which inflames thy breast, pour it forth upon the world.*”

After such a dithyrambic as this, we are quite prepared to hear that “women are in the right in demanding for themselves a new law in the state. It is not without reason that they demand more liberty. The *instinct (!)* is just, but the time of this revolution is not yet come. The emancipation of women must be preceded by their new education,” by which, “as they seek to raise themselves to the condition and rights of men, they are to be elevated also to a proper virility of sentiment and thought;” and this is to be dictated by the “new philosophy, without which there can be no policy, no religion, no art.”

Our readers will probably think they have heard enough of M. Lermnier’s philosophy of morals and religion; and, assuredly, nothing but his position and reputation among the younger and more enthusiastic spirits of France could have induced us to quote a line from these hazy but blasphemous dreams. In politics, and particularly in regard to the external policy of France, his opinions are precisely what we might anticipate. While preaching up universal amity and the brotherhood of all nations, through opinion, he now and then lets drop something which shows that France is and

ought to be as intent on conquest as ever. Of Belgium and the Rhenish provinces of Prussia France will never lose sight. They are written upon her heart as Calais was on that of Elizabeth. Lerminier does not exactly advise his country to have recourse at once to the *voie du fait*; he rather pretends to expect the incorporation of these long coveted provinces with France, from their own voluntary conviction of the benefits of the change; but it is clear enough that France, like the Protector's soldiers, while she puts her trust in Providence, is also to keep her powder dry for the occasion. The old spirit of the Directory speaks (only a little disguised by the modern jargon of 1835) in the following passage:—

“If the traditions of the past in these provinces be German, the new spirit of the Rhenish provinces will not long remain immovable beneath their spell. The Rhine is not enclosed within one empire—it separates two nations. The banks of the Rhine cannot belong to themselves; the provinces of the left bank (*not to speak at present of the right*) ought to be great municipalities, flourishing under the protectorate of a great nation. Who shall be that protector—France or Prussia—Paris or Berlin? That is the question.

“If on the banks of the Rhine the recollections of history, the usages of religion, the methods of science, are German; the legislation, the course of ideas, positive and political, are French. Cologne, which now-a-days numbers only 64,000 inhabitants, inclines to liberty and independence, and would meet with them rather on the side of France than of Prussia. Treves dislikes the Protestant domination of Berlin, and would expect to breathe more freely under a Catholic influence. The people of the left bank neither like nor dislike France or Prussia for their own sakes, but they would desire the friendship of the most beneficent power. *It would be foolish to make the conquest of the Rhenish provinces the sole object of a war, and to wish to govern Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle like a town of Champagne or Normandy. Except Landau, Sarrlouis, and Sarbruch, ancient possessions of France, she*

ought to demand nothing but on the footing of the positive interests of the river provinces. Let her raise herself from the abasement of her policy, abandoning herself to the happy course of her natural qualities; let her show herself good, valiant, humane, disinterested, and she will see the nations come flocking to her. The *protection* of France is no unhappy situation. (Witness Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Holland, Germany—every state that has ever been insane enough to accept her protection!) The inhabitants of the left bank may one day find more pleasure in acknowledging the sovereignty of Paris than of Berlin.

“True policy consists in obedience to the nature of things. Little states are the necessary satellites of great empires. Saxony inevitably inclines towards the dominion of Prussia, and Dresden must one day obey Berlin. The same cause will draw Hanover along with it.

“The same cause will at a future period *invest France with Belgium, and Brussels must depend on Paris, as Dresden will upon Berlin.*”

With these *pacific* views on the German provinces, it may easily be imagined that the policy of Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria, as unfavourable to the progress of the movement, and sadly tending to procrastinate the final brotherhood of nations, under the banner of the new philosophy, meets with M. Lerminier's severest reprobation. The King of Bavaria, a most accomplished, amiable, and *truly liberal* sovereign, who, by his munificent patronage of literature and the arts, has conferred on his small capital a dignity and importance which few other cities in Europe possess, and who started in life a warm admirer of the modern theories of constitutions and popular discussion, is stigmatized as mediocre in intellect, without perseverance, solidity, or greatness in his system of government, irresolute, wavering and distrustful: equally unhappy “in his physical organization” (which being interpreted means that he is rather deaf, and stutters a little in his speech) and in his mental constitution; and all this simply because the said King of Bavaria, after submitting for some years to a systematic course of

vexation and insult, on the part of the popular leaders of the chamber—was at last under the necessity, when matters had reached the length of a seditious armed assemblage at Hambach, of ridding the kingdom of some of those gentlemen of the press, under whose auspices the revolutionary action had been got up and propagated. Prussia, in like manner, is reproached with her desertion of the cause of liberty, though at the same time the author is forced to do justice to her intellectual vigour and advancement, from which it is anticipated that she cannot long maintain an antiliberal policy. Of Austria, Lermnier speaks pretty much as the better informed among the French Liberals have of late been compelled to do. He admits her material prosperity, and even her moral character, but laments over her state of intellectual imprisonment. "What is wanting," he exclaims, "at Vienna?—the liberty of thought;—or rather the absence of thought, is conspicuous. Every thing is permitted, every thing is possible—except to direct the mind towards the grave and manly objects, on which the destinies of man and of the human race depend."

That Prussia, since 1830, has steadily united with the other German Governments in opposing the spread of German liberalism is true; that the policy of Austria is to discourage thought and discussion on political subjects, is equally so; but these admissions require to be taken with some explanation, and we are happy to find that explanation afforded by a brother professor of our author, M. St Marc Girardin, himself a liberal Frenchman, and well acquainted with Germany—both in its political and literary aspect. We shall take the liberty of borrowing from his "Notices Politiques et Littéraires, sur l'Allemagne,"* the following passage as a useful corrective to the strong language and one-sided views of the Professor of Law.

"How does Prussia endeavour to preserve that moral ascendancy, which to her is worth provinces? The policy of Prussia may be sum-

med up in two words:—To be always a little more liberal than the princes, and always a great deal less liberal than the people.

"Such is the policy of Prussia, and according to the time and the occasion, she exhibits the one side of the medal or the other. When men's minds are calm, when Europe is tranquil, as it was before 1830, then Prussia shows herself liberal; she awakens through Germany those hopes of liberty and unity, which charmed the bivouacks of 1813; she makes useful reforms in her administration, improves the government of her communes which had been founded by Stein; creates provincial estates; grants local liberties; protects and develops industry; forwards with all her power the instruction of the people; founds universities; but, at the same time, takes care not to diminish her army, or to give full liberty to the press, that she may remain strong against Europe, and against the spirit of the age.

"Prussia has been called a great barracks. It is a barracks, but also a school. At Berlin, *unter der Linden*, there are two vast buildings beside each other; the one is the arsenal, through the open gates of which are seen glittering cannon, with all their ammunition, ready at a moment's notice to hurl their thunders at the call of war. The other is the university, where floods of students incessantly come to draw from the sources of science. Such is the emblem of Prussia; the university and the arsenal, cannons and study, students and soldiers. Prussia may be said to present herself to Europe holding two blazing thunderbolts in her hand; that of arms, and that of intelligence; but always using with discretion the more terrible; that which oftenest burns the very hands that bear it—the thunderbolt of intelligence.

"Before 1830, Berlin was becoming by degrees the literary capital of Germany—Prussia was the Messiah of liberty and of the unity of Germany. She was then more liberal than the sovereigns. But the Revolution of July broke out, and Prus-

* Paris: 1835.

sia then displayed the other side of her device. She had been in the advanced guard of the age, she now passed at once to the rearguard—from being liberal she seemed to become illiberal. The fall of Charles X. produced upon the liberalism of Europe the effect of the fall of a mountain into a river—the waters were suddenly raised beyond their natural limits, and Prussia could not and would not rise to this accidental elevation.”

From Prussia M. St Marc Girarden passes to Austria, and we cannot help instancing the picture which follows of the condition of Austria and of the character of the late Emperor as one of remarkable candour, fairness, and good sense for a Frenchman, and an admirer of the Revolution of the Three Days.

“There is no country which has been more unfavourably judged of than Austria, and there is none which gives herself so little trouble about that judgment. Austria carries her repugnance to publicity so far as to dislike even praise. Eulogy annoys her as much as censure. Austria has establishments for instruction which might serve as models—she says nothing of them. She was the first European state after England which introduced railways—she never mentioned it. She has a just, equitable, active administration, with nothing feudal or aristocratic about it; a liberal administration, created by Joseph II.;—she does not publish it to the world. She has an excellent civil code—she never boasts of it. Her principle is to conceal even the good, to remove to a distance the spirit of examination and discussion. She says to her people, live quietly, be happy and moral, love your sovereigns, who love you in return, dance the waltzes of Strauss and Lanner, and, above all, reason as little as may be! Such is Austria, where there exists, under a paternal power, without disquiet, and in all the comforts of material life, a population honest and good, equally indisposed to excess in morals and in speculation.

“Do not suppose that Austria, inheriting the policy of Venice as she has done her possessions, plunges

her people into pleasure in order to divert their attention from politics, or that she favours immorality as a useful distraction. No,—Austria watches over the morals of the people, and believes that in every state good and moral subjects are more easily governed than the licentious and the immoral. In order to maintain this system of good morals, Austria does not trust to the care of the clergy alone, she favours popular instruction as the best safeguard of popular morality. In Austria the children of the people are obliged to go to school; they cannot even marry, without a certificate of attendance. The instruction which tends to form good labourers and good workmen, merchants, manufacturers, chemists, mathematicians, engineers, physicians,—the instruction which has for its object the practice of the useful arts, is in Austria favoured and encouraged in every way. The instruction which has for its object the formation of men of letters, of advocates, and philosophers,—the instruction which teaches men to reason, to criticise, and to discuss, is discouraged and restrained. Yet Austria does not fear the truth; she fears only the doubt and the enquiry which tend to shake every thing—the true as well as the false.

* * * *

“No state has more reason than Austria to have confidence in its own strength and permanence. Twice she has seen her capital invaded by hostile armies; twice has her power been overthrown, and seemingly demolished; twice has the enemy (and what an enemy! France, with her innovating spirit, and convulsing opinions) ranged at will over her country and towns. And yet, after all her misfortunes, Austria has risen to find herself as she was before her fall. The invasion of France, in 1814, produced a revolution; the double invasion of Austria has produced none. She has experienced the shocks of conquest, but not those of revolutions. There is something remarkable in this stability of empire, amidst great catastrophes; something remarkable in this nation, which persists in making no change on laws

or on power;—which sees innovation pass by, without admitting any,—which attaches itself to the fate of its unfortunate princes, suffers with them, and imbibes from this fellowship in misfortune a more lively and profound attachment.

“The people love their emperor as a son loves his father; and the emperor, in his turn, by his vigilance, by his laborious zeal, and, above all, by the sweet simplicity of his manners, exerts himself to merit this love on the part of his people. The Imperial family knows not what etiquette is. The emperor often walks on foot, followed by an aid-de-camp. In one of these walks at Schonbrunn, during the cholera, on meeting a coffin which was in the course of being conveyed to the cemetery, without being followed by any one, he asked—Why the coffin was thus abandoned. ‘It is, no doubt, some poor person,’ said the aid-de-camp, ‘who has neither relatives nor friends.’ ‘Well, then,’ said the emperor, ‘if you please, we will follow it ourselves.’ And, taking off his hat, he accompanied it to the grave, threw upon it the first spadeful of earth, and retired. For an absolute monarch, did not this display, in a touching manner, the sense of the true equality of man?”

“If I may believe the unanimous accounts of Vienna, the emperor not only possesses the virtues which render sovereigns beloved, but the talents which enable them to govern. This prince, whom we picture to ourselves in France, I know not why, as a sort of *roi fainéant*, works twelve hours a-day, and knows all the languages, all the *patois* of his empire. He receives every Wednesday all who wish to speak with him. There come to these audiences peasants from every quarter of the empire, without introductions, without letters, with a mere number which marks their turn, and which is handed to them in the antechamber; they enter into the emperor’s cabinet, remain with him *tête-à-tête*, and state their case. It is rarely that the peasants of the hereditary states engage in lawsuits without previously consulting the emperor. I may add, that, in the Austrian

administration, when a dispute does arise between a gentleman and a peasant, the gentleman must have a very clear case indeed before he has any chance of success. The Austrian government thinks that the higher classes ought to pay, by some sacrifices, for their privileges of rank and nobility; that the peasant ought to be indemnified, by some advantages, for his political inferiority; and that the civil and political inequality of society is only possible on the condition of satisfying the one party by his vanity, and the other by his interest.”

Such is M. Girardin’s picture of Austria; peaceful at home, powerful abroad, justly confident in her own powers and resources, but respecting the rights of others; with a population happy, industrious, religious, loyal; and, though divided by so many national distinctions, united in attachment to their sovereign and their country. If the worship of M. Lermnier’s divinity, *Thought*, be here but sparingly permitted—if talent takes the direction of the practical rather than the speculative—if genius feel its flight somewhat restrained—(though we would ask Lermnier to point out among the modern dramatists of Germany, or of Europe, one who is superior to Grillparzer)—still, if these drawbacks are to be removed only at the cost of more vital advantages—if Austria is to obtain an increase of political and intellectual activity, only by following in the wake of restless, religionless, revolutionary France, long may it be ere that evil boon be bestowed! Little as she may be conscious of her situation, and boastful as may be the terms in which she speaks of her own rank among the states of Europe, France may be assured, that her position, elevated as it may seem, is neither envied nor enviable, and that no intellectual energy will redeem a national character, where the moral feelings have been perverted and undone. Swung loose from the old and safe anchorage of religion and established law; blown about by every wavering of every wind, with no clear course before her, no harbour in view; scarce even a sheltering creek or watering-place where

she may for a day forget the tempests she leaves behind her, and before; she is calculated to be a beacon, not a guiding light, to the nations of Europe—the more so, that she drifts upon her path with all her colours set, amidst the thoughtless shouts, or idle boastings, of her crew. England! thy course, though gloomy, is not yet so ropeless; rashly, indeed, thou hast cast aside some of those cables that moored thy vessel to her quiet road; but the anchor

of religion still holds fast; thou art manned by a sounder-headed, sounder-hearted crew—firmer hands will ere long be found to guide thy helm; and even yet it may not be too late to address to thee the warning of one who had witnessed the course and final termination of a similar voyage.

“Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, *cave!*”

THE SKETCHER.

No. XIII.

IF you would wish your imagination to revel in the most turbulent scenes of its own creation; intellectually to enjoy tales of passion and violence; so as even in conception to identify yourself with them in that stirring dream, to be the actor in the mighty moving drama, the hero in battle, the monarch on the throne, the ruler of the world, and distributor of its treasures; and thence exhausting the sphere of human action, to “ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm,” what situation would you choose wherein to realize the ideal consummation? Some deep sequestered dell, amid the silent rocks and solemn trees, in the most utter quietude of nature’s remotest shelter from the ordinary doings of mankind. Entire repose, where, perhaps knowing and sensible of the silent quiet in which you lie, “*lentus in umbra,*” you would half close your eye to all visible objects; and fancy would work her magic, enlarge your boundaries, and from the wildernesses of thought weave wondrous vision. How beautiful is the glen! this is perfect repose—here I came an hour or two to commune with the trees, and with a sketcher’s liberty and accuracy to chronicle their sayings, and register their movements; but weary with the walk and heat, I must needs first act the idle Tityrus, and throw my length under “the shadow of the spreading beech.” Theorists on colour say, that after looking at any combination of two only of the three primi-

tive colours, the eye if shut will instantly call up the lost colour—for example, long looking at green you will see red. So, perhaps, as we are made for action, and reflection, or rest, in our energy there is a tendency to beget rest, and in our rest the mind is hurrying to action. What, then, have been my thoughts, my dreams—gentle? no—quite the reverse. Yesterday I read in Maga remarks on Alison’s excellent History of Europe during the French Revolution, yet to-day not one thought but of sketching has entered my mind, until this hour of repose under the green and silent boughs; and here have I been by turns Bonaparte and Suwarrow, an actor in the bloody Italian campaigns, a subverter of dynasties, the tyrant, the exile. Thus have I, though bodily in perfect repose, yet strutted my hour in the tragedy and farce of history, and that quite contrary to my purpose and nature. I mention this, not in idleness, however, but because I think I learn from it a lesson of art. We must never *quite* lose sight of repose, whatever be our work; it is a natural desire of the mind, it never quite leaves us, and it is that state in which the imagination is most alive. So the painter and the poet should never outrage or shock this passion, if I may so call it, but by rhythm in the one, and tone in the other art, convince the reader and spectator that no positive violence will be done to that state in which alone he can give unrestricted indul-

gence and enjoyment to his fancy. Was it not with such a view that Shakspeare would not let the players "tear a passion to tatters?" that he directs them "in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness?" The turmoil, the battle, the tumult of the Iliad is accompanied by the repose of studied measure—amid the carnage of men, we see the gods the tranquil spectators, and when they are in the conflict Achilles rests. There is a purpose in their bringing together repose and action. There is a participation between them in nature, they are necessary to each other, and must be in some way transferred to art, as belonging to its mystery. The spectator is in repose, or we cannot take his fancy at our will, and we must offer something to his eye that shall be congenial with the feeling—what is out of harmony, to borrow from another art, is out of repose. Even if by representations

you would agitate the mind, you must take it in its passive, its yielding state, which is that of its reflective and imaginative power. When Virgil introduced Æneas and Achates into the picture gallery in the Temple of Juno, how composedly the warriors walk; they had been surveying, at their leisure, the busy works of the Tyrian architects, and now in quiet dignity and unperturbed step pace the gallery and view the pictures—and though they were indeed spirit-stirring, so as to make the heroes shed tears, yet does the poet never lose sight of the proper repose which doubtless the pictures had too; that there may be no mistake in the composed attitude, he purposely tells you that Æneas "stood and shed tears." We had read but a few lines before the simile of the ever busy and moving bees—the "fervet opus;" the pictures are of stir and battle; but mark the repose in the principal spectator, and how necessary he is in this quiet to the whole passage, or Virgil's picture—

"Constitit, et lacrymans—Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

"He stopped, and weeping said, oh friend, e'en here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear,
Our known disasters fill e'en foreign lands."

DRYDEN.

This repose of attitude is further continued—

"Sic ait: atque *animum picturâ pascit inani.*"

Most inadequately translated by Dryden,

"He said, his tears a ready passage find,
Devouring what he saw so well designed,
And with an empty picture fed his mind."

I think in Shakspeare, characters not unfrequently, in the violence of grief or other passion, somewhat out of their strictly speaking natural language, anticipate a cast of thought and reflection that would naturally arise in the minds of the audience or spectator alone; and thus a certain repose is preserved, and it is that which identifies their whole feelings with the subject before them. Now, there is no art has so much this power as painting. It can not only subdue, but give also the particular cast to the repose to which it would direct the mind, and which the mind

can readily enter into. It has power over every hue, can give the awful quiet of a browner horror over the words, or "sickly o'er with the pale cast of thought." The ancient statuary not having this power of tone and colour, delighted in actual repose of attitude; with few exceptions the Grecian statues are quiescent—certainly it is their general character. But as painting has this power, in an eminent degree, so in the hands of the greatest masters has it been judiciously employed. I regret to be compelled to say that, in this respect, all are sensible of the

striking difference of the general impression from exhibitions of the old and of modern masters. In the former we are never offended with that glare of which I complained in my last paper. Whatever be the subjects—be they the terrors and confusion of battle, or the gentle rest of a pastoral landscape; or be they the gorgeous sunsets of Claude's marine pictures, or the battle of the bridge by Reubens—there is no attempt to astonish by glare of colours that shall forcibly arrest attention. You admire most, because there is no evident demand made upon your admiration. You are left at liberty to select; and what, either from the nature of its subject, or possibly defects, you may be little pleased with, will seldom obtrude itself on your observation.

I felt no fatigue in the repetition of my visits to the two exhibitions—the British Institution, Pall Mall, and the National Gallery; and I shall copy from my Note Book such remarks as I made on the spot. It is a very great thing for art that the liberality of the possessors annually allows the finest specimens in their collections to be seen by the public; and with a truly liberal and praiseworthy spirit, the members of the institution are not regardless of modern art, nor is it by exhibition alone they encourage. It is an ungrateful task too nicely to scrutinize the pretensions of pictures so offered to view. Rejection may be, under some circumstances, very difficult. There may be pictures that in other days would have had great reputation, that now will not bear the test of comparison with others—and some that may have been genuine, may have been sadly mutilated by the cleaners and retouchers. Whenever you see the paint separate in wide cracks, or have a fried appearance, you may be quite sure that it is evidence of the hands of the Philistines. The cracking of the paint of the old masters is a rare thing; and when it does crack, it is in the finest lines—hair-like lines; there is nothing like the separation and tearing asunder from the ground, as where the leathery megillops are in use. It is a property of their paint to be as hard as iron; and picture cleaners well know that it is so, and that it is not very easily soluble—and it is very ill

usage when pictures so painted are destroyed. Whenever you see a picture of a disagreeable leathery texture, you may with reason suspect that either it never was genuine, or that it is not now—that it has been painted over. I would not say that the old masters *never* approach a leathery texture, perhaps sometimes they did (but in few instances), because they used their pure medium variously; still, as I verily believe they always did use the same medium, and that it was not liable to change, such defect was easily avoided.

On the subject of the medium used by the old masters, I hope very soon to be allowed to make some remarks which may be of value—and this I say without having any scruple on the score of modesty; for I have little information on the subject that I owe not entirely to a friend. I mentioned in a former paper that a very scientific and able amateur had devoted many years to this particular of the arts; and when in town I went through his process, and he detailed much of his experiments to me. The tests, chemical and other, are extraordinary and very satisfactory. The medium *discovered* by him, or, as he with just confidence expresses it, "*veterem revolavit artem*," fully accounts for every thing that is so beautiful in the texture and execution of the old masters, Flemish and Italian. It, as I understand, avoids all varnishes and those items in recipes that make pictures crack, becomes very hard, very brilliant, and rich; and though it is combined with oil, it robs it of that peculiar unpleasant texture and surface oil is so apt to acquire. My friend has ascertained what colours were of old used, and with this medium has preserved for years those which with the common methods will not stand a week. He has a small collection of beautiful pictures, which he has very accurately studied. We were together at the institution in Pall Mall and the National Gallery frequently, and were in our own minds satisfied that the medium rediscovered was essentially the same as that used in the pictures before us. I am in hopes that he will allow me to speak more fully of its peculiarities, and that ere long he will, with a liberality becoming the liberal arts,

lay it before the public. I would be most enthusiastic upon this subject; but I well know how coldly every thing is received that may be written upon it. There are so many favourite nostrums that run the circle of reception, and are sure to be thrown by after a while, that there is either a general want of confidence in all, or the artist is already engaged to some one, the inutility of which he must wait for time to discover. But none are long satisfied; and I scarcely ever met with an artist that did not express his vexation, either at the changes that take place, or at some lack of facility in the use of whatever he employs. But I shall be very much mistaken if that vexation do not cease, when this rediscovery shall be, as I trust ere long it will be, made known. Sir Joshua was right in making his experiments, though in many respects they failed; yet we may be certain that if he could have obtained brilliancy without them, he would not have been so indefatigable. Indeed he has done much, as the fine picture in the National Gallery of Lord Heathfield sufficiently proves. How rich and mellow it is, and yet how much do we regret that it is painted with the help of varnishes which are already separating the paint.* And there it stands, beautiful as it is, the only in-

stance of original paint so affected. There is not one in that collection, unless where retouched, that is not still of a firm body. This is very remarkable; let any one, however, examine them with the view of ascertaining this, and I am confident there will be no difference of opinion.

I first went to the Institution in Pall-Mall at night; though certainly not the *best* time for seeing the pictures, it is then a fascinating exhibition. My first business was to notice the landscapes. There was none that appeared to attract so much attention as the picture by Hobbima belonging to Sir Robert Peel. I had heard much of it, and doubted if I should be pleased with it—it had been described to me as a low, unpoetical subject, painted wonderfully like nature, with no beauty of composition; but rather in defiance of it, as if the artist had purposely selected the most ordinary objects—and his choice of ugly strips of trees was particularly noticed. On even a first view of the picture I did not think this criticism just; indeed, that it was altogether unjust, and wanted truth in its censure and its praise. I say its praise, for though it was said to be wonderfully true to nature, I think it is not true to nature in the sense in which that praise was

* There is abundant proof that painting in oil was practised centuries before the time of Van Eyck, who certainly did discover something; what that was, we may suppose to be of great value, for it led to an assassination, that it should be a secret; the old oil painting was found so inadequate to nicer works, that there can be little doubt in Van Eyck's time the artists painted as he did in gum, and it was his vexation, on the cracking of a picture so painted exposed to the sun, that set him upon his invention. It may not be amiss here to make extracts from Smith's Antiquities of Westminster. It describes a process of analyzing the colours and oil used in the ornamental painting of St Stephen's Chapel in the fourth year of Edward the Third. The first extract is from a letter to Mr Smith. The next is from the account of expenses.

"In order to examine the colours, I was obliged, after having carefully scraped them from the stone, to employ a quantity of impure ether to dissolve the varnish which had been laid over them, and also to separate *the oil with which the colours had been prepared*. By this method, I was enabled to procure the colours in a state of purity after they had subsided to the bottom of the phial. The supernatant liquor, when decanted and mixed with water, became immediately turbid, and an oleaginous matter swam on the surface. This matter had the peculiar smell of varnish, and adhered as such to the sides of the phial. What the composition of this varnish may have been, I cannot precisely determine."

Among the items of expenditure I find the following:—

- "Thirty peacock's and swan's feathers, and squirrels' tails, for the painters' pencils.
- "Two flagons of cole (query, what is cole?) for the same.
- "Nineteen flagons of *painters' oil* for painting of the chapel, at 3s. 4d. per flagon.
- "One pound and half of hog's bristles for the brushes of painters."

given. For though nothing can be more true than facts, there were some artful deviations, which, as sacrifices, were very judicious, particularly in the foreground, which Hobbima intended should not be his *picture*, and therefore should not too much attract attention, even by its accurate detail—my note-book tells me. The subject, humble as it may be considered, and vulgar as it might have been in some hands, *has* yet been *poetically* seen and treated. There is a character in it, and a pleasing one, to which every thing in it tends. Here is a town in distance, to which a road leads directly in the middle of the picture, lined with trees of no great growth, but not inelegant in form, bending towards each other, in social intercourse, as it were, not inexpressive of the amity and concord of the citizens that may walk under them. We may easily imagine some burgher who had grown to opulence amidst his industrious fellow citizens, with whom he may have been connected by many ties, in his content and gratitude, requiring of the painter a representation of his native town. Now, a vulgar view would not have pleased him—a fine view, that is, one presuming in effect, would not have satisfied him, for neither would have expressed his feelings on a view of his native town—it must be an everyday view, but a favourable one—it must tell of successful industry, and of a due share of acquired leisure—of comfort, domestic comfort, religion, and the blessings of heaven upon a contented and industrious people, a family, complete in this its home view. The painter, in each conception of his subject, has given to it a purposed formality, to which the mind's eye readily associates municipal order. The man in his garden (and though in the foreground, not conspicuous, but put in as it were for the eyes' search) grafting his trees, is indicative of peaceful industry. The substantial burgher, probably for whom the picture was painted, is seen leisurely walking from the town with his dog and gun—and behind him, in the further distance of the straight road, are other figures, which not only serve perspectively, but likewise connect the principal figure with the town.

There is a somewhat large church rising above the houses, which it seems to protect—and they are all of the same colour and character, as if the industrious hands that had filled the homes with comfort had erected their temples to God in thankfulness. They have no conspiracies there to pull down churches, and confiscate corporation property, there is no tempestuous agitation in the heavens or on the earth. The clouds are such as enrich and fertilize, and illuminate all beneath them;—they are not fantastical and idle, but look as if they were themselves on a pleasing duty, blessing all beneath them;—and they appear *rising*, indicative of fine weather, and thence by association again indicative of prosperity. All is calm peace, consequently there is no violence of colour, no splashes of reds, and yellows, and blues—indeed, no raw positive colours to disturb the serenity, such as we often see daubed in for effect. No colour is predominant over another, but all are in even tone. It is beautifully executed, indeed appropriately; for there is no minute finishing, no irksome labour which would have marred *the* characters; the handling is rather of an agreeably easy and pleased industry, with sufficient freedom, but no running riot either with brush or palette. I could not but be pleased to observe that *the* rule of composition, of which I spoke in an early number of the Sketcher, was very advantageously attended to. Indeed, I may say, in very many of the pictures I found this to be the case, and where there was little attention to it, there was always something to offend. But to return to Hobbima;—this picture is surely an example of a homely, and perhaps unpromising subject being dignified, or rather I should say sanctified, by being made tangible to our sociable affections; and the preservation throughout of this one character of good humanity is poetry, which will never cease to gratify and to calm. I have seen such subjects treated with a violence of effect, in which the heavens have been made to discharge their bags of indigo upon a humble township, in most unpromising malignity, as Jupiter Bombastes would wage war

with men and mice; and the thunder which could rend a promontory and shake Olympus, was expended in splitting a bean-stalk.

There are some very good Ruysdaels in this exhibition. No. 11 is a pleasing subject of repose, and quiet seclusion. The water is covered with water lilies—in colour, it is strictly sober-grey, and brown-greens prevail. There is but little detail of *particular* leafage. The composition, too, is much according to rule. No. 41 is another fine specimen of the power of the same painter. The subject is a waterfall—and indeed the majesty of the element is acknowledged—it is thundering along in its own wilful way, making frightful sport with an uptorn tree toss'd to it when full fed; so may we imagine the great Leviathan "playing with the mast of some argosie," or "tall admiral," wrecked upon his waste domain of ocean. The water is truly liquid and in motion; the air is wet with the spray of the foam; and in the heat of a June day, it is refreshing to cheat yourself with coolness through the eye. The upper part of the picture is perhaps too cold, and not quite pleasing in composition, not entirely in character with the lower part—we do not want village intrusion here. It is very difficult to represent foaming water in shade; here it is admirably done. You doubt not for a moment whether it is in shade or not, and you so delight in the coolness, you would not have one gleam of a bright sun shed over it. The other Ruysdaels in this exhibition are very good, but perhaps these are the most beautiful, and painted with the more masterly hand. Nos. 22 and 30 are companion Gaspar's—perhaps No. 22 the best. This is a truly pastoral picture, that takes us back to Virgil's eclogues, when Tityrus piped and made the wood's resound with Amarillis. It is Virgil's pastoral improved, for it has not an echo of his doleful complainings—it is peaceful security, when swains tended their kine only for the pleasure of looking at them, and at their flocks, to mark "which do bite their supper best;" posterior to that age when Mercury went cattle thieving, and anterior to the reign of the brigands, when honest villagers might lie about upon the herbage; some cattle are wandering "where they

will," while the shepherds converse, or emulate pastoral music, such as rural liberty allows,—

———"Errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum Ludere quæ vellem calamo permisit agresti."

The distant plain and mountains, seen over the shepherd's home, are very beautiful; Claude never painted any thing more aerial and yet terrestrial; it is the mountain boundary of a silvan reign, and far off enough for the satisfaction of modest liberty. The colouring over the whole landscape is silvery green, or rather grey, cool verdure over a red rich soil; such as Gaspar loved, and so effectually represented by the red ground of his canvass. In this picture he seems to have been bent upon spreading the grey, yet lucid atmosphere of the morning over the whole piece; it is even in the leafage of the foreground, which has less force, and is less finished than is usually the case with him. Whenever I see a good picture of Gaspar Poussin, so supreme, so without a competitor as a *landscape* painter, I always covet it, not for myself, but for the National Gallery. Numerous as are his productions, for he painted with certainty and great rapidity, they should be collected and prized as Raphaels and Correggios are; and I cannot but think that day will come,—though this is not the day for true landscape; when we lose the evil relish for meretricious beauty, and glare and fluster, then the grandeur and the beauty of simplicity will be felt, and admirers will rather be content to be pleased continually than astonished once. No. 30, I said, is companion picture to the last; they are both the property of Lord Yarborough. Of the two, No. 30, though it is a beautiful picture, and particularly fine in the composition of the foreground trees, I think is the inferior; perhaps it is not quite uninjured—the subject is pastoral as the last; it is "reductâ valle," in the bosom of a mountainous silvan region. The whole is in repose; a building in the second distance, not inelegant, reflected in cool water, and in that shade, which, clear itself, renders objects indistinct, yet enlarges and improves their character, seems placed as if the very centre of a poetic pastoral territory, whose

happy inmates would not have been ashamed therein to have received Pan or Sylvanus; the very trees drop their boughs toward it, as if they had listened to the pipe and converse of the deities, and were now acknowledging the blessings and promise of security to them they had left at their parting. Gaspar has not failed in the application of *his* rules of composition in both these pictures. They are well worth a landscape painter's study, they will teach him the value of simplicity; and that to be great, it is not necessary to paint grand landscapes, where hills are piled on hills, and frowning rocks, and precipices, and cataracts, and forests of every hue, from verdigrease to copper, put the sun out of countenance, and glare in his stead.

No. 33, *Both*. This is a very beautiful small picture of a mellow warm evening; some rustic figures, with their goats, are in the shade, which is really cool, and well characterise the repose of the piece.

No. 114 is by the same painter of warm sunsets, "*The Baptizing of the Eunuch*." This is a large picture, certainly beautiful, and painted with great skill; but perhaps with too much attention to the meaner detail of nature, and somewhat too vulgar in the form and selection of ground, for the historical pretension of the subject; much of the landscape is mere commonplace rushy bank, and the trees, though there are some large, are undignified, hold little communion with each other (and indeed the largest rather uncomfortably have a tendency out of the picture.) The yellow of the clouds of the sky is too strong, a little out of harmony, and has perhaps suffered in other hands—I speak only of the effect, not from any examination of texture—yet the picture is a fine illumination, and, with all the imperfection I have noted, has a great charm. The figures are in themselves admirable in composition, tone, and colour—in the latter, harmonizing well with the flood of light around them.

No. 62. "*The Lion and the Mouse*. Snyders."—This is a very striking picture, very powerful, and very weak. Powerful in the rampant indignant animal caught in the toil, and very weak in the landscape, which is

quite unworthy such a noble creature. We may bestow on the painter the eulogy on Longinus, with a *small* addition, that he is "himself the great sublime," and little he draws. He is both lion and mouse: if there was no net, the animal might well rampantly turn his back on such a meagre unpromising country. Were there but some richness and depth of tone in the background, what a noble picture it would be! but that it is still. "There is not," says Bottom the weaver, "a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living;" were he well back'd, he would be tremendous. The poverty of the landscape is perhaps but the humane exposure of half the face of Snug the joiner, for Bottom had a deep insight into all things frightful and fearful, and thought a real "lion among ladies a dreadful thing." The fable is well told, and, besides its common moral, may convey a political satire. Certes a great lion has been taken in a hempen net, and a "great liberator" sometimes turns out to be a very little mouse.

In No. 34, we see the powers of Vandervelde—"A storm coming on." The swell and commotion of the water is portentous of hidden resources of the strength of the element, that, if it pleased, could show us what a storm should be. Vandervelde must have skimmed over the waves in his dreams, and, in the days of metamorphoses would have been "The Stormy Peterel."

No. 42. "*An Encampment, with the Portrait of the Painter Cuyp*."—If the painter be the stout soldier, so placidly ornamenting his equally stout and sturdy steed, very brothers in composure (so true is it that a man is often like his horse, and this one might be a worthy representative of Doctor Cavallus, or even the Roman senator), one might easily account for the fat, vigorous, and substantial works of his hand. He is of the "heavy horse," and does good execution. This is very rich and mellow in colour—possibly the red in the scarf of the man is a little too prominent. The red and yellow tones may thereby want a trifle of balance, unless it be considered that the blue is to be found in the dark grey shaded parts of the horse. The theorists upon the three colours

might so think—certainly the red, though small in quantity, does appear out of the right key. The man is boot-ed and well spurred, according to regulation, and for military ornament; it cannot be for use; so placid a self-resemblance he could not find it in his heart to gore with those rowels. He is ornamenting the creature as if he loved him, and reminds us of the line.

“And the Horse-milliner, his head with roses dight.”

The encampment is seen in distance, under the animal's legs. The fact is, they had left it, that they might converse, without being overheard, respecting each other's intentions in the day of peril; for you cannot doubt that the horse is as sensible as the rider, and has, like Bayardo, “Intelletto umano”—and a regiment of such would most strikingly represent a “March of Intellect.”

No. 46. “*A very beautiful Berghem.*” Sky and distance perhaps somewhat too blue for the foreground; the figures are excellent, the composition very pleasing, an elegant pastoral, if the term elegant may be used, though not of the higher cast. Berghem is an intermediate step in taste between common nature and the highly poetical pastoral of Gaspar. His figures are peasantry, not raised indeed above daily toil, but they are never vulgar, and there is generally very great truth in his colouring and effect, but he is sometimes darker than is quite fitting for his subject.

No. 29 is a very fine *Snyders*—the wounded and howling dog admirable. These subjects of *Snyders* want the locale of landscape to give them their full interest; in wild and appropriate scenery, the freedom of the wide hunting range, the adventure and peril of the boar hunt, would be poetical; but when the animals fill up the whole canvass, or nearly so, we are not satisfied with their confinement and hemming in, as it were, rather in the narrow limit of a cage than in their native forests, for which we look in vain.

No. 120. “*Hunting Scene. Berghem and Hackaert.*”—This is not in Berghem's usual manner. How seldom can two painters work together with advantage; they either compliment each other by mutual weakness, or are afraid to put out their full

strength. I should doubt if the perspective is quite true; the trees appear very large: it is, however, a pleasing picture, but wants force, and more variety of composition.

What a charm of moonlight quietness there is in No. 56, by *Vandeneer*. He was a very charming painter; little taste had he for the toil, and turbulence, and the busy hum of men,—the glare of day suited not his eye; little did it enter into his feeling, that, when the sun was sinking, beauty was departing from the earth—that the eye of Providence was closing on it; little did he enter into the melancholy of the poet, he listened not to the *knell* of parting day; nor did he think aloud,

“The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

He felt that as God made two great lights, the one to rule the day and the other to rule the night, so were they both deserving praise and admiration, the work of the Creator's hand, and *his* gift was moonlight. “*Early to bed and early to rise,*” was, in his view, little wisdom. Look at his little picture, and you will think it sheer ingratitude to go to bed with the sun. There is an emanation of poetry diffused in the soft silver light of the moon. We breathe it, and it inspires thoughts too holy for day. This is a very sweet tranquillizing picture.

No. 145. “*A Rocky Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel. Salvator Rosa.*” There is great grandeur and simplicity in this picture, with a characteristic execution,—there is very little variety in the colour, and no attention to minute detail. It is one of those pictures that Thompson so happily designates in giving the characteristic of this master, “as savage *Rosa dash'd.*” It is brown, umbery, the rocks admirably shadowed in. I thought the sky a little too much cut up; so I have noted it, but am not positive about it. This is a favourite subject with painters; *Salvator* has frequently chosen it. How greatly his execution is to be admired; you yield to it as to a talisman, and fling your whole mind with an energy borrowed, even though you know it not, from the charm of his pencil.

No. 151. "*A Woody Landscape*. Rubens."—This is a most surprising work of the genius of Rubens. Here, indeed, he is a colourist; brilliancy of light and soberness of shade are brought wonderfully together; and the feeling is perfect; it is as rich as colour can make it, and as sombre in its depth as poetry can desire. The flood of light pours into the picture, but pierces not the shade, and the hunter and his dog driving the deer diversely into the thick wood, is as well managed as may be conceived. Few are the landscapes of Rubens that please me, for, generally, they are for colour only, in defiance of subject; but here there is nothing to regret, and it is, in truth, a perfect landscape. I had always admired the print of it by Bolowait, but had no conception of the power and fascination of the picture. I regret it is not in the National Gallery, for it is well worth the frequent study of the landscape painter. There was not one in the Gallery that I so much studied. This exhibition is very rich in Rubens. His "*Flight into Egypt by moonlight*," though slight and sketchy, is most masterly, and has the effect of Rembrandt. In this how totally has he avoided that flickering of colour and execution by which he dazzles without destroying his general tone; it would have ill suited the obscurity and mystery so necessary to his subject; yet, in the painter, it was judicious abstinence, a withholding his hand, and keeping back his own power; and in this he has given an admirable lesson to modern artists. His "*Hippolytus thrown from his car*" (No. 86) equals the conception of Euripides; it is very poetical. This is well engraved in Forster's Gallery of Engravings. The marine monster, the destroyer of the chaste Hippolytus, is like the embodying of a frightful dream. This, and such like pictures of this master, forces a regret that his genius was too much employed in allegory and court flatteries: for, though he has given them the lustre and blaze of his genius, prodigal in resources, beyond the wonder at the power of his art the mind has little satisfaction—we "look up and are not fed."

His "*Battle of Muxentius*," No. 51, is an example of that flickering, thrown in with such a vigorous ener-

gy, which I noticed above. There is given by it all the confusion and conflict daring of a battle; and yet the general sobriety of tone, essential to real sublimity, is most strictly preserved. No painter had this power in an equal degree with Rubens. His pictures of this class show the purity of the medium he used, for he is very free and fluent in the use of it. There may be some visible proof of his medium in his "*First Sketch of the Lion Hunt*," No. 93, which is likewise evident of the manner of his getting in his subject. The ground is little more than the medium freely gone over the whole; and upon this the subject is sketched in with a colour much like umber, but thinned and modified with a white, that is certainly not white lead, for it mixes not with the umber; as white lead would; and when force and substance is wanted, it is put on thick; but even then it never mixes with the umber, so as to give it an opacity. If this was not chalk, it may have been the medium itself, or, I should say, the dryer which he added to his oil. It would be very gratifying to have this put to a test.

No. 52. "*The Coronation of the Virgin*. Annibal Caracci."—In spite of a colouring not quite agreeable, and that conventional absurdity of representing the Creator as an old man, and furnishing angels with violins, to all which the general practice of the schools has reconciled us, it is impossible not to be pleased with this picture, and often recurring to it we shall always find something new to admire. The grouping is so harmonious and easy, the expression of the heads so sweet, and the whole character so engaging, that we easily pardon the defects, if defects they be; perhaps some of the yellows have changed, and become rather dingy. The complexions are too much of the leathery colour of the background, and as that is meant to represent a hue of celestial glory, I cannot but suspect it must have undergone some change. It might possibly be improved by cleaning; but that is dangerous work.

"*The Village Entertainment*" of Teniers is surely out of perspective; it is painted with his usual clearness, but not nature. In these subjects he

often forgets the material, earth : it is difficult to say what his figures stand upon. It may be too cold in colour.

No. 70. "*Ostade in his Painting-room.*"—This is a very mellow, rich little picture. The artist looks weary, as if he had been all day at work, and looks like a man *trying* to see, in spite of the fading light; and though fatigued, there is an energetic expression in face and hand, as if giving his finishing touch. The easel is pretty much like ours, and there is a cup with his medium in it; and could we look into that, we might discover how he has contrived to give so rich and clear a picture, with so low a light. In the background are boys cleaning his brushes: he has been at work on a landscape.

No. 73. "*Our Saviour in the Storm.* Rembrandt."—There is nothing in the texture of this picture that forcibly speaks of Rembrandt. It is engraved in Forster's Gallery. What a grand sublime subject for the genius of a painter to indulge in! Everything conspires to awe and sublimity, the elements, the peril, the agitation of the figures, and the calm divine sublimity of our Saviour. This picture is so disagreeable in texture and colour, that one is in a great part precluded thereby from seeing the merit of the treatment of the subject. There are some admirable Rembrandts in this exhibition. He must have loved old women, for he paints them "*con amore*," and he was fortunate that his "fair one did not die of old age," as in the farce of My Grandmother, long before he was born.

The "*Old Woman*," No. 58, is very powerful, rich, and brilliant; but No. 50 is said to be his mother; and the more you look at her the more will you see of Rembrandt in those somewhat coarse but determined features, with mind in every line. There never was a more vigorous portrait than this; it is quite wonderful, and painted in with a decision, that is characteristic of the old woman herself; it appears as fresh as when it came from the easel. How forcible, rich, and transparent are the colours, and yet with what substance are they laid on, and with what masterly execution. This is more vigorous than the other old

woman. It is very strange, but here is one of the most celebrated pictures of the master,

No. 14. "*The Ship-builder and his Wife*;" yet how difficult is it to look at this after seeing the others. Stand at a sufficient distance, and you cannot but admire that part of the background where the low light breaks in; but other parts are very thin and weak; and there is a something positively unpleasant in the colouring of the heads and hands. How unlike the painting of his mother; yet, I believe, they were painted within a year or two of each other.

No. 112. "*The Monk reading*," is in his best manner. The very concealment of the head by shade, and shown strongly so by the light on the book or paper he is reading, only excites a desire to look into the face, and it is so wonderfully managed that "as you look" the reflected light seems to increase.

No. 90. "*A Mother and Child*," is one of his very brilliant little pictures. There is a red cap, vermilion, certainly not mixed with white lead; what substitute did he use? The same as Rubens used, and it was that which rendered opaque colours transparent—probably chalk, or a dryer very like it in texture.

It is difficult to believe that his "*Taking down from the Cross*," No. 115, is not a burlesque upon a sacred subject.

No. 113. "*St Sebastian*." This is in Guercino's best manner; the colouring very fine, and the effect powerful.

No. 18.—"*Christ crowned with thorns.* Guido."—Perhaps, as this picture was so great a favourite with the late Mr West, I ought to affect great modesty, and abstain from saying, that I think it weak, meagrely painted, and deficient in that sublime and divine expression a head of Christ crowned with thorns ought to possess. To my eye it is poor, and slightly sketched in, as if with turpentine. I am sorry I cannot admire it; indeed admiration is not enough for such a subject—but so it is—"non mi piace."

I have noted in my sketch-book many others; but I have already exceeded perhaps a due space in *Maga*. I did intend in this paper to have gone through the National Gallery;

but I will take another opportunity. That is an exhibition that we happily may at any time see. I will only observe of them for the present, that the Correggios alone are a national treasure—a very cheap purchase. There is nothing like them. The marine Claudes are superb. I do not know if I do not like the *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba*, better than the *St Ursula*. These are certainly the finest specimens of Claude in the National Gallery; but it is not rich in the works of the first landscape painter the world ever saw, Gaspar Poussin. Surely they are to be purchased; and the cost to the nation is nothing. I find Mr Ewart has taken up the subject of the arts in the House of Commons, with regard to the enquiry into the affairs of Somerset House; neither he nor the Commons have any business to ask questions about it. They may as well question any private gentleman's patronage. How the arts may be best promoted, is another matter. I suggested in a former paper, and I still think it would be advantageous, that our universities should have professors of Painting, and that scholarships should likewise be founded there—for who can doubt that a high education is requisite for an artist, and more par-

ticularly a classical education? Nothing would so much raise art in public estimation; and the prizes would be a great stimulus to genius, besides that stimulus which a high cultivation of mind is sure to give. I would again and again urge something of this kind, and am not without hopes that the idea will be taken up by influential persons elsewhere. It would ensure patrons, because it is impossible that the Arts should be thus publicly acknowledged, and honoured, and practised in our universities, and not find their way into the hearts of the young men at all times resident there. They would be greatly improved by the acquired taste themselves; it would rescue many from evil pursuits, and they would become patrons. The true principles of art would be more generally and better understood; there would at once be a higher and more correct aim. Artists would no longer have to vie with the upholsterer in finery. Unmeaning trickeries, a miserable substitute for lack of sentiment and poetical feeling, would be no longer endured; merely meretricious and ornamental artists would find the patrons like the Fox in the fable, who, turning over the masks said, "How beautiful! What a pity it is they have no brains!"

Note.—It has been pointed out to me that I have made a mistake in my last. The error is that I have entitled Wilkie's picture of Columbus—Columbus and the Egg—and it has been supposed my remarks should apply to Lesly's picture. Not so. The error was only in the title. It was a mere mistake from the notoriety of the subject, and so it rose hastily from the mind to the pen. The critique is upon Wilkie's picture.

SKETCHER.

WILLIAM PITT.

No. VII.

THE highest of all authorities has pronounced that "all Scripture was written for our learning." We may almost, with equal force, extend the maxim to all History. Even when we remember how large a portion of the Scriptures is taken up with the direct history of one of the most troubled, diversified, illustriously sustained, and terribly concluded national existences that ever developed the hand of Heaven to the eyes of mankind, we may discover how far this rank of instruction has been contemplated by Providence. If the facts of the last fifty years have been marked by characters pre-eminently calculated to compel the general attention of man,—if the values of the great public principles have been shown with unprecedented clearness in their effects,—if the workings of public passion, of angry poverty, of popular jealousy, and, on the other hand, of Ministerial feebleness, of courtly libertinism, and of Royal inexperience, have been singularly laid open in France,—if, as by a thunderbolt, one blow of irresistible power had not merely struck down all that was high or sacred upon the surface of the soil, but broke into the depths below, and showed the whole sullen and wild agency of evil, the whole Cyclopean dungeon blazing with perpetual furnaces, and ringing with the eternal clank of preparation for the wounds and death of peoples and dynasties above,—is it to be called a superstition? or if such it shall be called, is it not the wildest of all superstitions, to think that this knowledge is *not* without an object and a cause,—that something steadier than chance has been made the guide of political wisdom for the time to come,—that something of a higher nature than the vapours and shapes of the passing tempest is involved in the clouds that have covered the land with such sweeping calamity,—that there is a spirit within, not merely to direct the whirlwind, but commissioned to

speak to man in the fire and the thunder?

The great characteristic of the French Revolution was a love of change. The violences, follies, and horrors of the time are utterly incapable of being accounted for to this hour, on any ground which could afford a substantial stand for popular indignation. There was no act of tyranny, and no temper of tyranny, on the part of the government; there was no new severity of taxation to embitter the mind of the populace—no humiliation of the national arms to alienate the soldier—no decay of trade to render the merchant hostile to the state—certainly no aggravation of clerical pride or intolerance to awake public wrath against the clergy. It has been said, and proved a thousand times over, that France never was more prosperous, more glittering in the eyes of Europe, or more elevated in her own—more filled in every artery of her showy and vigorous frame with the salient and glowing life-blood of national supremacy; yet, to the astonishment and terror of the earth, this stately and powerful figure was seen at the instant tearing off its garments, flinging away every attribute of its days of peace and pomp, and, as if struck by sudden madness, rushing out through Europe, torch in hand, exclaiming rabid and hideous blasphemies against God and man. The true stimulant of the disease was a rage of subversion, a remorseless passion for overthrow. The same jargon of conspiracy, which is now ringing in the ears of England, "the means to the end"—that mystic and sullen threat against the public existence, which forms the watchword of open Jacobinism here, or of that still guiltier treason, which hypocritically affects the language of public care, and cloaking itself under "economy," aims its stab at the Constitution—this motto of the low traitors, who, hopeless of rising to public estimation by their talents, determine to make them-

selves feared for their evils, and revenge the littleness of their powers by the capacity of their mischiefs—was the battle-cry of faction in France. *Change* was the mark on the forehead of the revolutionary Cain, and by that the murderer is to be traced to this hour, let him wander where he will.

It is remarkable, and deeply demonstrative of the soundness of these views, that the aversion to change formed as prominent a characteristic of England for the last century as the determination for universal ruin formed of France at its close. Burke, the prophet of philosophy, had long since observed the scrupulous and almost nervous anxiety of the great revolutionists of 1688 to avoid all uncalled-for disturbance of the ancient order of things. All with them was *restoration*, nothing change. They found the temple of English freedom turned into a place of corrupt traffic, and desecrated to all the purposes of liberty; but they applied no torch to the building—they summoned no furious, ignorant, and ungovernable violence of the multitude to aid them in extinguishing the guilt of the altar—they proceeded on their high commission alone, and accomplished it with the dignity and completeness suitable to the authority which gave the task into their hands. They drove the traffickers from the shrine, and *restoring* it to its original purity, reopened its gates for the worship of the people. But how much more powerful was the provocation of the time! James was a wilful tyrant: he had already violated his coronation oath. The country was yet reeking with the merciless cruelty of his executions of Monmouth's adherents, and those adherents involved in the penalties of rebellion for the religion which the nation revered. The scaffold was yet dripping with the more distinguished blood of Russell and Sydney, men whose treason had arisen from their failure to check the royal tyranny by constitutional means. James had assaulted the Church, had determined to extinguish the Established Religion, bound as it was to the national heart by long sufferings and services. He had openly determined to make

Poperity paramount, to the universal horror of the nation, who at the same moment saw the evidences of Papal supremacy in the miseries, exile, and massacres of the French Protestants, in the treacherous breach of royal faith, the reckless and profligate *perjury* by which the edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685. They had heard the execrable orders of the French minister Louvois to the troops whom he sent to crush the unfortunate Huguenots, "It is his majesty's will that the *extreme of rigour* should be employed against those who refuse to become of *his religion!*" They had seen their bishops arrested, their universities put under suspension, the metropolis held in awe by a camp, and the declared principle of ruling by the sword about to extinguish the Constitution. If public provocation could ever justify public havoc, this was the time to have summoned all the elements of vengeance,—this was the time to have lighted the fires of revolution, and flinging into the cauldron the mingled and startling ingredients of public insult, wrath, and frenzy, to have raised a spell that would have shaken the palace in fragments over the head of the despot. But this was not the spirit of the great men who then guided the state; it was not the character of England. Is it to be ungratefully and unwisely forgotten that this virtue had its reward—that, in a mighty revolution, in which the rival monarchs were at the head of powerful armies, not a drop of blood was shed in England, either in the field or on the scaffold—that the enemies of the state were subdued *without* a struggle—that old bitternesses were reconciled *without* compulsion or sacrifice on either side—and that the Protestant nation, from that hour, began a career of unlaboured greatness and unsought sovereignty, which, for a hundred years, made her the happiest dominion of the world.

To the nature of those proceedings we have the attestation of Burke. We further have his example in the "Reform" to which he gave so active a portion of his life. "I would not," said this unerring political oracle, "exclude alteration neither, but even when I changed, it should be to

preserve. I should be led to my remedy by a great grievance. In what I did I should follow the example of our ancestors; and make the repairs as nearly as possible in the style of the building. A politic caution, a guarded circumspection, a moral rather than a constitutional timidity, were the ruling principles of our forefathers even in their most decided conduct." It would be worth while to examine how many actual changes took place in the forms of the government, the principles of the law, or the frames of any of the leading institutions of the country, during the hundred years preceding the fatal year 1829. We find a tardiness in our legislators of the last century, which implies a total want of that new faculty for discovering chasms in the constitution, now at work with such fierce alacrity. Well may the Somerses, Chatham, nay, Fox himself, hide their diminished heads upon the new-born vivacity of the race who have so suddenly sprung up from the mire, and enlisted themselves as the champions of change. It is true, that the leaders of the last century came into the field with impediments to this rapidity of motion. They wore the arms and armour required to be worn in their day by every warrior who figured in political chivalry. They came cased in constitutional knowledge, the practice of public life, the wisdom of antiquity, the statesmanlike sense of living public interests. Our modern man of change comes unencumbered by any one of them to the field; naked as a savage, he suffers no delay from the costly equipments that once were deemed essential. His art requires no teaching; light of foot, and audacious of hand, the torch and the dagger are his natural weapons; and he effects the whole purpose of his being when he destroys.

It is obvious and undeniable, that the whole spirit of English legislation has been suddenly altered, with a totality of change, a violence of mutability, which no man in his senses could have believed until it was seen, felt, and trembled at, through every institution of the land. First, the privileges of the whole body of freemen in the counties and boroughs were extinguished, and a

new principle of election established, altogether alien to common sense and public safety; population superseded property, and the mob were proclaimed masters of the Parliament. Then the Church was put to the question. For the first time in English history, it was pronounced that the establishment held its existence only at the will of a majority of the legislature; that its property was at the mercy of a casting vote; and that Protestant property, bequeathed, in innumerable instances, expressly for Protestant objects, was capable of legitimate confiscation, for the behoof of sects and opinions which Protestantism repels and *abhors* on the highest grounds of reason and Scripture. The Irish Church, the *only* stronghold of England in Ireland, the only natural tie between the two anxious countries, the only preservative of that most nervous of all possessions, Irish allegiance; that Church, a hair of whose head an English minister should not suffer to be touched, has been already reduced to mendicancy, and is even menaced with extinction. That Church which it is the most obvious policy to sustain, and not merely to sustain but to strengthen, extend, to enlarge in both dignity and revenue, if for nothing more than compassion to the miserable multitude whom its fall must leave to the hideous and gloomy shackles of superstitious popery; that Church which every feeling of policy calls upon a Protestant Government to place beyond all opposition in the land; which every instance of public necessity points out as the sheet anchor of England in the troubled and tempestuous waters of Irish partisanship, and which, still more, every feeling of Christianity commands a religious nation to send on its progress, conquering and to conquer, through a land as dark in all the essentials of true religion as Hindostan or Morocco,—the Church of Ireland, with a shortsighted, wilful, and malignant folly, utterly inconceivable, except on the principle, that those who are marked for punishment by Providence, are first prepared for it by the loss of their understandings, is openly, ostentatiously, contemptuously, abandoned to the mercy of faction. How long will it be before the same faction

will issue its anathema against the Church of England!

But if we look to the other leading constituents of national prosperity, do we find them more secure, do we discover the statesmanship, which in our infidel age might disdain to stoop to the fallen form of an established religion, one iota more active in throwing itself between the temporalities of the country and their assailants? The trade and manufactures of the empire, are they less offered up to the tampering of theory, and of all theory, the fabrication of French brains, and of all French brains, those of the original subverters of the throne and the religion of France, the renovators, who, in a single year of legislation (!) left France without "ship, colony, or commerce," plunged the whole of the French West Indies into civil war, lost her remaining possessions in the East, and shut against her trade the ports of every nation of Europe? Canada has been already visited by this evil spirit. Is it not notorious that her insubordination has been patronised, nay, stimulated from home; and whose is the fault that this insolent and dangerous stimulation has been administered with impunity? India! A hundred millions of men, the pastime of experimentalists, who learn their legislation in the lanes of Marylebone and Westminster, and promulgate the will and wisdom of their congregated cobblers as law to the astonished and awe-struck council of the empire. The India Company, the labour of two hundred years, gone in a moment, effaced by the single sweep of the arm of change. The great offset of the Company, the China Factory, a treasury into which the English minister had but to dip his hand, and annually draw out three millions sterling—gone, with its parent stock. The Universities struggling at this hour against a rush of the whole rabble of dissent against their gates, and scarcely able, with all their strength, to close them against the rush. Unitarianism, Anabaptism, Papistry, Infidelity, all making common cause to force those last bulwarks of Protestantism, learning, and loyalty in the empire, and in the world. The House of Lords threatened with being swamped if it dares exercise its

judgment, and marked for ruin if it dares to persevere in the assertion of its liberty. The House of Commons invaded by Quakers, Papists, Socinians, and threatened with invasion by the Jews, in full, declared, and irreconcilable hatred to Christianity. The Corporations all in the furnace, bound hand and foot, and flung in with such eager precipitation, that, like the slaves of the Persian despot, the fire has reached the agents of the sacrifice. And to what has this extraordinary mutation in the very essence of English Council owed its ill omened birth? We must pronounce the word, and with bitter and incurable sorrow, pronounce it—irreligion. We owe it to that measureless and unmitigable weakness, if not to that condign crime against the Constitution, and more than the Constitution, by which Papistry was suffered to set its foot within the walls of the Parliament of England. If we now have only to sit by and helplessly wring our hands over the ravages of that torrent which we see hourly swelling and sweeping away still more precious portions of the soil, we have not to trace its fountain to the tempest which none can restrain, or to the depth which no restraining hand could reach. The whole danger lay before us as plain as the glacier on the side of the Alp, and as fixed too, but for the extravagant and bewildered rashness which let its waters loose to ravage and overwhelm. The fatal year 1829 is the first in that fearful series of hopeless resistance and accelerated overthrow, the head of that dark and evil chronology, which shall henceforth number the declining times of the noblest of all empires.

But is this catastrophe, solemn and terrible as it is, to be regarded as beyond the power of man, his vigour and his virtues to avert? Are we called on to submit to it, with the shuddering and prostrate humiliation of beings above whose heads destiny is doing its own high will? Are we to listen, as we listen to the rollings of the thunder, and wait for the blow as we wait for the work of the flash? This would be only to show ourselves deserving of the ruin, to make the havoc inevitable, and, depriving us of the last consolation

of the good and the brave, that they have done their duty to the last, to render long-suffering only an aggravation of our fate, and put our delivery almost beyond the power of those illustrious contingencies, which are in reserve for nations worthy to live. It is with those impressions that we return again and again, to the memory of the great Minister of England. Of all the mighty minds which have passed away with the passing of the last three centuries, the mind of Pitt is that one which pre-eminently,—“being dead, yet speaketh,”—whose inspirations are most pregnant with the peculiar wisdom required for our time—the lamp in whose sepulchre pours out the steadiest and strongest beam through the heavy vapours and noxious shades that cover the land. We must acknowledge the comparative easiness of his task to that of our time. The patriot, born or unborn, on whom is to be laid the magnificent toil of *attempting* to achieve the deliverance of the empire, must brace himself for a far severer struggle. We feel the measureless difficulties which must henceforth beset every step of the leader of political redemption in the deepened and widened gulf between the feelings of the great classes of society, the property and the population; in the growing audacity of infidel dissent; in the general and arrogant appeal to numbers against law, right, and custom; in the daring, furious, and undisguised appetite for spoil, however guarded by antiquity, or made sacred by religion. And, above all, inflaming all, and deceiving all, in that new shape of hostility to the very life of the state, that desperate, sullen, and irreconcilable embodying of ambition, revenge, and bigotry, which we have suffered to rear its head in our national councils, the “Superior Fiend,” that, like Milton’s tempter, has suddenly started up, from the serpent creeping in darkness and on the ground, into the glitter of false supremacy, lifting its head, already all but diademed, above the cloud, and calling to the whole host of inferior spirits of mischief, to exult in the fall which it has perpetrated, and in the still deeper fall which it has prepared.

The French Revolution had been the work of infidels who called themselves philosophers. The project for following the example of France in treason was formed by a knot of men who followed its example in infidelity. In 1790, Paine’s Rights of Man was adopted by the conspirators as their text-book, and propagated with the zeal of conspiracy. The principles of this book bore the character of the writer’s life; reckless, wild, corrupt, and hostile to all order, religious and civil. To those who have read this work in later times, nothing can seem more extraordinary than that so ignorant, and consequential, and crude a performance should have proceeded from the pen of a writer asserting claims to literature. But its principles were made to be popular with the vicious and the vulgar of every age. It offered to the base the proper food of baseness; to the craver after political stimulants the strong drink that his diseased intemperance loved; to the characterless the gratification of insult on all personal and public morals; to the bankrupt in faith and fortune the prospect of a general confusion of principle, and a general plunder of property. It has perished by the common contempt which extinguished the whole revolutionary pamphleteering of England, from the moment when the common sense of the country awoke, and the natural vigour of the English mind had snapped the “green withes,” the bonds that had been fraudulently flung over it in its sleep. But if a copy of that nefarious work exists, it ought to be instantly destroyed by the hands of the modern revolutionist, for it deprives him of all the honours of originality. Every ribald sneer against the throne, every insolent violation of the privileges of the public bodies, every proposed spoliation of the church, every theory of subversion in the shape of universal suffrage, ballot, and annual parliaments, is there; to turn the inventions of later Jacobinism into copies, and prove the barrenness of its boasted fertility of mischief. The whole wardrobe of the revolutionary maskers of our day is, in fact, taken down from the hooks of

Paine's Magazine of the vizards and costumes of rebellion.

But guilty as the author was, and profligate as was the work, both had an important effect at the crisis. While the notorious abominations of Paine's personal career showed how perfectly easy it was for libertinism, drunkenness, palpable fraud, and brute atheism, to assume the most swelling front of public zeal, his book became one of those tests of principle, which, in difficult times, are of essential value in separating the sound portion of the state from the diseased. It was instantly evident, from the patronage of the "Rights of Man," in what division of the national mind the freedom, the morality, and the Constitution of England, were to take shelter in the day of trial. The Established Church, through all its degrees, abhorred and rejected it at the moment. The sectarians welcomed, propagated, and panegyricized it. Even after it had become an object of prosecution by the Government, it was adopted only with the more ostentatious partisanship. In one instance, ten thousand copies were printed at sectarian expense, and probably ten times the number were distributed with the most unsparing activity through the kingdom. All means were adopted, too, for this iniquitous purpose, by the combined traitors and infidels ranking themselves under the general banner of dissent; they were urged through all the towns; they were distributed by pedlars at the fairs; and agents were expressly employed to introduce them into the inns, and all places where the farmers and labourers were accustomed to assemble. The leading maxims of the volume were, that the people (meaning thereby the populace) were the supreme source of power!—that a King was an incumbrance!—and that a republic was the only allowable form of government for England. Those maxims, by appealing to all the bad passions of the populace, awoke a vast, though yet a vague, hostility to the crown. Their propagators next proceeded to marshal the loose discontents, and discipline them into treason. The "Society of Friends of Reform" had first exhibited the bold innovation of a club

prescribing its model to the government of an empire.

But its proceedings stopped short of direct menace. Some of its members were men of Parliamentary rank, and its worst violences were marked by some sense of public responsibility. But the *renovators* rapidly learned to disdain the measured movements of the Reformers. Jacobinism exclaimed against the aristocratic decorums of the club; a new angry and resolute combination was formed, in which the fiercest doctrines of public overthrow were the rule, and the "Revolution Society" instantly took the lead. The tardy disloyalties of its predecessor were thrown into contempt; the vigour of the new candidate for popularity was effectively contrasted with the empty harangues, indolent disaffection of the old, and the very name of reform was abjured as a ridiculous and shallow pretext for bringing a party into power, who neither in nor out of power had the courage to fight the popular battles, or the integrity to be independent of the corruptions in which they were cradled. The Revolution Society, unobstructed by the prejudices of rank, by the decorums of public habits, or by the responsibility of personal character, rushed forward on its course, augmenting in volume and velocity at every burst. Its first act was to establish a correspondence with foreign rebellion. It affiliated itself with the Jacobin clubs spread through France, and carried on with them a mutual and active interchange of compliment and treason. It wrote to the Rochelle club,—“We hope to profit ourselves from your successful exertions in favour of freedom, and that an imitation of your splendid actions may soon enable us *to purify our own government.*” To the Jacobin club at Laugon, it wrote,—“We think general freedom must precede universal peace, and that the *example* which you have given, must be *imitated* throughout the world, before war completely cease.” This was after France had virtually destroyed her church, her peerage, had reduced the king to a cypher, had erected a new legislature, and had prepared, and boasted of her preparing, the whole public order for

a succession of overthrows. And this was the *example* which the Clubbists of England proposed for imitation. Their cant of universal peace was the common fraud of revolution. The men of universal spoil proclaimed themselves in all countries the advocates of property, the men of massacre were the loudest of philanthropists, and the conspirators against the laws and independence of every foreign nation made all their inroads under the pretext of securing the tranquillity of mankind.

In England, with the same principles, they held the same language, and with the same falsehood in language, they would have rapidly exhibited the same atrocities in action. In the correspondence with the Jacobin club of Nantes, this society adopted the additional cant of a zeal for religion, which, of course, was much enjoyed by the French atheists, and made it one of the pleas for revolution that "the objects of true religion are hardly ever pursued by princes, that class of mortals being but poorly instructed in the genuine principles of either policy or religion." To the patriots of Brest, who had exemplified their doctrines in riots and brutalities little short of open rebellion, it pronounced that they had set a glorious example, a sublime lesson to all mankind. "The heroism which has animated your unparalleled exertions will strike terror into the hearts of *despots*, and make every *tyrant* tremble on his throne. The period is approaching when the *people of all countries* will no longer submit to wear that cruel and ignominious yoke of bondage under which they have so long groaned." We see in these few extracts, out of the thousand instances which might be adduced in evidence, that the "London Revolution Society" had already adopted all the views of French treason, had enlisted itself in the service of general rapine, had joined Jacobinism in marking out kings as the *primary* objects of vengeance; and summoned the discontented of all nations to rise in rebellion.

A leader of the cause now appeared, Dr Joseph Priestley, a man frenzied for novelty, ambitious of a name, precipitate in the publication

of every change of a capricious mind, and utterly careless of the mischief effected by his unprincipled notoriety. As a scholar shallow, as a philosopher empirical, as a politician malecontent, and as a religionist heretical,—he has long since sunk into the contempt which every man of sense feels for pretensions without solidity, and the desire of public mischief defeated only by giddy impotence of mind. But he was fitted for the time. His affectation of universal knowledge, his restless versatility of pursuits, his rash eagerness to be always foremost in the public eye, and his notorious heresy, made him invaluable to the half-philosophical, half-political, and more than half-irreligious conspiracy which followed with willing hearts, but still with tottering and unpractised steps, the strides of the gigantic treasons of France. Priestley's whole religious life was change, and change of the most total, irreconcilable, and irrational abruptness. He began by being a Calvinist; from the Trinitarian he next metamorphosed himself into an Arian; his next step was to the doctrine of "Philosophical Necessity," in other words, that monstrous and degrading extravagance, which makes man the moral equal of the stock and the stone; he then denied the immateriality of the soul. His next descent was to Socinianism. Having thus completed his religious degradation, he was only the fitter for the revolutionist. He now figured, as became his vocation, among the claimants for the abolition of all "Tests," pronouncing them an incumbrance on the "liberty of the gospel;" but the *Socinian's* zeal for Christianity, all whose principles he assails, the denier of the divinity of the Saviour and of the Atonement, was thrown into contempt as a subterfuge, and the champion of dissent was left to enjoy the barren honours of his insult to the common understanding of the country. He had now attained the position from which politics might be commenced as a trade. As early as 1761, his "Essay on Government" had given proof of the public doctrines which are imbibed in dissenting academies; but the time for their ripening into national evils was not

yet come. The roar of the French Revolution at length "roused all the slumberers of religious and political bitterness in England;" and they rose from their uneasy and condemned bed, "thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa." But they were not to build their Pandemonium here. A vigilant eye and an irresistible hand were upon them, and their flights were soon cast down, and their taunts and blasphemies turned into dumbness and terror. Priestley had thrown aside his pursuits in science, for his more congenial pursuit of public excitement; and his first attempt was an "Answer" to Burke's immortal work on the French Revolution.* If human folly was ever doomed to make itself palpable, or if human vanity was ever eager to be scourged, Priestley had now involved his folly and his vanity together in the most consummate punishment. Burke crushed him at once. The elephant does not trample the viper or the pismire with more ease or suddenness. He put his huge foot upon the little writhing venomous existence of the Socinian Revolutionist, and pressed it into the dust for ever.

But though Priestley was extinguished as a writer, he could still assist the cause. On the 14th of July, the Republicans of Birmingham, to the number of ninety, with Priestley at their head, declared the intention of holding a public anniversary of the first bloodshed of the French Revolution, the taking of the Bastille. This challenge to Government and public tranquillity was reinforced by the following most insolent manifesto:—

"*My countrymen*,—The second year of Gallic liberty is nearly expired. At the commencement of the third, on the 14th of this month, it is devoutly to be wished that every enemy to civil and religious despotism would give his sanction to the common cause, by a public celebration of the anniversary.

"Remember, that on the 14th of July, the Bastille, that high altar and castle of despotism, fell. Remember the enthusiasm peculiar to the cause of liberty with which it was attacked. Remember that generous humanity that taught the oppressed, groaning

under the weight of insulted rights, to spare the lives of the oppressors. Extinguish the mean prejudices of nations, and let your members be collected and sent as a free-will offering to the national assembly. But, is it possible to forget that your own Parliament is venal, your ministers hypocritical, your clergy legal oppressors; the reigning family extravagant, the crown of a *certain great personage* becoming every day too heavy for the head that wears it, too weighty for the people that gave it; your taxes partial and oppressive; your representation a cruel insult upon the sacred rights of property, religion, and freedom! But, on the 14th of this month, prove to the sycophants of the day that you reverence the olive branch, that you will sacrifice to public tranquillity, *till* the majority shall exclaim, 'The peace of slavery is worse than the war of freedom. Of that day let tyrants beware!'"

For the discovery of the author of this direct summons to insurrection, the magistrates of Birmingham immediately offered a reward of a hundred guineas, which was followed by the offer of a still larger sum by the Government. The authorship could be only surmised; but the avowal of the principles was notorious, and it was indignantly received by the vast majority of the inhabitants; for the Revolutionary doctrines were still new, the poison had not been long enough administered to corrupt the public feeling. The hotel in which the Birmingham infidels and Jacobins assembled to celebrate the festival of rebellion was surrounded by the multitude. A mob, right or wrong, is a perilous instrument; the faction, whose entire system had been to tell the populace that they were the natural masters of the state, and to pronounce the wisdom of the populace the public oracle, were then forced to feel their own theories hazardously and retributively reduced to practice against themselves. The mob demolished the windows of the hotel, and broke up the meeting, with but brief indulgence for its harangues. On the next day, they suddenly as-

* "Letters to Edmund Burke."

sembled again, and put the safety of the entire town in danger, by their open violence against all whom they suspected of having a share in the manifesto, or in its sentiments. The Unitarians and notorious Jacobins of Birmingham were objects of a fury which the utmost exertions of the magistrates were unable to restrain. Houses were pillaged and burnt. Priestley's dwelling-house, his Socinian chapel, with another chapel of the same kind, and the houses of several dissenters well known for combining disloyalty with schism, were destroyed. Troops at length arrived, the riots were put down, and the law, which those men of change and mischief would have extinguished, gave them compensation for the losses, which nothing but their own insults to all law had caused. Priestley's conduct, even in the latter point, was disingenuous and discreditable. He swelled his claim to L.4122. A jury, after a long and impartial examination during a trial of nine hours, contemptuously cut down the claim to little more than one half—L.2502. When he had thus obtained all that he could, he embarked for America, in 1794, in affected indignation with the country which had too patiently endured a cavilling, restless, and ignorant dabbler in matters beyond his sphere; and, as if to show his last inveteracy against the government which had spared him so long, he enrolled his son as a *French citizen*, at a time when the ripened horrors of the Revolution had almost excluded Frenchmen from the catalogue of human beings. The career of this worthless and bitter spirit ought to be a lesson to all who are capable of being taught by the example of moral suicide. They will see in him an individual gifted with considerable ability, the faculty of indefatigable labour, strong desire for public distinction, and remarkable opportunities, from both his position in society and the circumstances of the time all gifts of value, which, rightly employed, might have rendered him a benefactor to his country. But they will see all those gifts thrown away, or worse than thrown away, by his miserable perversion of mind, by an acrimonious heart making him hostile to every institu-

tion of a country, which to know is to honour; acknowledging nothing in Government but an object of hostility, nothing in the venerable religious constitution established in the blood and toils of some of the noblest minds that the world ever contained, but a mark for perpetual virulence, and exhausting his powers, his industry, and his life, in puny attempts to overthrow that Colossus, whose fall would have crushed the very name of England. Shall we wonder that his career was one of perpetual discomfiture; that the audacity of his attacks only made his punishment the more condign? Burke trampled him in politics; Horsely strangled his feeble offspring in theology; the nation echoed with scorn and disgust against the inveterate scribbler, who, every month, repeated his follies, without novelty, dexterity, or force; every month saw his pamphlet perish; and he was still unreclaimed. Even in America, his boasted land of political perfection, he found means to involve himself in instant quarrel, and was at length saved, probably from expulsion, only by the arrival of Jefferson, a kindred Jacobin, at the president's chair; if not still more by the uselessness of inflicting public vengeance on a miserable man who was in his seventy-first year, and sinking into the grave. Priestley had natural talents for science, and his studies on the composition of the air gave birth to the system on which Lavoisier, with unphilosophic chicane, limits his ephemeral reputation. His "Histories of Electricity," and of the "Modern Discoveries in Light and Colours," exhibited at least his industry. But all his usefulness was poisoned by the envenomed propensity to embroiling every man in quarrel with the Church and the State. Why is it that the sceptic is always a revolutionist, but that combined arrogance and ignorance always indispose a man to the honesty of allegiance? Why is it that every revolutionist first assails the Church, but that he knows it to be the chief bulwark of the State, which has grown with its growth, and will inevitably follow its fall? If we required evidence on the indissoluble connexion between religious dissent and political disturbance, it was given unanswer-

ably in those days. There is nothing new under the sun. The well-known and worthless Benjamin Flower's pamphlet* on the "French Constitution" was one of the great authorities in *reform*. He was, of course, a hater of the Church; hear, then, the wisdom of this oracle:—"The origin of all power is in the people,"—from which people are to be excluded the peerage, the clergy, the blood royal, and all men of hereditary title or possessions; thus leaving nothing of the nation but the *populace*. It is further declared—"They have the only legitimate right to determine on the nature of that form of Government under which they are to live. They are the sole judges of the general good." Thus, no man is to leave the laws as he finds them, to obey the Government as it was constituted by his forefathers, or to respect the King; every man is to be born with the right to change every thing, and public life is to be a scene of perpetual confusion, at the mercy of the rabble; a confusion which not merely is a right, but is a duty, until a Government is formed which meets the wishes of every man of the multitude; thereby making a valid provision for eternal civil war. Having thus disposed of the primary principles of allegiance, he publishes their practical bearing on the Legislature. With him, as with all other subverters, parliamentary representation was the especial theme. "Our representation," he says, "as it is called, is little better than a semblance, a form, a theory, a mockery, a shadow, if not a nuisance." This was the Unitarian's summary of the Constitution that bore us on its wings above the bloody waves of the French war, after it had borne us above the flames of the French revolution. Of the House of Commons, he impudently and unhesitatingly says—"As at present constituted, it is little more than an engine of corruption in the hands of the Crown, or the Ministers of the Crown, to accomplish measures which are often directly opposite to the interests of the people, and calculated to promote the purposes of ambition or despotism." For those calamities,

the remedies proposed were annual parliaments, elected by universal suffrage, the abolition of episcopacy, and the repeal of all tests and subscriptions. By an additional precaution, in which the writer had an intelligible view to himself, the first duty of a reformed parliament would be "to expunge the law of libel" from the statute-book. By successive pupils of the same school, the atrocities of France were taken under peculiar patronage; for, it was not merely in the tavern speeches of Fox that the French Revolution was termed "the most glorious event that ever took place in the history of the world," it was written in the coolness of the closet, and issued to the public with the deliberation of the press, that, "to arraign the late revolution, was to plead against mankind, and involve one's self in the *crimen læsæ majestatis* of the human race." A pamphlet, by one Christie, a prodigious authority of the time, declared, with the Utopian folly which then mixed itself with schemes of blood, the romance of a dull pastoral with the grim realities of rebellion, that the royal overthrow in Paris was the only revolution "likely to effect a change among the objects of human ambition, and to convert them into an emulation of wisdom and virtue, instead of a lust of *power and conquest!*" The Parisian massacres, and the republican invasions, soon supplied an answer to this babbler. The personal fate of the whole generation of these men would deserve to be traced, if it were for no other purpose than to show the providential penalties which the insulters of the moral harmony of the world bring upon themselves, even independently of the punishments by which states provide for the national safety. Of the whole number, not one ever rose to any distinction in public life, though such distinction was the true motive and the incessant object of their turbulence. Perhaps not one was ever known to attain any permanent opulence, any professional rank, or end his days even in the common peace and ease which falls to the lot of the crowd of mankind. Their general

* Observations on the French Constitution.

end was obscurity, exile, and beggary. Paine notoriously died a death of horror, abandoned by all the world—drunken, characterless, worn out with disease, and cursing his existence. Flower died in wretchedness, among the backwoods-men of America. We have seen the pitiful close of Priestley's long and anxious life—exile—his few decaying years worn out among strangers, contemptuous of himself, and irritated with his country; his deathbed uncheered by the presence of the friends and associates of his better days, and still more fatally uncheered by the hopes and convictions that pure Christianity alone can give. It is remarkable, that in all the political dissensions of the period, the sectarians were uniformly hostile to the public quiet, and uniformly the patrons of the French Revolution; while the members of the Established Church formed the great body of British loyalty. It is equally to be observed, that sectarianism was factious in the exact degree of its secession from the forms of the church, and the doctrines of the gospel. From the commencement of the struggle, the Unitarians had taken the lead in the open alienation from the principles of the State. Calling themselves Christians, while they denied all the pre-eminent doctrines of Christianity—the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Trinity—it was not surprising to find them calling themselves constitutionalists, while they vilified every feature of the Constitution. At a Unitarian public dinner at the King's Head, Poultry, in 1791, Dr Priestley in the chair, held expressly for the purpose of declaring the sentiments of the "Unitarian Society," the following were among the toasts:—

"May the example of America teach all nations to reject *religious distinctions*, and to judge of the citizen by *his conduct*." Thus declaring all religions equally true or false, and also declaring that the religious faith of the individual was of no importance to either the individual or the country.

"The National Assembly of France, and may every tyrannical government undergo a similar revolu-

tion." This is made more intelligible by recollecting that the British Government had been already denounced in all the Unitarian pamphlets and speeches as tyrannical, the Parliament as utterly corrupt, the law as a mass of abomination, and the whole frame of public society fit only to be thrown into the furnace, to be remodelled from its ashes.

"Thomas Paine and the Rights of Man." Paine—a notorious Atheist! such was their religious sincerity—an avowed democrat! such was their respect for the monarchical constitution—and a convicted libeller! such was their value for the verdict of a jury and the laws of the land.

"May the sun of liberty rise on Oxford as it has done on Cambridge, and as it has long shone on the dissenters." The late tamperings of the sectarians with the rights of the universities was thus but treading in the footsteps of the Unitarian revolutionists of 1791. An invidious compliment is paid, as in later times, to Cambridge, and Oxford is insulted at the expense of a libel on the loyalty of her sister university. Both, however, are declared to be eclipsed by the illumination of the College of Hackney, &c. &c.

"May the governments of the world learn that the civil magistrate has no right to dictate to any man what he shall believe, or in *what manner* he shall worship the Deity." An insolent and shallow absurdity, conveyed under cover of an acknowledged truth. No man in England is or can be dictated to by the magistrate in the choice of his belief. But the peace of society requires that the forms of his worship shall be suitable to the morals of social life, and the order of the state. It might please the worshipper to make his worship incompatible with decency, law, or public feeling. It might please him, like some of the old extravagant sects of Germany, to worship naked—to declare a community of women—to demand a community of property; like the Indians to worship a baboon—like the French to worship a ****, or, like the Africans, to worship the devil. It might please him to refuse obedience to all civil authority—to congregate great masses of riot and licentiousness—to turn

his tenets into direct rebellion, and storm the city, like the Fifth Monarchy men among ourselves, or seize on actual power, like the German Anabaptists, and play the usurper.

"May the example of One Revolution make another unnecessary." A prolific menace, holding forth the pillage of the French nobility, the ruin of the church, the extinction of the monarchy, and the rule of the rabble, as the model of the fates of the English throne, peerage, and property, unless the Church were given over to the wisdom of Socinianism, and the state to the tender mercies of Democracy!

The French Revolution hourly advanced to power. Day by day some new scene of cruelty and blasphemy exhibited the growing maturity of a rabble government. The original venom of the hypocrites and profligates, who began with theories of regeneration, had only been subtilized and strengthened by time. The sowing of the serpent's teeth had produced a harvest of armed men, filled with all the malice and fraud of their origin. In France, the pretence of reform had wrought its perfect work, and with such uncontrolled rapidity, that no guilt was regarded as too mighty or too remote for its audacity of overthrow. The Titans had shot up by inches, until they disdained all but an assault on the highest pinnacles of society. In England there was control; the growth was checked, and made more tardy by the steady vigilance of government, a proof of the value of those preventive laws, which, though they may not be adequate to the whole emergency of the state in untried times and things, yet exercise an influence on the mind of that large portion of the profligate, who are still inclined to weigh private safety against the honours of public evil.

The English revolutionists were thus compelled to take their way with cautious steps, to lose time in deliberation, to move towards subversion in small groups and by midnight paths, to hide their banners, or cover them with the mottos of a parliamentary reform which they despised, or of a constitution which they were determined to destroy. Nothing could form a more humili-

ating contrast to the open, ostentatious, glaring triumph of revolution in France, the march in the face of day to the new shrine of a prostitute liberty; the sounding of trumpets, and victorious insolence, of every movement of the newly organised army of rebellion; the spoils of law, right and religion carried at its head, and the standards floating in the sun, with inscriptions to the majesty of the rabble. The power of the British Government had not yet been shown by direct vindication of the laws. But the name of Pitt was a pledge of national vigour. No revolutionist in all his boasting, heard it without dismay. Every enemy to the country, knew that there was in the breast of that immortal patriot a force and determination which waited only for its good time to strike with memorable justice at the public aggressor. In fact, this national knowledge of the personal character of Pitt, is the only and the sufficient solution, for the extraordinary difference between the rapid audacity of French rebellion and the cold timidity of British reform. Timidity is the direct reverse of the English temperament, nor was there any want of zeal; when the reformers ventured to speak out, their language was as fiery as the wildest declamations of France. There was no military force in England which could overawe the minds of men intent on evil. There was a strong parliamentary opposition, ready to adopt any cause, advocate any opinion, defend any excess of the multitude, or criminate any defender of the constitution. There were ready for action, that enormous mass of the population, which the opulence, the infinite variety of existence, the common casualties, and the common temptations of fortune, belonging to a great empire like that of Britain, must create, and must leave open to a love of change. If a philosopher had speculated upon the elements of ruin laid before him in the condition of the two countries, he would probably have pronounced the bold, compact, strong-minded and struggling multitudes of trade and manufacture, forming two thirds of the population of England, to be closer to political tumult, and surer of

carrying that tumult to a dreadful end, than the scattered, illiterate, unexcited, agricultural population, of a country whose trade was under a stigma, and whose manufactures were in their infancy. Unquestionably, the personal qualities of Pitt formed the ground of a large portion alike of the national confidence, and of the revolutionary fear. His extraordinary displays of mind in his first accession to power, the masculine resolution with which, in the greenness of boyhood, he had maintained his views against rivals remarkable for ability, and utterly unsparing the legitimate and illegitimate artifices of party, his resistless parliamentary eloquence, an eloquence which, disdaining the studied graces of rhetoric, and too active for the episodic poms of the imagination, broke through all obstacles by simple vigour of intellect, neither stooping to amuse, nor toiling to astonish, neither bewildering the fancy, nor soliciting the feelings, but hurrying away the hearer in strong conviction; looking for no other triumph in the very richest of his displays, and they often of the richest order—the *spolia opima* of the unsought glories of eloquence—than the triumph over the prejudices and ignorance of the time, always postponing all things to practical effect. His genius, in its boldest flights, always intent upon reality, and in the broadest expansion of its pinions, and soaring in the broadest blaze of public admiration; always fixing its eagle eye on the ground, and the higher it rose, only the more directly and resistlessly pouncing on its object below.

But with this saliency and rapidity of intellect, Pitt combined a systematic and sagacious calmness, which consummated the pre-eminence of his qualities for power. We have already seen the singular and victorious display of this fine attribute on the two leading occasions of his political life—the overthrow of the Fox and North Ministry, and the contest with Opposition at the date of the King's illness. In both instances, the *boy*-Minister had thrown the matured statesmanship of Opposition into total discomfiture, not less by temper than talent. He had the Parliament in

his grasp; but he refused to listen to all arguments for its dissolution until he had the will of the nation with him. In the regency question he might have emulated the haste, the passion, and the reckless ambition of Fox. He waited the event, overcame by calmness, and threw his rash and inflammable opponent into a minority for life. In 1792, he waited until faction should rouse the feelings of the country. He saw libel making its progress through the land, and still withheld any direct coercion on the part of Government. A hastier depositary of power would have set his heel on disaffection at once, and seen it scatter over the country, like quicksilver, only to reunite in a thousand conspiracies. He waited until the land was imbued with a spirit that neutralized the poison wherever it spread. An earlier assault on the materials of rebellion would have exposed him to the charge of fighting the air. He waited until the impalpable vapours had taken a substance and shape, that he might direct the eyes of men to the gathering of the tempest and the descent of the thunder-storm. At length the time was come. Paine, indefatigable in public mischief, had published the second part of his "Rights of Man." It was still more insolent, rebellious, and blasphemous than the first. Its propagation was adopted with only the more eagerness by the Revolutionists. It was instantly forced through every channel of public and private communication. It was to be found in every town, village, inn, and workshop of the kingdom. New clubs of revolt were rapidly formed. The arrogance and daring of the disaffected became hourly more ostentatious. The fears of the nation were now roused; the evidence was before their eyes in the violent conduct of the populace: they saw the multitude inflamed by the infinite publications of the Revolutionary press to the very point of rebellion. On the 21st of May, 1792, Pitt issued the proclamation of the Cabinet against "seditious meetings and writings." No act of Government was ever received with more unanimous concurrence by the sound portion of the empire. In this plan

and manly document, he adverted to the efforts to excite groundless jealousies against the laws and constitution, and to the correspondence entered into with individuals and public bodies in foreign countries for the express purposes of sedition. The proclamation solemnly warned all the King's subjects, as they valued their own happiness and that of their posterity, to guard against all such attempts, which had for their object only the subversion of all regular government within the kingdom, and which were totally incompatible with the peace of society. It further commanded all magistrates to make diligent enquiry to discover the authors and printers of those flagitious publications, with the agents for their dispersion; finally, commanding them to suppress all tumults and public disorders fomented by those disturbers of the general tranquillity.

This measure brought on a furious attack, under the appropriate head of a "Unitarian Petition for a repeal of all the penal statutes" which had been enacted against them at the Restoration. England, smarting under the recent miseries of the Great Rebellion, which owed its origin, its rapines, and its bloodshed to the overthrow of the Established Church and the supremacy of sectarianism, had in those times of wisdom, taught by bitter experience, laid heavy inflictions on all these pretenders to religion, who used their saintship as a cover for their disloyalty. But all that was real in

these inflictions had been gradually extinguished, the "Test Acts" remained, less as a restraint to opinion than as a monument of times of peril. Against this the Unitarians, who now headed sectarianism in all its clamours, raised a perpetual outcry. The annual acts of indemnity, unwisely and weakly suffered to exist, to the degradation of the spirit of British law, and the insecurity of all governments, were not sufficient to pacify the sectaries. Their "conscience" was hurt—and to heal the conscience of religionists who call for the overthrow of the Established Religion of the country, Fox and the Opposition summoned the whole force of partisanship. But the spirit of England was not then evaporated. The love of her old institutions, and the memory of the great men who laid the foundations of her liberty were not forgotten, and the whole power of partisanship was defeated. We must now break off. In retracing those periods when we see the infinite labours of faction, the obscure diligence, the furious passions, and their feeble results, we feel like some of the explorers of the Egyptian catacombs in our own day; we break up chambers made for oblivion—we move through paths lined with the dead, that no man misses, and no man ever missed an hour after they were sealed up in the place of dust and silence. We find infinite toil wasted upon niches and shrines, and in all their blazonry we find nothing but the skeletons of obscure birds, snakes, and baboons.

DEPARTURE AND RETURN.

A TALE OF FACTS.

WHEN I entered the Churchyard it was in the morning—a morning one of the serenest and sweetest of the season; summer had robed the earth in luxuriant beauty: save a few fleecy cloudlets, far on the ethereal depths, the whole bosom of the sky was blue and beautiful; and nature, with a silent rejoicing, seemed to bask in the warmth of the genial sun. All around was tranquil, the hum of busy life was hushed, and even inanimate nature seemed to feel and own the presence of the Sabbath. The murmur of the stream came on the ear like “a tender lapsing song;” and the lark that sprang from the tufted grass at my feet, carolling fitfully as it fluttered and soared, appeared in the ear of imagination to chasten its wild lyric notes to something of a sad melody.

As I stood looking at the old church, there was magic in the remembrances connected with it. The whole structure appeared less than it had done to the eye of boyhood, and scarcely could I make myself believe that it was the same; but in proof of its identity, there was the self-same bush, from which a school-fellow and myself had purloined a green-linnet's nest, still keeping its contorted roots steadily fastened in the crevices of the mouldering stones on the abutment of the ivied tower. While casting my eyes up to the steeple, which still from its narrow iron barred lattices looked forth in greyness, the jangling of the bell commenced, and its sonorous ding-dong resounded through the air, like the voice of a guardian spirit watching over the holiness of the old temple. I sauntered a few footsteps from the walls, and some urchins, dressed out “in their Sunday's best,” all neatly clean, were wandering amid the mossy tombstones, picking king-cups and daisies. The oldest had a child in her arms, seemingly a little sister, and was spelling out the inscription on one side of a square pillar.

So unperceived is the lapse of time, and so gradual the change of

circumstances, that it is only by contrast we come to perceive the startling alterations which years have produced. When last I had stood in that calm field of graves, I was a youth, with hopes buoyant as a spring-morning, and full of that animation and romantic delight which cares only to look on the sunny side of things. Nature was then as a magnificent picture; the affections of the heart a dream of love. When attendant on memory we travel through the past, how often do we stumble on green spots and sunny knolls—on scenes and on persons which endeared life, which awaken “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,” and pleasant remembrances of what hath been, never to be again,—too pleasant to be pondered on, except on a bright holiday. As I leant my elbow on an old moss-greened tombstone, I gazed on the country around—I knew it all—it was the same, and unchanged; but the feelings with which I had once viewed it were withered for ever!

It was in my nineteenth year when I left home, and at that age life has not lost its romantic interest, nor earth its fairy hues. The serious occupations of life had been hardly commenced; but trifles were allowed instead to assume undue importance. Yet what events may spring from veriest trifles—trifles seemingly unworthy remembrance, far less record. Nevertheless, such influenced my fate—changed all my views—and gave the colour to my future destiny.

Reader—I was then in love. If you have never been so, put aside this brief narrative, until that consummation happens to you, for it will appear unnatural and overstrained. If you have been, or are, I throw myself on your tender mercies.

Catherine Wylie, before she left home to spend a few days with a relation a mile or two distant, had given me a promise to return on a particular evening—the Friday evening—at a particular hour, and I was

to be in waiting as her escort. The days passed over, and the evening came.

The clock had just struck six; it was summer time, the middle of a delicious June, and, shutting my book, I was proceeding to the door, when lo! it opened, and in bounced my thoughtless friend, Frank Lumsden.

"I am just come over to spend an hour with you," he said, tapping me on the shoulder; "or what say you to a stroll on this fine evening? They say a Danish vessel has come into our little harbour to-day. Let us go down, and have a look of it."

What could I do—what could I say? Love is bashful as it is secret; and the tongue of a lover fails when most required. It would have been rudeness to have shaken him off; and had I pled out of doors engagement, ten to one he would have proposed accompanying me. Frank was a general acquaintance.

Out we went; there was no help for it. I was angry with myself and him. The evening passed over; every minute seemed an hour. I cursed the Danish vessel, and all that it concerned. Frank stuck to me like an evil conscience; and not till an hour after all hopes of seeing Miss Wylie had expired, did he leave me to myself, to chew the cud of my bitter thoughts.

The next noon I called in the expectation that some chance might have been afforded me to plead my apology, and to express at once my regret and disappointment. I only saw Mrs Wylie; Catherine was indisposed. For several successive days I made enquiries. She was better, but had not left her room—she was now nearly quite well—she was out at a short walk;—Catherine was invisible. What could this mean? Offence, if offence had been given by me, was involuntary. Faulty or not, why condemn me without affording opportunity either of a hearing or an explanation?

At that period, all the passions of youth burned hotly in my heart, and all within was in a tumult. By fits I was sorrowful and angry—jealous—doting—implacable—forgiving; "every thing by turns, and nothing long," except in the ardour of an

affection which I railed against, but could not cast from me.

Previous to this, I had been urged by my friends to accept of a lucrative mercantile situation in Demerara; but this offer, although not positively refused, I had kept in abeyance solely on account of my reluctance to leave all in the world that was then held dear by me. In the delirium of my thoughts I imagined that this bar was now removed; and that not only had I a right to go where I pleased, but that I was ready at a moment's warning to do so. She shuns me; she despises me;—at all events she condemns me unheard; she wishes to get rid of me; her affections may have been alienated to another; I shall not distress her; she shall soon be rid of my presence.

But perhaps I had procrastinated too long. Was the situation still open? I wrote on the instant to my friend at Liverpool. By return, an answer came, summoning me to be ready with all speed, as the vessel was ready for sailing, and that he had secured my passage. In two days I was off on my journey. Headstrong and impetuous, I had not time—I gave myself not time—to reflect on my conduct. The steps I had taken were irretrievable.

Did Miss Wylie know my motions? I had every reason to believe that she did not; and I even triumphed in the supposition (may Heaven forgive me!) that she would feel the cruelty of her conduct to me, and suffer for it—oh, not suffer—that is too strong a word—but be sorry for it when too late.

The morrow was my starting time. I was to leave my native land, and all I loved in the world, in search of uncertain gains. My mind was dissatisfied and dark, and I could have wished for death, were it for no other reason than that my bones should rest in the same churchyard with those of my family and forefathers. The love of country may be much stronger in some bosoms than in others; but if the latent glow is at any time to be called forth, it must be when a man is leaving it for a dim and indefinite period—perhaps with little prospect of return.

At morning the carriage, with

trunks laced on top and front, rattled to the door. We drove off; passed through the well-known streets, like people who are hurrying to a scene of gaiety; and before I had recovered enough from my reverie to be altogether conscious of what was passing, we were several miles from my native place—from the home of Catherine Wylie. I remember, even in the midst of my hardy bravery, being more than once overcome with the softnesses of humanity, and starting up to the windows of the chaise, to cast a last, and yet another last look backwards. The young day was serene and beautiful; the birds were singing in the fields, and the wayside traveller whistling in vacant joyfulness of heart. The town was still visible, as it lay on the side of a gentle hill. The blue smoke from a hundred happy hearths was ascending up through the quiet morning air, and the weathercock on the town-house steeple glittered brightly in the sunshine.

Thirty years!—what a chasm in human life—thirty years passed over my head in a foreign land, as, changed in form and mind, I set my foot on the native soil to which I felt I had almost grown an alien. The high-hearted passionate stripling had become transformed into the sallow valetudinarian, the almost pennyless youth into the man of substance. On the morning after my arrival, as I thought of my early years, I looked at my face in the mirror, and could not help heaving a sigh over the ravages of time.

Need I say that few, very few of my early friends remained to bid me welcome back? The scythe of time had made dreadful havoc. The old had passed away “like a tale that is told;” the mature, such as remained of them, were grey-headed, and bending under the weight of years. Boys were transformed into the thoughtful fathers of families, and jocund thoughtlessness had given place to the furrowing lines of care. Around me was a generation, which, mushroom-like, had sprung up in my absence, and more than once I mistook the children for their parents—pictured in my remembrance as if they had been destined never to grow old. The parents of Miss

Wylie—the mistress of my heart in its heyday—were long since dead; and she gone, many, many years ago, none knew whither.

I now almost repented me that I had returned home. Much better had it been had I lingered on and on, thinking that many old acquaintances might await me there, if ever I determined to bend my way thitherwards—much better had it been to have indulged in this pleasing reverie of hope—to have died in it—than to have the dreadful certainty exposed to me of all my deprivations—the cureless misery of being left alone in the world.

From having passed my time in the bustle of commercial speculations, the monotony of the country, uncheered by cordial sociality, was insupportable; and I thought that things would go better on if I placed myself, even though but as a spectator, amid the thoroughfares of life. In such a hope I removed to Liverpool.

In a few days one of the clergymen called on me. He was a frank, free-and-easy, good-natured sort of a person, and we became rather intimate after a short acquaintance. Being a bachelor, and unencumbered with family matters, he not unfrequently did me the honour of stepping in to share with me my sometimes solitary meal, and to enliven it by his pleasant conversation. Nor was the smack of my port disagreeable to his palate, if I may credit his repeated confessional.

We had been for some time in the habit of taking a forenoon saunter together, in the course of which he took me to different places of public resort. I remember his one day saying to me, “if you have no objections, we will now visit a scene not less gratifying, though far less ostentatious, than any we have hitherto paid our devoirs to. It is an orphan school, taught without fee or reward, by an old widowed lady.”

He led me to one of the oldest and most obscure parts of the town, where the buildings seemed congregated together in direct opposition to all regularity or order—a confused and huddled mass, where squalor and poverty showed but too

many signs of their presiding dominion.

Proceeding down one of those lanes, we came to a low-browed doorway, and he entered without the ceremony of tapping. There were three windows in the apartment, but from the narrowness of the lanes on either side, the light was so much obscured, that a degree of indistinctness seemed permanently thrown over all the objects within. In a few seconds, however, the vision adapted itself to the place, which insensibly brightened up, and discovered to us some thirty or forty little urchins, all poorly but cleanly habited, arranged on wooden benches—the girls on the one side, and the boys on the other. The governant had risen from her chair on our entrance.

While my reverend friend was addressing her—this recluse from the world, who had devoted her life to the sole purpose of doing good—an indescribable emotion awoke within me. The remembrance of—I knew not what—flashed across my memory. She was a lady-looking person, somewhere on the worst side of fifty, rather tall and thin. We stopped for a little, while she explained to my friend some alterations and arrangements she had been recently making in her teaching-room. After which we heard two or three of her pupils con over their lessons, and repeat a hymn, and making our bows, wished her a good morning.

“What is that lady’s name?” I asked. “Does she belong to this town?”

“I believe not,” was the reply. “But she has been for a long time here,—some fifteen or twenty years, I daresay. I do not know much of her history; but she is the widow of a Captain Smith—a West India captain. Her own name, I believe, was Wylie, or some such thing.”

I could have sunk into the ground. “Wylie did you say?”

“Yes, Wylie, I am sure that is the name. Perhaps you overheard her invitation for my dining at their house to-morrow. They are most excellent people, and I am on the most easy terms with them. As you seem interested, do accompany me

—and I will vouch for your receiving a hearty and sincere welcome.

The drawing-room into which we were ushered was large, and although smacking somewhat of the fashion of years gone by, yet not without pretension to elegance. Mrs Smith, our hostess, received us with much cordiality, and introduced us to two or three female friends, who were to make up our party.

The window, near which my chair was placed, looked into a very pretty flower-garden, and I was making some passing compliment on the manner in which it was laid out, when the same indefinable sympathy between the lady’s voice and something relating to the past, again obtruded itself. I gazed at her more attentively, when opportunity offered; and as she chanced to be seated with respect to me so that her profile was exhibited, revolved a thousand circumstances in my mind, which, however, like the windings of the Cretan labyrinth, led to nothing, and left me in doubt. And yet her name could be Wylie! Strange coincidence. But she of yore had fair hair, this had dark. To dream of their identity were a thing impossible.

In a few minutes, the door opening, a tall spare figure entered, whom my reverend friend introduced to me as Mrs Smith’s cousin.

“Miss Catherine Wylie — my friend, Mr —.”

I shall not attempt to describe my emotions. The whole truth stood in a twinkling revealed before my mind’s eye. Thirty long years were annihilated—and the day of my departure from my native country, “all things pertaining to that day,”—its hopes—its fears—its regrets—its feelings were in my mind; and, prominent over all, the image of Catherine Wylie, the wayward, the young, the beautiful. I glanced across the room—I looked on that picture and on this—there could be no mistake—“alike, but oh how different!” What a change! could so much lie within the narrow compass of human life? It were less had she been dead—vanished for ever. Then would she have been Catherine Wylie still, the peerless in the eye of imagination; but here gloomy

reality put an extinguisher on fancy. The spring's opening rose of beauty had matured only to wither like the commonest weeds around, and to droop beneath the unsparing blasts of age's approaching winter. The vision of long years was disenchanting. The romance of life had waned away into the cold and frigid truth; and my heart bled to behold its long cherished idol moulded of the same perishable elements as the daily groups around. She was plainly dressed. Care and thought and the ravages of time were visible on her countenance, that yet, in eclipse, betrayed of what it had been, as the western sky retains the illumined footprints of the departed sun. She was looking wistfully into the fire, as she leaned her cheek on her thin pale fingers, one of which was circled by a mourning ring.

Dinner passed over, but no symptoms of recognition on her part were perceptible. I had contrived to place myself by her side; yet I dared scarcely trust myself to enter into conversation with her. Her cousin—our hostess, Mrs Smith—I identified with a young lady whom I had seen at her aunt's house in the days of yore, and who was an especial friend of Catherine. General topics were discussed—more especially those of a serious and sedate nature—but I could take no share in either eliciting or keeping up the flow of thought. My heart was full of unutterable things; and often, in spite of every repressing effort, an unmanly tear would gather itself in the corner of my eye. Happily all this was unperceived, and my absence of manner excited no attention. Here were the long sundered fortuitously brought together, after seas had rolled between us for more than a quarter of a century!—and yet it seemed as if we had never met before.

Having on our walk home been informed by my reverend friend that our hostess was regular in her forenoon attendance on the labours of love amid which we had formerly found her engrossed, I thought I might sinlessly, and without breach of friendship, make a visit next forenoon. I did so—and found Catherine at home.

She had not the least suspicion of me. I tried her on various topics, and occasionally verged very near

the truth. But how could it be? She was a girl when last we parted. Through a long sequence of years, in which she had seen all the world changing, she had heard nothing of me, and the chances were as one to five hundred that I could yet be alive.

"You mentioned Darling-port, Miss Wylie," said I; "are you acquainted with any of the families there?"

"Oh yes," she answered—"or rather, I should say, I once was. Indeed it is twenty years since last I had foot on its streets. Our burying-place, however, is there, and I must pay it yet another visit, when I am unconscious of all."

"May it be long till then, Miss Wylie! It is still a longer period since I took up my abode there;—but I lately paid it a visit. Do you know if any of the family of the G——'s are still alive?"

She turned pale.

"I scarcely think so. G——, did you say? I knew them well, long, long ago. The two daughters married, and settled with their families in London. James, the youngest son, went to India, when a mere boy. My enquiries have thrown no light upon his destiny since. Richard went out to a mercantile house at Demerara. But that is thirty-two years ago."

"Indeed," said I, almost trembling, as I took a small gold locket from my waistcoat pocket. "Did you ever see that before?"

"Merciful heavens! is it possible?" she exclaimed. "How came that into your possession, and—who are you? Does Richard—still live; or, dying, did he transmit that remembrancer through you, to be given to her who once owned it?"

"Nay, Catherine," I answered; "look at me. Am I indeed changed so much that you—even you do not recognise me?"

She started back, half in agitation, and half in alarm, gazing at me for a second or two in breathless silence, then, sinking into a chair, extended to me her hand, which (I trust pardonably) I pressed to my lips. The hour was a melancholy one—but it was an hour of the heart, and worth many years living for. In it the

mystery of life was unriddled, and the paltry nucleus on which its whole machinery may revolve fully disclosed to view.

"I remember well," she said, "the evening you allude to; but you blame me without cause, when you say that I dismissed you, without deigning an explanation. I had been urged by the family whom I was visiting to extend my stay for a few days longer; but no—I held in mind your promise to meet me, and all their entreaties were in vain. Let me add, that I had been that very day told that you were about to be married to another. This I could scarcely lend an ear to; yet it would be prudery in me at this distance of time to deny the effect on my excited feelings.

"When I descended from the carriage at the appointed spot, for I would not allow it to proceed with me nearer home, I gazed anxiously along the road. No one was there; and, as twilight was already deepening, I made what speed I could homewards. I confess it was now only that what I had heard began to make a serious impression on my mind, and from what had happened I felt vexed and agitated. Come what might, in this peevishness of spirit I determined on denying myself to you for a few days, to evidence my displeasure, as well as my doubt. That by this determination I was sorely punishing myself I do not deny; but the resolve was strengthened from my learning, the same night, that you had twice passed my window, leaning on the arm of Frank Lumsden, the brother of your reputed bride.

"What could I think—young and inexperienced—and in a case that precluded me from daring to ask advice, or acquire information? I kept my apartment, feigning illness—ah! not feigning it. The sickness of the heart was mine; more intolerable in the endurance than aught of corporeal suffering. Doubt was with me night and day. It clouded

my day dreams—it haunted my nightly pillow. A pocket copy of Milton, which you had the week before presented me with, was my only companion—but I could not peruse it. My sorrows were too entirely selfish to allow my thoughts being alienated from my inward feelings. But in the calm of after years, I have often read it since—*there it is*," she added, reaching a carefully preserved volume from the mantel-piece. "But my doubts and my hope deferred at length ended in despair. The first thing I heard was, that you had embarked for a foreign country, and I vowed a separation, so far as Christian duties permitted, from the things and thoughts of this world. No one has possessed the place which you, and now I speak of you as a being of the past, once possessed in my affections, and I have striven to keep my vow unbroken before Heaven."

These passages from the story of human life need no comment. He who knows not to control his passions, and bear with the frailties of those around, instead of freeing himself from difficulties and annoyances, will only plunge himself more inextricably into the slough. Behold what "trifles light as air" had an overpowering sway in our destinies, as if they had been "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." But regrets are now vain. Five minutes of explanation would to both have altered the hues of destiny, and saved thirty long years of melancholy separation.

We lived in calm friendship for two years after this meeting, when my poor Catherine was suddenly called to pay the debt of nature; and mine was the sorrowful privilege of laying her head in the grave. I often visit the spot, and con over the name engraved on her simple tomb. Nor can the time be far distant when my ashes shall be laid beside hers, and our spirits meet again in another world to part no more.

MODERN GERMAN SCHOOL OF IRONY.

WE have at different times given such specimens of the various literatures of several of the nations of Europe, as might enable our readers to form some idea of a few of the varieties of national genius. This course of specimen exhibition, to wit, *Horæ Germanicæ, Hispanicæ, &c. &c.*, has of late been interrupted by the pressure of political interests and dangers, which have left us little leisure, space, or thought for topics merely literary. Nevertheless, it may not be amiss occasionally to recur to such lighter subjects as an indispensable relief to the mental dejection produced by the present deep, anxious, and engrossing cares for the future, but the very immediate future prospects, and, we may say existence, of our native land. Nor, in so doing, can we be said to seek relief in frivolous amusements or idle speculations. In fact so much of national idiosyncrasy is discoverable in national literature, that we incline to think a philosophical investigation of the popular works of every country, with which he is connected or concerned, would not be found an unprofitable branch of study to the embryo politician.

Upon this present occasion of resuming our interrupted and once favourite lucubrations, we propose to speak of the modern German School of Irony. Does the reader think irony incapable of being split into schools, as a thing in itself, one and indivisible? If he does, let him hold that thought at least in abeyance, until he shall have read something of modern German irony; and then pronounce.

And first, to speak of the genius of which irony is a species, namely, wit. There is scarcely any thing in which different nations so strikingly differ from each other, as their wit, nothing in which they can so little understand or sympathise with each other. Passion, although it may vary in form, may even be partially modified by diversity of opinions, habits, and manners, is essentially every where the same; and its language, whether Greek, Arabic, Norse, German, Spanish, or Hindostanee, is

easily rendered by every other nation into its own vernacular idiom, and is, in short, nearly, if not quite as touching, as in the original form of speech. Not so with wit, still less with humour. Here the essence itself, the very spirit is modified by national character. France disdains Italian buffoonery as absurd; Germany yawns over French *persiflage* as cold and vapid; and as to German irony. . . . But German irony, besides being the especial subject of this disquisition, is something too peculiar, too idiosyncratic, too hyper-German, to be incidentally introduced at the end of a long paragraph.

In the first place, modern German irony is fanciful and fantastical to a degree of extravagance, which English wits and wittlings—who having the fear of Reviewers before their eyes, are thereby sobered and fettered to boot—can scarcely conceive; and which if they could, they might possibly think better adapted to such poems as Oberon, than to judicious, judgmatical satire. In the second place, modern German irony is cynically reckless of all the restraints of decorum or of decency, of all respects human or divine; and unites the grossness of Swift, to the licentiousness of Sterne. And, in the third place, with this frequent coarseness, obscenity, contempt of morality, and not unfrequently blasphemy, modern German irony combines and commingles the deepest, softest pathos, the most impassioned and often sublime enthusiasm.

Does the produce of these heterogeneous materials resemble our own national beverage, our as contradictorily concocted punch? We doubt such a comparison would please neither the admirers nor the contemners of the school of irony in question. To English taste, the intellectual dissonances do not blend into one compound whole that bears any affinity to our delicious punch, or produce any of its exhilarating effects. To German admirers, the very suggestion of similitude would seem degradingly sensual and vulgar.

Dost thou wonder, courteous reader? Alas! that shows that we have as yet conveyed to thee no adequate conception of this modern German irony, and still less of German estimate of its dignity. The extraordinary opinions which the masters of this school, and of course their pupils and admirers, entertain of the super-excellence of irony, that is to say, of their own imagination, and, if we may be allowed the expression, impassioned irony, might perhaps be sufficiently deduced from the simple statement, that they consider it, meaning irony, as an indispensably essential ingredient in all that is romantic or tragic in nature, all that is noble and exalted in humanity; nay, they hold it to be an essential part even of religion, or at least of Christianity, and, we suspect, one, if not the main cause, of the superiority of Christianity over classical heathenism. But as we poor, dull, matter-of-fact islanders often experience no small difficulty in comprehending the subtilly refining metaphysical views of Germans, whether upon this or other topics, it may be well, instead of offering explanations of our own, to translate some of the opinions upon irony enunciated by the writers in question.

Börne, of whom more hereafter, speaks indeed of wit with some degree of moderation. He says—

“I know not how high the *aesthetic** law books rank wit; but without wit, the greatest poet cannot work upon mankind. He can only influence contemporary men, and dies with them. Without wit, a man has no heart to guess the sorrows of his brethren, no courage to fight for them. Wit is the arm with which the beggar clasps the rich man to his bosom, with which the little conquer the great. It is the grappling iron that catches and secures hostile vessels. It is the fearless advocate of Justice and Faith, beholding God, when others as yet suspect not his existence. Wit is the democratic principle in the empire of mind; the tribune of the

people, who, even when the king commands, says, ‘I will not!’ * * *

The understanding wears out with use—wit retains its power for ever.”

This might be thought sufficient; but a far more exalted idea of the dignity of wit is expressed by another of these authors, whose opinions have recently appeared in print, J. Jacoby;† we quote his words with the more satisfaction, that we esteem him amongst the least objectionable of his class, inasmuch as he is free from obscenity, although we doubt that British scrupulosity may be shocked, as we must confess ourselves, with his—shall we say blasphemy or strange levity?—upon religious subjects. He is clearly no infidel. In a comparison between Classicism and Romanticism, he says of the terms of Classical Mythology:—

“Majestic is Heaven, the earth alluring. * * * Every where is passion, is enjoyment.

* * * * *

“From the distant region of Golgotha the first sunbeam breaks dazzlingly forth, scaring away the night. The Deity stars have faded, the beautiful forms have vanished, and day has risen.

“And what day first greets— that is the Cross of Christ!

“God is become man! Not the glowing, Hellenically-enjoying, sensual man, but the preaching, Christianity-loving, suffering man. Sin was not in the world; neither without sin were repentance, contrition, lifting up of the heart, and atonement here. God brought down sin, for men crucified him.

“And thus arose the sinful modern world; thus it became day.

“In this day we live, but with it and the earth we do not enjoy ourselves. For all is leathern, prosaic, and stained. We aspire to Heaven, and strive to obtain it upon earth. * * * * * Therefore in the same degree that the Art of the Ancients was the securing of the extant, the attained, or delight in the divinity, the satisfaction of enjoyment, in the same degree is our Art, a yearning

* The philosophy of taste is, in modern German, denominated *Aesthetics*.

† Bilder und Zustände aus Berlin, von J. Jacoby (Berlin, Pictures and Conditions, by J. Jacoby), 2 vols. 8vo, 1833.

sigh for the unattainable hereafter, or an ironical transformation of the unsatisfied soul. And therefore take it not amiss, if, in the modern landscape, beside the Cross of Christ, I present Irony, and the buffoon Humour, tearing his own breast, that the blood may spout out in amusing water-works. When Christ took Heaven from the earth, presenting the latter as a mere point of passage, and with this doctrine inspired a sense of the nothingness of all earthly things, he, at the same time, ingrafted on our soul raillery of their casual, their transitory nature. Therefore, is Irony holy and Christian?"

Having thus given, or endeavoured to give, in this whimsical passage, some general notion of the German school of irony, as existing at this present time, we must need speak of its origin and history, of its extraordinary, its most German founder, and his extravagantly caricatured disciples or followers, and must then try whether it be possible further to illustrate our positions by extracts, by translating that which is essentially and necessarily least translatable.

The founder of this school is, to our minds, indisputably, Johann Paul Friedrich Richter, better known under the Frenchified pun of his first two Christian names, Jean Paul, which he himself prefixed to his earlier works, before French conquest had converted the German *Gallo-mania* into a *Gallo-phobia*. The best German critics will, we fear, quarrel with us for thus connecting their idolized "Genial German Humorist," as they term him, with the extravagant and destructive humorists of this day; but we must write according to our own strong persuasion, and we shall endeavour, ere laying down the pen, to reconcile this persuasion of ours to their discriminating opinion.

Jean Paul has been compared to Sterne, and undoubtedly many points of similitude may be found between them; but Jean Paul is too thoroughly, innately, and exclusively German, really to resemble any writer of any other country; and, in fact, he is

too genuinely original to be like any one but himself. Still, perhaps, a comparison with an author familiarly known, may be the readiest way of describing the German to the English reader.

Richter then resembles Sterne in the unbounded liberty, or license rather, in which he indulges a vagabond imagination,—in his reckless commingling of wit and humour, whether droll, indecent, or satirical, with the pathetic,—in the wanton abruptness of his transitions—in the prodigious abundance of knowledge, introduced every where and anyhow. On the other hand, in the superabundant affluence of his imagery, illustrative, metaphorical, witty, fantastical, metaphysical, political, philosophical, poetical, and cynical, he leaves Sterne far behind, as he does likewise in his deep enthusiasm, his soaring sublimity, and his hyper-idiosyncrasy; while to us he appears to fall as short of him in touches of nature, of simple pathos, of perfect goodness, as also in irresistible comicality. We must not omit to say that Jean Paul is far less indecent, is less affected, and has more raciness than our countryman. He is esteemed by Germans their first genially and nationally humorous writer.

J. P. F. Richter was born in the year 1763, and began his career as an author at the age of twenty. He has produced philosophical and political works of considerable merit; but it is not upon them that his celebrity chiefly rests. It is as a humorist that he ranks amongst those who have been the pride of German genius, and this title he acquired by his numerous (some eighteen or twenty, we believe) novels; if, for want of a better, we must give that name to productions in which the story is sometimes absurd, and sometimes, to borrow Milton's daring figure, none; always a mere vehicle or receptacle for the harvest of thought, passion, whim, satire, and knowledge, just then ripening in the author's mind, and needing to be reaped and used. Perhaps we might better call these works *pseudo-biographies*,* for

* A title not to be confounded with the *pseudo-autobiographies*, now pouring from the French press; these last being works of deception, Jean Paul's only of fiction.

he almost always professes to write of real people, and in the *Hesperus* (one of his best) even to record the events as they are happening, and to have no more idea than the reader how the difficulties and entanglements will unfold themselves. We will now assay to afford the reader means of judging for himself of this author's peculiar talent and manner. Of course, from what has been already said, it is evident that to offer an analysis of any one book, would, besides being a most odious task to writer and reader, ill answer this end; we must, therefore, merely select a few of the most translatable passages, some sublime, some droll. And, perhaps, it will be best to begin by giving some idea of his own views of humour.

In one of his philosophical works, the *Vorschule der Aesthetik*, or Elementary School of Aesthetics, he describes humour as the adaptation of the finite to the infinite, of the understanding to the ideal; but as this may possibly not seem perfectly intelligible to mere English readers, although the German Encyclopaedia, entitled *Conversations Lexicon*, esteems it singularly clear and informing, we will try to elucidate Jean Paul's views of the correlation between enthusiasm and wit, by translating part of an improvisation, sung by Dian, a Greek artist, one of his favourite characters in the *Titan*. And let not us be suspected of a practice which we so cordially reprobate, as the turning poetry into prose; we have only prose from which to translate, Jean Paul having given only a prose version, although we should have thought that his own marvellous metrical invention of the *streck-vers*, *Anglice*, stretch verse, being a line containing any imaginable number of feet, from a dozen to, for ought we know, as many hundreds,—must have afforded him prodigious facilities in versification. This extract will further illustrate the author's mode of treating his personages as real men and women.

"In Apollo awoke anew his former love for pastoral scenes, and for his lost, his shrouded Daphne. He left Heaven to seek both. Jupiter gave

him Momus as a companion, to drive him back by showing him the hateful on earth. A beautiful smiling youth, Apollo passed over the islands, through ruins of temples, through eternal blossomings, before divine pictures of an unknown, majestic virgin, with a child, before new tones, over what seemed the magic circle of a new earth. Vainly did Momus show him monks and pirates, his own temple prematurely overthrown, and mockingly let him mistake milestones for broken pillars of temples. The god looked up to the cold Olympus, and down upon this warm earth (in Italy), he looked at this great golden sun, at these clear blue nights, these ever blooming exhalations, these cypress, myrtle, and laurel groves, and said, 'Here is Elysium, not in the world beneath, not on Olympus!' Then did Momus give him a laurel sprig from Virgil's grave,* and say, 'That is thy Daphne!'"

We must now select a few specimens of Jean Paul's enthusiasm and drollery; and we begin with the former, because we think it may help to give effect to the more untranslatable humour. The following extract is from the *Titan*, and relates to the feelings of the boy Hero, when about to receive the communion for the first time.

"But ere I take him into the church, let us accompany him up into the church tower. Can any thing be more intoxicating than when, on a fine Sunday, as soon as the heavy sun swam alone in the wide heavens, he ascended the bell-fry, and, covered by the roaring surges of the peal, gazed in loneliness on the earth beneath him? If then the tempest of sound drove all into confusion,—if the jewel-flashes of the pond, and the flowery pleasure-camp of the dancing spring, and the red castles along the white road, and the sauntering church-goers scattered amidst the dark-green growing corn, and the stream girdling rich meadows, and the blue distant hills, those smoking altars of the morning sacrifice, and the whole outspread splendour of visibility dawning upon him, overfilled his mind, making all

* Foot note in the original.—"Dian was no admirer of Virgil."

seem the dim landscape of a dream,—oh! then unfolded his internal colosseum, full of the godlike forms of the intellectual antique, and the torch-light of fantasy glittered over them* like a playing, wandering, magical life; and, amongst the gods, he saw a friend and a beloved maiden (both imaginary) reposing, and he glowed and trembled. Then the bells rang fearfully, deafeningly. He retreated from the bright spring into the dark tower; he fixed his eye upon the vacant blue night before him, into which the distant earth sent up nothing except occasionally a blown-away butterfly, a cruising swallow, or a hovering pigeon. The blue veil of ether † fluttered in a thousand folds over the distant shrouded gods. Oh! then the deceived, the deserted, feeling heart could not but exclaim, ‘Ah! where, where, in boundless space and brief life, shall I find the souls whom I eternally and so deeply love?’ Thou dear youth, what requires a longer, a more painful search than a heart? If man stands beside the sea, and upon mountains, and before pyramids and ruins, and before calamity, and exalts himself, it is to Friendship that he stretches out his arms; and if music, and the morn, and spring, and joy’s tears softly touch him, then his heart melts, and he longs for love. He who has never sought for both is a thousand times poorer than he who has lost both.”

We will now seek a humorous extractable passage, and the first that presents itself is of a mixed character.

“The vulgar look upon all uncommon minds as wicked, just as they take extraordinary petrifications for limbs of the devil. * * * * But in every noble heart burns an eternal thirst for a nobler, in every lovely heart for a lovelier. Such a heart desires to see its ideal in external corporeal presence, with an etherealized or assumed body, thus the more easily to acquire that ideal, because the exalted man ripens only in the

influence of an exalted man, as the diamond is polished by a diamond. If, on the other hand, a *literalaster*, ‡ a provincialist, a news-carrier, or newspaper writer, chances to see and conceive a passion for a great head, as he might for an abortion with three heads,—or a Pope with as many caps,—or a stuffed shark,—or a speaking or a churning machine,—he is impassioned, not because he is excited and impelled by such a glowing, inspiring, ideal of great men, popes, sharks, three-headed monsters, or churns, as stirs up his inward spirit, but because the thought, ‘I should like to know what the chap looks like,’ occurs to him in the morning, together with a desire to display his knowledge over a glass of beer in the evening.”

We must preface the next extract by entreating the reader to recollect the opinion enunciated by this school upon the holy and especially Christian nature of irony, in order somewhat to temper their repugnance to the familiar introduction of sacred names. Scheppe, a favourite character in the *Titan*, who seems to be intended as a representative of the author, satirically eulogizing German active industry, says,—

“Even our statues are no lazy citizens, no idlers, but all drive some useful trade. Such as are caryatides support houses, such as are angels hold fonts, and the heathen water gods labour in our fountains, filling the pails of our servant girls. * * * * The little that I have just advanced in behalf of German diligent usefulness seems to have provoked contradiction; but the tiny laurel wreath with which I have crowned the members of the holy Roman empire does not hide their baldness from me. Often have I lauded Socrates and Jesus Christ for not having chosen Hamburgh, Vienna, or even a Brandenburgh town, as the scene of their gratuitous teaching, and street-wandering with their philanthropists. In any of these they would have been asked, on the part of the magistracy, whether

* “An allusion to the torches, in the light of which the Colosseum and antiques, and the *glacieres*, which are both, are seen to shine more magically.”

† “As the Queen of Heaven is always blue-veiled by the ancients.”

‡ Imitated from poetaster. There is no translating these self-called genial German geniuses without coining new words.

they could not work; and if domiciliated at Webzlar with families, would surely have been mulcted in neglect-money.* As to poetry, an imperial citizen" (*i. e.* a citizen of the now, alas! annihilated free imperial towns) "thinks little of an ode unless addressed to himself. He dislikes the encroachments of poetic license upon imperial chartered liberties; he who in all things proceeds orderly, composedly, considerately, according to Saxon law, † must needs be disturbed and annoyed by poetic flights. How should he not? The worthy imperial citizen, when he means to weep, fastens a napkin under his chin, that his tears may not spot his satin waistcoat; and should a few fall upon a letter of condolence, dries them off as carefully as any darkèr blot! What wonder if, like the gamekeeper, he knows no fairer flower than that at the stag's rump, ‡ if the poetical, like the botanical violet, affect him emetically?" §

We feel tempted to add one other specimen of Jean Paul's irony, ere we turn to the more irksome exhibition of his living caricaturists, rather than imitators. It is from his *HESPERUS*, to us more pleasing than those previously given, and equally, though differently, characteristic.

"I may suppose that organists, if not my readers in general, know why dissonances peculiarly belong to *Choris*—consonances are endurable only in the tuning of instruments. Dissonances, according to Euler and Sulzer, are proportions between notes expressed by very high numbers; they offend us, therefore, not from any disproportion, but from our inability to perceive the proportion with the requisite quickness. To superior intellects, the direct relations of our harmonies would appear too slight and unisonous, whilst our dissonances, not being beyond their apprehension, must be merely agreeably stimulating. Now, as di-

vine service is performed rather in honour of the Supreme Being than for the use of men, church music should be composed with a view to higher natures, that is to say, of dissonances. Whatever is most horrible to human ears, may be considered as best adapted to a temple."

We now turn from Jean Paul to those who, we imagine, flatter themselves most idly that they have inherited his mantle. Alas! They have inherited and improved upon his faults; but, of his playful fancy, brilliant wit, rich imagination, and boundless erudition, little indeed has fallen to their share, as, with respect to the latter qualities, the reader may judge, when we state that they disdain Goëthe, Schiller, that Börne disclaims all knowledge of the poets, Schiller's contemporaries, and that Heine calls Dante a Guelph, instead of a Ghibeline. But if we have written the preceding remarks from a wish to introduce to the English public an author so peculiar and so unknown as Jean Paul, we must go on chiefly to show the excess of absurdity with which passion and prejudice can stamp the copyists of an admirable, if not a delightful original.

How numerous this Jean Paul school may be at the present day, we pretend not to know, since, to acquire an accurate knowledge of all the living authors of Germany, the titles of whose forthcoming works annually fill some seven or eight hundred octavo pages in the spring and autumn Leipzig catalogues, is an emprise beyond the powers of an ordinary man who wishes to reserve some such little spare time for the common avocations of life, as eating, drinking, sleeping, and shaking hands at least with his intimate friends. But with three of the living disciples of this school we are acquainted, and of these we now propose to say a few words. They are L. Börne, H. Heine, and J. Jacoby.

The first of the three, Börne, we

* The name of the *quantum* of salary withheld from tribunal assessors who have not worked, *i. e.* attended, sufficiently.

† Saxon law gives three days upon six weeks in fixing the time within which any thing is to be done.

‡ In German hunting language the stag's tail is called a flower.

§ The *ipecacuanha* plant is of the violet family.

probably should not of our own *nerve* *notu* have placed in this school; for although as cynical in his irony as need to be, he has nothing of the intermixture of pathos and sublimity, or even would-be sublimity, which we deem its peculiar characteristic. But, as admirers and censurers, friends and foes, alike invariably speak of Börne and Heine conjointly, it is not for us, Foreign critics, to sever these moral Siamese twins. Nor, indeed, do we wish to exclude Börne, since, if less astoundingly heterogeneous in talent than his schoolfellows, he is sufficiently remarkable to have induced us to labour through many of his dozen volumes,* and we wish to afford our readers the benefit of our toils.

We apprehend the main cause of this constant uniting of Börne and Heine to be that they are the two most *hyper-ultra* revolutionists of all existing liberals. They seem to consider rebellion and revolution not as fearful means to an important and desirable end, but as things in themselves delightful and desirable. Börne is actually intoxicated with joy, whenever he conceives a vague hope that, somewhere or other, kings, princes, and nobles are likely to be butchered. In Börne, however, this insane *demagogy* is certainly not justifiable, but yet explicable from one of the circumstances that help to render him remarkable.

Börne is by birth and education a Jew; the son of Jacob Baruch, a Jew banker of Frankfort. He was bred a physician, but disliked his profession; and when Napoleon's French laws gave to the children of Israel civil and political equality with their Christian fellow-citizens, he obtained a situation in the police department of his native city. The general restoration of 1814 was to the German Jews the restoration of slavery. At Frankfort, especially, they appear to have been and to be subject to absurdly tyrannical oppression; as, for instance, a prohibition to contract annually more than a certain number of marriages, say 12 or 15, lest they should increase

too fast. Hence, when Christian Frankfort recovered her liberty and independence, our Jew became again incapable of holding municipal office. He lost his place, became the editor of a newspaper and a virulent liberalist, underwent some persecution from the Frankfort magistracy, and has long spent most of his time in Paris, that he may rail in safety against the feudal and monarchical institutions of Germany, and against the tameness of her middle and lower orders. In 1817 he professed himself a Christian; and, upon the occasion of his baptism, changed, by what right we know not, his family name of Baruch for that of Börne.

The most important of Baruch Börne's writings are his last four volumes of Letters from Paris, and Communications from the region of the Science of Lands and Nations; which, being translated, means simply more letters from Paris. From them we shall select a few specimens of the renegade Jew's liberalism, as also of his wit and irony, his estimate of which latter qualities we have already given from one of his earlier volumes. From such abundance selection is difficult; but we take the following passage, which, indeed, is sweetly illustrative of *ultra* liberalism, chiefly on account of the author's subsequent astonishment at the captiousness which could cavil at so mere a jest. Early in the Belgian Revolution he writes:—

"The question is, to whom does Belgium or any country belong? Does it belong to the people or to the prince? The Belgians may be unjust towards their king—I myself could never quite see what they had to complain of—but every one is master in his own house, and a king who cannot be endured, were it only on account of the shape of his nose, it is very proper to turn out of doors. * * That is the simplest thing in the world. People still make too much ceremony with kings. A term of four weeks † should be set them, within which they must introduce a better government, or—away with them."

These liberal opinions appear to

* Gesummelte Schriften Von Ludwig Börne, 12 vols, 12mo. Hamburg, 1829; Offenburg, 1833

† Not a Saxon term, it seems.

have been disapproved in Germany, whereupon, some twelve months later, he exclaims:—

“Patience, heavenly patience! What am I to do with people who seriously believe that I have advised all nations to turn off any king whose nose may displease them? How should I defend myself from such charges before German judges? If I should say, ‘My Lords, you are not to take things so very literally’—perhaps they would believe me, but what of that? They would tell me that I ought to consider that the great body of my readers were uncultivated men, who take words as they find them.”

Upon the breaking out of the Polish insurrection, he says—

“What will be the lot of these poor Poles? Will they be able to stand? I doubt it; but all’s one. Their blood will not be wasted—And our poor devils of Germans! They are the candle-snuffers, in the World-Theatre. Neither actors nor audience; they but trim the lamps, and stink horribly of oil.”

Upon occasion of the insurrection against *Notre Dame*, and the destruction of the Archbishopal Palace, he observes—

“Yesterday, whilst I, like a child, was amusing myself with the mummeries on the Boulevards (it was carnival time), the people destroyed the churches, threw down the lillied-crosses, and devastated the archbishop’s palace. All this I might have seen were I not a bird of ill-luck. * * * The archbishop’s furniture and books swam down the Seine. * * * A rigid and just popular judgment. Some of my acquaintance, luckier than I, were in the throng, and have repeated to me expressions of the people. What sound, manly sense! In truth, our statesmen, Messrs Sebastiani, Guizot, and even Talleyrand, might go to school to them. And yet this *people* is every where disdained: the majority of a nation, whose hearts are uncorrupted by wealth as are their heads by knowledge, is disdained!”

This, assuredly, is all absurd and *hyper-ultra* liberal enough. But can we not find some more laughable wit? There are two difficulties in the way, gentle reader. The one,

that fun is not the characteristic of Börne’s wit,—the other, that, although all these letters are addressed to a lady-friend, the jests are occasionally not such as Maga would be fond to sully her pages with; objectionable, however, rather as filthy, than as licentious. Here is one decentish joke, *apropos* of the idea that the monarchs of Europe proposed to invade, conquer, and divide France.

“Every day I am assured from Germany that the intention is to cut up France like a *pâté*; King Philippe himself is to have a slice, and the old Bourbons the dish with the crust. To her the most delicious touch of *naïveté* in all this is, not that they believe they can accomplish it, but that they believe it would be of any use to them if accomplished. Children are made to believe that children, as are princes, that revolutions, are found in the will. (We thought they came from the parsley bed.) Now, these princes fancy that they have only to fill up the will, and there an end. Who shall give me patience to argue with fools? I must become a fool myself. France has, for the last forty years, been the crater of Europe. If it once cease to vomit fire, once cease to smoke, then woe to these dabblers in the business of Nature! Then not a throne upon earth is secure for a single night. They tremble if a few Frenchmen, with liberal speeches in their carpet bags, travel through Germany; and cry out, in agony, *Propaganda! Propaganda!* and yet they would incorporate whole pieces of France, full of Frenchmen, with their own old dominions. They think, with their old threadbare state arts, their jugglers’ tricks that cannot now take in a child, to tame these new subjects.”

We cannot quote all Börne’s schemes and arguments for abolishing hereditary rights of all kinds, for transferring all administrative power from the educated to the uneducated classes of society; his joy at the boys whipping their elders, especially their schoolmasters, &c. &c. &c.; and perhaps the reader may not set much store by Börne’s information that the kings and aristocrats of Europe poisoned the liberal Canning and the liberal

Earl Grey; indeed the latter fact would be more valuable were we told how his Lordship managed to survive, whether by the use of the stomach pump, or the more natural senile vigour of seventy years of life. We will therefore take our leave of this most liberal of Jews, after we shall have presented our readers with a fragment of a discourse, which he avers he would, if he could, have addressed to the rabble who had destroyed a customhouse in Hesse, in order to persuade them to pay the customs quietly.

"You may perhaps ask, why should our most gracious sovereign, who is so rich, take their few pence from his poor devils of subjects? Why must we now pay thirty *kreuzers* (about fifteen pence) for a pound of sugar, which, a week ago, cost only eighteen? There, again, you would prove yourselves to be calves. Does the most gracious father of the country keep your money for himself? Do not think it. He needs it not; he has more than enough. But with your money he has to maintain the descendants of these feudal robber-knights who, like their forefathers, do not work, do not earn any thing, but live as idle hangers-on at his court, and for whom you must of course provide, as they are not now allowed to plunder you." (He had before explained the origin of customs in purchasing exemption from baronial plunder.) "Nor is it only for this robber brood that our most gracious prince wants your money,—he has besides his many soldiers to pay; and now do not be such asses as to ask me, what does he want with so many soldiers? You yourselves saw last Friday what use he has for them. If he had had no soldiers, what could he have done when you stormed the custom-house? Now, you will perhaps say, but had there been no custom-house we should have been quiet. If we are quiet he wants no soldiers; if he has no soldiers he does not want our money; and if he does not want our money there had been no custom-house. There is some sense in what you say, and I see that you are not so stupid as you look. But, my dear children, it is not against you only that he wants soldiers."

But an apprehension suddenly falls upon us, that, by translating this admirable harangue against taxes in general, we may supply arguments to some of our own demagogues, who, their education not having been quite as liberal as their principles, might not so easily gather them from the original. We forbear, therefore, to explain the prince's other uses for his soldiers, and turn from Börne to Heine.

Heinrich Heine is a man in the very vigour of life, a Prussian subject, and born at Dusseldorf, now part and parcel of Prussia, in the year 1797; and in him we find all the most distinctive characters of the modern German school of irony. Playful, often extravagantly playful fancy, passionate enthusiasm, and deep feeling—all, however, of a quality very inferior to Jean Paul's—combined with a wild wit, almost as much surpassing Börne's in reckless cynicism as it falls short of their great prototype's in brilliancy and raciness. Heine is likewise a poet, but his poetry somewhat perplexes us, inasmuch as it is in general light, and perfectly simple, with little of the strong passion or imaginative richness we should have expected from his muse. He is as ardent a votary of liberty, after the Parisian fashion, as Börne, than whom he is, in many respects, a more agreeable, but a far more objectionable and dangerous writer.

It is not an easy task to select characteristic specimens of Heine's wit, such as we can present to our readers satisfactorily to ourselves, since we are entirely indisposed to nauseate them with pictures of the effects, mental and physical, of intemperance, or of the choleric, to offend them with descriptions of the author's intercourse with unfortunate females—whom he, however, by no means considers in that light—or to shock them with downright blasphemy. His nobler passages are easier, with a specimen of which we begin, and, as in the case of Börne, shall take our extracts from works relative to France, possessing a double interest. His last work is called the *Salon*, and begins with a critique of the French pictures exhibited in 1831. His admiration for the living French painters is very great; with

this we have indeed no concern, but shall, nevertheless, extract some of the reflections to which the subjects of the historical pictures give birth. The following, upon a picture of Camille Desmoulins, by Horace Vernet, will show Heine's lenient estimate of the early horrors of the first French Revolution.

"Poor Camille! Thy courage soared not higher than that bench upon which thou art climbing to harangue the mob, and there looked back! * * * Poor fellow! Those were the merry days of liberty, when you sprang upon the bench, broke the windows of despotism, and cut *à la lanterne* jests; afterwards the sport grew troublous, you heard fearful sounds beside you, behind you; the ghosts of the *Gironde* called upon you from the realm of shades, and you looked back. * * * In this same picture appears Robespierre, and striking us by his careful toilet and affected mien. In fact, his exterior was always neat and polished as the axe of the guillotine; but his interior likewise, his heart, was disinterested, incorruptible, and consistent as the axe of the guillotine. Yet this inexorable rigour was not insensibility, but virtue, like the virtue of Junius Brutus, which our heart condemns, and our reason shudderingly admires. Robespierre was especially attached to Desmoulins, his schoolfellow, whom he sentenced to death when this *fanfaron de la liberté* (bully of liberty) preached unseasonable moderation, and cherished politically dangerous weaknesses!"

A picture of Cromwell gazing at the corse of Charles I., by Delaroche, gives rise to reflections which we have more satisfaction in extracting, as the first passage seems to us to show how poesy can often counteract Jacobinism.

"There lies the splendour of royalty, once the flower of humanity, miserably bleeding away. England's life has since been pale and grey, enhorrored poesy fled the land she had previously adorned with her gayest colours. * * * King Charles lost his crown only with his head. He believed in this crown as his absolute right; he fought for it knight-like, boldly, gallantly: he died no-

bly and proudly, protesting against the legality of his sentence, a genuine martyr of royalty by the grace of God. Poor Louis XVI. merits no such fame; his head was already unkinged by a Jacobin's cap; he no longer believed in himself; he believed firmly in the competence of his judges, and only protested his innocence. He was vulgarly virtuous, a good and corpulent father of a family; his death has more of the sentimental than the tragic character. A tear therefore for Louis Capet, a laurel for Charles Stuart.

"* * * To compare Cromwell and Napoleon would be doing injustice to both. Napoleon remained clear from the worst blood-guiltiness (the execution of the Duke d'Enghien was only a murder); but Cromwell never sank so low as to let himself be anointed emperor by a priest, as an apostate son of revolution, to court the crowned cousinship of the Cæsars. The life of the one bears the stain of blood, that of the other the stain of grease. Both deeply felt the secret crime. Bonaparte, who might have become the Washington of Europe, and only became its Napoleon, was never at ease in his imperial purple. Liberty persecuted him like the ghost of a slaughtered mother; every where he heard her voice; it scared him at night from his couch, from the arms of his wedded legitimacy. Then was he seen to stride hastily through the resounding apartments of the Tuileries, storming and raving; and when in the morning he appeared, pale and exhausted, in the Council-chamber, he complained of *ideologie*, and again of *ideologie*, dangerous *ideologie*, whilst Corvisart (Napoleon's physician) shook his head."

We must now seek a specimen of wit. As before observed, there are plenty that we cannot extract; of those that we can, we think the merriment which illustrates the contempt entertained by Heine, as also by Börne, for the fruits of their loudly extolled "Three glorious days" of Paris, though less characteristic, may be the most instructive. Speaking of the opposition to Louis Philippe's projected detached forts, with which to control the restlessly troublesome capital, he says, "Most of the shopkeepers now

hold Louis Philippe to be a very excellent king, for whom sacrifices ought to be made, ay, for whom a man is even bound to incur such perils as those of the 5th and 6th of June, actually risking his life, as one of 40,000 national guards, supported only by 20,000 troops of the line, against several hundreds of republicans. But they do not think so highly of his worth, as to deem themselves bound to run the hazard of being cannonaded with their families from fourteen heights, in case of future more serious tumults. They further think that they have, in the course of the last fifty years, had such experience in all possible revolution, such practice in putting down little riots, and submitting at once in greater insurrections, that upon every occasion they can always at once restore order. Even foreigners, they think, those wealthy foreigners who spend so much money in Paris, must by this time have discovered that a revolution is perfectly innoxious to the quiet spectator, and is indeed managed with such admirable order, so expertly and agreeably, that the sight of a Parisian revolution is one of the most attractive amusements for strangers. But were Paris surrounded with detached forts, the apprehension of finding themselves shot some fine morning, would drive thence foreigners, provincials, and even many domiciliated annuitants and fundholders; in which case less sugar, pepper, and *pommade divine* would be sold, house rent would fall, in short, trade would be ruined."

Of Louis Philippe himself Heine remarks. "Him, whom shortly after the July revolution I had seen with his old hat and his umbrella, how suddenly altered did I see him on the 6th of last June, when he conquered the Republicans. He was no longer the good-humoured, sponge-bellied, jolly-faced, national-guardian. His corpulence now seemed to enhance his dignity; he held his head as high as ever could any of his forefathers, and rose in solid majesty, every pound a king. But when he perceived that his crown did not sit quite securely upon his head, and that bad weather might still come, how quickly did he again brush up his old beaver,

again sport his old umbrella! How citizenlike did he, a few days afterwards, at the great review, again greet daddy tailor and daddy shoemaker, shaking hands to the right and to the left, and not with the hand alone, but with eyes, with smiling lips, ay, even with his whiskers! And yet this smiling, greeting, chatty, soliciting, good man, had even then fourteen detached forts in his bosom.

* * * *

As there are so many superfluous troops here, the King really should place beside every statue in the Tuilerie gardens a sentry, who might spread an umbrella over the marble when it rains. Then would the ARTS be, in the most literal sense of the word, protected by the umbrella of citizen-royalty."

We now turn to Jacoby, with whom to conclude. Of this writer we know nothing more than the Pictures of Berlin, from which we have already quoted an estimate of wit. Though very decidedly inferior to Heine, his genius is of a similar character. He possesses all the qualities good and bad, though in a less degree, which distinguish that writer, and he in a great measure, might we not almost say fully, atones for his inferiority by being likewise inferior in reckless cynicism, and evidently full of patriotic feelings, ill-disguised by an attempt to sneer, even while allowing their value, at all the institutions of Prussia, at all the improvements wrought in those institutions by the truly paternal and patriot Prussian monarch, who has incurred so much liberal vituperation for his step-by-step reforms. Jacoby's milder cynicism is still not sufficiently mild to enable us to extract a specimen of it, but it may enable us to do that which we have hitherto found impossible, viz. to afford our readers some idea of its nature, by telling in our words, as little unreverently as we can, one of Jacoby's jests upon religious subjects. The reader will draw his own conclusions from what we do venture, as to the character of that which we cannot attempt from Börne and Heine.

The jest in question is a longish paper, in which Jacoby represents the Almighty as having, once upon a time, in the midst of eternity, felt

dull, and at a loss for amusement, whereupon the Archangel Gabriel suggested the erection of a masquerade world, "to be managed by the rogue Satan," which he thought would be the most diverting of all possible things to look down upon. The idea was approved, its execution and Satan's management are wittily described, and our earth, with all its men and women, is the perfectly successful result.

Shall we close with this? No! We will try to soften the pious reader's horror of Jacoby, by showing how, though undoubtedly patriotic, he speaks of his countrymen, and at their expense, of that nationality of literature which we have occasionally seen good to laud.

"The object was to have a stage for the dramatic offspring of Berlin national poetry, and it was forgotten that at Berlin there is neither a people nor a poetry, wherefore a Berlin national poetry must be a nonentity." This jest is more striking in German, because a pun, the same word signifying national and popular. "Should any one, for the joke's sake, placard the walls of Berlin with—'The people is invited to assemble,' he might indeed collect all the idle blackguard boys, and some score of vagabond street loungers; but these good folks would assuredly demand compensation for having submitted to be called the people. Were they then asked, 'Where is your poetry?' they would probably answer, 'We left it at the police office.'

"But the undertakers of this institution (a theatre) went farther; they made their *Æsthetikers* say, 'Pr'ythee, dear public, do just consider the North-German genius—'Tis an ironical, dare-devil blade, that must produce wonders, so it be but allowed him to stamp himself into substantive formations. We Prussians, more especially we Berliners, are the representatives of this North-German genius; and therefore patriotism commands us

to do our utmost for its glorification.

"Bethink ye, Berliners, the question involves all that is dearest to man, involves poetry, patriotism, and fun! Therefore buy shares! We will show Southern Germany what we can do. We live in the age of ironical intuition, and who should mould it more boldly, fantastically, vigorously, and plastically, than ourselves? Does not irony stare upon us out of every window, out of every eye? Is not our very town itself an ironical blot of ink, spirted perhaps from the pen of Aristophanes, and lost in the Chark?*" And what, we ask you, will posterity say, should it be recorded that we treated our North-German genius with indifference or neglect?"

We now close the numerous volumes (about twenty-seven), of the character of which we have endeavoured, imperfectly we doubt, to convey some notion to the English reader, and close the later volumes with feelings of deep, of almost unmingled regret. Of Jean Paul we will here say nothing, save that we wish a genius so rich, so universal, were more universally enjoyable. From his successors we cannot part silently. It is not merely that we mourn over the perversion, the desecration of one of the noblest gifts of God to man, *i. e.*, genius—nor is it merely that we loathe this utter recklessness of the moral corruption which such writings as these are calculated to generate amongst the young, the inexperienced, the unenlightened. We look farther, and confess that we consider this heterogeneous intellectual amalgam, this voluntary debasement in powerful minds, as amongst the most fearful, the most portentous, of the signs of the times. To say the least, they indicate an inordinate appetite for excitement, differing from that now prevalent in France, only according to the difference of national character, distinguishing France from Germany.

* The province in which Berlin stands,

WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?

THAT human affairs can never stand still, and that there is a continual progress from one state of things to another, has long been observed by the greatest and best of men. But the material point of enquiry, in every stage of national existence, is, What is the tendency of this progress? To what will it lead? and are mankind likely to be improved or injured by the changes which are going forward? That is the vital question, in which public happiness is essentially involved; and it is one on which the Movement party hardly ever bestow a thought. Satisfied with having put things in motion, they give themselves no disquiet about the ultimate results; and assuming, without the slightest hesitation, that every alteration must necessarily be an improvement, they blindly urge on the movement until passions are developed which are altogether beyond control. The great object of enquiry, interesting beyond all others at this period to every human being, is, To what are all these changes tending? Is it to good or evil? and is it the part of the patriot or the philanthropist to do what lies in his power, whether it be much or little, to promote or retard the progress?

The slightest consideration must be sufficient to demonstrate that the great object of the numerical majority of mankind, in the principal towns, both of France and England, is to level and destroy the great features of European civilisation—hereditary succession and primogeniture in landed estates—monarchical authority and lineal descent in the Crown—a hereditary and indefeasible authority in the nobility—a church united to the state, and maintained by separated landed estates of its own—a representative body, elected by the most substantial of the commons—and corporations having common property, and exclusive privileges and franchises of their own. Such are the great features of European civilisation; and to the combined and counter-acting influence of which the peculiar liberty of this country is, beyond

all question, to be ascribed. To assert that freedom can never exist without these elements, that no change in human affairs ever will be able to substitute barriers against arbitrary power as efficacious as those which these institutions formerly erected, would be going farther than either reason or experience warrant. But this much may safely be affirmed, without the fear of contradiction from any one whose historical information renders him fit to judge on the subject, that it is on this basis that the liberty of modern Europe has been reared; and that it was to the happy equipoise established between these concurring and at times counteracting authorities, that the freedom of England, from 1688 to 1832, unprecedented in the history of the world, is entirely to be ascribed.

Another remarkable circumstance of vital importance in this enquiry is, that almost all these features are wanting in Asiatic civilisation. Neither an hereditary nobility, nor a regular succession to the crown, nor the right of primogeniture in landed estates, nor the privileges of corporations, nor the separate property of the church, nor representative assemblies, ever were established in the eastern empires. The great characteristics of their social condition always have been the irregular and often convulsive succession to the throne—the total absence of any hereditary aristocracy—centralisation of all power in the hands of the reigning sovereign—the entire dependence of consequence or power on official situation—the division of the whole lands of the kingdom among a race of humble cultivators—and a body of priests, deriving their chief support from the voluntary gifts of the faithful. To assert that these features of civilisation are the necessary and unavoidable attendants on slavery in all ages and circumstances would perhaps be going too far; but it may with perfect safety be affirmed, that hitherto, at least, they have been the invariable concomitants of Oriental servitude,—and that if, under

such circumstances, the requisite securities for freedom are ever to be established, it must be from the development of some restraint on power hitherto altogether unknown in human affairs.

Go to the east—where you will—what do you see? The land deemed in law to belong solely to the sultans, and farmed out by a body of ryots, or cultivators, who pay thirty or forty per cent of their little gains to the public treasury! a body of pachas, or rajahs, who are appointed by the king, and have a temporary tenure only of their offices, during which they endeavour to enrich themselves by every species of oppression—the peasantry groaning under the last severities of bondage—power held solely by the nominees of the crown—hereditary succession, corporate right, a regular administration of justice unknown: no securities for public freedom; every thing depending on the personal character of the sovereign. It is this state of things which has implanted its lasting and unchangeable character on Asiatic history—alternate elevation and fall of empires—splendour of individual reigns, followed by weakness, anarchy, or degradation—transient and ephemeral opulence on the part of the holders of office—industry without protection, wealth without security: a barber elevated to the rank of grand vizier—a pacha receiving the gift of the bowstring—continual confiscation of private wealth—nothing permanent but the degradation and slavery of the people.

Go where you will in the European monarchies, on the other hand, even the most absolute, and a very different state of things exhibits itself. Every thing there wears the aspect of permanence and stability. Cities present an unbroken air of prosperity—the cultivation of the fields is universal. No long intervening deserts indicate the triumph of savage power over peaceful industry; laws, institutions, national policy, are fixed. The throne descends, in quiet undisputed succession, in a line pointed out by custom, or defined by law; the towers of the cathedrals seem coeval with the first dawn of civilisation; the castles of the nobility, the mansions of the

gentry, surrounded by their “tall ancestral trees,” speak of the steady descent of property through a long series of ages; while the green fields and isolated cottages of the poor demonstrate the long established restraint, on violence, or injustice, which the authority of the law has obtained. Shades of distinction may exist, in different situations, and the traces of a stable order of things, and public freedom, may be more clearly marked in some states than others; but in all the same general features are perceptible, and, as compared with the Asiatic dynasties, the difference, even in the worst regulated European monarchies, is immense.

Keeping in view these essential and characteristic distinctions between Europe and Asia, it certainly must appear one of the most extraordinary circumstances in this age of wonders, that the circumstances and institutions in society, against which the democratic spirit chafes most violently, are precisely those which constitute the peculiar features of European civilisation. What did the French do the moment that they threw off the yoke of authority, and got the formation of a constitution according to their own liking in 1789? The first thing they did was to abolish the church, the next to swamp the nobility by throwing them into one chamber with the Commons, the third to extinguish the incorporations, the fourth to repeal the right of primogeniture, the fifth to confiscate the landed estates. By these great changes, which were all carried into effect, in the first instance, at least, without opposition, they effectually destroyed the elements of European society which had existed, and been coming to maturity, for above a thousand years, and for the first time tried on a great scale, the experiment of establishing a government, without any of the securities which a long combination of circumstances had created without exception in all the states of modern times.

In like manner, when the democratic spirit, under the name of Reform, became ungovernable in this country in 1831, it was against the same institutions of society that it directed its violence, and they were

its earliest victims. The first desperate assault was against the influence of the hereditary legislature in one House of Parliament, and its authority in another; and by the passing of the Reform Bill, against its declared resolution, a social revolution to all intents and purposes was effected. The next attack of the democratic party was directed against the church; the third against the corporations; and in regard to both, the avowed principle is the same, to substitute for the present system of these bodies being vast interests having separate estates, and forming a barrier between the crown and the people, a series of little republics, each choosing its own pastors, magistrates, and governors. The other interests marked out for destruction are here, equally as in France, those which are essentially characteristic of European civilisation. The hereditary peerage, the church, the corn laws, are all signalized for the revolutionary besom; while a total change in the law of succession is already loudly called for, to break down the great properties, and render impossible the restoration of any of the features of European freedom in this fated empire.

Not only, therefore, have the French and English Revolutionists followed exactly the same course in their advances—not only have they directed their hostility against the same objects, and signalized them for destruction in the same order—but they have in both cases assailed with rancour the peculiar institutions on which society in modern Europe is founded, and by which exclusively, hitherto at least, the progress of freedom has been supported. Observe how liberty arose after the dark ages. It was the Church which, by its incessant efforts in favour of personal freedom, and by continually preaching the universal equality of mankind before Heaven, first introduced the gradual relaxation of feudal bondage, and undid the stern fetters of Gothic slavery. Where did the elements of political power and social improvement next arise? In the boroughs, and under the sheltering wing of municipal governments: in the forum of the industrious citizen, and be-

neath the shadow of corporate privileges. Where was freedom first publicly supported, and by what authority were the foundations of the constitution first laid? By the barons at Runnymede; by the English gentry who fought under Hampden and Essex against Charles I.; by the House of Peers and Commons who expelled the Popish tyrant, James II. Nothing can be more remarkable, than to see the friends of freedom, and the advocates of revolution, in these times decrying the classes from whose exertions all the liberty of former ages has taken its rise, and striving to overturn the institutions by which, in all past times, the monarchical authority has been most effectually restrained.

The slightest acquaintance with history must be sufficient to show, that this opposition to the church, the nobility, and the incorporated bodies is not peculiar to this age, but that it existed equally strongly in the abettors of arbitrary power at a remote period. For above three centuries it was the constant policy of the kings, not merely of England and France, but of every country in Europe, to depress the clergy and the nobles, and elevate the boroughs as a counterpoise to their authority. The nobles, on the other hand, execrated the boroughs with their incorporated trades, civic privileges, and municipal governments. "Abominable institutions," says Ducange, "which teach slaves to forget the duties they owe to their lords, and fill their heads with chimerical ideas of freedom." The kings maintained a long and doubtful struggle with the church and the nobility in every monarchy of Europe, and it was by the issue of that great contest that the subsequent history of every one of them has been determined. Thus the great institutions—the institutions, characteristic of, and peculiar to modern Europe, which it is now the avowed object of the Revolutionists to overturn, the church, the corporations, and the hereditary nobility, are precisely those which made the most vigorous stand against arbitrary power in former ages, and by whose united efforts the frame of government has been tempered in modern Europe, with a gentleness and libe-

rality unknown in any other quarter of the globe.

In truth, however, there is nothing surprising in this seemingly inexplicable change. The reason of these bodies being now assailed with so much vehemence by the democracy is precisely the same with that which rendered them the object of such rancorous and continued attacks from the nobility and the throne in former days. It is because they have lasting interests, and are governed by steady uniform principles, that they have so often been the friends and protectors of freedom, through all the vicissitudes of society; and therefore it is, that, in every age, they have been the objects of attack to despotic power, whether advancing at the head of the forces of the crown, the nobility, or the populace. Arbitrary authority, whether wielded by a monarch, an oligarchy, or a demagogue, is impatient of any control; it chafes against every restraint human or divine; it aims at nothing short of unlimited power, and by a never failing instinct discovers its enemies in every body from whom opposition to its advances is to be anticipated. But of all tyrants, the most impatient and overbearing is a multitude; and therefore it is, that the assaults of the democracy upon the church, and the corporations, are so much more fierce and relentless than those which were formerly directed against them by the Crown and the nobility, and that the devastation occasioned by their overthrow is so much more wide-spread and complete when they fall under the blows of the populace, than when they yield to the power or the influence of the higher bodies in the state.

Doubtless, cases have sometimes occurred in later times, in which the church, the nobility, and the corporations, have proved adverse to the extension of popular power, and when the cause of freedom has had reason to lament the undue ascendancy which they have for a time obtained in public affairs. The conclusion, however, to be drawn from this is, not that they can safely be discarded, but that they must be adequately restrained. It is not the less certain that these are the only

bodies from whose exertions any permanent stand in favour of freedom is to be expected, because they are the only ones which possess lasting interests, not dependent on the passions or fervour of the moment. All the popular power of modern times has begun in these fastnesses of freedom; ignorance only can venture to affirm the contrary. Even the first French Revolution, distinguished from its outset by so extraordinary an animosity against privilege or distinction of every kind, owed its early success to the support and co-operation of the privileged classes. It was the Parliaments of France, composed almost entirely of the nobility, who maintained a struggle with the Crown for half a century before the *Tiers Etat* had felt the flame, and by their courageous efforts roused the spirit of the Commons, which otherwise never could have arisen. It was the junction of the church and a large portion of the nobility which alone gave the victory to the National Assembly in 1789. Every one knows that it was the clergy who were the main cause of the fervour which brought the nation triumphant through the struggle with Charles I.; that it was the arrest of the seven bishops which precipitated James II. from the throne, and that it was the support—the blind and insane support—of a large portion of the nobility and corporations to liberal principles which brought the nation into the fever of innovation, which terminated in the Reform Revolution. The conclusion to be drawn from these facts is, not that implicit reliance is, in all cases, to be put on the nobility, the clergy, or the incorporations, or that it is to be imagined that their efforts will always be directed to the maintenance of regulated freedom, but that they have hitherto, at least, been an essential element in the eternal conflict of public immunities with despotic power; and that though they may long incline to the side of authority, they will, when matters come to a crisis, and a necessity for their interference has arisen, be depended upon as the most efficient support to the cause of liberty. They are so, because they are permanent bodies, actuated by lasting interests, and not liable

to be swept away by every sudden impression. Slow to move, therefore they are tenacious of purpose: composed of a hereditary, an ecclesiastical, and a commercial aristocracy, they are distinguished by the steadiness of policy by which such bodies have ever been characterised, and which, though decidedly opposed to the fervour of popular ambition, is not the less hostile to those advances of arbitrary power by which their permanent interests may be injured.

That the overthrow of these bodies, however, is certain, if the popular party in this country gain the ascendant, is evident, not only from what occurred forty years ago in France, but from the avowed objects of the revolutionary party amongst ourselves at this time. It is an enquiry of the very highest importance, therefore, what is likely to be the final consequence of this immense change: and how is the eternal war of freedom against despotism to be maintained, when the old organized and permanent bodies, on whom the weight of the conflict has hitherto fallen, are destroyed?

Suppose, then, the grand objects of popular ambition gained! Suppose the corporations destroyed, or transformed into municipal republics; the peerage abrogated, or deprived of all independent voice in the legislature; the whole property of the Church confiscated to national purposes, and the ministers of religion, if any then exist, paid out of the hard-earned pittance of the poor; the Crown humbled or extinguished, and the executive authority virtually or even formally vested in the House of Commons; suppose all resistance to its authority annihilated by the division of the whole landed estates of the country into little portions, belonging, as in France, to several millions of landed proprietors, either in consequence of arbitrary confiscation, or the operation of a revolutionary order of succession; suppose all this done, what is likely to be the result to *public freedom*? That a most enormous addition will be made to the influence and power of the leaders of the democracy, is indeed certain, but the point is, will the securities of *liberty* be stronger

than they were under the old and mixed constitutions, common to this country, with all the other states of modern Europe? In examining this question, it is evident, that under the proposed revolutionary *régime*, the whole bulwarks which hitherto have enabled the middling and lower orders to withstand the influence, or resist the oppression of the central government, will be a-wanting. That a central government will exist under some name, either that of a president, a consul, a committee of public safety, or a king, may be considered as absolutely certain, since there is no instance in the history of mankind of society being able to exist without government of some sort or another. Now, the point is, what is to form a counterpoise to its authority? All the bonds which now unite particular classes or interests together are then dissolved; the nobility are exterminated, the church has become an indigent body of voluntary preachers; the corporations are levelled with the dust—over the whole face of society the vast rolling stone of revolution has passed, crushing the elevated, subduing the powerful, levelling all the distinctions of time. The nation consists merely of a vast body of small or indigent cultivators in the country; of merchants, traders, and shopkeepers in town; and the civil or military *employés* under government.—And the point for consideration is, how the two former classes are in the long run to withstand the influence of the central government, having at its disposal the whole revenue and offices in the state?

Nothing, in our apprehension, can be clearer, than that it is utterly impossible for society so constituted, in an old, luxurious, and highly civilized state, to withstand the centralized influence of government. For where are we to look for the *nucleus* of resistance? Is it in a body of three or four millions of small proprietors, all cultivating their little domains with their own hands, and worn out with incessant and daily toil? Is it in the shopkeepers of towns, whose only interest is to preserve order, that the sales of their goods may not be interrupted? Is it in the immense body of civil and military servants of government, holding as

they do the sole situations of consideration in the country, and engrossing all the power and influence in the state? As well might we look for resistance to power among the ryots of Hindostan, or the civil and military *employés* of Prince Metternich. Let us not deceive ourselves: in such a state of society, the elements of resistance or opposition to the central authority are utterly destroyed; freedom is irrevocably prostrated, and national existence has entered upon a long and inevitable period of decay and degradation, to terminate at last in agony and death.

The supporters of revolution are perfectly aware of the danger which freedom runs from this equalization of fortunes and interests; but the palladium to which they trust to resist the influence of despotism and corruption is general education, acting through the medium of the representative system. But what grounds are there, either in reason or experience, for holding that the education of the people, and the extension of voting to universal suffrage, are to render them permanently inaccessible to the seductions of power, or permanently capable of withstanding its authority? Leaders, permanent interests, and bonds of union, are what they will inevitably want, and the absence of which must necessarily expose them to overthrow from the central government. At particular periods, indeed, during moments of extraordinary fervour, and when public passion runs high in favour of democratic power, they may prove most formidable, and frequently overthrow the ruling power. But it is not by such bursts of feeling that human affairs for a long course of time are governed. Lasting interests, a compact organization, unity of action, are requisite for permanent success. Great was the public enthusiasm in favour of freedom in France in 1789; but that did not prevent the nation, after democratic power and universal suffrage had been acquired, from sinking in sullen apathy beneath the sordid tyranny of the Directory, and worshipping with fervent idolatry the

despotic throne of Napoleon. Great was the public enthusiasm on the triumph of the Barricades; but it was of short duration, and the government which, though founded on its transports, speedily abandoned its principles, and upraised the rude arm of force to coerce the ambition of the most intellectual people in existence, is not the less firmly, and to all appearance permanently, established. Examples of this kind may teach us what reliance is to be placed on general education and the representative system, to maintain a lasting conflict with arbitrary power, when the great and enduring interests of society are destroyed, and popular fervour, without such consistent support, is left alone in a corrupted age to continue the struggle.

Education will do a great deal; it augments enormously the power and energy of the people; but it has no tendency whatever to diminish their vices or calm their passions, or lessen their liability to corruption, or weaken the force of the selfish principles of our nature. That is the important circumstance which never enters into the calculation of the worshippers of popular power. It is now established by decisive evidence, that public instruction not only has no effect whatever in diminishing the tendency to crime; but that it *greatly increases it*. From the curious statistical tables recently published at Paris, it appears that invariably, and without one single exception, the most highly educated departments are those in which there is the greatest amount of crime. From the documents quoted below it appears that the proportion of the educated to the uneducated prisoners in Coldbath-field prison is as 8 to 1, and in Glasgow Bridewell, notwithstanding the vast proportion of ignorant Irish in that city, as $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The conclusion to be drawn from these facts is not that education promotes crime, but that it changes its direction, or gives additional facilities for its commission, and has no power, taken by itself, to check the tendency towards its commission.*

There is no reason for conclu-

* The following statement is extracted from a report made to the Magistrates of Middlesex by the Chaplain of the House of Correction in Coldbath-fields;—

ding from experience, therefore, that there is the slightest hope that education will stop the progress of vice, or furnish any antidote to the corrupting influence of central power. Despotism uniformly addresses itself to the selfish principles of our nature: it seduces, by the offer of wealth, power and consideration; it operates with the greatest force upon those by whom such objects of allurements are most ardently desired. The tendency of education, when generally diffused in an old and highly civilized state, is to augment the force of the desires thus awakened. By rendering the lower orders familiar with the life and habits of the rich, at least so far as description goes, it creates a diseased and incessant craving for similar enjoyments. Universally it will be found, that the poor among a highly educated people, in

the later stages of society, are discontented; that the working classes are perpetually longing after enjoyments and habits which the wages they receive cannot afford them; and that they form an exaggerated and pernicious idea of the enjoyments which luxury can command. They are constantly endeavouring to raise themselves from the sphere of corporeal labour to that of intellectual exertion. It is this impatient anxiety for elevation, this universal "hastening to be rich," which renders them the ready prey of seditious demagogues, who never fail to represent their indigence and sufferings as the result of the unjust distinctions of society, and to promise them all the enjoyments of ease and affluence, if they will support their extravagant projects. In the outset, therefore, a highly educated people,

"As to the capabilities of prisoners to receive instruction, the chaplain, desirous of ascertaining on certain data what capabilities prisoners possessed of acquiring religious and moral instruction, to counteract the demoralizing influence with which they are surrounded, has enquired into the education of 967 prisoners individually—viz. 701 males and 266 females in this prison on the 20th September last.

"The following result appears:—

Prisoners,	967
Those uneducated, first imprisonment,	56	} 104
Imprisoned before,	48	
Those educated, first imprisonment,	646	} 863
Imprisoned before,	217	
First imprisonment,	Total,	702	} 967
Imprisoned before,	Total,	265	

"From this enquiry the chaplain draws his conclusion, that it is *not the want of education, but the absence of principle, which leads to crime.*"

Prisoners in Glasgow Bridewell, June 1834, to June 1835:—

	Scotch.			English.			Irish.			Foreign.			Totals.		
	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Can Read and Write.	76	32	108	13	15	28	9	1	10				98	33	131
Can Read only.	36	65	101	3	2	5	25	9	34	2	1	3	66	77	143
Can neither read nor Write.	9	18	27	2	2	4	12	10	22	1	1	2	24	28	52
Totals.	121	115	236	18	20	38	46	2	66	3	1	4	188	138	326

when the press is unrestrained, are necessarily democratic.

But this is only the first effect. Soon it is discovered, that a really democratic constitution is impracticable; that power necessarily falls into a few hands, and that the only difference is that these few are persons of no property, and little character, instead of being leaders of character and consideration. The moment this is discovered, the craving for ease and elevation, produced by education, turns over to the other side: it leads men to fawn upon the reigning authority with the same servility with which they formerly flattered the dominant multitude. This principle in both cases is the same—the desire by individual elevation to obtain greater or more rapid advantages and luxuries than can be commanded by the ordinary efforts of industry. Aristotle has long ago observed, “that the courtier and the demagogue uniformly bear a close resemblance to each other:” and it is not surprising that they do so, for they are, in fact, the same men, slightly modified according to the position of the ruling power: the obsequious slaves of the Eastern Sultan, or the deluding flatterers of European Democracy.

The result of experience is entirely conformable to these views. Who were so thoroughly educated, so far as political excitement goes, as the French revolutionists, and what troop of eastern slaves ever fawned upon the ruling power with more servility than they did upon the base Directory, as well as the brilliant Napoleon? When was the influence of a democratic press, upon an excited and highly educated people, ever more strongly exemplified than it has been in France, subsequent to the three glorious days; and what people ever ran more headlong than they are now doing into the jaws of arbitrary power? In fact, the Government of Louis Philippe, elevated on the passions of the people, has been nothing but a continued and hitherto a successful effort to beat down its original supporters, and extinguish all the remains of democratic power among the people. Attend to the restrictions recently introduced against the press, and say whether, under a strict execution of these enactments, it is possible that liberty of any sort can long endure? * Yet these restrictions are not only supported, but loudly demanded by the National Guard, as absolutely indispensable to prevent

* All offences against the King's person to incur a detention and a fine of between 10,000 and 50,000 francs. For deriding the King's person or authority an imprisonment of between six months and one year, and a fine of 500 to 10,000 francs. For any introduction of the King's name, or allusion to him, whether direct or indirect, in discussing the acts of the Government, an imprisonment of a month to a year, and a fine of 500 to 5000 francs. For any attack against the principle or form of Government established in 1830, or incitement to changing it, an imprisonment and fine of 10,000 francs to 50,000 francs. Whoever shall publicly declare an adhesion to any other form of Government, by assuming the denomination of a Republican, or expressing the wish, or hope, or threat of destroying the monarchic and constitutional order, to suffer an imprisonment of one to five years, and fine of 500 to 10,000 francs. The same penalty to be awarded to such as shall ascribe any right to the Throne to any member of the banished Bourbons, or any person other than Louis Philippe I. and his descendants. The existing laws respecting the press to be enforced, where not at variance with the present provisions. Nevertheless, on a second condemnation of a person or journal in the same year, the maximum of the penalties shall be doubled, and even four times greater. When the condemnation shall concern the periodical press, the penalties successively awarded shall be suffered respectively to their full extent. Any person openly or publicly advertising subscriptions for defraying judiciary condemnation, to incur from one month to a year, and 500 to 5000f. The same penalties applicable to such as shall publish names of juries either before or after the sentences. All gerans of periodical publications to sign the minutes of each number, on penalty of from a month to a year, and 500 to 3000f. If they insert not information or rectifications sent by Government, a month to a year, and 500 to 5000f. If, in the event of a prosecution, he disclose not the name or names of the writers of the offensive articles, a month to a year, and 1000 to 5000f. Any person that shall publish, and put up for sale, drawings, engravings, lithographies, or any emblems whatever, without the previous permission of the home minister or prefect, a month to a year, and 100 to 1000f., such prints, lithographies, &c. to be moreover confiscated. No theatres whatever to be opened, nor dramatic piece to be performed, without the previous permission of the home minister or prefect.

society from being torn in pieces by the anarchical faction.

Listen to the speech with which the Duke de Broglie, Minister of the Interior, announces and justifies the adoption of these strong coercive measures by Government.

“The evil is not a new one: for several years past the baneful industry of factions has laboured at corrupting the fruit of the most lawful revolution, and periodically endangered the Monarchy at the moment it appears to be growing firm, the laws when their authority is reviving, a prosperity that develops itself, and society when it is being consolidated. France for the last five years has been pursuing, at the same time, a path of progress and peril. Never, with more happiness, has she been subjected to more alarms; never, amidst peace, have so many days of war occurred. No sooner is danger removed under one shape than it re-appears under another; the Government painfully triumphs over the struggles to which factions reduce it. What efforts and energy, gentlemen, has not the arduous defence of order required from you? And yet you all feel anxious about our prospects. As for us, gentlemen, we firmly believe in the fortune of France, and the triumph of our cause. Whatever be the insolence of factions, and their danger, they are vanquished; they defy us no longer; but they nevertheless exist, and every day reveals the evil they are doing and have done. The prejudices which they have diffused, the passions they have inflamed, ferment—if riots have ceased, a moral rebellion survives. This state of things would be aggravated if it were not promptly and efficiently remedied. Order, undermined, would gradually fall to pieces, and the very existence of a government be questioned. Is it not true that no government was ever attacked in its principle, form, and chief with more audacity, perseverance, and impunity than the Government of the Charter of 1830? Is it not true that the partisans of the fallen dynasty dare to claim France for themselves as a domain, and that, instead of expiating their past absolutism by a respect for order, they aim at a counter-revolution through anar-

chy, and declare themselves in a state of rebellion against all power whose title is a national one? Is it not true that the Republican party, still blackened with the smoke of their conflict, maintain themselves *armes au bras* in the teeth of a government which they repudiate and insult, and boldly enlist citizens under the banner of a revolutionary power, the rise of which they already hail? In short, is it not a fact henceforth recorded in bloody characters on the stones of our streets, that, under the fire of the hostile press, under the influence of that perpetual explosion of barbarous theories and horrible calumnies, a militia has formed at the bottom of society, in that class where are to be found those coarse passions, those violent intellects, that can neither support nor understand order—an obscure militia of men capable of every deed, at the same time fanatic and perverse—a militia in which all parties procure recruits in the cause of rebellion, and political parricides find ready arms?”

We shall not stop to dwell on the striking illustration which this official speech of the French Minister affords of the practical effect of the Revolution of the Barricades, so long the object of extravagant eulogium to the Revolutionary press of this country. The point we rest on is this. What chance is there that liberty can be preserved, or order and security, its best promoters, be maintained in a state which is the theatre in this manner of a desperate and unceasing conflict between military force and frantic passion—between a government which enforces, by an army of 400,000 men, and periodical discharges of grape-shot in the streets of Paris, an absolute despotism, which arrests five hundred persons in a single night, and tries 150 prisoners at once before a single court, which has filled the jails of France with multitudes unprecedented since the Reign of Terror, and an atrocious faction which aims, by the most desperate means, at the attainment of the most desperate objects, and scruples not, in furtherance of its insane political projects, to bathe the flag-stones of the capital with blood, and murder the bravest and noblest defenders of France?

So powerful and appalling, indeed, has been the evidence afforded by the apathy and submission with which the great body of French proprietors, both in town and country, have received the arbitrary and despotic acts of Louis Philippe during the last four years, and, in particular, the flagrant accumulation of illegalities in the *procès monstre*, that a doubt is beginning to dawn upon the warmest supporters of revolution in this country, whether the cause of freedom has not retrograded in that kingdom since 1789. Even the Globe says—

“We are very much disposed to believe there was more of the spirit of liberty in every class of French society before the Bastille was taken than there is at this moment.”

And again—

“That the breaking up of the old system of property, and exclusive privilege, improved the social condition of the mass, is acknowledged by every one, though, when we see the *inert, apathetic state of the rural population*, and the *discontent and depression of the working class in the towns*, we are compelled to doubt the extent of improvement effected by bloodshed and violence.”

There cannot now be a doubt that these admissions, wrung from the journals who for forty years have been incessantly advocating the cause of Revolution, and were thrown into such ecstasies by the triumphs of the Barricades, are well founded. In truth, who can look at the present condition of France, and seriously affirm either that liberty there exists, or that there is any reasonable prospect of its being re-established. Reflect on the extraordinary effusion of blood, the frightful anarchy, the arbitrary measures and innumerable arrests which have taken place in that country since the Three Glorious Days. Let us figure to ourselves the desperate conflict at the Cloistre of St Merri in Paris in June 1832, subdued only after two days fighting by a greater armed force than that which conquered Austria or Prussia, at Austerlitz or Jena. How was the bloody revolt in Lyons, in November 1831, stifled? By Marshal Soult and a greater army than combated the Duke of Wellington at Orthes or

Toulouse. The last frightful insurrection in the same city in April 1834, during which its streets for five days were the theatre of incessant fighting, man to man, gun to gun, house to house, in the course of which six thousand persons were slain, is still fresh in our recollection. The vast new jail erected at Paris, near the cemetery of Père la Chaise, from the other places of confinement being overloaded with state prisoners; the gloomy vaults and Gothic oubliettes of St Michel, charged with the heroes of the barricades; the confinement of eighteen hundred prisoners on the charge of being concerned in the Lyons and Paris revolt of April 1834, many hundreds of whom have never yet been brought to trial; the odious proceedings in the *procès monstre*; the arrest of five hundred persons in Paris in a single night; the extinction of the Tribune Paper by an unprecedented series of NINETY-SIX PROSECUTIONS since 1830; in fine, the recent murder of Marshal Mortier and the other victims of the fifth anniversary of the Triumphs of July, and consequent oppressive enactments against the public press, are so many proofs of the wretched state in which society is now placed in France, and of the impossibility of finding in the shattered elements of its political system the materials for constructing the glorious edifice of constitutional freedom.

Now all this has happened, let it be recollected, in a country where the boasted securities for liberty under the revolutionary *régime* have been *completely established*; where education, to the extent at least of reading the public journals, is diffused to a degree unparalleled in any other European state; where political excitement is at its height; where all the old social bulwarks of hereditary property, an hereditary nobility, corporate privileges, and an established church, have long ago been destroyed; where the revolutionary law of succession has been in operation for forty years; and it has, in conjunction with Jacobin confiscation, divided the land of France into no less than eight million separate proprietors. The representative system has there been long and fully established; it was begun under the benignant

auspices of annual Parliaments and universal suffrage; it has existed, in form at least, for almost half a century; and if it is now much restricted, that has arisen from the limits which the revolutionists themselves have been constrained, from dire necessity, to impose upon its at first universal extension. When we find these vast and successful changes, embracing the Utopia of the democratic party, and comprehending every thing which they have held forth as necessary to the perfection of society, leading them to nothing better than the insurrections at Lyons, the dungeons of St Michel, the *procès monstre*, and the murder of Marshal Mortier; we have no great reason to place confidence in the securities for freedom which the new order of things is to bring forth, or to sacrifice for their adoption those which have produced all the liberty of modern times, and all the glories of European civilisation.

Nor is it only by destroying the middle classes of society and annihilating all the lasting interests which oppose the stretches of arbitrary power, on the one hand, and the advances of democratic fervour on the other, that the progress of revolution is subversive of the principles of freedom; the same result is accelerated by the vast machine which the democratic party every where construct, to supply the vacuum produced by these destructive measures. The system of CENTRALISATION is the method which the Liberals invariably adopt to carry into effect their ambitious or innovating projects. Every thing is to emanate from the central government; all offices are to be filled up by their nomination; all provincial and local authority is to be put down, and the remotest parts of the empire are to vibrate only from an impulse communicated from the heart. If we would see to what this system leads, we have only to look at France, where not a road can be mended, or a bridge repaired, from Calais to Bayonne, but by a person appointed by the Tuileries; where every office of every sort above the mere *juges de paix*, or rural arbiters in petty disputes, are named by the Crown, and they have the exclusive nomination, not only of the whole officers in the army and navy, the

customs, excise, taxes, and treasury, but in the church, the law, the universities, the schools, the charities, the hospitals, the post-office, the mails, the making of roads and bridges, the magazines, the fortresses, the harbours and the colonies—a centralisation never attempted by Louis XIV. in the plenitude of his power, and which has no parallel, but in the Celestial Empire, or under the Czars of Russia.

At first sight it may appear extraordinary how the partisans of revolution, who are so loud in their declamations in favour of freedom, should adopt in this manner a system which, of all others that ever was invented, is the most effectual and durable instrument of bondage; because it concentrates the whole influence of the state in the executive government, and leaves nothing to withstand the perpetual and seducing force of its attractions. But a little consideration must be sufficient to show, not only that it is the natural but the unavoidable resource of a democratic government, when installed in power. Such a government cannot maintain itself but either by the destruction of, or in opposition to, all the great interests in the state. Being deprived of the support of property, it has no resource but in the affections of the soldiery, or the attractions of office. There is a very simple reason which leads it to aim at the multiplication of situations, and endeavour to draw patronage of every sort to the central authority, viz. absolute necessity. Without such support, when the fervour of the moment is over it necessarily must fall to the ground. It speedily feels its weakness, and acts accordingly. Its popular supporters in every part of the country eagerly advocate this system, because it promises boundless offices to themselves and their party. For this reason, they invariably give the most cordial assistance to every centralizing project which is brought forward; they tender their hands to build a citadel for the Prætorian Guards and they or their descendants are enslaved by its garrison. In process of time, the fervour of democracy, like all other violent passions, subsides—a tyrannical government, a Robespierre, a Napoleon, or a Louis Philippe gains possession of the tele-

graph, and instantly the vast machine, erected at so great a cost, and after so prodigious a destruction of ancient interests, is at once turned to the purposes of despotism, and the deluded democrats find with tears of anguish that they have been all the while forging with their own hands their own eternal chains. Vain are then all attempts to shake off the load of the central government; gone are the nobles, gone are the clergy, gone are the landowners, gone are the corporations; vanished are all the great and durable interests of the state; in the wide expanse of society, nothing is to be seen but peasant proprietors, calculating tradesmen, and civil *employés*. High and irresistible over the level surface towers the executive government, strong in the dread of renewed revolution, stronger in the ruin of every rival or counteracting authority, strongest of all in the possession of democratically constructed centralized power. Thence the frantic impassioned rage of the now weakened band of the revolutionists; thence the atrocious ruthless crimes which signalize the close of their career; thence the interested apathy, or sullen indifference of the great body of the citizens at the progressive elevation of permanent and irremediable despotism. Such is the state of France; and such, when the triumph of the revolutionists is complete, will be the state of England.

The case was exactly the same in the Roman empire, when the patrician race was destroyed by the long and bloody civil conflicts which, beginning with the fervour of Gracchus, terminated with the proscriptions of Marius and the Triumvirate; no alternative remained to the long decline of Roman greatness but the servitude of the empire. Vain was the patriotism of Brutus—vain the virtue of Cato—vain the fire of Cassius—vain all the efforts of the now thinned senate to withstand the advances of arbitrary power. Strong in the support of the democracy, strong in the might of the legions, Cæsar advanced from victory to victory towards absolute dominion. It was amidst the shouts of the multitude, with the letters S. P. Q. R. on his ensigns, with all the partisans of revolution at his side, that the Dictator overthrew the li-

berties of Rome. The despotism thus established upon the ruins of the mixed constitution, the slavery which followed the destruction of the nobility by the populace, was not the transient suffering of the moment; it was the long servitude of four hundred years the commencement of the degradation which terminated in the overthrow of the empire.

It is to the example of America that the revolutionists always point for proof that these dangers are now chimerical, and that democratic institutions are consistent with durable freedom. You might as well point to a youth of fifteen for proof that an ungovernable regimen will not injure a man of seventy. Youth, whether in nations or individuals, will bear much; when life is beginning, license may sometimes be indulged with temporary impunity; but let not old age follow the example, or hope with grey hairs to go unscathed through the excesses of their prime. America has hitherto not been torn to pieces by democracy, because she has not yet attained that stage in social existence, when its principal dangers occur. "The necessity for social restraint," says Coleridge, "is in the inverse ratio of the power of individual control; hence the more virtue that exists, the more liberty can be borne." In this observation is to be found the simple reason why democracy may exist for several generations without leading to despotism, amidst transatlantic plenty, when it must instantly lead to such a catastrophe among the crowded and aged dynasties of Europe. While the simplicity of agricultural life and rural manners continues; while ample employment remains for the lower orders, and the demoralizing influence of great manufactures, has not yet commenced; when the back settlements exist as a perpetual drain to let off the overcharged humours of the state, there is little danger in any social institutions. An invincible law, the law of necessity, chains men to labour, to innocence, and to plenty. The safety-valve is open; the high pressure has not commenced on the engine. But wait till that huge receptacle of discontented multitudes is filled up; till hundreds of thousands are collected in great

towns; till luxury and corruption have spread generally, and in proportion to the general craving for artificial enjoyment, is the universal difficulty of obtaining the means of its gratification; then is the time to test the possibility of democratic institutions existing, without inducing the extinction of the national liberties. Imagine Washington, containing 1,500,000 inhabitants; New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, each charged with several hundred thousand souls; all avenues for employment choked up throughout the Union; and the licentious passions of millions in the humbler walks of life, excited by the aggravating prospect of the accumulated wealth of ages placed within their grasp by means of legislative spoliation, rendered feasible by universal suffrage; and say would society exist a month, in such circumstances, and with such institutions? Ask the most ardent democrat in America, whether he does not anticipate, notwithstanding the youth of their society, a frightful political catastrophe, long before such a pressure of population upon employment is felt; long before the great safety-valve of the back settlements is closed; the moment that its hinges begin to rust. You will meet with but one answer from one end of the Union to the other. Now, we have to deal not with a young, but an old state; not with a rural, but an urban population; not with the dwellers in forests, but the inmates of cities; not with a people perpetually drained by the back settlements, but one in whom refluxing multitudes are engaged in a constant struggle for subsistence; and a never-ending strife with the passions excited by artificial and luxurious habits. To establish democratic institutions in such a state is not to extend the basis of freedom, but give the signal for its destruction; not to induce a pacific and stable order of things, but begin the strife, which can terminate in nothing but the government of the strongest; not to commence the era of American equality, but Asiatic servitude.

That revolution leads through a rapid and fiery process to military despotism, is a fact so obviously founded on the principles then developed in human nature, and so

completely borne out by every page of history, that it has almost passed into a proverb. But the observations now made, point to another more general and still more important truth. This is, that democratic ambition, when once fully developed, and permitted to run its course without restraint, not only induces a temporary anarchy and despotism, but *permanently destroys the elements of freedom*; it not merely brings a Cromwell or a Napoleon on the stage, but at last leaves in society only the servility of Oriental bondage. The English revolution did not unfold this final and deplorable result, because the Great Rebellion was a religious not a social convulsion, and passed over society without destroying its great interests; but the French revolution brought it to light, and the reform mania is affording a second and still more deplorable example of its universal truth. No second hundred and forty years of freedom and glory will follow the revolution of 1832. Rapidly and steadily the hydra of democracy is now advancing in its course, devouring every thing in its progress, leveling in its course all the ancient bulwarks of liberty; destroying successively all the great interests of society, and leaving only that universal equality, which, in an old and corrupted state, is the certain forerunner of Eastern despotism.

Whither, then, are we tending? To absolute despotism. To what will these changes lead? First to equality of rights, then to equality of servitude. In what will they end? In perpetual, unchanging despotism, in never ceasing slavery, till another of the great storms of society passes over the world, and in the conquest of the degraded victims of European democracy, by a fresh race of northern conquerors, is laid the foundation of a fresh distribution of rights, a new body of rural proprietors—an unequal division of land—a more healthful state of social existence. The fervour of democracy is the flame destined to light the fire in which all the glories and blessings of European freedom are to expire; the funeral pile in which is to be consumed alike the transports of philanthropy, the dreams of equality, the blessings of freedom.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Τὴν καὶ ἄμα χρυσῶ καὶ ἀλουργίδι—κ.τ.λ.

EPITAPH ON LAIS.

Laïs, who walk'd in gold and purple dyes,
 Here, in her sea-girt Corinth, lowly lies,—
 The pamper'd friend of Eros, whom that elf
 Nurtured more daintily than Venus' self:
 Brighter this human goddess than the stream
 Which in Pirene sheds its fulgent gleam:
 And wooers more she had, who sought her arms,
 Than ever sigh'd for brilliant Helen's charms:
 And many revell'd in those graces—sold
 For the false glare of all-subduing gold.
 Even in her ashes lives the rich perfume
 Of odours ever floating round her tomb.
 Steep'd are her locks in myrrh: the buxom air
 Inhales the fragrance of her essenced hair.
 And when she died, Cythera near her stood
 With grief-soil'd cheeks, and Eros sobb'd aloud.
 Oh! if those charms so many had not bought,
 Greece had for Laïs, as for Helen fought!

II.

(UNKNOWN.)

Ρήγιον Ἰταλίας—κ.τ.λ.

Rhegium, whose feet Trinacria's straiten'd sea
 Laves ever, verge extreme of Italy,
 Honour'd be thou in song for having laid
 Under thy leafy elms' embowering shade
 The dust of Ibycus, the bard beloved,
 The bard of love, who all its joys had proved—
 Mantle his grave with ivy—round it plant
 Reeds, to send forth the shepherd's rural chant.

III.

(UNKNOWN.)

Στὰς ἕνε, τὰδ' ἄθρησον—κ.τ.λ.

EPITAPH ON CLEOPATRA.

Stand, stranger, here by Cleopatra's grave,
 Whom Envy, and not Time, to Ades sent,
 To whom Cythera every beauty gave—
 Athena every art of wisdom lent—

Whom the Muse taught to steal, with cunning hand,
 Tones from the lyre symphonious with her own:
 Go, and to every blissful breeze expand
 Thy sails through life. No other good is known.

IV.

(UNKNOWN.)

Γαῖα φίλη τὸν πρῶτον Ἀμύντιχον—κ.τ.λ.

ON A HUSBANDMAN.

The old Amyntichus on thy bosom place,
 Kind Earth, remembering all his toils for thee:
 Who would thy plains with the rich olive grace,
 And teach the vines thy slopes to beautify:

Who to thy corn-fields, gardens, orchards blest,
Lured the cool, purling rills their dew to bring,
For which, kind Earth, oh! take him to thy breast,
And flower-adorn him with the gems of Spring.

V.

(DIOSCORIDES.)

Εἰς δῆϊον πέμψασα—κ.τ.λ.

Demœneta had sent against the foe
Eight sons, whose common sepulchre you see ;
No tear was shed, and heard no voice of woe,
But only—" Sparta, these I bore for thee."

VI.

(TYMNAS.)

Τὸν παραβάντα νόμους—κ.τ.λ.

A Spartan mother slew her Spartan child
Damatrius,—since valour's law he broke ;
The keen-edged sword she brandished, and she smiled,
With gnashing teeth, a Spartan smile, and spoke,—

" Go, blasted plant, in darkness veil thy head ;
Eurotas' waters blush for hinds like thee :
Base whelp—I bore thee not,—go to the dead,
Unworthy thou of Sparta and of me !"

VII.

(DIOSCORIDES.)

Τὸν Πιτάαν Θρασύβουλος—κ.τ.λ.

To Pitana they Thrasybulus bore,
A corse, upon his shield ;—from Argive swords
Seven wounds his sire observed,—all wounds before,
And at the blazing pyre pronounced these words :—
" Tears are for cowards ; none, my son, for thee,
So worthy thou of Sparta and of me !"

VIII.

(APOLLONIDAS OF SMYRNA.)

Καὶ Κύπρις Σπάρτας—κ.τ.λ.

A Spartan Venus ! yes—for there she stands,
Not in soft vestments, as in other lands ;
A helmet's weight, and not a veil she wears,
No golden myrtle but a lance she bears.
So should it be,—a warlike Spartan's dame,
And Mars' own queen should be equipped the same.

IX.

(CEREALIVS.)

Οὐ τὸ λέγειν παρδσημα—κ.τ.λ.

ON THE AFFECTED USE OF OBSOLETE WORDS.

Sike wights, as sprinkle their quaint virelayes
With olden words, deserve but little praise.
Sith, naethelless, grantorto, gentle thewes,
Is not the " habile might " of Spenser's muse.
Mind must pervade the song,—the antique is good,
Provided always it be understood.

X.

(NICARCHUS.)

Εἰς Ρόδον εἰ πλεύσει—κ.τ.λ.

A PRUDENT ASTROLOGER.

“Olympic Seer,”—said a wayfaring man,
 “Tell me how I to Rhodes may safely sail?”
 “First, let the ship be sound,” the sage began;
 “Next, court the summer, not the winter gale.
 Do this, and thou shalt go and come again,
 Except a pirate swamp thee on the main.”

XI.

(PALLADAS.)

Τὸν Διὸς ἐν τριόδοισιν—κ.τ.λ.

“THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.”

The brazen image of Jove’s patient son
 Alcides,—prostrate and dishonoured lay,
 Where worshippers their vows were wont to pay,
 And moved with grief I cried—“Thee, mighty One,

With triple toil begot, filth now begrimes,
 Thee plague-subduer, ne’er before subdued.”
 “Friend,” said the smiling god who near me stood,
 “We Gods must serve the spirit of the times.”

XII.

(POSIDIPPUS,—OR, ACCORDING TO OTHERS, CRATES THE CYNIC.)

*Ποίη τις βιότοιον—κ.τ.λ.

HUMAN LIFE.

Which the best way of life? the forum rings
 With bickering brawls,—home too vexation brings;

* In a work lately published, entitled, *Character of Lord Bacon; his Life and Works*, by Thomas Martin, there are some very remarkable verses attributed to Lord Bacon, unnoticed by and probably unknown to any of Lord Bacon’s former biographers. Mr Martin found them in a rare and curious volume in the Bodleian Library; and justly commends them for their “condensed thought and pointed brevity of expression.” It would seem that the author of this little poem, which we here subjoin, had in his eye the Epigram by Posidippus. The last distich is literally translated.

ἢ ἀρα τοῖνδε δυοῖν ἐνδὲ αἰθερῶν, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
 μηδέποτε, ἢ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τιπτόμενον.

“The world’s a bubble, and the life of man
 lesse than a span,
 In his conception wretched, from the wombe,
 so to the tombe:
 Curst from the cradle, and brought vp to yeares,
 with cares and feares.
 Who then to fraile mortality shall trust,
 But limmes the water, or but writes in dust.
 “Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest:
 what life is best?
 Courts are but only superficial scholes
 to dandle fooles.
 The rurall parts are turn’d into a den
 of sauage men.
 And where’s a city from all vice so free,
 But may be term’d the worst of all the three?
 “Domesticke cares afflict the husband’s bed,
 or paines his head.

Toil in the country, terror reigns at sea;
 Abroad wealth trembles lest its goods may flee;
 And want is woe: trouble thy name is—wife;
 A single is a solitary life;
 Children are cares; cheerless a childless state;
 Youth is but folly; weak a hoary pate;
 Since thus it is, a wise man still should cry,
 Ne'er to be born, or being born to die.

XIII.

(METRODORUS.)

Παντοίην βίωσιον—κ.τ.λ.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

Many the ways of life: the forum rings
 With deeds of glorious enterprise: home brings
 Rest: Nature paints the fields: gain reigns at sea:
 Abroad wealth triumphs,—none its lure will flee:
 The poor none know: comfort thy name is—wife:
 A single is a light and easy life:
 Children are dears: careless a childless state:
 Youth is but—vigour: blest a hoary pate:
 Since thus it is a wise man's choice should be
 Just to be born,—and born such good to see.

THE BALLOT.—“BEFORE,” AND “AFTER.”

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene—The Borough of Boreham.

“BEFORE.”

Mr TOMKINS, *Haberdasher, in his Shop—Solus.*

(*Reads.*) “Mr Tomkins, in gratefully acknowledging the unprecedented patronage and support with which he has been honoured by the inhabitants of the Borough of Boreham and its vicinity, . . . hem . . . engage additional genteel assistants . . . open new shop door” That will do for a circular; it's what I call giving good measure. I scorn to bounce in my private capacity amongst my own immediate friends and acquaintance; but as a public

individual—with customers, over a counter or in a circular—that cannot possibly affect a man's *personal* character—(*Looks in the day-book*). Crimson plush for Sir Flam Flummery's new man's new smalls—a yard of black ribbon for shoe-ties—a gingham umbrella—and a nail of puce-coloured silk to match Mrs Pounce's pelisse;—that is the sum tottle of the “unprecedented patronage and support” with which the inhabitants of Boreham and its vic-

Those that live single take it for a curse,
 or doe things worse.

Some would have children, those that have them, none
 or wish them gone.

What is it then to have or have no wife,
 But single thraldome, or a double strife?

“Our owne affections still at home to please,
 is a disease,

To crosse the sea to any foreine soyle,
 perills and toyle.

Warres with their noyse affright vs; when they cease,
 w' are worse in peace.

What then remains? but that we still should cry,
 Not to be borne, or being borne to die.”

nity have honoured me this blessed day! Why, it will not satisfy the bill-sticker for posting my last placard about “tremendous failures and ruinous sacrifice;” to say nothing of my weekly advertisement in the *Boreham Chronicle*, wherein I inform the public that I am just arrived from all the principal markets, with a new assortment of every thing. The state of the fancy-trade is positively deplorable. We must get up a deputation to wait on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and request him to abolish something or other for our immediate relief! A repeal of the advertisement duty might be of material service to us in the fancy line. The Reform Act has certainly not brought grist to the mill; and it is therefore quite absurd to think of calling it a final measure. Final measure, indeed! I should like to see a final measure in the present progressive state of things in general. Sir Flam Flummery says it is only an instalment; and he is a true liberal, and friend

of the people. There is no such another patriot going—if he would only settle his small account. But, bless me! I declare there is Lady Humdrum’s carriage standing at old Dimity’s shop door, and no mistake. And there is her ladyship inspecting Dimity’s “latest importation from Paris,” (manufactured at Manchester;—I have the article myself.) She must have taken offence at my voting for Sir Flam in preference to her ladyship’s precious, stiff-necked, goggle-eyed Conservative nephew, at the last election. How exceedingly illiberal! It is unheard-of oppression and persecution, seeing that her ladyship has been so long a customer of my own. Such conduct is alone sufficient to convince any reflecting mind of the absolute necessity for the Ballot;—that is the only remedy for what our president calls the “undue influences.” What a heap of things Dimity’s apprentice is stuffing into the carriage! We must have the Ballot. I say, the Ballot for ever.

“AFTER.”

SCENE I. *as before.* MR TOMKINS *solus.*

So! The second polling day promises to go off more quietly than the first. Poor old Dimity’s shop windows were finely smashed last night by the liberal party. I suspected there would be a little ebullition of popular feeling as soon as ever I saw the people begin to pick up all the loose paving stones they could lay their hands on. And yet the Conservatives talk about a reaction! As for Mr Dimity, I shall contribute my mite towards repairing the trifling detriment which has been done to his premises by the Reformers, if he can’t get it out of the Hundred; but, at the same time, I shall take the liberty of telling him a bit of my mind, as to the absurdity of his conduct in avowing his political opinions so openly, when there is no occasion for it. That is in direct opposition to the spirit of the Ballot Act, the object of which is to enable people to conceal their real sentiments. He talks about candour and conscience, and so forth; but what on earth can these have to do with the Ballot? That great charter of our liberties can, of course, be no

protection to the simpleton, who does not know how to keep his own counsel. For my own part, I have resigned my office as Secretary to the Radical Reform Registration Association, and given up wearing a white hat in the streets. It must be admitted, however, that it is a considerable nuisance to be for ever deprived of the privilege of “speaking out.” It was so enlivening and heart-stirring to have an occasional wrangle with a benighted Peeler,—to expatiate on the blessings of Reform, or to expose the vile machinations of the Tories, in corrupting and intimidating every body on every occasion that can be. But my consolation is, that I am now a free agent; for it is absurd to suppose that any body will attempt to influence my vote in the existing state of things; and, of course, nobody can have the remotest suspicion that I shall give it to Sir Flam Flummery. My conduct has been so wary and circumspect, that the members of the Association accuse me of rattling, whilst the Conservatives insist that I am still a Radical at heart. It is true that I have

dissembled very hard to bring about so desirable a state of things—not without occasional qualms of conscience. But my Sunday newspaper says it is all right: the act of Parliament is a legislative sanction for every thing. There is that old fox Pounce, Lady Humdrum’s man of business, crossing over this way. I hope he is not coming to pump me about my vote. That would be so excessively unconstitutional! So repugnant to the spirit of the Ballot!

Enter Mr POUNCE.

P. Good morning, Mr Tomkins. So, I understand you’ve been doing a little in the pamphleteering line. Stick it into the Aristocracy, eh! Mr Tomkins.

T. Who? I! Mr Pounce! You must be labouring under a mistake, sir. You surely do not suppose that I . . . To have such a thing imputed to me! I hope you believe that I am altogether incapable of a . . . Upon my word, you quite confuse me. Something wanted for Mrs Pounce to-day, I presume: a new dress, perhaps. Allow me to show you my latest importation from Paris—a prime article, I assure you. I perceive that Mr Dimity has had a trumpety imitation of it in his window. Let me see: just one dress and three quarters left: the three quarters goes for the sleeves.

P. Really, Mr Tomkins, my taste is so bad in these matters, and Mrs Pounce has so often vowed that she can never endure any thing of my choosing, that I leave all the family shopping entirely to her. And, to let you into a secret, Mr Tomkins, I don’t think you stand very high in her good graces just now.

T. You quite overwhelm me, sir. I, whose chief aim and pride, and pleasure it is, to give satisfaction to the ladies of Boreham and its vicinity, to have offended your amiable spouse! Can the new Sontag rainbow pattern have proved a loose colour? I assure you, Mr P., on the honour of a tradesman, that the die was discovered by an eminent young German experimental chemist, who came over to this country in the same packet with Mademoiselle Sontag herself. I think his name began with—yes! it was Bum-

garten; and Messrs Turkey, Red, and Co. of Manchester, assured me . . .

P. Oh! hang Messrs Bumgarten, Turkey, Red, & Co! I beg your pardon, Mr Tomkins; no complaint about the rainbow pattern has come to my ears. But Mrs P. has her whims; and, amongst other little infirmities, she is fond of dabbling now and then in politics, as you may perhaps have heard.

T. (Aside)—*Dabbling* in politics! *Perhaps* I may have heard! All the town knows her to be as intense a political haridan as any “fashionable female” that ever figured in the columns of the “Leading Journal.” *(Aloud)*—Ha! ha! Very good, Mr Pounce! Those little amiable weaknesses in the fair sex are so engaging. But you surely would not hang the great firm of Turkey, Red, & Co. in downright earnest? And as for the divine Sontag, it must be admitted (though I never heard her myself) that she was a nightingale.

P. Never heard Sontag! You astonish me. Mrs Pounce made a journey to London almost on purpose. But she would not stop to listen to St Cecilia herself during an election. She has set her heart on the return of young Humdrum for the borough. You haven’t polled yet, Mr Tomkins?

T. Why, not exactly polled—*(Aside)*. Confound him! he’s applying the piston now. I’ll denounce him in an anonymous letter to the Editor of the Ballot. *(Aloud)*—I observed Mrs Pounce sporting the Humdrum colours—blue favours, blue bonnet, blue pelisse, blue every thing.

P. Yes: she got all new for the occasion from Dimity’s. Notwithstanding the strong desire she has to give you her custom, she says her conscience will not permit it, because she has got an idea that you intend to vote for Sir Flam Flummary. And she is so unreasonable and headstrong, that I cannot, for the life of me, convince her that she is guilty of a great moral and constitutional offence in allowing her politics to interfere with her shopping. Somebody has put an absurd notion into her head that she has an abstract right (as she calls it) to

spend her own money wherever she pleases.

T. Dear me! She cannot have read those masterly articles in the Ballot. But you must be aware, Mr Pounce, that, since the late charter, nobody can possibly tell how any body else votes.

P. That is precisely what Mrs Pounce says is so provoking. The women hate mystery, you know: their curiosity is piqued. I could admire, says she, an open and candid opponent, and should even have pleasure in dealing with him—so far as an occasional remnant goes, or a Christmas gown for the housemaid. But a mean, pitiful, sneaking fellow, who skulks behind the ballot, in order that he may, like a wretch arraigned for felony at the Old Bailey, pray the benefit of a doubt, and is compelled to play the hypocrite all his life, in order to keep the doubt in countenance! She protests she will never have any thing to do with secret voters; and so does Lady Humdrum; and so do several other ladies whose names I could mention.

T. (*Aside.*) Zounds! Those two political tabbies will seduce away all my best customers. (*Aloud.*) Mean, sneaking, and pitiful! You have touched the right chord there, Mr Pounce. Well, I do not say that I shall vote against Mr Humdrum.

P. You appear to have some scruples, Mr Tomkins. Heaven forbid that I should attempt to force any man's conscience! I promise you that Mrs Pounce is satisfied with nothing less than a voluntary and explicit declaration.

T. (*Aside.*) Here's a pretty dilemma! But young Humdrum declares in his handbills that he is friendly to all genuine reform; and I don't see how I shall be making a very great sacrifice of my principles in giving him a vote. Well, Mr Pounce, as I profess to be perfectly indifferent between the two candidates, I think I may venture to promise . . . But, of course, you will understand that this is entirely confidential.

P. Oh! of course: it shall go no farther than Mrs P. and Lady Humdrum, and those other ladies I spoke of. They must be told, you know, in order that they may act upon it. Good-morning, Mr Tomkins. I have

marked you in my list as a promisee for Humdrum; and I give you great credit for the honest, manly, and straightforward manner in which you have avowed your intentions in spite of the Ballot. [*Exit.*]

T. The cause of Radical Reform cannot be ruined by my single vote; and, besides, Sir Flam hasn't settled his account. After all, I begin to suspect that the Ballot is not such a great charter as our president said it would be.

People outside. Flummery for ever!

T. There goes the people shouting for Sir Flam.

People. Humdrum down the river! with a knife and fork in his liver! Down with the Humdrums!

T. How extremely violent! I hope they won't discover that I have promised to vote for Humdrum. What a dreadful thing a mob is!

Enter MR JENKINS.

J. So, friend Tomkins! Where have you been absconding all this time to evade the process of the court? I, Peter Jenkins, gent., hereby serve you with a habeas corpus to bring up your carcass to the poll, and vote for Sir Flam Flummery forthwith.

T. It is too late.

J. Too late! No such thing. The poll cannot close before four o'clock. It would be contrary to statute.

T. My dear Jenkins, both in our public and private correspondence I have ever found you a sympathizing creature; and I will confide all to the bosom of so precious a friend. I have this moment promised old Pounce to vote for Humdrum.

J. A promise to Pounce! What of that? I began from your preamble to apprehend some fatal flaw, that you were out of the revised list at least. I am happy to inform you, my friend, that yours is a *casus provvisus*; by the 199th section of the Ballot Act, it is expressly enacted, that no promise by an elector to vote for a particular candidate shall be binding. Promises to Pounces are therefore illegal and void.

T. But how am I to answer to my conscience?

J. Oh! the case is easily disposed of *in foro conscientiæ*. All the moral philosophers from the beginning of

time have laid it down that in the case of an illegal promise, the crime consists not in breaking but in having given it. See the authorities on this point in the last illustrated edition of the collected works of all the moral philosophers of all ages and countries. Consider also that your vote being secret, the breach of promise can never be known to Pounce.

T. I recollect having seen that position about illegal promises very forcibly put in my Sunday paper. But the moral philosophy of the leading articles of the Ballot is quite astonishing. And so you are really of opinion that I cannot legally keep my promise to Pounce—and that he would be none the wiser if I were to break it. But at all events I shall vote for some one; so I'll accompany you to the booth, and you shall give me more of your friendly counsel on this subject as we go.

SCENE II.

Same as before. TOMKINS, solus.

(*Reads*)—“State of the poll at the final close—Flummery, 201, Humdrum, 200.”—So then! it appears mine was the casting vote that decided it in favour of Sir Flam. If that were ever to come to the ears of the Pounces and the Humdrums, there would be a fine flare-up! But they cannot possibly penetrate the secrets of the ballot box. But that is surely the Flummery livery—crimson plush smalls. A note for me from Sir Flam! My dear friend Jenkins must surely have given him a hint. There will be a grand to-do, no doubt, and I shall have to supply the marquees, and all that. (*Reads*)—“Sir Flam Flummery requests Mr Tomkins to send in his small account immediately, and it shall be discharged—as soon as it suits Sir Flam's convenience. Sir Flam takes this opportunity of noticing a report that has come to his ears about a certain promise given to Mr Pounce, merely for the purpose of indig-

nantly repelling (by anticipation) in the strongest and most emphatic terms that can be supplied by any vocabulary of the English language, the imputation which Sir Flam foresees will be thrown out against him by vulgar and ignorant people, that this circumstance has influenced Sir Flam in the resolution which he has adopted of never having any further dealings with Mr Tomkins.” Such is the natural consequence of confiding a secret to half a dozen tattling politicians in petticoats. But I *must* be all right in the other quarter, so that I can console myself for the loss of Sir Flam. Isn't that Mr Pounce's maid coming this way? Well! I heard her say that old Lady Humdrum had promised her a new gown; and, verily, she only wants dressing a little to be a monstrous fine girl. There is the printed muslin with large butterflies all over it—it didn't take when it first came out, but the public taste may have changed by this time—it has not lain by very many years—somewhat stale, but exceedingly showy—it will become her vastly! Good morning, my dear. Come to look after the gown Lady Humdrum promised, eh?

Servant. Oh, la! No, sir. I have got my gown from Mr Dimity's. It is only a letter from master—he says there is no answer. (*Exit*).

T. Zounds! another letter! What can be the meaning of this? (*Reads*)—“Sir, I have heard of the capital joke which you and your friend Mr Jenkins have got up at my expense. It was extremely clever of you to bamboozle me so (as Mr J. facetiously terms it) by breaking your promise to vote for Mr Humdrum. Mrs P. believes she is in your debt for a nail of puce-coloured silk. She requests to know the amount in order that it may be discharged immediately.” That is what I call a catastrophe! So much for the Ballot! As for Jenkins, I close my public and private correspondence with *him* for ever!

DE BERENGER'S HELPS AND HINTS.

THE Baron, in a series of letters to his son Augustus, desires to instruct him "how to become an overmatch for any body who, in any shape, may aim, either at his life, his purse, or other property, or at unfair impediments to his justifiable pursuits, or at the disturbance of his peace of mind in any way, or of his enjoyments generally." He disclaims all rivalry with Lord Chesterfield, whose chief aim was to give his son the ostentatious accomplishments of a fine gentleman. Such accomplishments the colonel is far from despising, but he rightly prefers to them all "unsophisticated ideas of honour." Neither does he seek to make his Augustus a disciple of the Tom and Jerry school, a thoroughbred Pickle, or a knowing varmint. But, "just as a merchant possessed of superior knowledge may be deemed richer than a more opulent rival, whose information is contracted, so, by the cool and judicious, as well as adroit application of even inferior physical powers, shall you be taught and enabled to subdue even gigantic, but ignorant opponents." And the worthy Baron says, "I will exert my best endeavours to show you how you can effect all this, yet without adopting any but fair and honourable means." It is long since we have read a more amusing and instructive series of letters, and we recommend the volume to the study of the youth of Great Britain and Ireland before they make a visit to the metropolis. Our article must be a short one, but we shall return to the consideration of some of the most interesting subjects treated of in the Helps and Hints, and for the present confine ourselves to the precautions which are necessary in walking the streets of great cities—the general rules and cautions to be observed on the highways and roads—and the best modes of defending yourself against the attacks which may be made on you in either of those situations.

"Never," saith the experienced

Baron, "walk with your hands in your pockets." If you do, the thieves will take you for a flat, "that is, a weak-minded person, and likely to be operated upon successfully." Let there be nothing absurd in your dress, for by the outward pickpockets judge the inward man. On one occasion, the colonel himself, when looking into the window of a print shop, felt a tug, "and nimbly catching a young man's hand in my pocket, I forcibly retained it there, he begging all the while to be forgiven, and in very strenuous but submissive terms. Foolishly, being rather what is called upon good terms with myself, I somewhat pompously demanded to know what he could possibly see in my face to warrant his hopes of taking advantage of my folly. Hesitating a little, he replied, 'If you will but forgive me, sir, I will candidly tell you, and it may save you loss hereafter. Why, as to your face, sir, it is well enough, but your wearing pumps and silk stockings on a rainy day, and in such muddy streets, made me make sure of having met in you with a good flat.'"

Instead of *allowing* your tailor to make outside pockets to your morning frocks or coats, *order him*, quoth the Baron, somewhat imperiously, to place them inside. Our tailor has done so with the only morning frock or coat we have, and the consequence of such an arrangement or disposition of the parts is, that we are unable to pick our own pocket. That our snuff-box is there we know and feel, as it keeps bobbing against the calf of our leg, but to get any thing near it with our hand has always hitherto baffled our utmost dexterity. We have to take off our patent safety, previous to every pinch, lay it across our knees, and after much manipulation, contrive to extricate Horn Tooke from the *cul de sac*. "Nevertheless, you must not rely upon being secure even then; for pickpockets are as crafty as they are nimble"—yet we cannot but

think it a little hard that every hand should seem to know the way into those pockets but our own. The only true ephemeral is your beautiful white blue-spotted silk handkerchief!

"Avoid," saith the Baron, "every unnecessary display of money, since no solid excuse can be offered for so dangerous an act of carelessness or so pitiful a gratification of vanity. This practice is but too common with persons of weak intellects or with perfect novices; and if, instead of being the result of thoughtlessness, their aim is to impress others with an idea of their consequence, it counteracts the very effect they endeavour to promote; for just as every thinking observer concludes that the being the owner of a horse, or the master of a servant, must be something quite new with a person who more frequently than others introduces 'my horse' or 'my servant' into his conversation, so to him it cannot fail to become a confirmation that the possession of large sums must either be unusual or of recent date with persons who so sillily can expose themselves to additional risks by thus inviting and provoking the ingenuity of sharpers and thieves of every description. Numerous, frightfully numerous, are the instances of murders committed in Great Britain and abroad under no instigation but that caused by the inconsiderate display of much cash, or of the boast of possessing it; for which reason it is more prudent to keep even your own servants in ignorance upon such points than to caution them against divulging, since mere innocent swagger on their part, or intoxication, may produce calamities—results that may throw whole families into mourning and consternation."

Have all your wits about you on leaving the bank, banking-houses, army and navy agencies, or similar places where you have been receiving money. Come out with a rueful countenance, as if you had found that you had long ago overdrawn your account. Dividend hunters will see written on your face "No effects." Slip into a coach with a suicidal air, and tell Jehu to drive to the Stairs, as if in desperation you wished the

public to know that your only friend on earth now was the Thames.

"Never pull out your watch to satisfy any enquirer. Tell him the time by guess," says the benevolent Baron, "continuing your walk all the while." To all questions about the road or any street, or name of any resident, without slackening your pace give a brief answer, expressive of total ignorance of that particular part of the world. Allow no man to put any letter or parcel into your hand with a request that you will have the kindness to explain the address.

A still more useful advice to young and likewise to elderly gentlemen, we give in the Baron's own forcible words. "For many reasons, of which the following is a sufficient one, never let fair strangers, who may accost you in the streets, under pretended acquaintance, or other excuses, lay hold of your arm. Shake them off with a bow, and the assurance that they are mistaken, and cross the road directly; nay, as those ladies hunt in couples, they may endeavour to honour you by attempts to take you between them by each seizing upon one of your arms. You cannot avert too nimbly all the favours about to be conferred upon you, be it by these charmers themselves, or by some less elegant confederate, male or female, close at hand, and who, if a male, may, at night especially, bully, perhaps maltreat you, for having presumed to intrude yourself, as will be maintained by all, upon ladies to whom he may claim a close and endearing alliance. And in this pretended husband, father, or brother, you may behold some coarse, ruffian-looking fellow, of prize-fighting make and shape—one whose confident manner will betray the reliance which pervades his mind that his *peculiar je ne sçai quoi* will impress you with such unfeigned respect as to paralyse all remonstrances on your part, even if a barefaced removal of your purse, pocket-book, or watch, should have been discovered by you in good time, so as absolutely to be engaged in endeavours to obtain restitution."

From these few specimens a judgment may be formed of the value of the Baron's advice, suggested by

much experience, how to walk with safety to person and pocket the perilous streets of London. Equally excellent are his general rules and cautions to be observed on the highways and roads near the outskirts of London. They are precisely such as we used always to observe half a century ago—more or less—when the highways and byways were far riper than now with all sorts of danger.

Avoid at all times gateways, corners of streets, mews, lanes, and all obscure recesses, for they are the lurking-places of thieves, robbers, perhaps murderers. Not that they are at all times so haunted—but your business may be effectually done in one encounter—and therefore “accustom yourself never to pass such places without expecting the possibility of some such attack.”

Keep the crown of the carriage road—if wheels be unfrequent—and, if compelled to walk the causeway, keep the side farthest from the ditch. So may you prevent the rascals from surrounding you, and be able at once to make play.

Never suffer any man to come in close contact with you, whether he be walking before or behind;—if he hang on your steps—cross over—and if he do the same, outwalk him if you can. If you hear his step too close upon you, face about, and make a sudden halt, “as if to examine something, yet looking at him firmly as he comes on towards you, thus to make him pass you; but doing all this without any flurry or menace.” If he has not screwed his courage to the sticking place, he will probably wish you good-night, and pass on. Be in no haste to follow him—but step into the first public, and take a cheerer. But, continues the bold Baron, “if a fellow on the highway hangs down his head as if to baulk your scrutiny, and still continues about you, prepare yourself instantly to make the most desperate resistance; for he not only has determined on attacking you, but he will conclude his robbery with maltreatment—perhaps as long as symptoms of life appear, for fear you should swear to his person.” It is often, therefore, a point not merely of delicacy, but of difficulty and danger, to look a fel-

low on the highway in the face on either a cloudy or clear night. If you do not, you cannot tell whether he intends to murder you or not, and if you do, he is sure to murder you if he can; for he cannot fail to remark that you are studying his phiz, that you may with a safe conscience swear to his person at the Old Bailey. Wherefore the considerate Baron counselleth “any timid or feeble person to refrain from scrutinizing the features of robbers. They should not appear to know—if even they should recognise him—any felonious assailant, much less be so foolish as to call him by name.” Yet here again it is dangerous to affect ignorance. They see through your cowardly hypocrisy, and fracture your skull.

What then are the best modes of self-defence against attacks, whether on the streets or on the highways and roads?—and this brings us to the third part of the Baron's discourse, from which we are selecting a few characteristic specimens. In it he draws his practical conclusions. And in the first place he directs our attention to “our tools or rather weapons.” “The stick,” he says well, “is an excellent weapon.” “A stick,” he does not hesitate to say—“in able hands, is nearly as good as a sword.” Nay, in the hands of an inferior broadswordsmen, it is—he maintains—even better.—How so? Because a stick inflicts nearly equal pain by a blow from any part of the circumference, wherefore it has been jocosely called a sword, having an edge all round. The best kind of sticks—are oak, ash, and hazel saplings, black thorn, and *sound* ratans. Ratans, however *sound*, are apt to fly; but they suit persons whose arms are deficient in muscle, for they can be recovered quickly after a cut, and they cut sharp. We have always been partial to oak, though we have done good execution with ash, but “my own fancy,” says the Colonel, “is in favour of the blackthorn.” Its knobs save the knuckles, and it is your true Tom Tough. Black ratans are seldom *sound*—and most of the other canes are too springy for parrying and making true cuts. Great nicety of hand and eye are required in the

selection of a well-shaped and sound stick—and some men, as if by intuition, will put their hand at once on the best plant in a hundred. “When I speak,” adds De Berenger, “of a stick for defence, I need hardly tell you that the sticks of the present fashionable kind are least likely of all to support that denomination in the hour of danger. Nor do I mean a long and ill-shaped stick, such as the famed Colonel Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine, used to carry when riding on his grey galloway, and which he assured me he regularly ‘steeped in port wine to make it tough.’ I mean plain oak, crab-sticks, or thorn, or ratans.” Good sticks should taper something more than they commonly do; the points should be strong but slight, and the ferules small; the hand end should have a tendency to the oval, that it may lie more sword-like in the palm; and a leathern thong and tassel is necessary, that, by passing your hand through it, and giving one or two twists, you may “secure its retention sword-knot like.” A knob at the handle end is an impediment, and to load the end with lead “if not absolutely cowardly, is at least foolish,” for it deducts from the severity of a cut, from the point; such a loaded stick can only be used like a hammer, at close quarters; if you miss your blow you are gone, and there is nothing like *off fighting*, especially against odds.

The Baron holds tuck sticks in sovereign contempt. “A good swordsman, armed with a good black-thorn, may smile at being attacked by two, nay, even three tuck sticks, —one good parry to each will place the owners at his mercy; attacks from a tuck stick being with the point, you have only to use almost any of the small-sword disarming parries, quickly closing upon your assailant at the same time, in order to seize his right with your left hand, and after throwing the hilt end of your stick a little out of your hand, to strike it, with a back-handed blow forcibly into his face or teeth; and, as he staggers from you, to lay him at your feet, with either a severe cut on his head, or by giving point at his face with the proper

end of your stick,” armed with its small sharp ferule.

The Baron once owed his life to an *unsound ratan*. “It broke near the point, while I was applying a severe cut at the ribs of the most formidable of several footpads, whose ferocious attack gave me little hopes of extrication, nay, of life. It was saved, however, by mere chance; for poisoning my broken stick to ascertain its length, it being dusk, the powerful fellow, who must have been a trooper from his bludgeon skill, took it for a feint, and throwing himself open by guarding his head, I seized the opportunity to give point at his face with the splintered end. It must have torn his face all to pieces; for, with a deep groan, he staggered a few paces, turned, and ran away, and his companions scampered also, to my great relief, for they had nearly felled me by some very severe blows. On my return home, my servant discovered pieces of skin, with much whisker hair, forced into the splinters of the stick, showing that the wound, although resulting from the impulse of the moment, must have been a very dreadful one.”

On an emergency, there are worse weapons than an umbrella. We never carry one now, and when we used to do so, do not remember having ever unfurled it in a shower. We used to whack with it the shoulders of ruffs, as with the flat of a sabre, till they knew not whether to laugh or cry—whether we were in jest or earnest. Only in extremities we gave point. But we doff our bonnets to the Baron, and cheerfully acknowledge his superior skill and more original genius with the umbrella. “It may be opened quickly to serve as a shield to hide your pulling a pistol out of your pocket (taking care how you cock it safely with one hand) thereupon to shoot a robber, either through or under it—*taking great care to hit him*. I found it a valuable weapon, although by mere chance; for, walking along in the rain, a large mad dog, pursued by men, suddenly turned upon me, out of a street which I had just approached; by instinct more than judgment, I gave point at him severely, opened as the umbrella was,

which, screening me at the same time, was an article from which he did not expect thrusts, but which, although made at guess, for I could not see him, turned him over and over, and before he could recover himself, his pursuers had come up immediately to despatch him; the whole being the work of even few seconds; but for the umbrella the horrors of hydrophobia might have fallen to my lot."

Umbrellas are usually carried in wet weather, and dogs usually run mad, if ever, in dry. So perhaps the safest plan is to carry an umbrella all the year through—like Wellington. Speaking of dogs, we find on page 242 some useful advice how to treat them when they are unreasonable—the "most efficacious mode" is quite a picture. "Dogs attacking you should be hit with a stick over the fore-legs, or over the nose or ear. The first application, however, is not only more easily executed, but also more distressing even to a bull-dog." There is another mode, which, with the omission or alteration of a word or two, looks feasible, supposing we had to deal not with a bull-dog, but a young lady of our own species. "If you can seize a dog's front paw neatly, and immediately squeeze it sharply, he cannot bite you till you cease to squeeze it; therefore, by keeping him thus well pinched, you may lead him wherever you like; or you may, with the other hand, seize him by the skin of the neck, to hold him thus without danger, provided your strength is equal to his efforts at extrication." But here comes "a ridiculous, and with most dogs efficacious mode." "Look at them with your face from between your opened legs, holding the skirts away, and running at them thus backwards, of course head below, stern exposed, and above, and growling angrily; most dogs, seeing so strange an animal, the head at the heels, the eyes below the mouth, &c., are so dismayed, that, with their tails between their legs, they are glad to scamper away, some even howling with affright. I have never tried it with a thorough-bred bull-dog, nor do I advise it with them; though I have practised it and successfully with

most of the other kinds; it might fail with these, still I cannot say it will."

One can hardly write about bulldogs without thinking about bulls; and the Baron in the same letter—the 14th—entitled "Miscellaneous advice, and especially as to extrication from perilous situations," treats of the perils of horned cattle.

"Bulls, cows, deer, and horned animals, generally charge with as much stupidity as desperation; you may avoid or even avert their horns, the first by activity and judgment, the second by a sharp cut at the tip of the horn, which, owing to the force applied to the extremity of a lever, jars and hurts them, but it requires great expertness and decision; so far you may succeed, but you cannot resist, much less overcome, the weight and impetus of their charge: a winding run, with many and sudden turns, will serve you something; a coat, a hat,—nay even and particularly a red handkerchief, dropped in your flight, will arrest the attention of the animal, to give you time to gain ground, whilst it is goring or smelling what you have thrown before it; but the best way is, to make for a large tree, if one is near, in order to stand closely before it, and even to irritate the animal to a charge, thereupon nimbly to slip on one side and behind the tree, which, receiving the charge, most likely will fling the assailant down, with the shock returned upon itself. I have been saved in a similar way from the fury of a bull, by making towards and placing myself before the wall of Bellsizes park, for, as the bull dropped his head! and charged! [for bear in mind there is no interval between the indication and a most rapid execution!] I made a side leap of six feet and more, to scramble away as fast as I could; but my fear was quite unnecessary, for, having broken one of his horns, and stunned himself otherwise, I left him laying with his tongue out and motionless; whether he recovered, or paid the forfeit of his life for his unprovoked malice, I had neither curiosity nor relish to ascertain, for he had given me a long and distressing heat to reach this wall, and which, by zig-zags only, I effected; for he had more speed than myself, although

then I was rather a superior runner, but, by overshooting the turn at each zig-zag, he lost ground; had he not been so very fast, I might have resorted to another mode, that of taking off my coat, and of throwing it over his horns: if ever you do the latter, you must not expect to wear it again, nor should I advise its use if you have any valuables in the pockets. Some recommend that you should leap over the bull's lowered head on to his back: it may do, if you can make sure of not falling off, for slip off you must of course; but, like hitting the beast a sharp blow across the forelegs, it will do, and is an excellent application of gymnastics, provided you can make sure, for if you fall you are lost, or you are at his mercy at any rate. It is something like laying down, although not quite so tame, for that answers some times; that is, as a dernier resort, and provided you lay motionless; and then you should hold your breath, and also keep your face towards the ground. Make up your mind of being not only well smelled over by a bull or ox, but also turned over with the horns, and trampled upon, and, if that is all, you may get up contented when he is out of sight, for he may watch you suspiciously and cunningly; but with a wild boar, and certainly not with a stag, especially a red one, I should not like to experimentalize in this way, although I have heard it recommended: most of the other methods may be found useful with these animals, as well as with oxen and bulls, but, like cows, most of these keep their eyes open when they charge, whilst a bull or an ox shuts them, an intimation you ought not to forget!

But let us return from this episode to modes of self-defence on the highways and roads against human assailants. If stopped on horseback by footpads, cuts five or six at the face with your whip—"a little lead may be tolerated in the handle"—are the most destructive. If you are armed with a hammer-ended hunting whip you may hit where you can—but any where rather than on the head of a footpad, for ten to one the crown of his hat is stuffed with hay, or straw, or wool, to fend a blow aimed at the top of his head. A country squire has been known to

capture a footpad by throwing the lash of his hunting whip round his neck, and then riding him down; but the Colonel "does not recommend that expedient," though in one case crowned with success. "Had the squire," says he, "seized the muzzle of the footpad's pistol in an averting direction, and followed it up by spurring his horse against and over him, it would have been by far the safest way." Unless you are satisfied you are ball-proof, don't imitate the squire.

The moment you are attacked by another footpad, seize his pistol with one hand—if possible in the direction of his head—at all events, away from your own—and with your other well-clenched fist hit him a sharp blow on the throat, upwards, so as to be stopped by his chin—the nails of your fingers of course towards yourself, and the back of your hand downwards, as is known to every natural pugilist. Up fly his heels, you kneel on his throat—secure the pistol—tie his hands behind his back with his own fogle, and march him to the station-house.

This mode of disposing of a footpad, and several others, are illustrated by very spirited plates. But should you be obliged to run away before superior numbers, let one—the best runner of course—gain a little upon you; then seem to make a desperate effort to get away, which will cause him to use what is called the top of his speed; let him come near you at that speed, and suddenly, but cleverly, drop before him on your hands and knees. "Swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow," the astonished footpad cuts the air, and falling on his face some ten yards in advance, he presents on your arrival a pleasing spectacle—"for his face will be all cut in pieces—you improve your advantage in every way you can"—and having battered his head well with your black thorn, pursue your journey at double-quick time.

The great difficulty is to know how to deal with the swell mob. If hemmed in by numbers, grasp your stick by the middle, and thrust or poke with either end without ceremony or discrimination, chiefly directing such thrusts or pokes at their faces and stomachs. "Smart blows"

may occasionally be dealt, but "they will not serve so well as forcible thrusts"—all the while keep kicking away at shins—and, says the Baron, "by active and determined industry you will soon make yourself an opening." If with your left hand you can get at your snuff you cannot do better than throw it in the eyes of the swell mob in a close. But take care not to waste your ammunition—nor remit the use of your sapling—till "smarting under blindness and sneezing they will open a gap for you, anxious as they will be to get away whilst labouring under so perplexing a situation."

Hitherto you have been attacked on foot or horseback, and have always come off victorious—so may you, if you but obey De Berenger, on finding yourself in presence of the enemy—cooped up in a post-chaise—or "open to the gales of fiercely-breathing war" in a gig. The first point to be determined is—"Shall I resist?"—and the Baron "most anxiously and earnestly beseeches you to answer, without vanity or stint of candour, the following questions, which you ought to put to yourself; for on the self-probing correctness of your inward reply, not only your property, but your life may depend." Say to yourself, 1st,—looking at your double-barrelled pistol—"May I rely on having sufficient firmness and self-possession to use them? 2d, Do I possess skill sufficient to use them to the purpose?" If the answers to these questions are at all unsatisfactory, at once deliver. If the "man within the breast" be resolute, then let the ghost of Abershaw himself stop you, and you will let the moonlight shine through him at the first pop. Attend to the colonel. "Footpads, upon stopping a carriage, generally open one of the doors, one of their party remaining about the heads of the horses: the moment they do so, coolly and steadily fire at the man whose pistol seems most to be directed towards you—present, sloping downwards, and rather below than at or above his chest: if you hit him, he will be disabled, although his life may be spared. If he fires at and misses you, drop as if wounded into the bottom of the carriage, and before he or they have recovered from their gully sur-

prise, you may, whilst lying at the bottom, shoot one or two of the footpads near the door; and the horses, probably startled by the firing, or urged by the driver, may knock down those near their heads; if so your carriage should start off, remain at the bottom of it, for if any of the gang fire at the back of the carriage—as was done by the noted Jerry Abershaw, who killed some gentlemen that way, you are less likely to be hit than if you place yourself on the seat."

In an open four-wheeled carriage these modes, it is allowed, are more difficult—in a gig more so still—indeed some of them impossible—but genius and presence of mind will enable the Stopped to adapt his conduct to the peculiar circumstances of each case as it occurs, and to strew the high-road with footpads. But suppose you have taken "one, and why not two prisoners," how are you to convey them to head-quarters? Suppose you gained the night single-handed and on foot. Why then you must play the Prussian corporal. "They either make the men themselves (taken in battle), and a pistol pointed at a foot-pad would make him do it—or the corporals cut off all the buttons from the waistband of the prisoners' small clothes, and they slit the waistband down the hind part besides, taking away the braces also. This compels the fellows in marching, to hold up their small clothes with both their hands, an attitude which precludes their attacking, and impedes their running away."

We find that we have reached the limits set to this article, and grieve that it is not now in our power to show how persons falling into the water may, though they cannot swim, easily save themselves from drowning—how, with common coolness, any man may escape from a house on fire, and carry with him at least one woman; and how you may kill or capture any number of thieves who may have the rashness to enter your domicile at dead of night. But the truth is, we have given you but a glimpse of the contents of this library of useful and entertaining knowledge in one volume. Purchase it—for it is cheap at 14s., with its numerous embellishments, by Mr Bonner and others,

after designs by MESSRS G. AND R. CRUIKSHANK, ALKEN, HAGHE, FUSSELL, AND DE BERENGER.

One lesson, however, we must read you from the Baron, for the art it teaches is indispensable to the domestic comfort of every man moving in civilized life. "TO TURN A PERSON OUT OF A ROOM, at times may become necessary," and how may it be best performed?

"I shall state several ways of doing it, wherefore you can employ either, just as circumstances favour any particular mode. For example: if you perceive a favourable opportunity to seize the right hand of a troublesome person with your own right, do so, and, quickly lifting it, pass your left hand and arm under his right, to seize him by the collar with your left, fixing your antagonist's right elbow on your left arm at the same time. Now, by having placed the end of your own thumb upon the back of his right hand, you will have the power of twisting his hand outwards, and of pressing it downwards at the same time, your left arm becoming the fulcrum to his elbow, which giving him extraordinary pain, will raise him on his toes, and thus you can move him out of a room before you, so long as you keep his arms straight, and which you should not omit on any account. Or, seize a person by the collar of his coat, at the back of his neck, with one hand, and with the other lay hold of that part of his small-clothes, and just under his waistband, where they are roomy instead of tight; hoist him up by the latter hold, so as to bring him nearly on tiptoe, and, with a firm hold of his collar, push him forward, and off his balance, at the same time: to prevent himself from falling, he must move forward, and thus, by means of pushing and hoisting, you can easily steer him out of the room, or whichever way you please; you may, if he is of great weight, or you are afraid of his turning round to hit you, lay your own weight against his back,

pushing him thus, as well as driving him on by the modes just stated.

"Another mode is suddenly to seize a person's left hand with your right (or his right with your left), the end of your thumb pressing hard upon the back of his hand (wherefore his left is preferable), and so as to keep it flat in your own; or you may seize the wrist, but only when you cannot secure a hand; for the latter not only, and by far, is the better lever, but will serve also as a regulating wrench, that subdues completely every resistance; wherefore the opportunity should not be neglected, but, taking advantage of it instantly, you should, and at the same time, move one of your legs a little forward, and placing yourself in a stooping attitude, that is, the left if you have seized with the right hand, and vice versa, blending with it something like a butt with your head at your antagonist's stomach: although all this will cause him to lean forward considerably, you must force him still more to such a position, by pulling his arm over your shoulder, twisting his hand at the same time: the pain of such an application in reality is so great, that it will put him off his guard, which you should take advantage of, by hooking your other arm round the leg or knee, and from the inner side of his right knee if you hold his right arm, and reversed if you hold his left; now pulling his arm (twisting the hand every time he offers resistance), over your shoulder, and raising him off his legs by the knee, and, with your other hand, you should raise yourself also, either to carry him out of the room to wherever you like, for the least resistance on his part you can subdue most completely, and merely by twisting his hand; or, if in your own defence against a brutal assailant, you may throw him a severe fall over your back. Although this description gives a variety of moves, they should all follow each other as rapidly as to appear like one only."

THE STORY OF JUSTIN MARTYR—AND OTHER POEMS.

THIS is a delightful little volume, bearing throughout the indisputable impress of genius, and breathing throughout the spirit of religion. Every composition it contains charms by its sincerity; and the most artless of them are poems by the mere force of truth. Such music will not be heard by the million in this age of clamour; but it will be listened to in retirement by many a thoughtful heart, for in the divine language of Wordsworth, whom Mr Trench regards with reverence, it is

“The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest
power
To soften and subdue.”

The “Dedicatory lines” are very beautiful, and cannot be read without inspiring a higher feeling than mere admiration. In them, allusions are made to melancholy—perhaps we might say miserable moods—such as probably have more or less disturbed every meditative mind, before it became clear—before it became calm, every heart capable of profound passion. But they are over and gone—the region is now peaceful—fear grew into hope—and hope into faith, and we read in these grateful records, the repose of a Christian life.

“And if herein it may be thou shalt find
Some notes of jarring discord, some that speak
A spirit ill at ease, unharmonized,
Yet ’twere a wrong unto thyself to deem
These are the utterance of my present heart,
My present mood—but of long years ago,
When neither in the light of thy calm eyes,
Nor in the pure joys of an innocent home,
Nor in the happy laughter of these babes,
Had I as yet found comfort, peace, or joy.
But all is changed now, and could I weave
A lay of power, it should not now be wrung
From miserable moods of sullen sin,
Chewing the bitter ashes of the fruit
Itself had gathered; rather would I speak
Of light from darkness, good from evil brought
By an almighty power, and how all things,
If we will not refuse the good they bring,
Are messages of an almighty love,
And full of blessings. Oh! be sure of this—
All things are mercies while we count them so;
And this believing, not keen poverty,
Nor wasting years of pain or slow disease,
Nor death, which in a moment might lay low
Our pleasant plants,—not these, if they should come,
Shall ever drift our bark of faith ashore,
Whose steadfast anchor is securely cast
Within the veil, the veil of things unseen,
Which now we know not, but shall know hereafter.”

We ventured to say above that we read in the poetry of this volume the repose of a Christian life. That inner rest which is impervious to the storms of this world. But in these days there is no outward rest for them

who desire to do the work of their great Task-master. Here ensue some solemn lines, which may displease those who discern nothing but what is good in the change which “detracting sanctities” are now undergo-

ing, and who are intolerant of all those fears and forebodings which the troubled aspect of the times has forced upon the spirits of men not hitherto held to be unenlightened, but now numbered among them who sit in twilight while the nations behold the morn.

“ Yet what though all things must be common now,
 And nothing sacred, nothing set apart,
 But each enclosure by rude hands laid waste,
 That *did* fence in from the world's wilderness
 Some spot of holy ground, wherein might grow
 The tender slips, the planting of the Lord ;
 Within the precincts of which holy spots,
 With awful ordinances fenced round,
 They might grow up in beauty and in peace,
 In season due to be transplanted thence
 Into the garden of God,—what though all these
 May perish, there will yet remain to us
 One citadel, one ark, which hands profane
 Will scarce invade or lay unholy touch
 Upon the sanctities inviolate,
 And pure religion of our sacred homes.
 And here the culture may proceed, and here
 Heaven may distil its rich and silent dews,
 When all around is parched as desert heath.
 For this may come, the withering and the drought,
 The laying waste of every holy hedge
 May come, how soon we know not, but may fear ;
 Since nations walk, no less than men, by faith,
 As seeing that which is invisible
 Unto the sealed eye of sensual men :
 And where this vision is not, or the seers
 Are lightly counted of, the people perish.
 And wo unto our country, if indeed
 She has left off this wisdom, or esteems
 This for her higher wisdom—to despise
 All spiritual purpose, all far-looking aim,
 And all that cannot be exchanged for gold—
 Wo unto her, and turbulent unrest
 Unto ourselves, who cannot hope or wish
 In her disquiet to lead quiet lives,
 Or to withdraw out of the stormy press
 And tumult—to withdraw and keep the latch
 Close fastened of our little world apart,
 A peaceful island in a stormy sea,
 A patch of sunshine amid shadows lying ;
 This must not be, we were not called to this,
 And all the peace we know must be within,
 And from within—from that glad river fed,
 Whose springs lie deeper than that heat or cold,
 Or the vicissitudes earth's surface knows
 Can reach to harm them.

“ Mayest thou know well
 What are these springing waters, wells of life,
 By the great Father dug for us at first,
 And which, when sin had stopped them, love anew
 Has opened, and has given them their old names
 And former virtue ; and from these refreshed,
 Mayest thou pass onward through the wilderness,
 And knowing what of ill is imminent,
 And may descend upon us, evermore
 Strengthen with faith and prayer, with lofty thought
 And effort, and it may be in some part
 With soul-sustaining verse, the citadel

Of courage and heroic fortitude,
Which in the centre of a woman's heart
Is established, whatsoever outwardly
Of doubt or womanly weak fear prevail."

The Poem which gives its name to the volume, impresses us more and more the oftener we read it; and it is soon read, for it consists but of some three hundred octo-syllabic lines, or thereabouts, and the style is very simple. We take shame to ourselves that we are unacquainted with Justin Martyr's First Dialogue with Trypho. Had we been familiar with it, this Poem had doubtless affected us even more profoundly than it does, and we should have seen farther into the heart of the mystery; or, let us rather say, we should have been able more perfectly to identify ourselves in imagination with the visionary poet. It is very dreamlike in its coming and going, and the close is even sublime. To break it in pieces would be to destroy it utterly, so we leave it untouched for your own delight.

The following stanzas are equal to any thing in Keeble's Christian Year.

TO A FRIEND ENTERING THE
MINISTRY.

I.

"High thoughts at first, and visions high
Are ours of easy victory;
The word we bear seems so divine,
So framed for Adam's guilty line,
That none, unto ourselves we say,
Of all his sinning suffering race,
Will hear that word, so full of grace,
And coldly turn away.

II.

"But soon a sadder mood comes round—
High hopes have fallen to the ground,
And the ambassadors of peace
Go weeping, that men will not cease
To strive with heaven—they weep and
mourn,
That suffering men will not be blest,
That weary men refuse to rest,
And wanderers to return.

III.

"Well is it, if has not ensued
Another and a worsè mood,
When all unfaithful thoughts have way,
When we hang down our hands, and
say,

Alas! it is a weary pain,
To seek with toil and fruitless strife
To chafe the numbed limbs into life,
That will not live again.

IV.

"Then if Spring odours on the wind
Float by, they bring into our mind
That it were wiser done, to give
Our hearts to nature, and to live
For her—or in the student's bower
To search into her hidden things,
And seek in books the wondrous springs
Of knowledge and of power.

V.

"Or if we dare not thus draw back,
Yet oh! to shun the crowded track
And the rude throng of men! to dwell
In hermitage or lonely cell,
Feeding all longings that aspire
Like incense heavenward, and with care
And lonely vigil nursing there
Faith's solitary pyre.

VI.

"Oh! let not us this thought allow—
The heat, the dust upon our brow,
Signs of the contest, we may wear:
Yet thus we shall appear more fair
In our Almighty Master's eye,
Than if in fear to lose the bloom,
Or ruffle the soul's lightest plume,
We from the strife should fly.

VII.

"And for the rest, in weariness,
In disappointment, or distress,
When strength decays, or hope grows
dim,
We ever may recur to Him,
Who has the golden oil divine,
Wherewith to feed our failing urns,
Who watches every lamp that burns
Before his sacred shrine."

This is religious poetry. How unlike to much that profanes that holy name! The pure waters here well up from the hidden fountains, which are fed perpetually by dews from heaven. The ebb and flow is significant of the depth—this is indeed profound sadness—this is indeed a lofty joy—from what other source than a sense of the Revealed Eternal could they proceed?—from what other source the emotions rising up to meet them with awful or glad re-

cognition in our own humbled—our own elevated hearts? Such a strain we do not think of praising—it commits itself to our memory—and we love him who breathed it—though we may never have seen his face—like a familiar friend. Had we had the arranging of this volume, these stanzas should have been followed thus—

TO A CHILD, PLAYING.

- “ Dear boy, thy momentary laughter rings
Sincerely out, and that spontaneous glee,
Seeming to need no hint from outward things,
Breaks forth in sudden shoutings, loud and free.
- “ From what hid fountains doth thy joyance flow,
That borrows nothing from the world around?
Its springs must deeper lie than we can know,
A well whose springs lie safely underground.
- “ So be it ever—and thou happy boy,
When Time, that takes these wild delights away,
Gives thee a measure of sedater joy,
Which, unlike this, shall ever with thee stay;—
- “ Then may that joy, like this, to outward things
Owe nothing—but lie safe beneath the sod,
A hidden fountain fed from unseen springs,
From the glad-making river of our God.”

TO ———. ON THE MORNING OF HER BAPTISM.

- “ This will we name thy better birth-day, child,
O born already to a sin-worn world,
But now unto a kingdom undefiled,
Where over thee love’s banner is unfurled.
- “ Lo! on the morning of this Sabbath day
I lay aside the weight of human fears,
Which I had for thee, and without dismay
Look through the avenue of coming years.
- “ I see thee passing without mortal harm
Through ranks of foes against thy safety met;
I see thee passing—thy defence and charm,
The seal of God upon thy forehead set.
- “ From this time forth thou often shalt hear say
Of what immortal City thou wert given
The rights and full immunities to-day,
And of the hope laid up for thee in heaven.
- “ From this time forward thou shalt not believe
That thou art earthly, or that aught of earth,
Or aught that hell can threaten, shall receive
Power on the children of the second birth.
- “ O risen out of death into the day
Of an immortal life, we bid thee hail,
And will not kiss the waterdrops away,
The dew that rests upon thy forehead pale.
- “ And if the seed of better life lie long,
As in a wintry hiddenness and death,
Then calling back this day, we will be strong
To wait in hope for heaven’s reviving breath;

“ To water, if there should be such sad need,
The undiscerned germ with sorrowing tears,
To wait until from that undying seed
Out of the earth a heavenly plant appears ;

“ The growth and produce of a fairer land,
And thence transplanted to a barren soil,
It needs the tendance of a careful hand,
Of love, that is not weary with long toll.

“ And thou, dear child, whose very helplessness
Is as a bond upon us and a claim,
Mayest thou have this of us, as we no less
Have daily from our Father known the same.”

TO MY GOD-CHILD, ON THE DAY OF
HIS BAPTISM.

“ No harsh transitions Nature knows,
No dreary spaces intervene ;
Her work in silence forward goes,
And rather felt than seen.

“ For where the watcher, that with eye
Turned eastward, yet could ever say
When the faint glooming in the sky
First lightened into day ?

“ Or maiden, by an opening flower
That many a summer morn has stood,
Could fix upon the very hour
It ceased to be a bud ?

“ The rainbow colours mix and blend
Each with the other, until none
Can tell where fainter hues had end,
And deeper tints begun.

“ But only doth this much appear—
That the pale hues are deeper grown ;
The day has broken bright and clear ;
The bud is fully blown.

“ Dear child, and happy shalt thou be,
If from this hour, with just increase
All good things shall grow up in thee,
By such unmarked degrees.

No poetry so rich as ours in all the tender and profound thoughts and feelings “referring to the period of childhood.” May all the good so confidently looked for by their benevolent patrons flow from infant schools! Pleasant is the sight of so many small creatures sitting happily together out of harm’s way—and ’tis wondrous in so short a time how much they learn. You see the spirit within them manifesting itself more clearly in their eyes each successive morning—and it is a blessed thing to preserve from blight—that in the noisome air often falls on the flower

“ If there shall be no dreary space
Between thy present self and past,
No dreary miserable place
With spectral shapes aghast ;

“ But the full graces of thy prime
Shall, in their weak beginnings, be
Lost in an unremembered time
Of holy infancy.

“ This blessing is the first and best ;
Yet has not prayer been made in vain
For them, though not so amply blest,
The lost and found again.

“ And shouldst thou, alas ! forbear
To choose the better, nobler lot,
Yet may we not esteem our prayer
Unheard or heeded not ;

“ If after many a wandering,
And many a devious pathway trod ;
If having known that bitter thing,
To leave the Lord thy God,

“ It yet shalt be, that thou at last,
Although thy noon be lost, return
To bind life’s eye in union fast
To this, its blessed morn.”

yet in the bud—to be unfolded never. But, oh ! if when that care is withdrawn—as soon it must—the child be afterwards left to be instructed farther by parents who are but nominal Christians, and have not perhaps even a Bible in the house !

That was but a hint on a most momentous subject, and we wish that our literature were imbued with a more Christian spirit. For it is expected—and may it happen—that as education becomes more and more general, there will be more knowledge of our literature among the best informed of those who belong

to what are rightly called the lower orders. Nay, they will produce a literature of their own—and it will partake of the character of that which is prevalent in a higher sphere. May that, then, be pure, and high, and holy—that its influence may descend, and be felt as the dew on obscure and parched places! Would not such verses as those we have quoted above be felt, even now, by thousands of hearts among the religious poor? By them hymns and psalms are dearly beloved, and such inspirations might be of great avail interspersed through their graver books. There cannot be a sadder mistake than to seek “to adapt to

the meanest capacity” readings intended for the people—for their capacities are great—and their yearnings are eager after the things that appertain to eternal life.

Mr Trench has been a traveller in foreign lands—and he has a fine eye for nature—an imagination that delights in the beautiful. The “Descent of the Rhone” is better than mere descriptive poetry—for the images and the emotions produce one another—and the current of thought and feeling is as continuous as the river’s flow. We would fain quote it, but we prefer the following lines, as, perhaps, more characteristic:—

LINES. WRITTEN AT THE VILLAGE OF PASSIGNANO, ON THE LAKE OF
THRASYMENE.

“ The mountains stand about the quiet lake,
That not a breath its azure calm may break ;
No leaf of these sere olive-trees is stirred,
In the near silence far-off sounds are heard ;
The tiny bat is flitting overhead,
The hawthorn doth its richest odours shed
Into the dewy air ; and over all
Veil after veil the evening shadows fall,
And one by one withdraw each glimmering height,
The far, and then the nearer, from our sight—
No sign surviving in this tranquil scene,
That strife and savage tumult here have been.

“ But if the pilgrim to the latest plain
Of carnage, where the blood like summer rain
Fell but the other day ; if in his mind
He marvels much and oftentimes to find
With what success has Nature each sad trace
Of man’s red footmarks laboured to efface—
What wonder is it, if this spot appears
Guiltless of strife, when now two thousand years
Of daily reparation have gone by,
Since it resumed its own tranquillity.
This calm has nothing strange, yet not the less
This holy evening’s solemn quietness,
The perfect beauty of this windless lake,
This stillness which no harsher murmurs break
Than the frogs croaking from the distant sedge,
These vineyards drest unto the water’s edge,
This hind that homeward driving the slow steer,
Tells that man’s daily work goes forward here,
Have each a power upon me while I drink
The influence of the placid time, and think
How gladly that sweet Mother once again
Resumes her sceptre and benignant reign,
But for a few short instants scared away
By the mad game, the cruel impious fray
Of her distempered children—how comes back,
And leads them in the customary track
Of blessing once again ; to order brings
Anew the dislocated frame of things,
And covers up, and out of sight conceals
What they have wrought of ill, or gently heals.”

The spirit of these lines is Wordsworthian. They are a beautiful illustration of his creed. It seems to be impossible to see nature, after we have read the mighty master, and not feel as his poetry teaches

us to feel—which proves it to be a revelation.

We know not how it may be with you—thoughtful reader—but to us here are some lines inexpressibly pathetic:—

AN INCIDENT VERSIFIED.

“ Far in the south there is a jutting ledge
Of rocks, scarce peering o’er the water’s edge,
Where earliest come the fresh Atlantic gales,
That in their course have filled a thousand sails,
And brushed for leagues and leagues the Atlantic deep,
Till now they make the nimble spirit leap
Beneath their lifeful and renewing breath,
And stir it like the ocean depths beneath.
Two that were strangers to that sunny land,
And to each other, met upon this strand ;
One seemed to keep so slight a hold of life,
That when he willed, without the spirit’s strife,
He might let go—a flower upon a ledge
Of verdant meadow by a river’s edge,
Which ever loosens with its treacherous flow
In gradual lapse the moistened soil below ;
While to the last in beauty and in bloom
That flower is scattering incense o’er its tomb,
And with the dews upon it, and the breath
Of the fresh morning round it, sinks to death.

“ They met the following day, and many more
They paced together this low ridge of shore,
Till one fair eve, the other with intent
To lure him out, unto his chamber went ;
But straight retired again with noiseless pace,
For with a subtle gauze flung o’er his face
Upon his bed he lay, serene and still
And quiet, even as one who takes his fill
Of a delight he does not fear to lose.
So blest he seemed, the other could not choose
To wake him, but went down the narrow stair ;
And when he met an aged attendant there,
She ceased her work to tell him, when he said,
Her patient then on happy slumber fed,
But that anon he would return once more,—
Her inmate had expired an hour before.

“ I know not by what chance he thus was thrown
On a far shore, untended and alone,
To live or die ; for, as I after learned,
There were in England many hearts that yearned
To know his safety, and such tears were shed
For him as grace the living and the dead.”

Mr Trench’s blank verse is excellent of its kind. He aims not to produce, by the power of all its pauses, a magnificent Miltonic or Wordsworthian music, but he is often visited by thoughts that

“ involuntary move
Harmonious numbers.”

An “ Evening in France ” is very fine and solemn—and even more so

the “ Address on leaving Rome to a Friend residing in that City.” After describing the troubled state of mind with which he used, in the enthusiasm of youthful pride and passion, to commune with the marvels of Nature and Art, and to question his own more marvellous and incomprehensible being—and confessing that dark doubts had then gathered all within and around him, which he

strove in vain to dispel, and threatened "to put out the light"—he thus speaks to the brother of his soul—strong now in that Faith which alone in this "unintelligible" world can give peace.

"I would not live that time again for much,
 Full as it was of long and weary days,
 Full of rebellious askings, for what end,
 And by what power, without our own consent,
 We were placed here, to suffer and to sin,
 To be in misery and know not why.
 But so it was with me, a sojourner,
 Five years ago, beneath these mouldering walls
 As I am now: and, trusted friend, to thee
 I have not doubted to reveal my soul,
 For thou hast known, if I may read aright
 The pages of thy past existence, thou
 Hast known the dreary sickness of the soul,
 That falls upon us in our lonely youth,
 The fear of all bright visions leaving us,
 The sense of emptiness, without the sense
 Of an abiding fulness any where,
 When all the generations of mankind,
 With all their purposes, their hopes and fears,
 Seem nothing truer than those wandering shapes
 Cast by a trick of light upon a wall,
 And nothing different from these, except
 In their capacity for suffering;
 What time we have the sense of sin, and none
 Of expiation. Our own life seemed then
 But as an arrow flying in the dark
 Without an aim, a most unwelcome gift,
 Which we might not put by. But now what God
 Intended as a blessing and a boon
 We have received as such, and we can say
 A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,
 Which, being full of duties, is for this
 Of gladness full, and full of lofty hopes.

"And He has taught us what reply to make,
 Or secretly in spirit, or in words,
 If there be need, when sorrowing men complain
 The fair illusions of their youth depart,
 All things are going from them, and to-day
 Is emptier of delights than yesterday,
 Even as to-morrow will be barer yet;
 We have been taught to feel this need not be,
 This is not life's inevitable law,—
 But that the gladness we are called to know,
 Is an increasing gladness, that the soil
 Of the human heart, tilled rightly, will become
 Richer and deeper, fitter to bear fruit
 Of an immortal growth from day to day,
 Fruit of love, life, and indeficient joy.

"Oh! not for baneful self-complacency,
 Not for the setting up our present selves
 To triumph o'er our past (worst pride of all),
 May we compare this present with that past;
 But to provoke renewed acknowledgments,
 But to incite unto an earnest hope
 For all our brethren. And how should I fear
 To own to thee that this is in my heart—
 This longing, that it leads me home to-day,
 Glad even while I turn my back on Rome,
 Yet half unseen—its arts, its memories,

Its glorious fellowship of living men ;
 Glad in the hope to tread the soil again
 Of England, where our place of duty lies ;
 Not as although we thought we could do much,
 Or claimed large sphere of action for ourselves ;
 Not in this thought—since rather be it ours,
 Both thine and mine, to cultivate that frame
 Of spirit, when we know and deeply feel
 How little we can do, and yet do that."

With such convictions he now regards "Nature and Art" in a light that shows to his eyes "the beauty still more beauteous," and that reveals the mournful in a tenderer haze—or bedewed with happy tears. Such is the feeling that pervades his most religious lines "On a Picture of the Assumption, by Murillo." And such the feeling of—

LINES. WRITTEN AFTER HEARING SOME
 BEAUTIFUL SINGING IN A CONVENT
 CHURCH AT ROME.

" Sweet voices ! seldom mortal ear
 Strains of such potency might hear ;
 My soul, that listened, seemed quite
 gone,
 Dissolved in sweetness, and anon
 I was borne upward, till I trod
 Among the hierarchy of God.
 And when they ceased, as time must
 bring
 An end to every sweetest thing,
 With what reluctance came back
 My spirits to their wonted track,
 And how I loathed the common life,
 The daily and recurring strife
 With petty sins, the lowly road
 And being's ordinary load.
 Why after such a solemn mood
 Should any meaner thought intrude ?
 Why will not heaven hereafter give,
 That we for evermore may live
 Thus at our spirit's topmost bent ?
 This said I in my discontent.

" But give me, Lord, a wiser heart ;
 These seasons come, and they depart,
 These seasons, and those higher still,
 When we are given to have our fill
 Of strength and life and joy with thee
 And brightness of thy face to see.
 They come, or we could never guess
 Of heaven's sublimer blessedness ;
 They come, to be our strength and cheer
 In other times, in doubt or fear,
 Or should our solitary way
 Lie through the desert many a day.
 They go, they leave us blank and dead,
 That we may learn, when they are fled,
 We are but vapours which have won
 A moment's brightness from the sun,

And which it may at pleasure fill
 With splendour, or unclothe at will.
 Well for us they do not abide,
 Or we should lose ourselves in pride,
 And be as angels—but as they
 Who on the battlements of day
 Walked, gazing on their power and might,
 Till they grew giddy in their height.

" Then welcome every nobler time,
 When, out of reach of earth's dull chime,
 'Tis ours to drink with purged ears
 The music of the solemn spheres,
 Or in the desert to have sight
 Of those enchanted cities bright,
 Which sensual eye can never see :
 Thrice welcome may such seasons be.
 But welcome too the common way,
 The lowly duties of the day,
 And all which makes and keeps us low,
 Which teaches us ourselves to know,
 That we, who do our lineage high
 Draw from beyond the starry sky,
 Are yet upon the other side
 To earth and to its dust allied."

Innumerable sonnets have been written within these few years, and though a great proportion of them have been worthless, many are good. Some of Leigh Hunt's (but they are of older standing, "the Grasshopper and Cricket" is exquisite), of Barry Cornwall's, of David Moir's, of John Clare's, of Alfred Tennyson's, and the *Thirty* by the *Sketcher* that lately adorned our pages—are sonnets indeed ; and hundreds of much beauty may be seen with mere initials sprinkled over our periodical literature—hundreds by twos and threes, and sixes and sevens, committed to oblivion in spite of all their merit, in separate vols. "no sooner blown than blasted." With the best of these, the generality of Mr Trench's may well bear comparison, and we know not where—out of Wordsworth—are to be found any superior to the *Ten* we now take rather than select from *Fifty*—all good alike in spirit and construction.

“ Look, dearest, what a glory from the sun
 Has fringed that cloud with silver edges bright,
 And how it seems to drink the golden light
 Of evening—you would think that it had won
 A splendour of its own : but lo ! anon
 You shall behold a dark mass float away,
 Emptied of light and radiance, from the day,
 Its glory faded utterly and gone.
 And doubt not we should suffer the same loss
 As this weak vapour, which a while did seem
 Translucent and made pure of all its dross,
 If having shared the light, we should misdeem
 That light our own, or count we hold in fee
 That which we must receive continually.”

TO MY CHILD.

“ Thy gladness makes me thankful every way ;
 To look upon thy gladness makes me glad ;
 While yet in part it well might render sad
 Us thinking that we too might sport and play,
 And keep like thee continual holiday
 If we retained the things which once we had,
 If we like happy Neophites were clad
 Still in baptismal stoles of white array.
 And yet the gladness of the innocent child
 Has not more matter for our thankful glee
 Than the dim sorrows of the man defiled ;
 Since both in sealing one blest truth agree—
 Joy is of God, but heaviness and care
 Of our own hearts, and what has harboured there.”

VAIN WORSHIP.

“ What is thy worship but a vain pretence,
 Spirit of Beauty, and a servile trade,
 A poor and an unworthy traffic made
 With the most sacred gifts of soul and sense ;
 If they who tend thine altars, gathering thence
 No strength, no purity, may still remain
 Selfish and dark, and from Life's sordid stain
 Find in their ministrations no defence ?
 Thus many times I ask, when aught of mean
 Or sensual has been brought unto mine ear,
 Of them whose calling high is to insphere
 Eternal Beauty in forms of human art—
 Vexed that my soul should ever moved have been
 By that which has such feigning at the heart.”

VAIN REGRETS.

“ To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,
 To leave so many lands unvisited,
 To leave so many worthiest books unread,
 Unrealized so many visions bright ;—
 Oh ! wretched yet inevitable spite
 Of our short span, and we must yield our breath,
 And wrap us in the lazy coil of death,
 So much remaining of unproved delight.
 But hush, my soul, and, vain regrets, be stilled
 Find rest in Him who is the complement
 Of whatsoever transcends your mortal doom,
 Of broken hope and frustrated intent ;
 In the clear vision and aspect of whom
 All wishes and all longings are fulfilled.”

BURIAL.

“ When I have sometimes read of precious things,
 The precious things of earth, which yet are vile,
 Together heaped into the graves of kings,
 Or wasted with them on their funeral pile,
 Steeds arms and costly vestments and the dross
 Which men call gold, feeding one ravenous pyre,
 I have been little moved at all the loss
 Of all the treasure which fond men admire.
 But when I hear of some too early doom,
 Snatching wit wisdom valour grace away,
 Or our own loss has taught me what the tomb
 May cover from us, then I feel and say
 That earth has things whereon the grave may feed,
 And feeding may make poor the world indeed.”

SAIS.

“ An awful statue, by a veil half-hid,
 At Sais stands. One came, to whom was known
 All lore committed to Etruscan stone,
 And all sweet voices, that dull time has chid
 To silence now, by antique Pyramid,
 Skirting the desert, heard; and what the deep
 May in its dimly-lighted chambers keep,
 Where Genii groan beneath the seal-bound lid.
 He dared to raise that yet unlifted veil
 With hands not pure, but never might unfold
 What there he saw—madness, the shadow, fell
 On his few days, ere yet he went to dwell
 With night's eternal people, and his tale
 Has thus remained, and will remain, untold.”

GIBRALTAR.

“ England, we love thee better than we know—
 And this I learned, when after wanderings long
 'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
 I heard again thy martial music blow,
 And saw thy gallant children to and fro
 Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates,
 Which like twin giants watch the Herculean straits:
 When first I came in sight of that brave show,
 It made my very heart within me dance,
 To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
 Forward so far into the mighty sea;
 Joy was it and exultation to behold
 Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
 A glorious picture by the wind unrolled.”

ENGLAND.

“ Peace, Freedom, Happiness, have loved to wait
 On the fair islands, fenced by circling seas,
 And ever of such favoured spots as these
 Have the wise dreamers dreamed, that would create
 That perfect model of a happy state,
 Which the world never saw. Oceana,
 Utopia such, and Plato's isle that lay
 Westward of Gades and the Great Sea's gate.
 Dreams are they all, which yet have helped to make
 That underneath fair polities we dwell,
 Though marred in part by envy, faction, hate—
 Dreams which are dear, dear England, for thy sake,
 Who art indeed that sea-girt citadel,
 And nearest image of that perfect state.”

WORDSWORTH.

“ A counsellor well fitted to advise
 In daily life, and at whose lips no less
 Men may enquire or nations, when distress
 Of sudden doubtful danger may arise,
 Who, though his head be hidden in the skies,
 Plants his firm foot upon our common earth,
 Dealing with thoughts which every where have birth,—
 This is the poet, true of heart and wise :
 No dweller in a baseless world of dream,
 Which is not earth nor heav'n : his words have past
 Into man's common thought and week-day phrase ;
 This is the poet, and his verse will last.
 Such was our Shakspeare once, and such doth seem
 One who redeems our later gloomier days.”

MY BOOK.

“ The moments that we rescue and redeem
 From the bare desert and the waste of years,
 To fertilize, it may be with our tears,
 Yet so that for time after they shall teem
 With better than rank weeds, and wear a gleam
 Of visionary light, and on the wind
 Fling odours from the fields long left behind,
 These and their fruit to us can never seem
 Indifferent things, and therefore do I look
 Not without gentle sadness upon thee,
 And liken thy outgoing, O my book,
 To the impatience of a little brook,
 Which might with flowers have lingered pleasantly,
 Yet toils to perish in the mighty sea.”

The most elaborate, powerful, and original composition in the volume, is “*The Monk and Bird*.” It is lying before us set up, but as it occupies nearly four pages, we must reserve it for next number. This article, you will observe, is not a critique. We have said a few words here and there, merely to direct your notice to some delightful poetry, which otherwise might not have attracted them, amidst “the stir and

noise,” the morrice-dance and blind minstrelsy of these most unsedentary times. Be it ours often to provide for you such repast of fresh fruits, enveloped in fair flowers—yours to enjoy, with uncorrupted taste, what is culled from a garden in which nothing poisonous grows, and to which they alone have access who know that they must

“ With gentle hand
 Touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves !”

THE LATE REV. DR M'CRIE.

THOUGH it has long ceased to be our practice to record the deaths even of the most eminent men in the empire, we cannot suffer the present number of this Magazine to go forth to the world without expressing our deep lamentation for the loss which not only the literature of Scotland, but the cause of Christian truth, has sustained by the sudden decease of the Rev. Dr Thomas M'Crie, minister of the gospel in this city, and author of a number of well-known historical works, characterised not less by purity of principle than by accurate, profound, and discriminating research.

This distinguished man was born at Dunse in the year 1772, and died, after a short illness, in his house at Newington on the 5th of August, 1835. He received his academical education in the University of Edinburgh, and studied divinity under Mr Archibald Bruce, minister at Whitburn, theological professor in connexion with the General Associate (or Antiburgher) Synod. Having been licensed as a preacher by that body, he was at an early period of life ordained minister of a congregation in this city, in which he continued to labour ten years, applying with great assiduity to the discharge of his professional duties, and occasionally publishing able pamphlets on some of the gravest and most difficult subjects of theological enquiry. In the year 1806 he felt himself conscientiously impelled to separate from the General Associate Synod (and indeed he was deposed from his charge by the authority of that judicatory), after having joined with Mr Bruce and others of his brethren in a protestation against the prevailing party "for having departed from some important doctrines of the Protestant churches, of the Westminster Confession of Faith, and of that particular testimony which they had subscribed." Into the merits of that controversy this is not the place to enter; but it is material to observe that the chief ground of separation related to the powers and duties of the civil magistrate with respect to the public interests of religion. On this article, Messrs Bruce and M'Crie, with the other ministers, who formed themselves into what was called the Constitutional Associate Presbytery, maintained, in the most unqualified terms, the doctrines which had been originally held by the leaders of the Reformation, both in this country and on the continent; and which are so clearly expounded in the systems of Calvin, Turretine, Voetius, Mark, and Pictet. In the examination of this question, Mr M'Crie was irresistibly led to engage in a minute and patient survey of the writings of the reformers, and having at the same time been induced by domestic circumstances to pass much of his time in seclusion, he was gradually brought to form a most intimate acquaintance with the fundamental principles of the Protestant churches, and the characters of the illustrious men by whose labours and conflicts these churches had been constituted. In the year 1812 he published "The Life of John Knox," which not only gave a juster view of the character and conduct of that intrepid champion of Christian liberty than had ever before been exhibited, but shed a brighter lustre over some of the most obscure periods of our national history. This masterly work combined the highest excellences of which biography is susceptible, and at once placed its author in the first rank of historical writers. It was succeeded, after an interval of seven years, by "The Life of Andrew Melville," which, though possessing a less attractive title, is in no respect inferior to the life of Knox. It is indeed the more curious and instructive production of the two, abounding with an endless variety of facts illustrative of the progress of religion and learning not only in Scotland but in other nations. As Melville was the most active instrument in maturing the ecclesiastical constitution of his country, and introducing that efficient system of general and scriptural education which diffused such inestimable benefits over the whole mass of the population, the perusal of this work furnishes the surest means of becoming fully acquainted with all the peculiarities of the Presbyterian establishment, while it imparts a vast store of information, nowhere else to be found, on many collateral topics of the deepest interest. That the value of this book has never yet been sufficiently appreciated, is one of the many proofs of the frivolous taste of the age, which having been accustomed to prefer

superficial and showy acquirements, cannot be expected to derive gratification from the results of that elaborate research, which, by its very magnitude, is apt to repel rather than to invite a closer intimacy. The subjects which are discussed by Dr M' Crie in these volumes throw the most important light on the principles of religious establishments, a question which no man was more capable of solving, and which he was accustomed to treat in a manner more favourable to popular claims than speculative men in general have been accustomed to regard as being altogether consistent with the legitimate exercise of ecclesiastical authority, or with the implied alliance between the Church and any state in which republican principles do not predominate. Besides many valuable contributions to periodical publications, in which Dr M' Crie gave additional proof of the inexhaustible amount of his historical learning, and of the singular acuteness and vigour of his mind, he published the following instructive works: "Memoirs of Mr William Veitch and George Brysson," Edinburgh, 1825—"History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy, in the sixteenth century," Edin. 1827,—and "History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century," Edin. 1829. Every one of these books displays a profusion of learning, and unfolds many practical maxims of primary moment, which the men of this generation, in their presumptuous disregard for the wisdom and experience of former ages, appear determined to reject. For several years past Dr M' Crie has been engaged in the preparation of a *Life of Calvin*. Through his own indefatigable industry, aided by the active and intelligent investigations of one of his sons, a youth of great promise, who has spent many months at Geneva, he had accumulated such a mass of materials, and had made such progress in the composition as to give good ground for expecting that the work will soon be given to the world in a state of maturity which will amply sustain the high reputation which has been earned by the splendid and successful exertions of a laborious life.

It might be supposed that a man whose days and nights had so long been passed in arduous and unusual investigations, and whose opinions, always bold and often unfashionable, were defended with uncompromising firmness, would possess little turn or aptitude for ingratiating himself with people of ordinary attainments. No conjecture could be more unfounded. To that native modesty and simplicity of disposition, which is the surest indication of a great mind, he added an unaffected kindness and cordiality which could not fail to gain the hearts of the youngest and most inexperienced of those who applied to him for counsel or for comfort. He was peculiarly accessible to all who were addicted to studies akin to his own, and was ever ready to refer them to the best sources of information. But amidst all his attentions to the claims of private friendship, and to the pursuits of that profound erudition, by the cultivation of which his health was impaired and his days shortened, he never lost sight of the paramount value of the pastoral office to which he had devoted his talents. From his early years his professional studies had been conducted with equal assiduity and judgment, and in every department of theological learning his reading was extensive, but especially in that most essential branch which furnishes the best aids for the skilful and profitable exposition of the Scriptures. In the illustration of divine truth he was at once perspicuous and faithful, and, without being ambitious of fame, his earnestness for the advancement of the honour of his Master, and the immortal interests of mankind, gave an elevation and tenderness to his speech more capable both of captivating and bettering the heart, than the most admired specimens of artificial eloquence. In public and in private, in his words and in his writings, in his labours of love, and in the unpretending graces of an upright and honourable life, it was his invariable aim to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion; and though he has been cut off while his mental powers were as active as ever, and while he was meditating schemes of more extended usefulness, no literary man or divine of this age has gone down to the grave with stronger claims on the gratitude of his country.

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HINTS TO AUTHORS.

No. I.

ON THE PATHETIC.

LAUGHTER, whether long and loud, such as we see convulsing the ribs of a country squire when relating one of the comic achievements of his youth, or short and low like the giggle of a young maiden who does not know what else to do—laughter of all sorts and kinds, except perhaps the hysterical, “ betrays the vacant mind.” But we go even farther than the poet, and boldly advance our belief that laughter is not only a proof of man’s intellectual emptiness, but of his depravity. People of a serious turn rarely proceed beyond a smile, and that more in sorrow than in gladness. How absurd to hear a bishop in the ecstasies of a guffaw! With what a just estimate of the iniquity of laughter has the seriousness of a judge past into a proverb! The hyena also is said to laugh, and the hyena is an animal of the most unchristian disposition. We might fairly enough argue from this that he who resembles the hyena in the attribute of laughter would also bite like a hyena—like a hyena would despise the commandments, and like a hyena would seldom go to church. But we waive the inference, though justified by many similar arguments we have lately seen.

It is our object on the present occasion to show the infamous and

contemptible nature of liveliness in all its branches. In conversation we can pass over without much reprobation the attempts we see so pertinaciously made to set the table in a roar, for we uniformly perceive that a languid melancholy succeeds all their efforts, and that vivacity long continued produces a deliciously sombre feeling which is nearly akin to despair. In laughter such as this the heart is sorrowful, and the soul is justly punished for the hypocritical hilariousness of the countenance. If these, then, are our sentiments about persons who assume to themselves the reputation of lively talkers, with what unmitigable contempt and hatred must we view the conduct of any human beings—if indeed the creatures are really human—who seriously meditate jocularly in print, who set forth their facetiousness in types, and affect to be witty, quaint, humorous, or jocose, with pen and ink! The thing is almost too horrible for belief; and yet we are forced to confess that the state of affairs is such as we have described it—that many Numbers of this very Magazine contain stories which almost force one to laugh whether he will or no—and that there seems a growing disrelish for those delicious tales of sentiment and sorrow which were

the sweetest and purest delights of our younger days. But perhaps we blame the authors of our own time unjustly. It is not every one who can weep over a dead ass, though it seems easy enough for any one to laugh over a living one. The science of the Pathetic has never hitherto been studied as it ought. Its rules have never been defined. Aristotle—a person who lived before periodical literature had reached its present palmy state, and, therefore, had very few advantages for forming his taste or judgment, laid down certain rules touching the poetic—so also did a Roman gentleman of the name of Horace; but the inferiority of their labours is proved from the neglect into which their canons have fallen. Roscommon devoted his attention to the subject of Translation, and Pope gave directions on the art of Criticism, but we are unacquainted with any treatise on the art and mystery of the Pathetic. For many hundred years our authors have gone on ignorant of the means by which the greatest triumphs of the tragic art have been achieved, trusting to accident for the calling forth of involuntary sighs, and unconscious of a power of creating sadness, which, we flatter ourselves, will no longer be denied to writers of the very humblest capacity. After the perusal of this disquisition we will venture to say, that any one of his Majesty's faithful subjects may "ope" whenever he pleases "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." No one after this will have to accuse the literature of England of being frivolous or amusing. Sighs and groans will resound from one end of the island to the other; and novels in three volumes, and romances in five, and even autobiographies in one, will be the most tear-moving tragedies imaginable. After the intense study of many years we have reduced the whole science of the pathetic into certain rules, by a rigid adherence to which we will guarantee that any gentleman of moderate abilities will be enabled after six lessons—payment to be made in advance—to draw tears from the heart of a stone!

Pathos is distinguished from Bathos by the difference of its initial consonant. Its object is to excite grief,

sympathy, compassion, tenderness, or regret. Another of its objects is to present the author before the eye of his reader as a man of the most tender and susceptible feelings, a creature of the most delicate sentiments, and, above all things, melancholy and gentlemanlike.

Our first rule therefore is—that the author shall, as a preliminary step (either in the preface or in the very first chapter), give the public a sort of insight into his *own* character and appearance. It adds greatly to the pleasure we derive from any work to have an idea of the author. A chivalrous or heroic lamentation, which would be pathetic from an author of twenty-five, six feet high, with dark flowing ringlets, would be ridiculous coming from a little, fusty old fellow of fifty-seven, with his natural red locks replaced by a light brown wig. Now, though Nature is capricious in these matters, and sometimes lodges a mighty soul in a very contemptible looking body, that is no reason why the author himself should be restricted in his choice of an appearance. In print—if not in reality—it is possible for all men to be Apollos; and in pathetic composition it is highly necessary that the author either should have been in his youth, or remain at present—pre-eminently handsome. The second rule, therefore, we would lay down is—be handsome. The hero, you will understand, is generally considered an adumbration of yourself, and you are aware that nobody cares a single halfpenny for an ugly hero. If St Leon and Cyril Thornton had been a couple of squab, Dutch-built, flat nosed, wide-mouthed, commonplace-looking individuals, who the deuce would be interested in the slightest degree by the pathos of their unseemly scars? There is no pathos, we say again and again, in the most appalling misery which can befall an ill-favoured "mixture of earth's mould."

As it has been agreed upon by all philosophers that man is an imitative animal, and, according to the proverb, is more easily led by example than precept, our third rule is, "Be melancholy yourself." This is perhaps the most indispensable of all the accessories to the pathetic. If a fellow with a great round laughing

face begins telling a tale of wo, the thing appears ridiculous at once. You might as well expect a book on cookery from the living skeleton. And here we have again an unspeakable advantage over Nature, inasmuch as we have it in our power to paint ourselves in as sombre colours as we like. There should be no want on the author's part of the drops of sympathetic emotion, and you may depend upon it, when readers see a man—and here it will be useful to describe yourself as a veteran of a hundred fights—when the reader, we say, sees a gallant officer continually crying, he will in time suspect that there must be astonishing pathos in the narrative, and in all probability will “weep with thee tear for tear.”

These regulations, it will be seen, refer only to the author, and not to the subject or conduct of his composition. What has been said, however, of the personal requisites of the writer, applies with equal force, in some styles of the pathetic, to the hero of the story. There are certain classes of melancholy composition that require quite another species of hero—such as the simple—the humble—or the natural. In this style, the more gentle, unassuming and meek you make your hero, or, still better, your heroine, the greater chance you have of success. This, however, is too dangerous a style to venture on, as you must trust to the workings of nature, and not to the dictates of art. With this, therefore, we shall have nothing to do just now, farther than to say, that *Sterne's Maria* and *Le Fevre—Margaret Lindsay—the Man of Feeling—Paul and Virginia*—and similar works, do not come within our category of the pathetic, and seem as if they had been written in direct contradiction to our rules. One of the great criterions of the reality of grief is its not waiting for the fittest places for its display. True sorrow, we know, is irrepressible, and incapable of being hid. It is, therefore, proper to introduce the most distressing thoughts or incidents at all times and seasons. When your heroine goes to a christening, let her sigh over the miseries of life, and, in the gayest company you can imagine, let her get into a

corner of the dimly lighted hall—where every now and then she hears the swell of joyous music from the dancing-room—and there let her look out of the window up to the starless sky, and weep as much as she can. We have known this have a very powerful effect, and we can answer for it, that not one reader in ten will ever think of asking the cause of her melancholy. Their sympathies are awakened at once, and it seems a sort of unfeeling impertinence to make any enquiries as to the causes of a young lady's tears.

But there is another almost certain proof of the profundity of sorrow, and that is its extravagance. People in despair always scratch their faces, and pull handfuls of their hair up by the roots. This is a known fact, as may be seen by observing the actions of *Belvidera* the next time you see the character represented by a lady of stronger feelings than *Miss O'Niell*. Your hero must, therefore, be most strictly prohibited from showing the slightest regard to the probable. Both in incident and behaviour, the more improbable you are the better, We see how little effect the most appalling miseries produce the moment they are authenticated. As long as we ourselves considered the history of the *Black-hole of Calcutta* a fiction, we used to weep over it with the highest satisfaction; but, when we discovered that it was an actual reality, we experienced a sort of revulsion of feeling on the subject, and lost all commiseration for the hundred or two who were stifled, squeezed, and trampled to death. This, we suspect, is an almost universal feeling, as we can prove from the conduct of certain political philanthropists, who seem very properly to exhaust all their powers of sympathy upon cases of very problematical suffering at the antipodes, and have not hitherto, so far as we have heard, subscribed a shilling of their “rints” to relieve the multitudes who are starving at their doors. It will, therefore, be advisable, in addition to the most exaggerated incidents, to place the scene of them a good way off.

A slight recapitulation will be useful in impressing these rules and

regulations on the reader's mind, and we will afterwards illustrate them in a little tale, which shall exemplify the leading points of our system.

There are two rules applicable almost equally to the author and the hero, viz. be handsome—and be melancholy.

The others, which apply more to the personages and incidents of the story, are—avoid simplicity and naturalness, if such a word is allowable. Be lugubrious in season and out of season. Be as extravagant

as you can, both in the adventures you narrate, and the conduct of the actors—place your scene at a distance, use high-flown words, or, as it is called, indulge in fine writing; and his heart must indeed be hardened against the noblest feelings of our nature who does not tremble with sympathetic enthusiasm over the miseries and the agonies of suffering humanity. Who, for instance, will refuse his deepest sighs to the following, which we have called *The Fatal Tears*?

INTRODUCTION.

A life spent in the din of battle, where the ceaseless cannonade of flashing artillery reverberated from the mountainous recesses, to which freedom, patriotism, and the Guerilla chieftains of the south of Spain retired for a season, like Antæus, to be reinvigorated by the very effort which was made to strangle them, like the hydra, on the hour of their birth, has left me worn in person, indeed, with the marks of military distinction on my brow and the breast of my surtout, but fresh and vigorous in mind, and tender in feeling, as when in the hours of my early boyhood my young heart palpitated to the tale of suffering, and my bright eyes furnished a torrent of tears to every tale of wo. Yes! I am thankful to heaven, which leaves me as ready to weep as ever; and, oh! is there a happiness left to console us, like Pandora's box, which contained Hope, inestimable Hope, at the bottom of it, greater or more delightful, or worthier of a tender and manly spirit, than the power of bending the head under the weight of affliction, and soothing the wounded spirit with a briny flood? Often have I mourned over the miseries of war—often wet my bed with the excretions of the lachrymatory duct, to think what misery existed in the world, and I without a chance of being a spectator of it. The tender-hearted reader will enter into my feelings—I know that his manly eyes will be suffused—methinks I hear the sobs of anguish bursting from his heroic breast—methinks I see the trickling drops

coursing each other down his furrowed face—and fancy pictures to me his handkerchief surcharged with its precious cargo, till, to the eyes of vulgar contemplation, it might seem to have been submerged for many a lingering hour beneath the salt billows of the glorious and ever resounding sea. Blest by nature with a face and person such as few men have the happiness to boast of—with cheeks that alternately reddened and paled beneath the fluctuating influences of an artfully varied narrative—and eyes that shot a piercing ray of sympathy and condolence through the darkest clouds that enveloped in their shady folds the sons and daughters of misery and distress—a form elastic and graceful in all its movements, and a mind replete with all the tenderness of the softest nature, yet furnished with all the thunder and lightning of a fierce, a wild, a fiery disposition—I look back with regret to the days which I wasted in seeking that bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. Oh, that I could recall those days, alas! for ever vanished, and that thou, my ever adored—ever lamented—ever beautiful Anna-Maria-Matilda! hadst been left to me by envious fate to share the laurels which, without thee, flourish in vain on my ever gloomy brow; but, alas! I wander an outcast from the gay haunts of men—a sharer only in their griefs, and not their joys—a wasted, hopeless, pining, friendless, sad, distressed, sorrow-stricken, and miserable man! The following narrative, the inci-

dents of which occurred not many years ago, has been my only solace through many years of solitude and despair. If it imparts to one human being the ecstasy of grief which it

has bestowed upon myself, my labours, my pangs, my sufferings, my agonies, and my misfortunes, will be amply and enchantingly repaid.

THE FATAL TEARS.

A TALE OF WO.

In one of those umbrageous valleys which stretch their perennial wretchedness in lingering expanse on the sandy shores of the vast Atlantic,—where huge forests shake their leafy honours over the barren and shrubless wilderness, inhabited only by the jaguar, and the parroquet, and the tiger,—in longitude fifty-seven, and latitude forty-two south east by north—it was once my fortune to find myself benighted, unaccompanied and alone!—How my soul gloried in the awful majesty of those hitherto unpenetrated solitudes! I looked down upon the earth, but, as it was pitch-dark, I could see very little of the soil upon which I trod;—on casting my eyes up to the infinitude of space, nothing met my aching vision but a pall of thick, dark, impenetrable gloom. All around me objects were invisible. I therefore spread my cloak beneath the branches of a wide-spreading, blossom-covered magnolia, and after a sigh over the memories of the unhappiness of my young days, I laid me down to sleep. Oh—not to sleep! No, throughout the watches of that dreary and portentous night, my proud breast heaved beneath the appalling weight of agonizing recollections. From the cradle,—through the sufferings of long clothes—short clothes, school, drill, parade, battle, and advance through the territories of a hostile foe,—up to that hour when I made myself a companion of the tameless savage of the untrodden wilds,—my life had been but a succession of melancholy adventures and tortured feelings. In that night of misery and solitude I recalled every incident of my babyhood, childhood, boyhood, opening dawn of manhood, first flush of military glory, down to the last and darkest hour, when, on the serrated mountains of heroic Spain I clasped to my bosom in an agony of tears the young, the bright, the beautiful—but of this

no more. My eyes were red when on the morrow I opened them to a sense of my situation. Dark piles of rock rose in unapproachable magnificence to hail with halo-covered summits the advent of the god of day. I never saw Sol look so pretty!

Stooping down to lave my burning forehead in the cooling waves of a secret spring which welled its delicious way into the upper air through the constipated bowels of the dark and humid earth, I was surprised, deep within its placid waters to perceive the reflection of a human figure—another, and not my own! In such a place, remote from the haunts of men, at such an hour, when the parting wing of darkness was still fringed with the first smiles of the approaching god, in such an attitude, for I was stooping in nearly a state of pristine nudity, my surprise may be imagined on seeing the figure of a tall and reverend-looking individual standing quietly with his arms folded across his breast, and a pipe of the very shortest dimensions protruded placidly from the right-hand-corner of his mouth! The aromatic smell of the Virginian leaf saluting my olfactory nerves at the same time, assured me by the evidence of a second sense of the reality of the vision. I dried my brow with the sleeve of my innermost garment, and on turning round, said to him—

“Hail, father! I am happy to have encountered so respectable-looking a gentleman in the heart of this tremendous solitude.”

“Solitude!” replied the stranger, in a deep sepulchral tone. “Call it solitude no longer. It is populous—crowded—crushed—squeezed with a redundancy of population.”

“Oh, stranger, your words are marvellous. Tell me, I pray thee, where are the countless multitudes you describe?”

“Here!” said the old man, taking

the pipe from his mouth, and pointing with the stalk of it to his breast. "Ay, here; in this withered heart are thoughts that would populate a universe with their breathing creations,—memories, hopes, feelings, agonies, woes, disasters—all, all are here in their living, breathing, moving, speaking, walking, writhing hideousness, horror, vitality, and despair!"

"Father," said I, "let me take thee by the hand; at last I have found a spirit congenial with my own. Let us retire to some grotto consecrated to the muse of tenderest lamentation, and there let us have a delicious day of sobbing and sighing."

"Agreed," said the admirable old man; and having wiped from our eyes the drops of sympathy, we wandered deeper into the forest.

As I followed my mysterious guide, I could not avoid taking more particular notice of his personal appearance. He was tall, gigantically tall; upwards, I should say, of five feet seven. Broad shoulders, which seemed adapted to support the weight of mightiest monarchies, suspending from them brawny arms, furnished at the extremities with hands of prodigious size; legs of extremely muscular appearance, which would have been eminently handsome had it not been that the knees, through some unaccountable sympathy with each other, had accustomed themselves to the very closest proximity which is compatible with the power of progression; and all surmounted by a head whose thick curling locks, now grizzled with the first snows of time, hung in wild profusion over the collar of what had at one time evidently been a coat, completed the *tout ensemble* of a figure at once lordly and attractive, at once homely and sublime!

Deeper and deeper did we advance into the silvan wilderness—higher and higher rose my expectation of a "feast of tears." I could guess, with the clear-sighted certainty of a sympathetic soul, that my companion was no ordinary man; that his innermost being had been harassed by the most intolerable of woes; and that in silence, in solitude, and in secret, in the depths of caves, and the umbrageousness of woods, he nursed the recollections of the severest an-

guish, the bitterest distress. Nor was I mistaken in these expectations. The stranger suddenly paused and said—

"Here is the home which my miseries have left me:—Enter, and may such sorrows as I have encountered never lay their weighty burdens on the wild boundings of your young and gallant bosom."

"Stranger!" I replied; "my eyes are surely blinded with the streams of sympathy, for I see not your home."

"Not see my home? Seest thou not this stone indented with the pressure of my aching head? That is my pillow! Seest thou not this mossy bank, where the rank herbage has spread its wild luxuriance? That is my couch! Mark'st thou not those Patagonian toad-stools stretching their vast longitude to the morning sun? These are the furniture of my chamber! This well—thou seest it—bubbling in perpetual freshness from the bosom of the rock? That, oh stranger, is my cellar and my wash-hand-basin!"

"Simple furniture," I exclaimed; "amiable apartments. Here no intruding landlord interrupts the continuity of your sorrows, by tendering his weekly bill; no roof to require new slating; no floor to be repaired! If thou, oh stranger, wilt allow me, I shall be happy to be your neighbour, and to establish myself in similar lodgings to these, upon the same melancholy and economical terms."

"Try it not," replied the stranger; "unless your wo is equal in intensity to mine, your enjoyment in such a scene as this would be temporary as the morning dew!"

"My wo," I said, "is pretty considerable."

"But what is your wo to mine?" Here the venerable recluse paused, and, after groaning deeply three times, proceeded in a more collected tone of voice—"Your wo, whatever it may be, is as dust weighed against a mountain—as a gossamer, which weaves its filmy web from bush to bush, placed in the opposite scale to the hugest whale that soothes the fever of its blood by rubbing its prodigious back upon an iceberg in the Polar Sea, when placed in competition with mine! What is the loss of friends if death has taken them in the

ordinary way? What even the falsehood of a beloved one, if for her fickleness you have not to blame yourself? What are these? what is all? what is any thing compared to the unpronounceable and unfathomable distress which it has been mine for many a long year to endure?"

"I confess," I replied, "the superiority of your woes; but suffer me to enjoy the narrative of your distress, that I may refresh myself this sultry morning with a torrent of tears."

"Tears!" exclaimed the old man, jumping many feet into the air, for his activity was the most wonderful I ever saw—"There!—there!—how darest thou recall to my palpitating bosom the cause of all my misery; but pardon me, young soldier, for, from your noble bearing, I perceive you must have been at least a lieutenant, if not even a captain, in the gory field. Pardon me—you know not what a pang you have shot through my heart!" He took from his pocket a handkerchief, which, like many a matron reduced, alas! to poverty, bore evident marks of having seen better days; and having spread it on his knee, as if to be ready when he required it, he made preparations to commence his narrative. With handkerchief in hand I set myself to listen, and such an hour of sorrowing exultation, and exhilarating distress, it has rarely been my lot to enjoy, or suffer.

"My name is Gribble," he began—"my Christian appellation, Timothy—my country, England—my county, Devon——"

"A countryman!" I exclaimed—"I, too, was born on Tamar's flowery banks."

"From earliest youth of a melancholy and musing disposition, I shunned the usual enjoyments of my years, and lived in a world of my own, which was peopled with all that was beautiful and heroic, delicious and divine. The library was my chief delight—my study, romance—my enjoyment, sorrow—to laugh was horror—paradise to weep! This went on for many years. What was it to me that people wondered at my manner of life! What though my father sewled on me, and wished me to employ my talents in the hard-

ware line, instead of snivelling, as he basely called it, over fictitious wo! He little knew the ardour of my soul. Rather than be deprived of my rapturous power of tears—rather, far rather, would I have had the demand for pokers, tongs, gridirons and saucepans, entirely to have ceased. Rather would I have had no customer visit the paternal shop, than forego for one hour the pleasure of indulging my feelings over some narrative of distress! As time passed on, although I could not conceal from myself that the vain and frivolous, as well as the considerate and solemn, disapproved of this manner of passing my youth, I found that, in this preference for the miserable over the gladsome, I was not alone. No!—the loveliest of her sex was as fond of the indulgence of her grief as I was; and such a congeniality of disposition drew so close between us the bonds of admiration, that in the earliest flush of manhood, e'er I had numbered three-and-thirty summers, I made her, with many tears, an offer of my hand. It was accepted. How we wept!"

Here the old man paused, and blowing his nose three or four times in a very earnest manner, as if to bury some thrilling recollection, proceeded more solemnly than before.

"Deborah was fair—O, exquisitely fair! but she was short—O, uncommonly short! Nature had condensed into four feet five a mass of beauty that would have sufficed a giantess. Nine-and-twenty years had fully developed the loveliness of her mind as well as of her form, and both were perfect—O, quite so!"

"Fathers have flinty hearts. Her sire also was in the hardware line. Rivals in trade, our respective progenitors were rivals also in cruelty. 'Borry!' I said one day, in the overflowing of my agonized heart's afflictions—'Borry,' I said—'how I hate my papa!'"

"I too, oh my dearest Timothy, abominate and detest the cold-blooded monster who calls himself my father."

"Let us leave them," said I.

"With all my ardent heart's most consenting acquiescence," said she. Stranger! I was the happiest of men. But a presentiment of the horrors which awaited me made even that

delicious moment be only celebrated by our tears.

“Our preparations were soon concluded. There is a certain drawer in the counter of a professional vender of the articles of ordinary commerce which is called a till. The respective tills of our fathers supplied all our wants. One large trunk, containing all our worldly goods, was forwarded to Plymouth. A vessel was on the point of sailing, we knew not whither, when we arrived. We embarked. For days, and weeks, and months, we floated on the weltering deep, and were landed at last on the Californian shores of the interior of Africa—dread abode of Hot-tentots and lions—where the foot of civilized man and cultivated woman had never trod. How blest were Deborah and I! Our trunk was now nearly emptied; for, to satisfy the cravings of the commander of the vessel, we were forced to part with almost every thing with which we had filled it. But a few books of that chastened and delightful class which draw forth sighs in every page, two shirts, and a cotton night-cap, were all that remained to us of our property. We wandered into the tremendous solitudes of that undiscovered world, and finding a place sheltered by trees and watered by fountains, we resolved to make that the conclusion of our pilgrimage, and there, in gentle converse and sweet melancholy, to taste the luxury of wo. We lived there for some years. Pardon me, stranger, if I pause a little, and recover strength to relate to you the terrible catastrophe.”

I confess, when the old man thus addressed me, that my heart thrilled with the most astonishing emotions of sympathy and curiosity. He went on, after an interval of about five minutes.

“Our furniture, as you may believe, was scanty. My bed was, as it is now, the earth; but Borry’s delicate health required, and her very short dimensions admitted, of a more sheltered resting-place. The trunk—oh, horrid recollection!—she slept in the trunk which had contained

our clothes. One day when, overcome by the intense heat, she had laid herself to rest in this humble couch, she called to me and said, ‘My heart, O Tim, is overcome with horrid apprehensions. I feel a sort of all-overishness.’

“I threw myself on my knee beside the trunk, and looked down with a melancholy sort of pride on the beautiful creature lying nestled at the bottom of it.

“‘Borry,’ I said, ‘give not way to despair; here, take again the Sorrows of Werter, and refresh yourself with once more perusing the most afflicting parts of the story.’ She did as she was desired—she read aloud, and her tears proved how deeply she entered into the dismal scene. But other thoughts were in my heart; deeper, sadder, tenderer than any that were awakened by the tale. I bent over her as she read—my tears were shed in torrents—I marked not any thing but my own miserable thoughts—my eyes were fixed on vacancy—her voice still sounded in my ears. By fits ’twas interrupted,—then the strugglings of irrepressible grief—then inarticulate murmurs—then a total silence! I recalled my wandering thoughts; I cleared my eye of tears—I looked. Horror of horrors! why did I not die that instant? There! at the bottom of that trunk, seen dimly through the liquid grave in which she was enclosed, lay Deborah—my life—my love, drowned!—drowned in her own tears and mine! From that hour I wandered through the world with the mark of Cain upon my brow—a murderer.—Stranger, is it not a harrowing recollection? Ha! I see that your soul is melted. There! feel my brow! I am not mad—no—no—no—yes—yes—yes—ah!—horrid—horrid!” On saying this the mysterious stranger darted up a tree with the rapidity of thought, and in vain I tried to discover him. His narrative has never departed from my mind. Remember thee! ay, I’ll remember thee while memory holds her seat in this distracted brain.

HINTS TO AUTHORS.—NO. II.

ON THE GENTEEL.

It is astonishing how easy it is to be genteel. The difficulty, we venture to pronounce, after our lucubrations shall have been studied, will be to be vulgar. It will be remarked, that the gentility to which we refer is that which is to be introduced into books, and not to be put into practice. In this latter, we confess our hopes of success are not so sanguine. But our hearts are elevated with a consciousness of very extraordinary merit when we reflect that our system is perfectly independent of personal considerations; that in fact the grossest vulgarity in the author is no drawback from his representing the most polished classes of society, and that his dulness and stupidity are rather helps than otherwise to his doing justice to the liveliest and most aristocratic conversations. This will be more fully developed when we come to explain the grounds on which our system is founded.

We pass over as too well known the indispensable necessity of introducing as many sneers as possible at such plebeian regions as Bloomsbury Square. The better plan in the present advanced stage of civilisation will be to display a profound ignorance of the existence of such a place. We also on the present occasion pretermitt the necessity of making every marchioness you introduce a heartless and unprincipled flirt—as it seems, by universal consent, to be a conceded point that the upper classes are unredeemed by a single virtue, public or domestic; that the equals of the Duke of Wellington are all cowards, and the companions of the Duchess of Buccleuch *all* devoted to scandal and intrigue. But, omitting these, we proceed to give a few rules, by which any person may represent high life without the slightest risk of any one doubting the perfect resemblance of the picture.

First, as to the characters. Let their names have a fine aristocratic sound, and let every one of them rejoice in a peerage; those commoners who

are required must be colonels in the Guards in the mean time, with a marquissate or earldom in prospect. Sir Walter Scott is not a person whom we can recommend as a model on this subject; but even him we can adduce as an example of the impossibility of exciting our interest, unless to personages of splendid names and noble rank. If any one will figure to himself the degree of interest he would take in the fortunes of the Master of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, if the hero had been the son of a bankrupt grocer, called Thomas Brown, and the heroine a constable's daughter, of the name of Sally Jones; he will at once perceive the justice of our observation. He will see at once that Mr Brown and Miss Jones have no right to our sympathy, and that their adventures may be very strange, and their misfortunes very distressing, but that, at the same time, they have no more reference to us than Hecuba to the Prince of Denmark.

The next point to be considered is the language in which they shall speak. And here we again revert to authority in support of our decision. All precedent is in favour of a very copious introduction of French and Italian to express what, to the apprehension of ordinary people, might be expressed quite as well in English. It will be proper to make the butt of the society spout Latin; and as it seems ruled that no one speaks Latin but a pedant, and that no one has so much right to be a pedant as a clergyman, it will be proper to introduce some middle-aged vicar—fat and un-ideal, as middle-aged vicars always are—and make him as ridiculous as possible, by describing him as very learned and very poor. This has a very good effect, and as it is well known that no real lady ever, by any chance, marries a clergyman, you can introduce the vicar's wife as feeding the chickens, fattening the pigs, and courtseying to the lords and ladies with the most prodigious assiduity. But when we lay

this down as our second rule, that French and Italian are to share half the page with our prosaic mother tongue, it is not to be supposed that *real* French or real Italian are absolutely required. Something as near to them as possible in appearance and sound will do very well with the help of Italic letters. We guard also against another misconception of our meaning. It is by no means necessary that the French you introduce should have the smallest connexion with the rest of the sentence. You are left in this matter quite free and unembarrassed. It is a well ascertained fact, that French is French, whether it is aptly brought in or not.

The greatest difficulty, however, remains. It may be asked, How are we to furnish conversation to the high-born personages of our story, which shall be distinguished from the ordinary language among ourselves? And here, we flatter ourselves, is the triumph of our art. It must be evident to every one that a countess cannot, by any possibility, express herself in phrases which might be made use of by a lady whose name was not to be found,

even collaterally, in DeBrett. The true plan is, therefore—and this is our third and principal rule—translate your own phrases with the loftiest language you can. One single example will show our meaning in a moment. You wish one of your characters to say that some incident or other is incredible. If it is the duchess who makes this remark, she will say, “Ah, my dear baroness, *c'est tout dans mon œil.*” The parson will say, “*Omnia hæc in oculo;*” and the hero of the book will elevate it into splendid English, by exclaiming, “That, my lord duke, is all in my visual organ.” Few people, unless those admitted to the secret, would perceive that these were all characteristic modes of altering the author's own manner of expressing his incredulity, viz. “That 'ere is all in my eye.”

Bearing these rules in mind, the felicity of the following scene in high life will at once be appreciated. It will be perceived that the same rule applies to the manners as to the phrases, and that the author's own ideas of elegance are exemplified in the attitudes and actions of the personages of his story.

THE ALTONFORDS.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

The noble drawing-room of Altonford Castle was crowded with company. In the grand saloon, Weippert's exhilarating band woke the echoes with their delicious music. The Duchess of Fitz-Orville, beckoning to a tall *distingué* looking person, who stood listlessly paring his nails with his penknife behind the door, retreated with him into the conservatory. Their motions were unnoticed, and sitting down on two reversed flower-pots, they entered into a very animated conversation.

“How can you be so *gené*, my dear D'Altreville, when so many bright eyes are fixed on you? *Personne ne jamais aura vue telle comportedement.* It is very *mauvais ton.*”

“Was it for this, my lady mother, you summoned me to a conference? I'll be hanged if I stay with you another minute. D. I. O.”

“Nay, stop, D'Altreville. Have you remarked the Marquis of Osuafield's daughter?”

“P'r'aps I have, and p'r'aps I haven't. What then?”

“Don't you think she is very beautiful—*aussi belle comme un ange?*”

“Tol lol for the matter of that! But there's a far prettier girl in the room. Doesn't Lady Matilda squint?”

“Ah, D'Altreville, you are surely gammoning me.”

“Honour bright!”

“Squint? No; her eyes are lovely, and her father has four-and-twenty boroughs.”

“Ah! that's always the way with you ladies, that pretend to be managers. You always think the daughters of powerful politicians the pink of perfection. I would rather marry Lady Susan Dusterton

with nothing but her chemise than Lady Matilda with her inside stuffed full of boroghs."

"*Ainsi va le monde.* My dear son, how I admire your *esprit!*"

"I am afraid your grace admires all sorts of *sprees.*"

The duchess blushed through her rouge at this home-thrust of her son; for it is not to be denied that her manners were rather more free than comported with her matronly character and advanced time of life.

"I pardon your allusion, my lord," she replied with dignity; "but how can you come to go to say any thing of the sort? *Je ne vous comprends pas.*"

"None are so slow in the art of understanding as those who are unwilling to understand. But what more have you to say about these two ladies, for I have promised to dance the next quadrille with the lovely Lady Susan?"

"It is to warn you against the arts of that designing little gipsy. But—soft—here comes that tiresome old proser, the parson?"

"*Quomodo valet?*" exclaimed the divine, walking up to where the duchess and her son were seated; "who have we here—*Lugete Veneres, Cupidinesque?*"

At this moment the folding door, being opened a little wider, revealed to the intruder the rank of the parties he thus addressed. His knees smote together; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; and thoughts of the entire loss of the next presentation to a valuable living in the duchess's gift past confusingly through his brain.

"Pardon me," he exclaimed; "most noble lady, and right honourable lord. Little did I think, when I took the liberty of addressing you, that I interrupted the exchange of maternal and filial love."

"You don't disturb us in the least, my dear doctor," said the duchess; "I was only giving Lord D'Altreville a little advice—to give up the *dolce far niente* he seems to take such pleasure in."

"Ah! very right, my lady. What says the poet? '*Strenuat nos exercet inertia.*'"

"In fact," interrupted D'Altreville, "the old lady has been giving

me advice that would turn all my happiness topsy-turvy."

"Ah! quite right, my dear young lord. How foolish it would be to put yourself out of your way! What says Horace? '*Integer vite scelerisque purus.*' You know the rest."

"You may say that when you write home to your friends. But come, my lady mother; I think our conference is ended now—so I'm off to sport a toe."

As he said this, he playfully put his tongue in his cheek, and kicked over the flowerpot on which his mother was sitting.

"I leave your reverence to gather up the fragments of my venerated mother," he said, and pirouetted out of the conservatory.

His lordship, it will be perceived, was a man of extraordinary wit. His reputation for this was so well established, that as he re-entered the dancing-room, many hearts throbbed high with expectation that the accomplished and witty Lord D'Altreville would join their circle. But with a perverseness characteristic of true genius, he resumed his old station behind the door; and taking from his waistcoat pocket a very handsome gold tooth-pick, proceeded to use it with an appearance of the utmost abstraction and nonchalance.

"How handsome D'Altreville looks to-night!" said the young and beautiful Marchioness of Stoke-Prior to the *distingué* Colonel Meredith. The gentleman thus addressed, put his quizzing-glass to his eye for a moment, and then replied, with a very caustic expression of countenance,—

"He is handsome who behaves handsomely. He is very slow at his books."

"Dear me! I thought that was an accusation against a dilatory schoolboy—not against so full grown a personage as D'Altreville."

"I mean his betting-books, marchioness. The gate of Button Park is kept hermetically sealed."

"Button Park!" said the marchioness; "I wasn't aware he had any such estate."

"Estate!" ejaculated the other; "I mean the pocket of his inexpressibles."

"*Ah! je vous twig,*" replied her ladyship, looking arch, "*il ne fork pas vite—n'est ce pas?*"

The object of these observations, now throwing back the breasts of his coat, and inserting his thumbs, with an air of inexpressible dignity into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, pursued his way through the crowd till he reached an alcove in which was seated a young lady of most surpassing loveliness, and with that air of languor and *ennui*, which is an infallible symptom of the most refined intellect and the highest breeding. Bowing gracefully, Lord D'Altreville said—

"I hope Lady Susan Dusterton feels herself in a high state of preservation this evening?"

"Tol lol for the matter of that! How is your lordship's corporeal sanity?"

"Fine as fivepence, I assure you. Have you showed your steps often to-night?"

"Oh yes; I've danced till I am tired of it. I hope never to be present at another ball."

"Over the sinister shoulder, I s'pose," said Lord D'Altreville, jocularly pointing in the direction indicated.

"I wasn't joking, I declare to you—'pon honour."

"No? Such a squeeze as this is certainly no joke. But, Lady Susan, you haven't forgotten, I hope, the subject of our last conversation?"

Lady Susan, startled from her usual gaiety by the solemnity of his lordship's tone and manner, seemed a little flurried by his observation; but gathering courage, after a moment's pause, she answered evasively—

"What! the scandal about the Countess of Louisdén's diamonds?"

"No; I mean no such thing," replied the young man. "Something infinitely more interesting to me than scandal—infinitely more valuable to me than diamonds."

"Ha! you must mean a pack of cards?"

"No, neither a pack of cards, nor even a pack of hounds. But ask your heart, Lady Susan; it will remind you of that happy hour— But hush! here comes the new-made Lord Twaddle. What a large husband of a sow he is!"

"Fie! what would her ladyship say?"

"What I do—that he is a huge bore."

The nobleman thus described hobbled up as fast as gout and corpulency would let him, and addressing the young people, said—

"Ha! billing and cooing in corners? That's the true plan—sure such a pair was never seen!"

"Your lordship," replied D'Altreville, suspending the tails of his coat over his reversed arms, "is singularly polite. What will you take to imbibe?"

"If I could get a little iced lemonade, 'twould be"—

"I wish you may obtain it," interrupted the young nobleman, slyly applying his extended thumb to the point of his nose.

"And I too," said Lady Susan, "should like a drink of something immensely."

"Then," cried D'Altreville, smiling, "there's a pair of you, as his infernal majesty said to his thumbs."

This last sally threw the whole party into such convulsions of laughter, that Lady Susan declared she was ready to burst, and old Twaddle hobbled off to repeat the rejoinder in the bow-window of White's. The conversation between the youthful pair was interrupted for that night, and Lord D'Altreville mentally ejaculated threats of vengeance against the unfortunate cause of his annoyance, and vowed, that if he could do it with safety, he would fracture every ossified particle contained within Lord Twaddle's cutis. The incidents of the next day must be reserved for the following chapter.

WILLIAM PITT.

No. VIII.

On the 30th of September, 1791, the National Assembly was dissolved, its declared purpose was fulfilled, and France was gifted with a new constitution. The lesson was yet to be impressed on Europe in deeper characters; but the practical results of a Legislature, directly swayed by the will of the populace, were already teeming with public ruin. A protest, signed by a powerful minority of 298 members, thus described the first fruits of French Reform;—"The National Assembly have concentrated in themselves the whole regal authority. The Great Seal has been laid upon *their* table. *Their* decrees are to be put in execution without the sanction of the Crown. *They* give direct orders to all the agents of the executive power. *They* cause oaths to be administered in their name, in which the name of the king is no longer to be found. Commissioners appointed by *them alone*, are going through the provinces to administer the oaths which they exact, and to give *orders to the army*. Thus, at the moment when the inviolability of the sacred person of the monarch was annihilated, the monarchy itself was destroyed. Even the appearance of royalty no longer exists—a republican *interregnum* is put in its stead!" The protest concluded with declaring, that the King being now virtually a prisoner, the only object of the minority in continuing to attend the debates was to watch over him as far as in their power; but that on all other topics they would preserve a profound silence, as a proof of their disapprobation. The last employment of the Assembly was to discuss for two days a motion of the demagogue Pétion, for the *arraignment* of the King. But its own conduct was speedily arraigned in the Jacobin Club, which already was the superior legislature, and it was forced to submit to the indignity of receiving a deputation of the mob at its bar, who read an insulting petition, in which the King

was pronounced to be a "perjured traitor."

Every act of the French Legislature was hailed with boundless exultation by the whole crowd of Revolutionists in England. The sectarians, religious and infidel, alike rejoiced in them, as evidences of the coming time, when the common restraints of law should vanish, and every man be free to insult common sense and human order. A considerable number even of the loyal and sincere were still disposed to discover in these violences only the natural ebullition of political energies long repressed, and look forward with some degree of hope to the cessation of popular excesses, and at least conjecture the gradual restoration of France to the rank of civilized nations. But those were not the men who form the strength of an empire; those were the languid expectants of all possible good from all possible evil—the simple believers in the tendency of human nature to political perfection—the complacent resigners of all things to the course of events, satisfied with the world as it passed, and content if it lasted their time. But to such soft dreamers in his day, and to those who follow their example in our own; a man, formed by nature and by virtue to enlighten nations—Burke, instantly developed the desperate hazards that were about to burst on the world. "The political dogma," said this most eminent of philosophers, "which, on the French system, is to unite the factious of all nations, turns upon these maxims. That the majority, *told by the head*, of taxable people, in every country, is the perpetual, natural, indefeasible sovereign. That this majority is perfectly master of the form as well as the administration of the state. That the magistrates, under whatever names they are called, are only functionaries to obey the orders, whether as general laws or particular decrees, which that majority may make. Finally, that this

is the only natural government, and that all the others are tyranny and usurpation.*

Having thus marked the principle, he proceeds to the steps which in every instance are adopted to forward the general overthrow. "In order to reduce this dogma to practice," he observes, "the republicans in France, and their associates in other countries, make it always their business, and often their public profession, to destroy all traces of *ancient establishments*—they mean to institute in every country, as it were the germ of the whole, *parochial governments*, for the purpose of what they call *equal representation*. From them is to grow a *general council and representative of all the parochial governments*. In that council is to be vested the *wholenational power*, totally abolishing hereditary name and office, *levelling all conditions of men*, breaking off all connexion between *property and dignity*, and abolishing every species of *nobility, gentry, and church establishments*. All their priests and all their magistrates, being only *creatures of election, and pensioners at will*."

Another development of the principle affects the condition of the general classes of the nation. The object of the disciples of overthrow in France, and in all countries where they could set the machinery of revolution at work, was to destroy the influence of all great *proprietors of land*, and crush the agricultural interest in general, and to transfer its rights to the towns. "Knowing," says Burke, "how opposite a *permanent landed interest* is to their scheme, it is the *great drift of all their regulations to reduce that description of men to a mere peasantry*, and to place the true effective government in cities, among the *tradesmen, bankers, and voluntary clubs* of bold, presuming young persons, advocates, attorneys, notaries, managers of newspapers, and those cabals of literary men, called academies. This system has very many partisans in every country of

Europe, particularly in England, where they are already formed into a body, comprehending *most of the dissenters* of the three leading denominations. To these are easily aggregated all who are dissenters in character, temper, and disposition, though not belonging to any of their congregations; that is, all the *restless people who resemble them*, of all ranks and all parties—Whigs, and even Tories—the *whole race of half-bred speculators, all the Atheists, Deists, and Socinians*, all those *who hate the clergy and the nobility*."

Here let the man who loves his country, and desires ill to none, pause, and ask himself in what point this description differs from the actual state of England? With the response of the oracle sounding in his ears, and while he still stands within the precincts of the temple hallowed by the presence of this mighty spirit of warning and wisdom, let him look on the world around, and ask what are the voices sent up from the multitude. Is there not the same outcry for the subversion of all things established—the same incessant restless assault on the few great establishments that remain—the same rude demand of perpetual experiments in legislation—the same succession of bitter insults to the Church and the nobility—the same open taunt that both hold their existence only by the sufferance of the rabble—the same systematic bitterness levelled at the landed interest—the same exaggerated importance attached to the commercial—the same eagerness to take the natural influence belonging to hereditary property out of the hands of the country gentlemen, and transfer it to the factious, poor, and restless population of manufactories and towns, and to the most factious, the poorest, and the most restless of that population? Party has already *nullified* the whole agricultural interest in England by giving nearly double the number of representatives to the towns.† But as if this were not enough, a blow is aimed at

* Thoughts on French Affairs, 1791.

† By the Reform Bill of 1832, the counties of England return 144 members—the cities and boroughs return 227!

the whole property or character which might remain in the towns themselves. The unequivocal result of the Municipal Bill in its original state must be to destroy all the influence of the better order in those towns, by extinguishing all qualification for ever for all their trusts and public employments. All its original provisions had the direct tendency to throw the whole power of the towns, whether arising from pecuniary or official appointments, into the hands of the populace. The measure made no distinctions. *All men* were to be equally eligible to hold those trusts, and the public power which results from them; and when the lower local population were too few to overwhelm the influence of the higher, the barriers were to be thrown open, and a fresh influx of beggary was to recruit their ranks. In Ireland the rabble population of a circuit of seven miles round every town, and that too the Papist population, are still to be called in to vote for mayors, common-council men, or by whatever name they are to be stamped in the new vocabulary. We may easily conjecture for what class and character of persons the rabble will vote. Even the common qualification of property in any shape was not to be demanded for the magistrates thus chosen. As if, through the fear that *any* obstruction might be placed to the full exercise of the rabble will, their liberty confers the power of choosing their fellow

beggar, if so they are disposed. The House of Lords, it is true, have attempted to interpose between the rights of property and the dominion of the rabble—have insisted on a qualification, have made some reserves, slight as they are, for the rights of individuals, already commencing their privileges. But the leading features of the measure are indelible—they may be resisted, but they will be carried yet, and soon. By whom such legislation may have been framed, or by whom supported, is not the question here. The men of the day are passing things, and we may well suffer them to float down the tide which so soon hurries the memory of party into oblivion. We desire to make no attack on those who retain the semblance of legitimate authority, but without alluding to either the Treasury Bench or the Opposition, we know that there are thousands and ten thousands within the borders of England who regard every public step during the last five years as a step to imminent revolution, but regard it with no jealous eye; on the contrary, fiercely exult in the prospect, and openly count their gains in the overthrow. We know that the factious Papistry of Ireland regards the whole as the game of English folly, and triumphs in every step as an advance to that fearful consummation which shall lay England at the feet of France and Rome, extinguish her religion and her liberties together, and drag rebel and loyal alike

In Wales and Scotland the members for counties and boroughs are nearly equal in point of number—15 for the former, 14 for the latter, but the advantage is greatly on the side of the boroughs, taking population as the rule, for not merely an inferior class, but an inferior number, carry the votes. The county voters being 25,815, the borough but 11,309, an equality of members—1 for less than half the number of votes.

In Scotland the system is fairer, 30 members for the counties and 30 for the boroughs. But the borough electors are still only 31,332, while the county are 33,114.

In Ireland the counties return 64 members, and the boroughs 41. But the unfairness still exists, for the county voters are 60,607, the borough less than half, or 31,545.

Thus the whole number of the counties of the empire return but 189 members, while the boroughs return 364 (the case being stronger still with respect to England), while the rates of the population are the direct reverse, the counties giving 10,416,241, and the cities and boroughs only 5,816,060. Thus on all occasions where the agricultural influence comes into conflict with those of the towns, it must be broken at once; yet it is on the solidity of the landed influence that is built the whole moral force of the constitution.

through the fires of persecution. We *know* that every rebel, infidel, and hater of England abroad rejoices in each step of this downward career, and, turning his eyes even from the republican progress of France, proclaims it tardy in comparison with the revolutionary precipitancy of England. We *know* that every continental throne once allied to our illustrious country, and its manly, generous, and patriotic institutions, now hears its name pronounced with sudden apprehension, shrinks from its public doctrines, and at every new popular heave trembles to be pulled down in the fall which it already deems inevitable. The evil of the time is *not* in the disposition of the possessors of office, it is in their necessities. Like the wizards of old, in their rash avidity for power they have summoned a foul spirit for which they must find perpetual employment. But there the legend stops—that spirit will not be content with labour for labour's sake, it will not be satisfied to throw chains over the clouds, or twist ropes of sand for ever—it will insist on more solid and gainful occupation, or shake the roof of the cell down on the magician's head. The fate of all administrations which depend upon the voice of the rabble is the same in all lands. The appetite of the rabble for power, once stimulated, is never to be appeased by humbler things. The tiger that has once tasted human blood disdains the small fugitives of the forest. And the appetite of the revolutionary multitude is not merely thus sustained, but sharpened. The material of its terrible food must be constantly supplied in larger abundance and of more costly quality. The French rabble began with hunting down a solitary priest, or setting fire to a provincial palace—in the lapse of a few years or months their capacious jaws were to be soothed with nothing short of crushing whole classes of society. The whole priesthood, the whole nobility, the whole landed proprietary of France, those were the feasts that kept up the muscles and sinews of the tiger in full tension. When all was exhausted at home, prey was sought for abroad, and millions were the food.

But it must not escape our memory, that while those maxims were making their way to the head of French council all was comparatively tranquil, both in France and Europe. Burke's memorable prediction was apparently unsupported by any facts of the hour. In the early part of 1792 the riots of Paris had been generally suppressed, the provincial authorities were generally obeyed, the National Assembly was quietly winding up its duties, and preparing to resign its trust to its legitimate successor. Burke's prophetic anxieties were scoffed at as the extravagance of party illusion; or, if it was acknowledged that some follies had been committed by the Assembly, it was haughtily asserted that the good infinitely predominated, and that France, instead of attempting to domineer over Europe, was thenceforth only studying to be the model of peace to all nations. The unwilling oracle was never more unheard, nor, on the other hand, was the forecast of a mind, inspired to declare the coming desolations of the age, ever more tremendously vindicated.

France, in 1791, had attained the object which all her orators declared to be the grand secret of national happiness, a Parliament in which the Commons so powerfully predominated, as to form the essential legislature; and the Commons so elected, as to connect them more closely than the world had ever seen before with the multitude. The Assembly still contained some great landholders, some great bankers, and some opulent representatives of towns and the general wealth of France. But the overwhelming majority asserted their claims to popular confidence on their simple patriotism, in whatever diversity of hues it was dyed. To connect this majority still more closely with the multitude, became the constant work of a variety of expedients for keeping up the popular excitement. Public meetings, subscriptions, violent harangues, cheap newspapers starting up in every province, and conducted by individuals of the most hazardous character, by irresponsible editors, and proprietors without a shilling; a prodigious dissemination of all that empty literature which inflates popu-

lar vanity, without giving an addition to solid knowledge; a perpetual depreciation of birth, hereditary possession, and official rank; a systematic exaltation of the lowest trades and manufactures into the rank, not merely of science, but of an intellectual right to political distinctions; a public and pronounced contempt for the differences of religions, with a not less pronounced opinion, that all were impostures alike; a habitual appeal to physical force, and, as the foundation of their whole polity, the clamorous *dictum*, that all power proceeded from the multitude, belonged to the multitude, was to be exercised only by the servants of the multitude, and might at any hour be again exercised by the multitude.

How far England, in 1835, has been urged up this ascent of political regeneration, from whose brow France, in 1791, saw nothing but a precipice and plunged headlong, we must leave to other judgments. With France all question soon came to a close. The "means to the end" teemed with a dreadful pregnancy, and, in the appointed time, brought forth a brood as hideous, fierce, and mutually destroying, as even the most corrupted imaginations of her politicians could have conceived. Within little more than a twelvemonth, Massacre was the national justice, Regicide the national loyalty, and Atheism the national religion. The remnants of her unhappy king were mouldering with the remnants of her unhappy prelates and nobles in lime-pits, hovels, and highways. The reign of the multitude was begun. Reason and Philosophy, Law and Liberty, were in every man's lips; astonishment, shame, and misery, in every man's heart. France, wrapped in the poisoned shirt of Revolution, could not move a limb without an agony. The higher orders were robbed and slaughtered, the middle were robbed and slaughtered, even the mendicants and vagrants of the streets were grasped by the unsparing tyranny of the public passion for murder. The nature of man seemed to have undergone an irrecoverable change. All the luxuries of the Republic disappeared before the great absorbing one of wholesale

execution. Blood was the national pastime. The day which witnessed no long line of wretched beings paraded to the scaffold, was a blank in the calendar of popular enjoyment. The land from east to west, and from north to south, acknowledged but one government, Terror, and but one god, the Guillotine! This was the work of theoretic purity, vigour, recurrence to the original virtue, and re-establishment of the natural equality of man. Solemn, terrible, and full of warning, was the example. The Multitude was King.

Of the whole dark and wild accumulation of images of evil by which divines and poets have laboured to bring before our minds the moral of the realms of wo, France seemed to give the reality. All the evils of the spirit of man let loose, insatiate passion, furious revenge, raging hatred, unsleeping subtlety; all in full exercise, to augment the mutual miseries of the generation; an existence struggling on through perpetual hazard; treachery on all sides, rest on none; the lust of crime eternally urging the frame, remorse without penitence eternally devouring the heart, glimpses of the good lost, embittering the wretchedness of all to come; solemn pomps and pageants of triumphant wickedness, from time to time passing before the eye; and, over all, a succession of superior fiends, exulting in their power, yet sharing the torture, and successively plunged from their height, to be doubly undone. What was wanting to the realization of the horrors of Erebus or Gehenna?

A new National Assembly now commenced its career (October 1, 1791). It was constructed on the popular principle of *universal suffrage* and *biennial election*. Those seeds produced their natural fruits; the overthrow of all that bore the name of Constitution, the murder of the Royal family, and the establishment of a Republic. It is highly worthy of being regarded as among the most important parts of the general lesson to mankind, that the first National Assembly, in its changes, had effected many objects of palpable public utility. It had declared liberty of religious worship. It had established trial by jury, the public examination of witnesses, the aboli-

tion of torture, and the unlawfulness of *lettres de cachet*. It had relieved the lower orders of their most obnoxious and partial imposts—those on tobacco and salt; it had put an end to the exemptions of the nobility and clergy from the general expenses of the state; it had cancelled all feudal privileges, sometimes painful to feeling, and sometimes burdensome; it had abolished those distinctions which invidiously reserved the higher ranks of the army for the nobles; and even, by its confiscations, had largely distributed property among the agricultural body of France. Those were the results of French Reform, and their value is undeniable. But, with all their value, the means taken to obtain them irresistibly ruined the kingdom. By declaring reform a “means to an end,” the Assembly excited a passion of universal restlessness, which, having no definite object in view, substituted the passion for the object, and was thus prepared for perpetual subversion. By declaring universal suffrage, it threw the formation of the future Parliament into the hands of the rabble, who, of course, chose representatives like themselves. By making the Crown a cypher, they prepared the way for the successive tyrannies of faction in the Legislature, the Monarch having no longer the power to protect the weaker side, or retard the full dominion of the stronger. Finally, by confiscating the property of the Church, they set an example of robbery by a vote of the Legislature—of all examples the most dangerous, because, if the Legislature may break through law to seize one species of property, it may employ the same illegality upon another, with the benefit of precedent; and because, if the populace find that they can obtain a share of the wealth of any public body by a mere vote of the Legislature, they will not hesitate in using the obvious means to secure that vote on all occasions, whether by menace or by corruption; and even in case of the most stubborn resistance, the next election makes over the Legislature to them, bound hand and foot, every man pledged to the measure, as the purchase of his

seat, and the Assembly no longer a council, but a deputation.

It is not the less remarkable, as an instance alike of retributive justice and popular absurdity, that in those measures of violence the people were actually delivering themselves over to slavery. By concentrating the whole executive and legislative in the Commons, the people threw down the bulwarks which might have been found, and have often been found, in the powers of the Peerage and the King. Let the emergency be what it might, their only resource thenceforth must be insurrection, an irresistible one undoubtedly, where it is universal, but still a costly one, perilous to the individual, ruinous to the industry, opulence, and general character of the people, and, after all, only exchanging one distraction for another. By extinguishing all the old corporations, they had destroyed their local protection against the tyranny of the Parisian reformers, who were always sufficiently ready to sacrifice the interests of the provinces to the caprice or cupidity of the mob of the capital; and when the inevitable day was come, which saw the Legislature itself succumbing to a tyrant, the people were left utterly without resource, except in arms. But even this resource aggravated their suffering. The knowledge that this was their resource only made the common tyrant the more prompt, rigid, and sanguinary; and whether, as Robespierre, he guillotined the populace; or, as Buonaparte, he marched them in chains by the hundred thousand, to feed the wolves and kites of Germany and Russia: the result was as natural as the retribution was deadly and *deserved*.

In examining those questions on which the fate of France depended, and which, with us, take the still stronger interest of prefiguring our own, it is of the first importance to ascertain, if possible, the point at which the actual evil began; and here we have no difficulty. By universal consent, it is now acknowledged that Neckar's twofold measure of giving the Commons, in the first instance, twice the number of members in the Houses of the cler-

gy and the nobles, and, next, of rendering this majority overwhelming, by allowing, or, in fact, suggesting and forcing the union of the three Houses, was the fatal fount from which all the succeeding ruin inevitably flowed. This was the decided opinion of Napoleon in after-days, accurately acquainted as he was with the principles of the Revolution, and sagacious in political discovery; he pronounced that the whole public evil sprang from the excessive power of the Commons. And this must follow in every case and country, where a portion of the Legislature, deriving its whole existence and force from the popular voice, becomes master of the state; and for the palpable reason, that if the populace, who make the boundless actual majority of the people in every land, are not fit to govern, neither can those who act directly by their impulse be fit to govern. Nothing, too, can be clearer than that every change in the constitution of the French House of Commons, which brought their election more within the power of the populace, made that House less fit to govern, as being more totally dependent upon the will of the multitude, habitually rash, jealous of the possessors of property, and eager for any change which brings it within their own possession. We see this principle verified in the contrast even of the two French Legislatures. The first National Assembly led the Monarchy to the verge of ruin; yet its violence was tame to the headlong atrocity of the second. The evident reason lay in the greater quantity of personal independence in the members of the former. The first Assembly had been chosen according to the old model of the States-General. The nobles and clergy had each sent their deputies, thus forming bodies independent of popular caprice. Even when the three Houses were thrown into one, those deputies, retaining their personal independence, resisted the headlong haste of change. They were accountable for their political existence to other masters than the multitude, and they acted accord-

ingly. But the second Assembly was wholly chosen by the multitude, for the orders of the nobles and clergy had ceased to exist, and all the old forms of election were sunk in the ballot and universal suffrage. This Assembly instantly obeyed the call of the mob for a revolution, and overthrew all that remained of Government,—submitted to the rabble cry for the massacre of the clergy, the bankers, and men of property in Paris, and sat unmoved while this comprehensive murder was going on before their eyes,—equally submitted to the rabble cry for the death of the innocent and unfortunate King and Queen, and sent them to the scaffold. Such was the simple exercise of their *deputation*. All this tissue of horrors was the work of one hand, and that not the hand of a willing assassin, not even of a man stained with personal atrocity, not even of one possessed of the powers, bodily or mental, which might give him the reaping of the harvest thus planted in national gore. It was the work of a man of narrow mind and obscure labours, condemned by the order of his intellect to act a subordinate part for a long series of years, but by accident thrown into a position to take advantage of the madness of the time, revenge himself for old contempt, and stamp his abortive name on the ruins of his country:—so perilous may be the ambition of a weak, ignorant, and vain mind, determined to make itself felt by the nation, and criminally regardless of the consequences, which leave posterity to rue the hour that he was born. Neckar was the head of the Revolution. “The concessions of Neckar,” said Napoleon, * “were the work of a man ignorant of the first principles of the government of mankind. It was he who overturned the Monarchy, and brought Louis XVI. to the scaffold. Marat, Danton, Robespierre himself, did less mischief to France. He brought in the Revolution, which they consummated. Such reformers as Neckar do incredible mischief. The thoughtful read their works—the populace

* Bourrienne's Memoirs.

are carried away by them. The public happiness is in every mouth, and soon after the people find themselves without bread. They revolt, and all society is overturned. *Neckar was the author of all the evils which desolated France during the Revolution. All the blood that was shed rests upon his head!*"

The dates of these events constitute also an important part of the lesson. By those it appears that the actual mischief was done, and irremediably done, three years before the revolution. During this interval all was the triumph of supposed freedom. All the triflers in politics were busy with speculations on the grand results of inoculating the nation with the "Rights of Man." All the dreaming philosophists of a time of "cheap knowledge" and the "march of intellect," employed their empty brains in fabricating constitutions, from which every touch of human frailty was to be removed; all the verbiage of political regeneration was in full flow, and the man who ventured to suspect that France was not on the highway to happiness, would have been stigmatized as an irreclaimable hypochondriac. Yet, in this hour of exultation, the danger was rushing on with gigantic rapidity. While all France was sunk in indolent enjoyment, or excited only by dreams of fantastic rapture, on its sky was lit the star whose name was wormwood, a meteor that was yet to fix all eyes in terror, and throw the system into conflagration. It is no answer to the argument drawn from the terrible catastrophe of France, that *we* have already passed more than three years since the rash, violent, and popularity-hunting measure which has struck at the heart of the Constitution; that *our* houses of Legislature are still separate; and that *we* have not yet offered up the Established Church to propitiate the populace. A few years added to the tale are not worth regarding in the annals of national existence; but it is undeniable that the Peerage is already pronounced a burden fit only to be removed, or an impotent adversary fit only to be trampled on; that the Established Church is the common object of insult to all the sections of "Regenerators;" and that the general spirit of malignity does not stop short at the

foot of the throne. Thus the revolutionary mind exists; the whole outline of the great history-piece of rebellion is complete. We see the groupings marked, the ground-tints and touches of spoil and slaughter laid in, and hands ready, and colours prepared, to fill up the sketch with terrors as prominent and true as ever startled the eye of Europe. The first step is taken, and the population is the rival of property. Every succeeding step will successively render it still more powerful, until an end is put to the contest in the full mastery of the state. This is the natural course of things. The cataract not merely leaps the precipice, but tears away the precipice along with it. Remedial measures in this crisis become almost wholly useless. There *must be* a collision. And this is one of the great calamities incident to throwing power into the hands of the populace. It is not to be left there without ruin. It is not to be recovered without injury. Popular tyranny, from its nature, is incapable of being coerced without something approaching to violence in the champions of the state. The spirit of revolt can be laid only by rites scarcely less forbidden than its own. "When bad men conspire, good men must combine." The attack and the defence thus nearly take alike the shape of conspiracy. In the mean time public interests are hazarded; the nation goes to wreck. The ground on which the struggle is fought is trampled out of all fertility, or is to find its fertility only in the blood which saturates the soil. Public institutions are overthrown in the rush of parties; life becomes wild and furious, unhappy and worthless. Such was the history of the civil war of Charles, in which the revolt was successful, and the multitude reached its full height of power; that height which enables it to grasp at the crown on the head of the legitimate monarch, and hold it just long enough to let it fall at the feet of an usurper. Such was the history of democracy in France, with the exception that it was wholly uncontrolled. If the progress of national evil is more tardy in England at this moment, it is not that the nature of democracy is changed. It is as grasping, jealous, bitter, and merci-

less as ever; for what can power be in the hands of the ignorant, the sensual, the craving, and the embittered, but revenge for their exclusion, or gratification for their appetites. The true cause of the delay in the downward course to destruction is, that it has encountered some antagonist and preserving principles in the old constitution. In France, the whole nation flung itself at once with unhesitating folly under the shade of the tree which only brought down the lightnings on its head. In England, we have other shelters than those pernicious branches in the hour of public difficulty. The incessant menaces to "swamp" the peerage, the outrages on all right and law, embodied in the open menace of driving the bishops from the House of Lords (peers as they are by the same law which keeps the coronet on the head of a duke, or the crown on the royal brow), the "Down with the aristocrats," the true revolutionary howl, which would as speedily strip the rustic folly of the Northumbrian squire of every acre, as the poorest parson of his meagre tithe. Every sign that can give proof of intention proves that nothing is required for the substantial horrors of revolution but to lull the crown asleep, or disarm the champions of the public welfare. Are we driven to dive into mysteries for this knowledge? The book is open, already written, with the fates of France, and written like the volume in the Apocalypse, within and without, with "lamentation, mourning, and wo." If we are to be answered, that the speeches which we hear from public men are but the common arts of professional traders in principle, the strain in which every mountebank addresses the mob, the exaggerated tale of impossible diseases, and ridiculous nostrums, hereditary among political charlatans. We fully allow the hollowness of the patriotism. We despise the remedy and the quack. But we think of more formidable and sincere mischiefs. We may scoff at the mimic terrors of the man who spouts flame out of his mouth, but it is otherwise when we lay our ears to the ground, and hear the roar of the fires that are undermining the soil, until all breaks down

together. We must be acquitted of the weakness of adopting our alarms from the harangues of those who now lay claim to the honours of revolutionary oratory in high places. They have not the ability to do any one act, good or evil, that requires a comprehensive mind. They are the mere dust and smoke of the conflagration, made to sully, and be scattered on the wind. If England is to perish with ignominy, no slight portion of that ignominy would redound from her suffering by the hands of such dwarfish hostility. It is the populace alone that can impress us with alarm. The leaders of the populace we utterly despise, as among the weakest, most ignorant, and most ungifted with the common faculties and accomplishments for public impression, of any race that ever attempted public hazard. Our thoughts are turned to higher instruments. We listen to the voices, not of them, but "of their masters;" we should as soon turn to the drivelling, toothless, decrepit hags, dancing round the cauldron, while we saw the spirits themselves rising through the flames, and heard them pronouncing the fates of empire. These men may perish; they are perishing as it is; but the evil which generated them is too prolific to regard their loss. But it is the strange power committed to the hands of the rabble by our rash legislation, that forms the true material of ruin. It is to the envenomed feelings sunk into the depths of the multitude, that we look for permanent consequences. Without it the most powerful abilities would be in vain, with it the weakest assume the force of national danger. Without the burst of that fiery whirlwind from below, the political tempter of the most powerful malignity traversing the new realms of our political confusions, not ill emblemed by the reign of

"Chaos, Night, and Demogorgon old," falls instantly, stretches his pinions in vain, and plunges down for ever. But let it strike athwart his course, it lifts him up without a wave of his wing, buoys him on with resistless speed, and places him in full sight of Satanic victory. Again, and again, we say, that if we are to save any

portion of all that constitutes the happiness and honour of England, it must be by applying our precautions, our convictions, and our conversions to the lower, nay, to the lowest, orders of the community. There we must find the friends and enemies whom we are to enlist or to encounter in the coming conflict. For that conflict will come. Party, in the old sense of the term, is at an end. Power is no longer to be the prize of a fencing match among the ribboned amateurs of the legislature. It is to be fought for by naked strength, with the strong muscle and sharp weapons of popular struggle. We despise, as much as we hate, the pseudo-patriotism which sees this state of things only to compile its own miserable distinctions out of the general havoc. The robber who skulks in the rear of battle, only that he may rob the dead and dying, is honest and heroic to nine-tenths of those who now never omit an opportunity that can be given by hustings, mechanics' institutes, and tavern dinners. Those men are contemptible, but they are corrupt; they advertise themselves for corruption. We know that the Cerberus may be sopped, and that the louder he bays, the more he is using his only language to tell us, that he is ready for the sop. But he might roar for ever, while we listened to the indistinct, yet fierce, uncouth, and melancholy echo that perpetually ascends from the regions of revolution, deep and far beyond.

“Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque
in faucibus Orci,

Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae
Et Metus, et Malesuada Fames, et turpis
Egestas,

Terribiles visu formæ: *Lctumque, Labor-
que:*

Tum consanguineus Leti Sopor, et mala
mentis

Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in li-
mine Bellum,

Ferretique Eumenidum thalami, et *Dis-
cordia demens.*”

The second National Assembly, determined on change in all things, commenced its operations by a change of names. As the first had been the Constituent Assembly, this was the Legislative. By the extraordinary ordinance which forbade all members of the former house from being members of the present,

the new French Parliament presented the model of a legislature according to the heart of reform, wholly chosen by popular suffrage, limited to two years, unclogged by the influence of Peerage, Church, or King, and especially undebased by the weight of property. The result was a legislature perfectly adapted to do the popular bidding without remonstrance or delay; in other words, a deputation of public slaves, whose only hope of exercising even the semblance of free will, was when they took the lead of the popular violence by some more sweeping violence of their own. It has been unequivocally stated, that this new house did not contain fifty members worth L.100 per annum! Such was their pledge for their protection of property. Their characters were nearly of the same order of principle; obscure barristers, country attorneys, some of the country priests who had made themselves popular by factious and infidel declarations, scribblers of vulgar ribaldry and village pamphlets, and the whole tribe of editors and proprietors of factious newspapers,—publications commenced in the provinces only for the express purpose of inflaming the popular passions. The Assembly began its proceedings with an oath “to maintain the constitution as decreed by the former Assembly, to assent to nothing which might tend to infringe it, and to be in all respects faithful to the nation, the law, and the King!” The first act of the Assembly, while the words were yet on their lips, was a significant and intentional insult to the Crown. Sixty of the members waltzed on the King, to inform him of the opening of the Parliament. They received the customary reply of etiquette from the keeper of the seals, that his majesty would fix a day for their admission. That day was to be the next, yet Ducastel, the head of the deputation, declared this common official form to be an indignity, forced his way to the royal presence, and pronounced the laconic and insolent message, “Sire, The National Legislative Assembly is definitively constituted. It has deputed us to inform your majesty of it.” On Ducastel’s return, he was actually censured by the Assembly for *too much civility*, and was told

that he offended its honour by using the words *sire* and *majesty*!

The first Assembly had consisted of the enormous number of 1128: the Clerical Members, 293; the Nobles, 270; and the *Tiers Etat*, or Commons, 565!—of whom no less than 279 were chiefly impoverished barristers and solicitors from the provinces. The qualifications for the primary electors were simply, to be a Frenchman, twenty-five years of age, and paying any taxes whatever. Those elected provincial delegates, who chose the representatives; those representatives, however, being virtually chosen by the primary electors, who gave instructions to their delegates. In all instances, the primary Electors drew up the *cahiers*, or statements of grievances, which the representatives were virtually *pledged* to remove. No qualification for the Assembly was required. The elective franchise was fixed at one *MARC*, or the value of three days' labour!

The desire to have a vote for the representative is natural to the multitude, because it always confers some degree of power, and the desire of power is natural to man. But as every state consists of property as well as persons, and as without the preservation of property no state can exist, it becomes a matter of the very highest importance that power shall not be placed in hands by which property may be most probably endangered. This is the plain standard of all qualifications for the elective franchise. It is impossible to suppose that property can be secure when the laws for its protection are at the will of persons who have nothing to lose. The only safe makers of the laws are those who, having property of their own, have an interest in the general protection of all. Therefore, when the legislature reduces the qualification for the elector to a nominal amount, it virtually abolishes the laws for the protection of property, and by giving the making of the law-makers to the mob, surrenders the property of all to their mercy. This establishes a revolution, and of all revolutions the most ruinous, the fullest of personal suffering and public hopelessness—a *revolution of general plunder*.

The French Parliament had now reached the point to which all the

worshippers of parliamentary "omnipotence," profane as the phrase is, are eager to urge the legislature in all lands. It was completely *popularized*. Every man capable of existing by the labour of his hands was entitled to decide on the fitness of the representative, and, in other words, to dictate the measures of the state; for the representative of universal suffrage *must always be a dependent*—must always act by the mere dictation of the populace, and will always be the nearest resemblance to themselves that they can discover. In fact, no man will submit to be a *delegate* but a man of habitual baseness, personal sycophancy, and political recklessness. The old incumbrances were completely removed—no House of Peers retarded the perfection of free debate. The bishops had ceased to exist as an order. The King had no other office than that of signing his name to the ordinances of the Commons. Freedom had obtained her plenitude of triumph, and patriotism in other realms had thenceforth nothing to do but to envy or emulate the measure of happiness which France had accomplished in the fulness of political reform. Let us now be enlightened by the consequences. The first act of this perfection of popular government was the pitiful insolence of a decree, that the terms "Sire and Majesty" should be no longer applied to the King. The next was a motion of the same pitiful insolence, that the royal chair in the Assembly should be brought down from its place and set on a level with the President's. The third was the equally pitiful insolence, that the members should sit down when the King sat. Such were the dignified applications of the new and tremendous power of the Assembly—acts useless, absurd, and contemptible in their objects, but of high import to those who desire to look into the true source of the popular passion for overthrow. Envy is the fount—even the appetite for plunder, ravenous and republican as it is, is the inferior parent; the true prolific mother of revolutionary guilt, is the low jealousy which hates the noble for his title, the bishop for his station in life, the man of property for his influence, all men for those common enjoy-

ments which their enviers determine to resent as insults, since they are too profligate to pursue them by the natural paths of industry, temperance, and knowledge. This is the malignant spirit which in revolutions first takes the specious shape of political zeal—a passion for the violent retrenchment of trivial abuses—a summons to the whole power of tumult to throw off the weight of incumbrances which no one feels—a torch that spreads conflagration through a land for the extinction of weeds already withering—the Patriotism of faction!

“Woman to the waist, and fair,
But ending foul in many a snake fold,”

taking charge of the gate of ruin only to throw it open, and send forth the final tempter on the wing.

According to the natural law of popular suffrage, the French legislature had descended from grade to grade of disaffection as it became surcharged with popular influence. “*Nos nequiores sumus*” was the true motto of the Constituent Assembly—the existing Assembly fully justified the remainder of the adage. The principles of the former were aristocratic in the estimate of the latter; and the small party of the *Feuillants*, which still adhered to the few decencies of the democratic constitution, were instantly thrown into contempt by the more advanced patriotism of those who demanded a liberty naked of the name of a King. The “means to the end” was now the practical principle—all was to be the perpetual whirl of the revolutionary wheel, no man caring what it crushed into powder, or through what tracts of desolation or tides of gore it swept the car of the state. “All must be new,” was the cry of all France, panting to reach the horizon which constantly flew before them. “Why should not *we* make a revolution as well as the Constituent Assembly,” was the well-known exclamation of a member of the Legislative. All was to be a struggle for desperate novelty, the excitement of new appetites which palled hourly, and were hourly to task the invention of the popular leaders to revive. The republican arena once fatally thrown open, the spectators were not to be beguiled by looking on empty pageantry or

mimic combats; the shows must be real, rapid, and sanguinary; gladiator must succeed to gladiator, till massacre had done its worst, and midnight fell alike upon the living and the dead, and obscured the scene.

It is another important feature in this lesson to nations, that the possession of power by those whose party had constituted the Opposition of the former Assembly was found to be totally illusive. Opposition had condescended to the lowest sycophancy of the rabble, had laboriously identified itself with the rabble—had pleaded for the most extravagant claims of the rabble—had broken down the Church, hewn the Peerage into fragments, left nothing of the Constitution but a fragment of the throne—and, as the purchase of all this train of concessions, in which all that was not folly was treason, and all that was not treason was folly, had plumed themselves upon their prospect of obtaining full and perpetual authority. At the commencement of the Legislative Assembly, the *Feuillants* were all but masters of the state—they had the magistracy, the provincial appointments, the National Guard, and the troops of the line, on their side. But they had scarcely lifted their eyes to those prizes of political victory when they saw mightier hands thrust forward through the darkness, which tore them away. Like puppets, they had no sooner been suffered to show their tinsel upon the stage, and speak the words of their masters, than they were pulled under the boards, and flung into darkness. All that they had regarded as their security for power, all the undue and unconstitutional force which they had given to the multitude, was instantly turned to their own undoing. Those equally atrocious and absurd doctrines by which they had pronounced the populace to be the true judges of what was essential to the state, of the qualifications of public men, and the general government of the nation—that scandalous contempt of truth with which they professed their reliance on the wisdom of the tinkers and cobblers of Paris, and that not less scandalous hypocrisy with which they had lauded the natural equality of men whom their pride regarded as the dust under their feet, all met with their

reward. The material which they had concocted and compounded with such mischievous science up to the explosive point, blew up in the operation, and whirled its concoctors into the air. Popular suffrage was not made to be kept within bounds by the feeble dexterity of those crude experimentalists. The winds of Heaven were not more incapable of guide or limit when they were once let loose. No men could be more bitterly and fruitlessly repentant than those French reformers when the evil was irreparably done, as none could be more contemptibly rash, presumptuous, and self-sufficient, while it was doing. They were sincere in their regrets, for nearly all who were not banished died on the scaffold. Their fate was the result not simply of that incompetency which is so often and so peculiarly the lot of aspirants to power for the sake of power alone, but was the natural result of raising into authority that especial part of the general population for whom authority was never intended by nature. It is rarely that we are enabled, in the troubles of nations, to point out the distinct origin of the general disease. But in the annals of the French Revolution we gain this object fully. In every distortion of the national frame, in every corruption of the public strength, in the whole anatomy of that morbid shape of crime and misery which history has preserved for the benefit of mankind, one can trace the national gangrene to the extravagant power of the populace. The whole ruin lay in the reduction of the suffrage to the level at which it fell into the possession of the multitude. The experiment showed only what the mass must always be—natively incapable of controlling their passions, natively eager for their enjoyment, and natively envious of the original superiority of birth, affluence, and knowledge. Over the fate of the guilty charlatans, who hazarded this extremity of evil, victims of their own giddy vanity and base ambition, Justice rejoices, and even Mercy can shed no tear. If, in digging up the foundations of the temple and the throne, they buried themselves,—if, in lighting the pile, where they were to consume the remaining honour

and virtue of their country, the flame sprang out and consumed themselves,—who but must rejoice over the retaliation! As if for the purpose of making the lesson palpable to all posterity, the partisans of the populace had their day of power; but it was only long enough to show them the bitterness of elevation without security, and show to their followers the infinite difference between the popular sycophant and the true statesman. From the hour when they touched the public rule, all became unsteady. Every public measure of the party to support the throne made it tremble through its whole structure. They were blinded with the smoke of their own firebrands. The French Opposition had no sooner stepped on the deck of the state-vessel than they found that its motion came from sources of which they had no experience, the old navigation was useless, the feeders of the furnaces below were the true masters of its impulse, and, to their equal astonishment and terror, they found themselves whirled away, against wind and tide, with a headlong and fearful rapidity which they could as little calculate as control.

It is not less important, as a part of the lesson, to remember, that wild as was the haste of France to revolution, it was not without remonstrance. Many of the leading men of the first Assembly, terrified at their own work, exclaimed, with the outcry of late repentance, against the inevitable mischief of the public measures, peculiarly towards the close of the Assembly; they attempted to protect the Crown, and even strained all their efforts to revoke the fatal measure by which the Peers had been merged in the Commons. Barnave, Malouet, Chappelier, the Lamettes, and others, who had led the higher portion of the *Liberals*, and who, without capacity, had, like all who affect the name, urged on the career of republicanism, with the words of King and Constitution perpetually in their harangues,—those oratorical friends of loyalty, but practical destroyers of the throne,—now pointed, with eager fingers, to the progress of the plague-spot in the national frame. But their success was proportioned to their merits. They

were too late. They had inoculated the body with the poison; and no power of man, and, more especially, no power of man startled into wisdom only by fear, could enable them to expel the venom; but the struggle was speedily at an end. They were caught by the common results of the national pestilence, and sleep in the promiscuous and loathed grave, where the hypocrite, the false friend, and the public pretender, fester beside the less-abhorred rebel and murderer. They had been the avowed champions of the populace—the pompous advocates of a suffrage which threw the Parliament into the hands of the lower orders. This was their policy, while they talked of regenerating France; they made every member of the Assembly a slave to the multitude, while they boasted of giving liberty to the nation. In this act they had done the deed which no man could undo, and which never has been undone, without the longest and most sanguinary sacrifices. For this they died the death of the traitor, and deserve nothing better than a traitor's grave.

The course of power, held at the discretion of the mob, is always a course of corruption. The leaders of the day are outbid in the mart by those who desire to be the leaders of to-morrow. Thus is ensured a perpetual dilapidation of the state. The first pretenders barter away the external ornaments of the Constitution; the second strips it of essentials, breaks up the roof and windows, and leaves it open to the elements; the third sells the walls; still the work goes on in successive hands, each blacker and more exterminating than the last, until men look in vain for the foundations of the building, which all the traffickers in turn had protested that it was only their purpose to raise higher still, to purify, decorate, and make perpetual. The Feuillants, the Liberals, were the leaders on the opening of the Assembly. They had trafficked for power with the ornaments of the Constitution; but they had scarcely made their barter, when the Girondists, the Republicans came forward with their offers. They bartered the King, and instantly threw the Liberals into contempt. The Liberals had robbed

the Church; the Republicans proposed a decree for exterminating the clergy. The Liberals had terrified a crowd of the nobles and landed proprietors into exile by violence and spoil; the Republicans issued a decree, pronouncing death to all who dared to emigrate. The Liberals had insulted the unfortunate King; the Republicans insisted on his passing decrees against his own brothers, the blood-royal, and all his friends in exile, declaring them traitors, confiscating their estates, and condemning them to the penalty of death. A still more momentous advance, and yet an almost necessary one, was from the concealed irreligion of the Liberal to the open blasphemy of the Republican. The cry had been, Down with the Church! the cry was now, Down with the Altar! "I acknowledge no God but the Law!" was the exclamation of one of the enlighteners of the age. It was echoed by many a mad and guilty lip in the Assembly, and it was applauded by all.

We pursue this moral but a few steps further: the few are demonstrative. The Liberals were to perish by that law of nature which makes political profligacy only another name for the necessity of additional crime. Like the old compounders of poisons, the moment the mask dropped off, they were suffocated by the fumes of their own crucible. The Girondists harangued, the Jacobins acted; the populace, masters of the nation, instantly decided for the men of action. The Girondists, boasting of their scorn of the throne and the altar, had been listened to only while the boast was new; but the populace soon felt a still deeper scorn of those theatric wearers of the revolutionary costume—demanded why they wore daggers if it were not to use them—and rushed, by the thousand and ten thousand, in the train of the monster-ruffians who marched on to plunge their daggers in royal blood. In the midst of the Girondist Assembly, the Jacobin no sooner started up than he bore all before him with the natural force of reality opposed to semblance. Brissot—a name that stands prominent in the midst of villainy of every size, struggling for distinction—was a Jacobin. He had acquired his

strength in the Jacobin Club; and at his first appearance in the Assembly, the whole tribe stooped before him. The graceful waverers between loyalty and treason, the specious believers in the possibility of an union between monarchy and republicanism, the renovators without ruin, and the friends of all religions without atheism, were stricken into the shade before the fierceness of unequivocal democracy that glared round him. Brissot's was the true education for a man of revolution. He had begun in the lowest condition of life; from this he became a clerk to a country attorney. He next threw off even this obscure trade, and became a dependent on the alms of his relations, a mendicant and a vagabond. He next became editor of a rebellious paper. This paper was suppressed, and he was once more a vagabond. Chance threw him in the way of Philip of Orleans; congeniality of character bound the future regicides together; and he commenced a rebellious paper again. It again perished, and he again became a vagabond. But man must eat to live—he recommenced the trade of libel, and was sent to prison. The Orleans influence obtained his liberty; he rewarded the royal mercy, by a violent libel; and escaped seizure only by flying from France. His element was libel, and he no sooner found himself in Flanders, than he joined a factious journal. But France was not yet ripe for undoing. America opened a broader field, and one year before the assembling of the States-General, Brissot projected the formation of a republican colony of his countrymen in the woods. But the sound of new turbulence at home was as a trumpet to his ear. He instantly hastened back, plunged into all the treasons of the time, and was placed at the head of the Jacobin club. With the influence of the club sustaining him, he entered the Legislative Assembly, and was irresistible. He instantly became master. The feeble cabinet trembled before him; if he suffered them to exist, it was only as his servants; his measures were their measures, his will was their law. Without the responsibility of office, he had all its authority. The solid force which he

marshalled round his person, made him virtually arbiter of both Ministry and Opposition. But his career, too, was fated. A stronger than he was rising behind him, and the wielder of a faction in the legislature was suddenly to feel the natural superiority of the wielder of a faction in the streets. He was now urged through the established courses of rabble favour, and stimulated his dying popularity by still keener political outrages. But his day was done. As a last effort, he brought the king to the scaffold, but he impaired the revolutionary merit of the act, by an affected attempt to delay the shedding of the royal blood. Robespierre, the nobler, as the more candid, villain of the two, thenceforth rose in the ascendant, stripped the hypocrite of every prize of his hypocrisy, and marked him for the guillotine. In the very year of the king's murder, vengeance overtook him; his party fell before the more powerful atrocity of Robespierre, heading the fiercer portion of the Jacobins. He attempted, in vain, to escape across the frontier; he was seized, and brought to execution, with twenty-one of the chief of his followers. He died (October 24, 1793) by the same axe which had slain his virtuous and unfortunate queen but eight days before. In this man's life, who but can mark the original characteristics of the modern democrat? The native absence of principle, the ready mendicancy, the desertion of all regular pursuit for the trade of politics, the innate love of libel, the habitual restlessness, the perpetual lie, the personal cowardice, coupled with the yet insulting tongue, the pretence to public virtue, with the practice of public vice, pushed to rapine and regicide.

But the moral is not yet at an end. The same precipitate plunge into guilt, which so rapidly dyed every successive leader of faction in deeper stains, characterised the whole community. The population of France had assumed a new physiognomy. It wore no longer the cloudy countenance of the discontented peasant or the angry artisan. Every feature was now inflamed with the lust of plunder, or the triumph of revenge. The casual voice of agricultural

outrage, or city riot, was now lost in universal uproar. In this general fall of every barrier and buttress of civil order, it required scarcely the strength of a terrified imagination to conceive that a new race of existence peopled the unhappy land. Crimes, which in other times rouse the abhorrence of society, were the hourly boasts of the people; men laid claim to national honours, on the ground that they had murdered their parents or their children. With a theatric affectation of emulating the heroic heights of antiquity, they acted its crimes, and plumed themselves on thus equalling its virtues. A man shot his old and intimate friend in the streets. "Brutus," exclaimed the murderer, "was honoured for having put his sons to death; I deserve to be still more honoured for killing a man who was a father to me." In the lowest depth there was a lower still. The atrocity of perverted human nature seemed incapable of being exhausted. The first Assembly had exhibited all the guilt conceivable in its day, the gross contempt of oaths, the base disregard of the natural obligations to a king and a God, and the rash, unprincipled, treacherous, and ruinous absorption of all power into the popular branch of the legislature. The Second exhibited the still more direct progress of the system, in degrading the general government into a lower class of legislators, a tribe of vulgar, ignorant, and ferocious pretenders, totally unequal to comprehend the common problems of all government, and knowing nothing of statesmanship beyond the crude process of sustaining themselves by rousing the physical force of the people on every trivial difficulty of the state. Mistaking harangues for deliberation, and popular pampering for government, they made their own overthrow inevitable by wasting time, while more energetic ruffians acted, and teaching the rabble the habits of insurrection,—thus forming trainbands for the first daring denouncer of their own usurpation. The incarnate evil of the consummate democracy followed, lording it over France by the simple supremacy of massacre, trampling down the remnants of all parties, or extinguishing the Liberals with still more

open scorn than they had extinguished the hollow adherents to royalty; and brandishing the axe, the only sceptre of the sovereign rabble, with a sense of keener triumph over the Republicans.

In this language there is no exaggeration. It is not in the power of language to exaggerate the gigantic iniquity of the days when Robespierre, embodying in his own person the will of faction, acted by the force of the populace; a tyrant by every name of tyranny, he was the true creation of democracy. The rude violence of the Indian or African ruler of savages was mercy to the subtle miseries which his tyranny inflicted on the heart of France. He ruled the populace itself with unexampled rigidity, but he was suffered to rule them, while he supplied their appetites. He kept his tigers and wolves in cages of iron, but he little regarded their boundings and roarings, while he could feed them on human heads. The progress in inventive cruelty kept pace with the gory necessities of the hour. The old means of human extinction were too slow for the system which contemplated the extinction of party by the extinction of communities. The gibbet and the wheel were soon superseded by the rapid services of the guillotine. But the guillotine soon lagged behind the popular passion. Extermination was the law, and the genius of democracy showed itself equal to the national demand. The *Noyades*, or drownings, were invented, by which hundreds at a time might be submerged in the rivers already purple with native blood. But the exigency still pressed on. Drowning, on its most comprehensive scale, was found too narrow for the extent of democratic regeneration. The *Fusillades* followed, and the musket operated the national will upon the mass of victims with comparative ease, expedition, and economy. Still the exigency leaned too heavily on the invention. Hundreds might perish before the fire of platoons, but what was to be done where the sovereign will demanded the execution of thousands? The *Mitrailade* was the fortunate discovery. Cannon, loaded with grape-shot, were pointed on the unhappy groupes, and the iron shower was

rained on them, until all were prostrate—fathers, mothers, and infants, a broad mass of curdled blood and shattered bone.

Are we writing romance, or is not every syllable of those abhorrent details substantiated by the annals of the democracy? The evidence still exists in the broken surface of society in France, in the habits of fierce fluctuations impressed on the national character, in the revolution mustering at this moment, in the republican heavings which make the throne totter before the eye. No man of common observation can look beyond the merest covering of the moral soil without finding the proofs of that more than parricidal conflict—

“ Finibus illis

Agricola, in curvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit
inanes.”

The question with an Englishman is, how far those atrocities might be possible in his own country? The common cry of the Liberals among us answers that they would not; and, under shelter of this patriotic prejudice, they proceed to sanction the full experiment of French politics. But we dread the experiment, and are unconvinced by the prejudice. The English character is manly, grave, and just; but this is the character of those classes alone who have learned their allegiance in the school of the constitution. The man of loyalty and virtue alone knows the value of justice and honour, and acts on the conviction that rapine and infidelity are always the precursors of national ruin.

But England contains a large proportion of individuals to whom political fraud is honesty, and public rapine, fortune; and even if the proportion were less, it is sufficient, from its keen activity, desperate recklessness, and necessity of subversion, to control the whole commonwealth. Does not the national ear suffer the perpetual insult of harangues, exhibiting the most unhesitating violence of the French Revolution? Are there not leaders of the populace whose conduct and words emulate the darkest fury of Danton and Marat; as men, utterly and openly perjured, too proud of their pro-

gress to conceal their hostility to the throne, and even to the name of England; as politicians, with the double influence of the blindest bigotry, and the basest ambition, impelling them to the extremes of national undoing? Do we not see the public league of the revolter through bigotry cemented with the revolter through malignity, and both canvassing the mass that forms the revolters through rapine? Do we not see the still more startling, yet perfectly natural, conspiracy of the religious hypocrite with them all—the affectation of ultra-piety allying itself to the affectation of ultra-patriotism, and both pledged to the common object of overthrow? But we have the practical proof in the conduct of English faction, while the horrors of the French Revolution were raging. In 1792 the full character of Jacobinical freedom had been developed. All the speciousness which disguised the true nature of popular power to the eye of fools—for to none others was it ever disguised; or lent a pretext to the tongue of knaves—for in none others did it ever find its panegyric; the whole mystery of political regeneration, was dissolved. The King had been dethroned; the royal residences had been successively sacked by the populace, and the few friends of the monarch either banished or butchered. The fatal 10th of August had been followed by the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September, when clergy, nobles, bankers, merchants, soldiers, and felons had been mingled in one promiscuous slaughter, to the number of 7000! and this unspeakable act of guilt had been perpetrated in the presence of the armed citizens of Paris, not one of whom would interfere; and in the hearing of the legislature, which all but applauded the deed. Yet even then, even Englishmen could be found mad enough with faction to bind themselves to France, burst out into congratulations on her crimes, and exult in the prospect of their participation at home. The “Revolution Society,” with a Socinian teacher at its head, actually dared to select the 10th of August as the chief topic of its triumph. “Above all,” was the language of this body of British regenerators, “we rejoice in the late revolution of the 10th of August, as necessary to secure to you the advan-

tages which the former had taught you to expect; and we anticipate with pleasure the moment at which you shall have finished your labours, and established a wise and equitable government, which must be the admiration of the friends of man, and the cause of *terror and despair to tyrants!*" Among those tyrants George III. was included, and the wise and equitable government was to be the subverter of their own. But in all the proceedings of faction the most disgusting part is its hypocrisy. This cant of "wise and equitable government," disgraces even the infamy of rebellion. The "Revolution Society" expected neither wisdom nor equity from overthrow, but they expected robbery, and this would have compensated them for the extinction of every civil right that had ever existed. But they soon spoke out more plainly. "We cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure which we feel on beholding the *Right of Insurrection!* successfully exercised in so large a territory as the French republic." The *right* being thus declared and thus exemplified, the next step, of course, would be to spread its operation to England. This address was forwarded to the French Assembly, and there received as a testimonial of English patriotism! The address of the "Newington Society" farther solicited Frenchmen to impart a portion of their new-found liberty to their fettered brethren in the English nation. "Your wise decrees," said they to the Convention, at that moment rending itself to pieces with all kinds of fury and absurdity, "have enlightened Europe. Like the rays of the sun, they will soon enlighten the four quarters of the world." But the prediction was not enough; they urged its accomplishment. "We honour you in your undertaking to deliver from slavery and despotism the brave nations which border your frontiers. How holy is the humanity which prompts you to break their chains!" The humanity of the Convention, sitting in the midst of unbounded murder, and of France, covered with burning and bloodshed! And this furious folly, or rather this contemptuous and criminal abuse of the common feelings and common sense of mankind, was not confined to its first promulgators.

In November, immediately followed a combination of Revolution Societies formed at Manchester, Norwich, and London, which sent a joint manifesto against the government to the bar of the French Convention. This audacious and treasonous paper declared, "That the English nation had lost its liberty, and been reduced by an oppressive and inquisitorial system to the verge of that condition of slavery from which the French people had so gloriously emancipated themselves! That five thousand English citizens had the courage to come forward and rescue their country from the opprobrium thrown upon it by the base conduct of its masters! That the freemen of England imprecated vengeance on the head of the man who should attempt to dissolve the *friendship which subsisted between them and the Jacobins of France.* That, if their number appeared small, it increased every day, and that, in spite of the efforts of authority, knowledge made a rapid progress among Englishmen, intent on ascertaining the extent of their rights. Frenchmen, you are already free, *but Britons are preparing to be so!* That, in the endeavour to detect their cruel enemies, they had found them in the partizans of that destructive *aristocracy* by which their bosoms were torn, an aristocracy which had hitherto been the bane of all countries on earth, and which the Convention had acted wisely in banishing from France! That, if the Elector of Hanover united his troops with those of traitors and robbers, it gave them no concern; but the King of England would do well to remember that England was not Hanover, and, should he forget it, *they would not!* That there should be a triple alliance, not of crowned heads, but of the *people* of England, France, and America, to give liberty to Europe, and peace to the world. And finally, That *no sacrifice should be deemed too great*, to be enabled at last to say, *The universe is free! Tyrants and tyranny are no more! Peace reigns on the earth, and it is to the French that mankind are indebted for the boon!*"

The "Constitutional Society" were not to be left behind in this march of intellect, and, in the same month, they also voted an address, and adopted the still more advanced

step of sending representatives of their patriotism to present this offering to the French Assembly. The Convention was already on the point of bringing the king to an illegal trial, with a predetermination to sentence him to an iniquitous death. This manifesto hailed the Convention as the representatives of a *sovereign people*; and, unhesitatingly challenging the universal wonder and disgust of human nature, built its panegyric on the successive crimes of Jacobinism. "Every successive epoch of your political regeneration," was its inconceivable language, "has each added something to the triumph of liberty; and the *glorious victory of the 10th of August!* has finally prepared the world for a constitution, which, enlightened as you are, we trust will be established on the basis of nature and reason." In natural sequence of this sentiment, it declared, "that *other nations would soon follow France in her career of improvement, and rising from their lethargy, would arm themselves for the purpose of claiming the rights of man, with that all-powerful voice which man could not resist.*" To make this English insurrection still more distinct if possible, the bearers of the address, in their speech to the Convention, pronounced that—"After the example given by France, *revolutions will become easy.* Reason is making a rapid progress, and it would not be extraordinary if, in a much less space of time than can be imagined, the French should send addresses of congratulation to a *National Convention established in England!*" The address was received in its full meaning by the Jacobin Parliament. The president declared the deputies to be well worthy of the name of "Generous Republicans," and, adopting their own phrase, "looked forward to the moment in which the French would carry congratulations to the National Convention of England."

We pass by all the natural reflections on the emptiness of this phraseology, in which the only substance was its treason; the common-places of declamation against wrongs which were never inflicted, and fears of oppression which no man anticipated. England had not, for a hundred years, been more prosperous, more free, or more abundant in all the

hopes, gifts, and acquirements of a great ruling nation—nor France more wretched, enslaved, and threatened with irrecoverable pauperism, ignorance, and decay, than at the hour when those pestilent fools were insulting the common understanding of mankind, by haranguing on the ruin of England and the renovation of France. The point with us is merely an answer to the childish, or the insidious, doubt, that Englishmen can ever be hurried so far out of the national character by party, as to perpetrate a national overthrow. We reply, by the irresistible answer of facts. Englishmen were found to defend, nay to panegyricize, nay to pledge themselves to imitate the French Revolution, when that Revolution was at its height. If those horrors are now colourless—if the stains of human suffering have been now washed away by the passing of many a long and dreary year—if the flesh and blood of that Revolution have mouldered into dust, and even the gibbet on which it was hung by a hand scarcely less criminal than its own, has decayed from the sight of men—those applauders of Jacobinism saw it when it was in the full vigour of its atrocities. They threw themselves at its feet when every stamp of those feet dripped with massacre; they echoed its voice when every sound of that voice was blasphemy, and swore to follow its example when every act of its existence was some daily outrage against law and human nature. If those evils were cherished at a period when no eye could mistake them for goods, what shall prevent them from deluding our later generation, when the natural work of time has operated in some degree to cover their darker lineaments, and, like some of the old forest fortresses, the brute carousal of the robber, and the cries of the wretches in his dungeons, are heard no longer, and the haunt of cruelty and terror takes its place among the illusions of the landscape and the romance of the past? Or, are we without living evidence that atrocity is familiar to the Jacobin in every age, and that Jacobinism, like guilt or death, reduces all national characters to a level? The riots of 1780 showed us before-hand how fit the power of the populace in England was to lead the power of the popu-

lace in France. The fires of Bristol, at an interval nearly as great from the Republic, show us how fully prepared large portions of the populace, even in our prosperous country, are to follow the French example. Thus, we must not take the flattering unctiousness, that when we abandon public precaution, we can find refuge in popular self-denial;—that, if we give the state into the hands of English demagogues, we shall find them more capable of refusing the exhilarations of plunder in their hands, and scaffolds at their disposal, than the Marats and Dantons; and that, if we desert our King, our rights, and our God, to bow down before rabble power within the circuit of our own land, we shall not find the foot of the many-headed tyrant pressed as heavily on our neck as it ever was pressed by the savage triumph and grim contempt of the rabble of Paris.

We insist on this fact, the more that the contrary is the general excuse of the indolent for refusing all exertion in a day which demands all activity; is the equally general soother of those who are to be roused to activity by personal fear; and, undoubtedly, to a considerable degree, operates on the self-sufficient security of those who, wishing to share the profits of Revolution, also wish to be calmed as to the consequences. With those three classes, the subterfuge and the solace lies in the belief, that an English Revolution must be like none other. They admit that the extraordinary appetite for change exhibited by the leaders of the populace has a look of public danger, but then the soberness of the English mind relieves them from all dread of the result. They acknowledge that violent measures are menaced, furious speeches made, and a long train of frauds and falsehoods in perpetual employment to urge the nation to civil war. But, then, "the native good sense of the people" is ready to neutralize the political poison, and all will be well.

We have not a doubt that there are thousands and tens of thousands lying under this delusion, and that it accounts for the cold gaze with which those ten thousands see the highest interests of the country constantly staked by the lowest hands; and that there is no delusion more fatal. Again and again we say, that

all multitudes are the same; that they all respond alike to the impulses of faction when they are once set in movement; that the waves of the Atlantic are not more like the waves of any other ocean when the tempest once awakes them; and that the fool who trusts himself to the tender mercies of revolution in England will differ no more in his fate than in his nature from the fool who trusted to them in France forty years ago. Have we obliterated from our knowledge and from our history the total subversion of Church, Crown, and State, which distinguished the passion of an English populace in 1648; the sweeping miseries of the Civil War, a war which, if less made infamous by massacre in cold blood than the revolutionary paroxisms of France, owed its more generous character only to its being under the guidance of a part of that aristocracy which France hastened to extinguish? But our chief and altogether unanswerable evidence, is the notoriety of the eagerness with which the populace rushed into admiration of France during her most furious excesses—That when every wind from France brought sounds of wailing, our clubs and affiliated conspiracies, under the name of Reform, rejoiced in every echo—That when the priesthood, the nobles, and the King were torn away by successive outrages from the Constitution, the clubs hurried off their congratulatory addresses, and even ostentatiously triumphed at the plunge of every fresh fragment in the raving torrent of the Revolution. It is impossible to allege, that ignorance had any share in this frightful abandonment of common justice and natural humanity. The question had been stripped of all sophism. It was reduced to the simplest elements of rapine and massacre—all was avowal or menace. The convention had arrived at that pitch of supremacy, where it would not have been worth its while to affect concealment. However long it might have sailed under false colours, they were now useless; it was now so confident of success that the pirate disdained to keep down the black flag, but hoisted it at the main.

Pitt's conduct at this period was consistent with his life. Never pre-

cipitate, yet never tardy, never striking at the public evil before it had assumed a shape which justified the blow, yet never hesitating to strike with his full force when the blow was to be given, he met the conspiracy in front. The nation was called on to be upon its guard—preparations were made for bringing the heads of the clubs before the tribunals—the troops of the line were ordered to be on the alert—the militia were called out—an alien bill was decided on, to break off the hazardous intercourse kept up between the traitors in England and France, by the perpetual influx of revolutionary agents; and, as the chief measure of precaution, and one on which depended all the rest, Parliament was specially summoned in December, prior to the time to which it had been prorogued. The King's speech on the meeting of Parliament was a plain and manly exposition of the dangers of the country, and the means by which Ministers proposed to avert them. It stated that those dangers arose from "seditious practices, which had of late been renewed with increased virulence, and more open activity; that the efforts employed to excite discontent in the kingdom had proceeded from a design to overturn the constitution, and with it all civil order; and that those designs had evidently been pursued in connexion with persons in foreign countries. A long succession of debates arose on the heads of the speech, in which Fox assailed the conduct of government with equal assiduity and ill success; constantly proposing as *cures* (!) for the acknowledged virulence of combined sectarianism and Jacobinism, a repeal of the Test and Corporation acts, and a reform of the House of Commons; cures which every man of common understanding knew, and every man of common principle would acknowledge, could only increase the political distemper in both its forms. In his speech on moving an amendment to the address, this reckless partisan had the folly to panegyrize the conduct of France, professing his attachment to her principles, and rejoicing in her successes. Pitt was absent;

having vacated his seat on his acceptance of the wardenship of the Cinque Ports. But the cause required no advocacy but its own strength. Fox's ramblings were bitterly retorted; he was taunted with the intolerable atrocities of the democracy which he praised—ridiculed for the obsolete quackery of his panaceas—driven from subterfuge to subterfuge, and finally beaten by a majority of 240. Fox continued to make successive efforts, and be defeated in them all, night after night, by great majorities, until an event took place, by which all men but himself felt that even republicanism was disgraced for ever, and France put out of the pale of civilized alliance. This event was the murder of the unfortunate Louis (January 23, 1793), after a mock trial before a mock tribunal. All the honest part of the British empire sent up one voice of indignation at this deed of wanton horror. Sectarianism and Jacobinism found the uselessness of uttering their absurdities for a time, and Fox alone, irreclaimable on the point of principle, and not to be deterred from the vain hope of office by the scandal of pledging himself to the cause of France, when it was synonymous with all that could excite the dread and disgust of human nature, persevered until the nation was fully awake to the profligacy of his understanding; party shrank from him, and even the mob abandoned the desperate champion of democracy. Pitt had now triumphed once again over opposition and its leader—he had not less stricken a mortal blow on the head of Jacobinism in England.

But a larger field of both difficulty and triumph was suddenly opened before him. France had *laboured* to provoke a war—peace had been preserved only by anxious efforts on the side of the English government, but the attempt to revolutionize and seize Holland was equivalent to an attempt on the shores of the empire itself. The French ambassador, Chauvelin, was ordered to quit the kingdom within eight days, and the most memorable war of the modern world began.

THE TAMWORTH DINNER.

CONSPICUOUS and commanding is the position which Sir Robert Peel occupies at this moment in the eyes of his countrymen. Upon him rests the eager and undivided attention of the large body of Conservatives. With his policy are bound up the hopes of the peaceable and well-affected part of the community—of all, in fact, who prefer order to anarchy, and Constitutional monarchy to unbridled republicanism.

His acuteness as a statesman—his tact as a debater—the influence which he wields at will over the House of Commons, though the leader only of a minority—the coolness, temper, and firmness, which have characterised his bearing as a minister in moments of, to those around him, uncontrollable excitement—the line of Conservative policy to which he pledged himself—and the magnanimity with which he quitted office because he could not carry that policy into effect—his prompt sacrifice of place rather than establish a dangerous precedent—explain in some degree the thrall in which he holds captive the hearts of the British people.

The passing incidents in the career of such a man are memorable. We wish to know more of him. We desire to possess his thoughts, views, and opinions on all the absorbing topics of the day—to hear under what aspect he is disposed to regard a period fertile beyond all precedent, in rapid and important changes.

Thus viewed, the Tamworth dinner assumes a degree of importance to which it would not be otherwise entitled. It was the first appearance of the fallen minister in his own neighbourhood since his descent from office. It was given him by a body who were not only his constituents, but his neighbours; intimately conversant with his domestic life, and well qualified to judge how far his public professions coincided with his private declarations. To some of those who sat around him his career from boyhood was familiar. And the events of the evening seemed to throw new light on his character as a statesman, a private citizen, and a man.

For some weeks before the dinner took place, every ticket was disposed of. More than two hundred of the most influential individuals in the neighbouring counties signified to the committee their desire to be present—but in vain. The accommodation was limited; and it was not easy to complete new arrangements. As the day drew near, and the certainty of Sir Robert's presence—from the advanced state of public business—was ascertained, fresh solicitations and renewed efforts were made by the disappointed; and in many instances five and six guineas were offered and refused for the dinner ticket. The evening of the 4th arrived, sunny and cheering; for two hours, the roll of carriages into the little town of Tamworth was incessant. A few minutes after six, the ex-premier entered the hall, and was most cordially greeted by upwards of two hundred gentlemen, eminent for their public worth and private character. It was cheering to observe how little the duties of a long and laborious Session had told upon him. The erect and manly carriage—the springing and elastic step—the manner—look—voice—eye,—all spoke health unassailed and energies unimpaired; a conclusion welcomed with greater pleasure by those who remembered the savage and assassin-like description of Sir Robert's person—to the Globe, the favoured organ of Ministers, must, we believe, be conceded this pre-eminence in brutality—which appeared soon after his assuming the reins of office, and ran the round of the Liberal press. "Sir Robert Peel will not last long. We shall soon be rid of him. Death will do the business. The fatigues of the Session are evidently killing him."

By the kindness of the Vice-President, Mr Brammall, a name long associated with integrity of character and superiority of intellect, a seat was assigned us so near the guest of the evening that much of his general conversation reached us. We watched him—we are not ashamed to avow it—narrowly and closely. We wished to gain an insight into the workings of that commanding mind. We would fain have obtained

a glimpse of the preparatory intellectual exercise of that master spirit which has so often and so memorably checked the arrogance of the demagogue and stilled the clamours of faction. Our position was favourable, and we made the most of it. Nothing could be more gay, offhand, and unembarrassed than his manner. No human being who watched him would have supposed that he was the individual from whom no common effort of intellect was expected, and would so shortly be conceded. His conversation, during dinner, was ease and gaiety itself. But when the cloth was drawn, a change of manner was perceptible. There was a sudden silence—a knitting of the brows—an appearance of abstraction—a summoning of the mental powers to their work—as if he were then for the first time sensible of the task with which he had to grapple. But even then his superiority to the herd was marked and evident. There was nothing of the hectic of alternate hope and fear—nothing of the flutter of uncertainty—nothing of the hesitation of a man who fears he has undertaken a task beyond his strength. His was the calmness and self-possession of a veteran carefully marshalling all his forces previous to the combat, and confident of victory at its close.

It were idle here to give much of that celebrated speech. It has long since sunk deep into the hearts and memories of the British nation. But there are one or two particular passages which call for a passing remark, and which drew down enthusiastic cheers during their delivery.

Nothing could be more happy than the tone, nothing more significant than the smile, nothing more dexterous than the expression of the lip with which he alluded to the "*close and affectionate union at present existing*" between O'Connell and Lord Melbourne. He read from papers before him that passage from the King's speech, *drawn up by a Whig Cabinet*, in which the machinations of the arch demagogue were denounced as little less than traitorous. "The language of the other party was equally complimentary." In his letter to Lord Duncannon he thus describes Lord Melbourne: "In plain truth, my lord, it is quite manifest that Lord Melbourne is quite incompetent to the high office he holds.

It is lamentable to me to think that the destinies of the Irish people should in any degree depend on so inefficient a person." With unsparring sarcasm Sir Robert then commented on the sacrifice of principle, made by each party, ere they could support the same line of policy; and closed his merciless exposure with the remark uttered in the most exquisite tone of irony—"all that I can now say is, that they have sacrificed on the altar of their country their ancient hostilities, and the union has given to one party *office*, and to the other *power*."

The line of policy he had intended to pursue as Premier was thus concisely, yet clearly, stated.

"I had not undertaken to govern on ultra principles. I was aware, and so must all of you be, that great changes had taken place in the institutions of the country, and that it was expected that the course Government would pursue would be to accommodate itself to those changes. I meant to do so; and I do say, that whatever had been my opinions with respect to the Reform bill, he must be a madman who should forget that it had passed."

Thus much then for his views as a statesman. There were, however, one or two passages in the progress of the evening, *not recorded in the public papers*, which exhibited him to no small advantage as a private citizen and as a man.

He took an early opportunity of proposing the health of the chairman, Mr Inge—a noble specimen of the English country gentleman—courteous, intelligent, and refined—his whole life one continued exemplification of unshaken loyalty and unimpeachable honour. The cordial yet deferential manner in which Sir Robert called on the company to pledge the health of this much respected individual; the terms—few but felicitously chosen—in which he alluded to the steadiness of his public principles, his years, the position he occupied not merely in the country but in the esteem of those around him, will not speedily pass away from the memory of those who heard him. Sir Robert himself timed the cheers. He claimed the privilege of doing so. And it was a curious spectacle to see the man who had so lately presided in the councils of one of the most powerful na-

tions of the earth, standing up, glass in hand, and leading with the heartiest *bonhommie* and good will the cheers which accompanied the toast he had so appropriately prefaced.

Mr Wooler subsequently proposed the health of "Lady Peel." The manner in which he introduced the pledge to the company was curious. "I am about," said he, "to propose a toast which *I know* will be better received than any which has preceded it. You seem surprised at this. I am confident of it. The sex alone would be sufficient. But when I name the object, I shall be secure of your suffrages to a man." Some further remarks followed—thus closed: "I beg to name one who is admired in private life for her attainments, and beloved for her virtues; who has nobly upheld at home and abroad the character of the accomplished and high principled English lady; who has solaced the bitter moment of defeat and graced the bright hour of triumph. Health and happiness to Lady Peel."

Sir Robert Peel rose instantly. He observed, "the allusions of the last speaker, were perfectly just when applied to one, who, amid the cares and harassing disquietudes of public life had by her bright auguries of the future soothed,—and in the hour of despondency, by her calm confidence in Heaven, cheered." He then alluded to his journey from Rome, and asked "what save that spirit opposed to every consideration of SELF—common he believed to every virtuous English lady—could have enabled a delicate and feeble woman to brave a journey of eight successive days and nights, at the most inclement season of the year, rather than be absent from her husband's side at a moment which she deemed the most critical of his public life." Another sentence or two intervened; and he concluded by again thanking them on behalf of "her to whom he owed a debt which the devotion of a life, however long, could scarcely repay."

The cordiality and delicacy with which the Statesman acknowledged the compliment were felt by all. Not a word was said too much. And yet it was evident how completely the feelings of the man and the husband were identified with the theme. To us this was THE SPEECH of the evening.

Where there is so much to praise, it were invidious to seek out matter for censure; yet the following passage awoke a melancholy echo in the breasts of some of Sir Robert's auditors. It occurred to them that the word "COMPROMISE"—at all times a word of ill-omen—should never have been uttered by the Conservative leader of the lower House. They thought it would have come with better grace from any lips than his, whose constant cry has been *when the rights of the subject were sought to be wrested from him—*"No Surrender!" It was associated in their minds with disgrace. "Compromise" to them sounded like concession obtained by menace and yielded from cowardice. At any rate it should have found no utterance from Sir Robert Peel; but have remained in its proper and peculiar resting-place—the vocabulary of the feeble, and timid, and mercenary, and base.

"I am not one to advise a pertinacious adherence in any branch of the legislature to its own principles. *I have lately advised a COMPROMISE*; but it is a COMPROMISE worthy of the dignity of each branch of the legislature. It is my wish to avoid collision between the two Houses of Parliament; and I believe that the welfare of this country consists in that the people of it should be able to apply themselves to the honest pursuits of industry without being constantly harassed by discussions of the legislature. But I assert, that whilst I advise a virtuous and dignified COMPROMISE, I will never consent to any species of compromise that will tend to destroy any one branch of the legislature."

With this single exception, the scene was a bright interval snatched from the turmoil of political life. Good taste and good feeling governed it throughout—from the opening address of the chairman down to the pithy speech of the venerable ecclesiastic, who returned thanks on behalf of "the Bishop and Clergy," and who, in few and touching terms, stated that his ministry had lasted over SIXTY YEARS—a period, we are inclined to believe, of varied and extensive usefulness. It was a meeting that will bear reflection—at once worthy of its object, and memorable for the generous and high-minded sentiments it suggested and elicited.

MATTHEW CLEAR; THE MAN WHO "SAW HIS WAY."

CHAPTER I.

"WITH such an excellent property, too! Ah, sir!"—and, as the speaker touched upon property, his voice trembled, and into either eye there stole one large tear, we think quite as large as the Narcot diamond. "Ah, sir! if Mr Clear had only seen into himself! for with such a property!"

The truth is, Matthew, though the dimmest owl, had, in his own conceit, the vision of an eagle. The snail that carries its eyes at the end of its horns—Matthew, by the way, died a widower—had not a more projective look. Seeing nothing, he could to his own satisfaction peer into the very essences of things. But agreeing with the reflective gentleman above—we shall duly return to him—that Matthew never did descend into himself, shall we not pause ere we wonder at or blame him? Did you, sir—you who have the good fortune to read us—ever descend into a coal mine, a tin mine, or, for you have the look of a traveller, into a salt mine at Cracow? Surely there must be a sudden suspension of the breath—a rigidity of the fingers clawing about the thing which hurries us from the light of Heaven—a dizzying fear of what we go to meet? Yet what is all this—what this sinking below some hundred feet of earth (dear old mother of an ungrateful brood!) to the solemn descent of a man within himself? What is this going through antediluvian strata—layers with the bones of the mammoth and the griffin embedded in them—for, seeing what the earth still produces, we are strong in our belief of a pre-adamite griffin—what is all this in the darkest and most dangerous hour, to the awful sinking into our own soul? There may be green grass flourishing at the very mouth of the mine—flowers blossoming about it—but what, what is below? As we sink are we not astonished at the gloom? See we not incrustations of the meanest things where we thought we hoarded gems? and, arrived at the bottom, where we hoped for a

stream of living water, sounds of happy greeting, and a ray of comfortable light, we find no drop to wet our withered lips—we hear the croaking frog or shrieking bat, and—our heart palsied with dread—we grope in darkness, in substantial night!

We care not to pursue the theme, but we briefly put it to the reader to consider what would be the revolution of society should it become fashionable for people to sink into themselves. What, should some questionable genius produce a kind of moral diving-bell for the use of families? Fortunately such an invention is, we believe, impossible, though should it be otherwise, we have this consolation that the inventor, sharing the fate of great projectors, would inevitably starve in his triumph. And to support this our belief, we here offer (we are to be found through any banker in Europe) to give any odds against the first seven years' profits of the inventor, compared with the septennial gains of any worker of punch—dancer of French dolls—or exhibiter of the gallantie-show.

Matthew Clear was the sole son of a wise stockbroker. But though he inherited his father's money he did not come into the paternal sagacity whereof the cash was the golden fruit. It is true, Matthew possessed from Nature an inexhaustible fund of conceit, which only wanted good luck to be received and registered as penetration. Falling, as our story will show, upon evil days, men scrupled not to call him a fool, when—had only another card turned up—he had, with the self-same faculties, been dubbed a sage. Such, however, is the fate of mortal man—such the opposite rewards that wait on chance. If your bosom friend beggar himself by haunting lotteries, chide, moralize, be very indignant—if he draw ten thousand pounds, congratulate, eulogize, embrace him, failing not to hint at the loan of a few hundreds. Luck, mere

luck, makes even madness wisdom. Our Matthew was not lucky.

At eight-and-twenty, Matthew having paid the undertaker—that two-faced varlet to the blind goddess—had not, if we except the possession of ten thousand pounds—by the way, a great exception—a single care in the world. Rich, and without relatives, he stood aloof, bright and lonely as a gilt weathercock. For business—direct business, he had no genius. Indeed, such deficiency was in his case proper and to be expected. His father—good, buried man! though let us observe, not only good because buried—had toiled through fifty years of life—had been especially ordained and appointed to make money for an only son, the said only son being on his part expressly begotten for the single purpose of spending it. Surely the naughty fiend laughs when he sees paternal misers casting their monies into bags with fifty "mortal gashes" in them.

We know not a more interesting object than an unsuspecting young man, left alone in this world of temptations, with ten thousand pounds. Who would not rather hug secure mendicency? The beggar lies by the road-side, and, like a lizard on a bank, basks in the sun, a careless vagabond; but where the refuge, where the tranquillity for the hapless animal born to civet? Like the simple inheritor of thousands, there is open to him only one dreadful way to seeming peace. Soon—very soon, Matthew became certain of this truth, for he was speedily hunted, and at the same time, by two mature spinsters and three experienced widows. Five women! and Matthew, be it remembered, was only eight-and-twenty.

"Most beautiful diamonds!" cried Matthew, as he received a necklace from a thin, long, rather yellowish feminine hand—"most beautiful diamonds!" and he looked at the effulgent bait with his one peculiar look, ever called up when he wished to see his way. Matthew lolled on a couch in the handsome room of a most handsome and particularly respectable boarding-house: near him, at his very fingers'-end, sat a timid, sallow daughter of Eve. Though the lady looked emphatically

thirty-four, sure we are she was but thirty-three. She had not a face to "enchant the world" (indeed, who that valued his night-cap would marry such perdition!) but then she had *such* a mind! In a word, she was a most plain woman, most elaborately accomplished. Yes; Miss Julia Lac possessed the surest, the most lasting beauty—lips wax pale—skin turns—eyes grow dim, but the mathematics endure till death. Only boys are taken by pretty simpletons; for our mature part—and Matthew subscribed to our opinion—if ever again we fall in love, give us no angelic semblance—no fragile loveliness looking as though it lived on lilies; but, Cupid! for once be grave, and give to our arms a fine matronly specimen, breathing the camphor of a museum—in fact, a living learned mummy. All the species have *such* minds! Now Julia Lac was one of these—a true virgin roll of human papyrus.

Still Matthew sat, and—the necklace hanging across his sinister palm, he still continued to see his way. Would we might paint the thousand objects that floated before him; we must content ourselves with a few women, all of whom, curtsying and bridling, looked wedding-rings at Matthew. Now, one with most significant finger would point to a very respectable freehold, duly parcelled into woodland, stream, and meadow; she and the scene would pass, and enter a second candidate, carrying as a scroll a bank security. A third—a fourth appeared; and Matthew sat intently seeing his way. Rapt, he lightly passed his thumb along the necklace; and, as at the touch of an enchanter, there rose before him a most ravishing prospect. All that India boasts of rich and beautiful beamed upon him. He saw fairy-land, with all the countless wealth of Solomon and his legendary genii. And there, by a spell, was transported the lady from his side. There, the queen of that radiant, teeming spot, stood Julia Lac; who, with one hand upon her maiden heart, and the other pointing to her property, said very audibly, at least to Matthew—for love has sometimes long ears—"This and these are thine!" Matthew winked, and when he looked again—miraculous vision!

—he saw himself enthroned in highest state upon a white elephant. We assure the reader that Matthew saw all, and more, much more than this: yet, in his own niggard, constant phrase, he had only seen his way. Of this truth we could print the strongest certificate, namely, the certificate of Matthew's marriage with Miss Lac,—an event to be dated only three weeks and some days from the time of his day-dream. All his acquaintance called Matthew a happy man; he denied not the imputation, but would droop one eyelid, duck his chin, and would briefly sum up the attractions of Mrs Clear by more than insinuating that before he committed matrimony he had—seen his way.

Given up to their mounting affections, the intoxicated couple quitted London, winging their way, "linked by a silver hook and eye," to a rustic, myrtle shade, for the honey-

month. Mrs Clear, even at the end of the four weeks, with the most flattering susceptibility, assured her husband that she could dwell there for ever. How loathsome was the town become to her! how poor—how frivolous—how hollow! Why, at least for another month, should they quit the dear retreat? Matthew's blood glowed—nay, simmered with happiness at such appeals; he was suffused to the very nails with hymeneal satisfaction; but Julia must not forget—there were matters to be settled—she had received no letters about the property—and, for the sake, not only of themselves—and Matthew looked with a gay wickedness into his wife's eyes—for the sake, not only of themselves,—this he repeated, expanding with the tautology—they could not continue to go on there in the dark. Matthew meant they must see their way.

CHAPTER II.

With a thousand silent adieus to Ringdove Nest, did Mrs Clear resign herself to the chaise, as she beautifully said; and we regret that so sweet a sentiment was wholly lost on the post-boy; her heart was held by the very honeysuckles. Arrived in London, the married pair found fervent congratulations subsided into tepid compliments, and were soon abandoned to their own resources. In seven weeks, the happy couple were become reasonable man and wife, as the following breakfast colloquy will certify:—

"My love" (Matthew *loquitur*), "I thought you had given that filthy bird away?"

Thus spake the husband, as a loud laugh and a nervous exclamation from a great grey parrot split upon the ear of—shall we say—the complaining?

"My dear," returned the wife, with truly conjugal indifference, "is it my fault if I find Nabob so essential to my happiness?"

Another shrieking laugh from the great grey parrot.

"Happiness!" cried Matthew, as though the wife of his soul had spoken something treasonous to the marriage state. "Happiness!" and

Matthew jerked his chair, looking wonderment at the audacity of woman.

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the parrot; "ha! ha! ha! Hooked him, by God!"

Perhaps this is the place to give a brief history of Nabob. The bird, when very young, had been presented to Mrs Clear by a handsome Company's officer, who survived the gift barely a month, being carried off by one of the thousand fevers to be obtained only in perfection in India—all others being spurious. On the lady's passage to England, the bird attracted the attentions of a boatswain's mate, and Julia being an invalid, Nabob was surrendered to the care of his admirer. John Rogers had a tender heart, and, being a boatswain's mate, a sure hand. Like all sailors, he was born the natural enemy of a shark. Every idle moment would he lay in wait for his foe; and, on such occasions, Nabob was never absent. We have said John Rogers was expert; he was also somewhat vain-glorious; for, never did he catch a shark, but he roared and shouted—"Ha! ha! ha! Hooked him, by God!" What was to be expected of a parrot of any ca-

capacity, perched on the cathead, continually listening to these notes of conquest? The bird was no dull scholar, and in less than three weeks, to the admiration of the crew, and we must admit, to the passing disquietude of his mistress, the parrot laughed and shouted in the very key of the triumphant angler. It is true, that, in her brief day of courtship, Mrs Clear resolved to part with Nabob; indeed, twice or thrice, when Matthew pressed his suit, the chuckle and the exclamation of the creature broke somewhat dissonantly on the conference, making Matthew pause, and reddening the cheeks of the fluttering spinster. But in the final interview, when Matthew boldly made the offer, and, breathless, stood waiting life or death—to be anticipated in her reply by the ever-laughing, ever-shouting bird, passed the temper of the kindest mistress. As an earnest of her future obedience to Matthew, she declared herself content to sacrifice Nabob. Then, the lady was Miss Julia Lac—now, was she Mrs Matthew Clear.

"Madam, how is it possible? I say, how is it possible?"

A great statesman, in his advice to young ambassadors, counsels them to take snuff: when sticking for a word, or wanting a moment to baffle a query; the box, as he insinuates, gracefully assists the hesitating. Matthew, failing in syllables, and not being a taker of snuff, threw himself upon a muffin. Mrs Clear could not speak, but, turning her head with extreme dignity from Nabob to her husband, she looked a very thick volume. We say, she could not speak; for at the moment she held between her lips a lump of sugar—the sixth—for the epicurean beak of the parrot! Sympathetic reader, imagine a seven week's wife staring at you with withering reproof in her eyes, and a lump of sugar held mockingly between her teeth! For Matthew, the vision of a death's-head mumbing a cross-bone had not so confounded him.

The breakfast was nearly finished, when the servant appeared with two letters. Being directed to his master, they were handed to his mistress. Mrs Clear broke a seal. Had she at the same time broken her heart, she could not have published the damage

by a louder shriek. Matthew jumped upright, and ran, or rather slid, to his suffering wife: the poor soul was blue-white with anguish. He was about to fold her in his arms, when, with a subtle power borrowed from grief, she repelled his attention, at the same time depositing him on a distant sofa. Matthew drew his breath, and, though he stared, for once, could not see his way. Mrs Clear, perfectly recovering her self-possession, cried—"wretch!"

The tale must be told. The fatal letter was from a lawyer intrusted with the repair of the wounded affections of one of the ladies to whom Matthew, as a gentleman, was bound. The lady, being deserted by one man, had no other remedy than an appeal to twelve. Plainly, the action was commenced; and the damages due to the heart of the forsaken were moderately estimated at three thousand pounds. We ask any woman what was left to Mrs Clear but to exclaim "wretch?" Had Matthew from the first impressed upon his future wife the sacrifices he was ready to venture—had he only hinted to her the possibility of other claimants—she would, we are convinced, have exhibited her magnanimity, and, spite of all, have wedded him. But to be tricked into marrying a man with six or seven hearts bleeding at every pore about him, what woman of delicacy could placidly endure it? It is our hope that Matthew lived and died a Christian; yet will we not suppress his heterodox aspirations. In the present instance, remembering that—counting his wife as nothing—he was pledged to four women, he was criminal enough to wish himself a Turk. Yes, Constantinople—at least for some seconds—seemed to him a most delightful city.

Left alone, for Mrs Clear had retired for another handkerchief, Matthew began to calculate all the chances. Damages might be flatteringly heavy; there might, possibly, be more than one action—women were *so* vindictive! Still, had he not, with every deduction made, married the richest of the five? Were not the Indian possessions of his wife—were not her jewels more than trebly worth the best of any other offer? Matthew smiled in self-affirmation; bobbed his head; rubbed his hands.

All things considered, he was fully convinced that he had—seen his way!

"In this sweet mood," as the poet sings, Matthew cast a glance at the second letter, yet unopened. With a slight tremor, he broke the seal; and as he broke it, Mrs Clear, with vermilion eyes, re-entered. Matthew, unconscious of the presence of his injured, yet attentive wife, read on. In a second, Matthew, his cheeks like lead, exclaimed—no; we will not sully our paper with so prodigious an oath. The reader, however, must not think it was lost upon Mrs Clear, for, had the demon of mischief suddenly clawed her husband through the floor, we doubt whether she would have screamed so loudly—whether, clasping her hands and sinking upon the chair, she would have portrayed such eloquent dismay! He who is not melted when a woman screams is a brute. This is a point of our religion, though, we sigh to say, it made no part of the faith of Matthew; for, as though chiselled out of knotted oak, he approached his astonished wife, and, striking the letter with what old Fuller calls "a dead hand," he put this unadorned, this naked query, to the partner of his fortune and his bed: "In the name of the devil, ma'am, what is this?"

"Mr Clear!" said the lady, all her spirits conjured to her eyes by the Satanic exhortation. The tones of man and wife were admirably illustrative of their individual manner. Matthew was loud, vulgar, confident; with a mouth opening like a toll-keeper's pocket. Julia, soft, hesitating, retiring, used her lips as though she wanted full confidence in their conduct, and therefore spoke in guarded fragments. On the present occasion, she ventured to repeat—"Mr Clear!"

"Look here, ma'am; I am written to for five hundred pounds for a diamond necklace."

"Well, Mr Clear?"

"Well? Why, I know you showed me a necklace, but—eh?—it can't be."

"You said the diamonds were very beautiful, and—and I took your judgment."

"Judgment! D— it, ma'am!" (Mrs Clear shuddered)—"Weren't they your own?"

Mrs Clear, curving her neck gracefully as any swan, said "No."

"No! What! not some of your extraordinary diamonds—not some of the family jewels?" roared Matthew, and he looked aghast. Not getting a reply, again he shouted—"Not your own?"

"No."

"Ha! ha! ha! Hooked him, by God!" was the unpremeditated, though untimely proclamation of the artless parrot.

Matthew, seizing a knife, glared, with the eyes of a butcher at the bird, which, as conscious of the murderous intent, flew to the extended arms of its mistress. Matthew stood a moment, then fell, as though stabbed to the heart, into a chair. He waxed white and red—cold and hot—played with his fingers upon the table—vehemently rubbed his calf—twitched his neck-cloth—and then, with an air of settled desperation, ventured to look for farther particulars into the face of his wife, at the time assiduously pressing the seventh lump on the self-denying parrot. Matthew groaned.

Now, Matthew was not a man to groan without good and sufficient reason; for though few the instants from the eloquent burst of Nabob, yet had Matthew, struck by the omen, reviewed a thousand circumstances, solved a dozen riddles, tallied fact with fact, questioned, answered, compared, deduced; what he had lost with what he had *not* won came in terrible contrast upon him; and, assured that he had not—seen his way, he groaned! But, it may be urged against him—to grudge a necklace to a wealthy bride, to a woman dowered with almost an Indian province, was the imbecility of a miser. Very true; yet, by some subtle association, the necklace was to Matthew a connecting link with all the Oriental possessions of his spouse; that gone, he was superstitious enough to give up every thing for lost. In such despair—and though man and wife are but one flesh—he viewed his unoffending partner with the eye of a cannibal; of herself, no woman less deserved such a compliment.

"Five hundred pounds for diamonds for *that* neck!" and Matthew ground every syllable with his teeth

—"Ugh! I'd sooner lay out the money in blisters."

Mrs Clear started up. For an instant, the china seemed in peril; but there are insults that "do lie too deep" for porcelain. Mrs Clear merely did what all women of sensibility always should, inasmuch as they always can do—she burst into tears.

Matthew was left alone with the parrot. Nabob evidently felt the delicacy of his situation; for, cocking his head, leering his eye, and working his black tongue, he edged himself sidelong from the extended fingers of Matthew, like a vulture, seeking to truss him. Securing the door, that he might the more surely effect his sinister design, Matthew stealthily pursued Nabob, who hop-

ped from chair to sofa—from sofa to table—from table to fire-screen, evading his follower, until, enveloped in a shawl of his mistress, flung over him with gladiatorial precision by his master, he was soon panting in the hands of the destroyer. Certain we are, that Nabob had resigned himself to sudden death; at his neck he already felt the merciless thumb and finger. "Not body's death, but body's banishment," determined the clement Matthew; and, lifting up the window, he delivered himself of a most pestilent remembrancer. Ere Matthew was well ensconced in his dressing-room, Nabob, from the summit of a neighbour's chimney, was contemplating a trial flight to the Surrey hills.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN a man is not to be convinced by an earthquake, what argument can successfully be applied to him? Vain was it that Mrs Clear assured her enquiring mate that the late terrible convulsion (it was very minutely described in all the journals) had swallowed up every rupee of her Indian property, leaving her nothing in the world save a lively trust in the affections of a husband. Matthew remained a sceptic; for, though his wife discovered the greatest anxiety on every new arrival, expressing a hope that "something might be saved," Matthew would grin incredulously, asking her if her memory would serve to make an inventory of her losses? As the earthquake had proved itself such a timely friend, it had doubtless not taken all? These sneers he would urge with unrelenting assiduity; but Mrs Clear—high-minded woman!—disdained to reply to the insinuations. Calmly, and with touching resignation, she would, on such occasions, raise her eyes to heaven, and ask, "What sins she had committed to be married to an atheist?"

All this time, Miss Camilla Brown—such was the name of the injured plaintiff—slept not on her wrongs. It is true that, mollified by Mr Downy, the pacific solicitor of Matthew, the lady entertained certain hints

at a compromise. Downy had a heart of honey, and a tongue of silver, a gentle, persuasive, excellent little man, with a real friendship for his client, whom he had known for a boy.

"Ha!" Matthew was wont to soliloquize, "had I not kept my marriage secret from Downy, he had enquired for deeds, and then—and then"—and then, we can take upon ourselves to affirm, Miss Lac had still remained an ungathered bud.

"Well, Mat," said Downy, at his last conference, "I've made the best of bad. I—where's your wife?"

"Gone to Dorking," replied Matthew, impatient of the superfluous query.

"Dorking again! But I come on business. I've offered the plaintiff five hundred pounds, and I think she'll listen to reason."

"No doubt," said Matthew, drily, "'tis a good round sum for the trouble."

"I tell you, Mat," urged Downy, in a soft yet impressive tone, "if she goes into court with those letters, you're not safe for a thousand."

"If I had but seen my way, I had never written," said Clear, with unnecessary emphasis. "That a man should lift a pen against himself! 'Tis a sort of suicide," moralized the defendant. "Five hundred

pounds! Well, if I must, I must."—Downy nodded satisfaction.—"But if ever I have a son,"—

Downy turned his grey eye on Matthew; then, looking upwards, stared at the portrait of Mrs Clear. Matthew felt the look to be cruelly murderous; for it slew the unborn. From that hour, Matthew never had the hardihood to enjoy even a suppositious son of his own!

"I suppose," said Downy, "you have heard that Mrs Melon, and"—

"Another action?" asked the conscience-stricken Matthew.

"No, she's married—so you're safe from her. But your young widow, Mrs Lillywhite"—(Matthew gasped)—"ha! that was a miss, indeed!"

"Phew! She hadn't a penny certain."

"No; but now her uncle's dead."

"Dead! D——it," said Matthew, "now she must be very comfortable."

"They say fifteen thousand," remarked Downy, who unconsciously again glanced at the portrait of Mrs Clear; then recollected himself—took up his hat—gave a silent squeeze to her husband, and left him to the sharp reproach of broken protestations.

One morning, some weeks after the visit of Downy, Matthew sat in his easy chair, exhibiting a most perturbed and anxious countenance. Mrs Clear was from home; by the way, she was gone to Dorking. From his looks, it was certain that Matthew could not see his way. He took up a book—he threw it down—he paced the room—he stared into the street. At length, he went out. Having wandered in St James's Park a couple of hours, he returned home. After the lapse of two more hours, the servant announced—

"Mr Felix!"

Matthew jumped up to meet the visitor, but immediately sank again into his chair. Truth to say, ill luck never had a more significant retainer than Mr Felix. He looked with a dead black eye on Matthew—shook a sharp, white face—elevated his shoulders, and said, or rather croaked, "Mr Clear, I am very, very sorry"—

"Lost? lost?" asked Matthew, suffocated with anxiety.

We may here inform the reader that Mr Felix was formerly head-clerk to Mr Downy; and that his present object was to inform Matthew of the verdict—not ten minutes returned by a conscientious jury, in the case of Brown *versus* Clear. The reader will remember that we spoke of a compromise. Certain it is, that the plaintiff, won by Downy, had consented to take five hundred pounds with costs: the money was to be paid the next day, when Mr Felix, who had recently set up for himself, assured Matthew that if brought into court, the plaintiff, left to his adroitness, would not get a sixpence. To this he pledged even his reputation. Matthew—seeing his way—broke with his old friend Downy, and gave the case to Mr Felix, who again and again, in his own graphic and anatomical words, declared that "Miss Brown had not a leg to stand upon!"

"These things *will* happen," said the comforting Mr Felix; "the damages"—

Matthew, in a state of strangulation, gasped—"How much?"

"One thousand five hundred pounds?"

The features of Matthew changed like a dying dolphin—"One thousand, five—why—you told me,—yes, you swore, she hadn't a leg to stand upon."

"As a lawyer, sir, I was justified in the assumption; but after what had passed between you and Miss Brown, you, sir, must have known better."

"Passed between us?"

"Oh, Mr Clear, a case of rock couldn't stand against *them* letters. Not a dry eye in court; even his lordship moved; and three times the counsel stopt to recover himself! Seven ladies fainting, and three in strong hysterics, taken from the gallery. How could you write *them* letters?"

With this interrogative, and a passing complaint of great exhaustion, Mr Felix departed to dine. Though we anticipate the event a few weeks, we will here state, as an evidence of the mighty power of love,—making the lion lie down with the lamb,—that such was its influence over Mr Felix, that though opposed to Miss Brown, he subsequently married the

lady, wisely adding his own bill of costs to her private damages.

To return to Matthew, who sat staring and stunned. The unequivocal triumph of his epistolary talents weighed with him not a feather against fifteen hundred pounds. At length, Matthew began to vociferate. "Fool! fool! And when I thought I saw my way! Fifteen hundred! fifteen! and then the costs! Oh Lord! In all, two thousand pounds! Two thousand! How Downy will triumph! how he'll chuckle! how he'll exclaim!"—

"Ha! ha! ha! Hooked him, by God!"

Matthew stood transfixed. Was it "but a wandering voice," or was it, indeed, Nabob in the flesh? Another laugh dispelled all doubt; Matthew, opening the door of an inner room, beheld the bird of evil omen—beheld—

"Tippo, my dear, where's your bow?"

Thus spake Mrs Clear to a fat little boy of about eight years old, with glittering dark eyes, coal coloured hair, and a primrose complexion. The docile infant drew up to Matthew, greeting him with a truly Oriental salutation. Matthew, without the slightest return of the elaborate civility, glared at his wife. Mrs Clear, with an amiable attempt at conversation, taking off her bonnet, observed, "she had been to Dorking." This she said in a tone of explanation to the bewildered look of her husband, who, however, was far from satisfied with the intelligence. "He knew she was always going to Dorking—but—who—who the devil was Tippo?" His wife, with a confidence peculiar to herself, explained.

"A burden had long weighed upon her heart; she could no longer live beneath the pressure. Tippo was a helpless orphan. She had long known his unhappy parents; she might almost say his mother and herself, bred together, were one. In his last moments, she had promised the father to nourish and protect the little Tippo. She had brought the dear infant to England—had placed him with a nurse at Dorking. But for the visitation of Providence, which had swept away her property (true, as a Christian, she ought not

to murmur), out of her own means, she would have reared and educated the little love; but since the earthquake"—Here, a torrent of tears rendered the speaker inaudible.

Though the presence of Tippo was thus satisfactorily explained, the sudden advent of Nabob still remained a mystery. There never was so lucky an accident. Tippo, during his residence at Dorking, much frequented the society of certain mercenary naturalists abounding in that neighbourhood—we speak of bird-catchers. On the morning of the day of Mrs Clear's last visit, Nabob, keeping company with rustic linnets and plebeian sparrows, was caught in a net with a dozen of his low friends, and immediately recognised and claimed by the delighted Tippo. A guinea rewarded the bird-catcher; and thus, Mrs Clear in one day repossessed herself of all (except her husband) she held dear in the world.—Tippo the orphan, and Nabob the parrot.

Mrs Clear had heard the verdict; and though considerably shocked at the sum, besides being much hurt at the warm libertine tone of the letters, still her conduct on the occasion was all but angelic. Matthew expected bitter reproof—scorching glances. Alas! he knew not woman. He knew not her deep tides of feeling—the secret sources of her heavenly sympathy; Mrs Clear breathed nought but comfort and content; perhaps the genial season had its influence; it was a lovely July night, and Matthew was melted.

"Indeed, it was a heavy sum; but a cheerful economy would soon replace it. And, after all, what an escape! For what," exclaimed Mrs Clear, with ill-suppressed horror, "what, my dear Matthew, if you had married such a person?" Mrs Clear evidently waited for a reply; but Mr Clear said nothing.

At this moment, the domestic group would have kindled a Wilkie. Matthew was seated on a sofa, one hand beside him, the other thrust beneath his waistcoat. On his immediate right sat his wife in a novel position. She had both arms about her husband's neck, with her eyes following his eyes. On Matthew's left knee, after much unseen assistance on the part of Julia, sat little Tippo,

all his faculties absorbed by a large scarlet apple. At an end of the sofa was perched Nabob, silently devouring buttered toast, a vegetable he had much missed in the fields of Surrey. Now, confess, reader—have you not here a picture?

"Is he not a sweet fellow?" asked Mrs Clear, turning her husband's head to Tippto. "And then so mild—so tractable. Yes, Matthew, he will—he must win upon you; you will find in the dear child a son!" (some association made Matthew cast up his glassy eyes to the portrait)—"an affectionate son; and, yes, you will be to him as a loving father!" Matthew sat with his tongue like a stone in his mouth. "Eh, Matthew?" and Mrs Clear continued with every query to tighten her arms about her husband's

neck. "Eh, Matthew?" At length, in self-defence, for a blue tinge stole upon the good man's cheek, Matthew uttered a sound which with Julia passed for "yes."

"I knew you would; and you will foster him, and educate him as a gentleman, and provide for his future wants in this stormy wicked life? eh, Matthew?"—and Julia's arms were still at Matthew's neck.—"Eh, Matthew? I say, eh, Matthew?" and Mrs Clear raised her voice with every question, squeezing, too, with growing force.—"Eh, Matthew?"

This time, Matthew becoming decidedly purple, cried loudly—"Yes, yes!"

"Ha! ha! ha! hooked him, by God!"—and the parrot finished his buttered toast.

CHAPTER IV.

The expenses of the law-suit, various debts contracted by Mrs Clear, when she walked "in maiden meditation, fancy free," together with the professional education of Tippto, in a few years reduced Matthew's ten thousand pounds to little less than four. Unhappily, Mrs Clear, for all her solitary hint at cheerful saving, had not learned "to sink with dignity." Until awakened by the ring of the last guinea, she lived in the delusion of the unbroken ten thousand. It is true her imagination was tinged with Oriental extravagance; much was to be allowed for her breeding; though Matthew, we grieve to say, was quite devoid of the necessary charity. Nay, sorry are we to add, that as he lost his money, he lost his temper; as he became poor, he became less endurable. Indeed, so surely did his manners fall with his purse, that when suddenly deprived of every shilling, he appeared—ay, even to many of his protesting friends—an incorrigible monster. Poor fellow! he was hardly used; for he was one of those rigid people who, with ten thousand pounds, pay their way, praise honesty as the best policy, and look on the Gazette as part and parcel of the Newgate Calendar. Pity, that such folks should feel adversity,—that such excellent prin-

ciples should be weakened, broken, by evil fortune! However, so it chanced with Matthew, he, who with a plum would have been a miracle of stoical probity, lightened of the best part of his wealth, began to look with gentler eyes on human indiscretion. Matthew, rich and prosperous, would have called that gross iniquity, which the same losing Matthew practised as a wise self-preservation.

"Very well, Mr Clear, very well; you know best; but sure am I that Simpson's a villain." Thus, with feminine perception, one day prophesied Mrs Clear. Matthew, seeing his way, smiled contemptuously; and though he spoke not, he felt, to his own satisfaction, more than a match for Simpson. Had he condescended to reply, he might, we think, have ventured a like ingenuous vaunt to that really proclaimed by a modern master of the revels.—"Beware, sir, beware of that Mr Bradford," whispered the friendly warning. "Sir," replied the *Mirror of Managers*, with an air and look of questioned genius,— "Sir, Mr Bradford may think himself a blasted rogue, but, sir,"—and the speaker towered and dilated with a consciousness of power, as he coined the expressive comparative,— "but, sir, he shall find that *I* can be a blasted-er!"

"Ha! what! Simpson—why, the very man in my thoughts," said Matthew; "well—humph!—sit down." But Matthew, despite his hospitable address, looked ill at ease. His eye fell from the face of Simpson; and now, wandered, quite unconsciously, to Mrs Clear's portrait; and now, dwelt sleepily upon the carpet. Julia rose from her seat; and, uttering half-a-dozen eloquent footsteps, quitted the room; we say eloquent, for even the dull, the guileless Simpson, understood the disdain conveyed in them.

Matthew sat, as though his chair became every moment hotter and hotter; and his face, glowing from a dirty yellow into a dingy red, betrayed the increasing heat. On the other hand, Simpson showed a countenance of stone. Observing the confusion of his friend, he, with exemplary politeness, silently awaited his convenience. Preluding the act by a short cough, Matthew jerked his chair, took the hand of Simpson, and squeezing it with the fervour of a Pythias, said or sighed—"My dear Simpson, I am so sorry!"

"Not a word—not a syllable, my dear friend. Since you can't oblige me with the thousand"—

"Between ourselves, my dear boy, the extravagance of Mrs Clear is—but no, not even to you should I—can I—expose my own wife! I thought I had the money—I"—

"I wish you had, with all my soul! But, at once to put you out of agony, I am come to tell you, that I don't want it."

If, before, Matthew warmly pressed the hand of his friend, he could at this moment have embraced him. Yes, no sooner had Simpson declared his independence, than Matthew became perfectly tranquil.

"Indeed," added Simpson, after a brief pause, "'twas very lucky that we did'n't purchase"—

"Lucky!" cried Matthew, and his jaw worked like the jaw of a corpse galvanized;—"lucky!"

"Very lucky: for, you must know," and here Simpson lowered his voice, took out his box, and impartially showering the snuff up either nostril, continued with syllabic distinctness, "you must know, that the bonds we were to buy together, have to-day gone down to

nothing." So saying, Simpson vanished from the room, leaving Matthew fixed in a chair, an exanimate pauper.

A few words will tell the rise and progress of this domestic tragedy. Simpson and Matthew were bosom—nay, as Simpson thought, pocket-friends. Thus, when Simpson, speaking on the best secret information, assured Matthew that a timely purchase of certain bonds must inevitably "lead to fortune," and consequently to fame,—at the same time, asking for the golden intelligence, the temporary loan of a thousand to participate in the venture—Matthew, in a rapture of gratitude, and with a religious exclamation, promised the cash. However, Matthew was no sooner left alone, than he began to see his way. Why should he pay so dearly for mere advice? Why should not he himself reap the harvest of his own thousand? The tempter of man triumphed over friendship; for, incited by the devil, Matthew invested every shilling of his fortune in the afore-said securities,—wholly unmindful of the thousand pounds sacredly pledged to the believing Simpson! Thus, seeing his way, Matthew looked upon stark beggary. We think Simpson had an inkling of the sudden destitution of his friend: we believe it, from the calm, cold manner in which he touched upon the fall of the bonds,—from the spark of malice that lighted his dull eye as he glided from the apartment. We may wrong him,—but we have our suspicions.

What was left to Matthew? In no man was the love of country more deeply rooted; and yet, on the shortest notice was he prepared to wean himself from England,—to cross the sea—to become an alien and a wanderer. Yes; without breathing a word about the vision, he clearly saw his way to New York. It may prove the worth of Matthew, when we assure our readers that many, many in London enquired most earnestly of his prospects. Matthew employed, as he conceived, the surest means to baffle such amiable curiosity. Indeed, believing himself unequal to the pang, he even took no formal leave of his wife; but promised himself, when he should have seen his

way across the Atlantic, to—to send for her. Fortunately, the day he withdrew himself from his home, Mrs Clear was gone with a party to the London Docks. He had merely told her, that for a few days he should be absent in the country.

It was about a fortnight after this separation, that the fast-sailing ship "The Good Intent," lay off Spithead: all was prepared; in a few minutes she would put out to sea. A boat approached the ship, containing a passenger, a Mr Bustard, whose berth had been duly selected and paid for by a friend in the London Docks. The voyager mounted the side; but, no sooner was he upon deck, than a shriek—a piercing female screech went through the very timbers of "The Good Intent." The men paused motionless at the ropes; the passengers stared, transfixed; but what was the surprise of the males—what the indignation of the ladies,—when a woman rushed to the new-comer, fell "like a guilty thing" at his feet, and with clasped hands, running eyes, and cracking voice, exclaimed—

"Forgive me, Matthew!—pray, forgive me! I don't deserve that you should have followed me! Indeed, I don't! But, forgive me, my only Clear—and I will—I will go back with you!"

Reader, it was even so. Peter Bustard, cabin passenger, was no other than the defaulter, Matthew Clear. And most unluckily, two individuals—their boat lay astern—expressly commissioned to search "The Good Intent" or any other vessel, for the fugitive,—convlnced by the words of Julia that they had caught their prey, instantly pounced upon it, and having satisfied Captain Rogers of the legality of the act, proceeded to carry Matthew and his luggage into their private bark. Indeed, Captain Rogers, though evi-

dently interested in the fate of Matthew, was too wise an officer—too good a seaman to question lawful authority. Otherwise, he had never risen from the rank of boatswain's mate to the command of his present ship: for, by the strangest accident in life, Mrs Clear, when a spinster, had sailed to England with the very Rogers, in whose "Good Intent" she was now a favoured passenger.

Matthew was hurried into the boat: his wife, breathless with anxiety, watched him safely seated between the officers. Of course, she expected an invitation to join the party; but Matthew deigned no look, no word to the forsaken. Her magnanimity at the spousal neglect was truly beautiful. She descended to the cabin with the dignity of an injured empress; and from the stern window, with a bottle of hartshorn at her nose, contemplated the "lessening boat;" and though, at least with Matthew, it "unwilling rowed to land,"—Julia, above the weakness of silly Susan, neither

"Cried adieu, nor waved her lily hand!"

For two or three minutes a deep silence reigned throughout the ship; and the very sea, the breeze, seemed hushed in sympathy with the silent sorrow, the wrongs of Matthew. All, save the oars, was profoundly at rest, when a high shrill note came over the waters from "The Good Intent,"—a sound driven "like a word of fire" into the ears of Matthew,—a voice that cried through the serene air—across the glassy wave—

"Ha! ha! ha! Hooked him, by God!"

It was not to be supposed that Mrs Clear could cross the Atlantic without Nabob. Like the sweet little cherub, the parrot was aloft, perched on a rope of "The Good Intent."

CHAPTER V.

LAW and private malice did their worst; and Matthew grew old, and lived a beggar. It is true, in the fondness of his heart he would continue to see his way; but then he looked through rags, and the world had lost its glory. He was most

willing; but Fortune only sneered at his alacrity. In the humility of his soul he thought nothing in this dirty earth too foul to touch; and yet he walked with empty hands. Alone in the world—for he possessed certain evidence of the demise of Mrs

Clear at Philadelphia—he had little to live for, but found it difficult to live. Often, seeing his way, he looked directly at the poor-house. And what added scorpions to his daily wants, was the prosperity of early acquaintances—of men with no more eyes than moles; men, who in truth had never seen their way, and who, notwithstanding, had jogged dully and prosperously on. Harassed, disgusted, weary of breath, Matthew paused in a desolate hour at a book-stall; and, thumbing over a volume of Plutarch, nerved by heroic examples, he resolved on "self-slaughter."

Reader, pause ere you execrate. Behold Matthew, with but sixpence—and that begged from an old acquaintance—in his pocket; houseless—hopeless; his coat in tatters; a ventilating rent in his breeches; melancholy eating his heart; a November sky—a November rain; and a hole in either shoe! Is not this an hour in which a man could lie down in a coffin as in a bed? In which he could gather himself to sleep—wrap even a parish shroud about him as he would wrap a warm great-coat—compose his arms upon his breast, and then fall smiling off into death—smiling, at the running, scraping, stamping, shuffling, still to continue over his head, by the lackeys, the flatterers, the debaters, the jugglers of the world above? Yes! Matthew saw his way into a grave, and looking back at what he should leave, the wormy pit seemed to him a warm, comfortable couch; eider-down at the bottom, and silken curtains at the sides.

Matthew, pondering on the means, decided in favour of arsenic. Composing himself to a look of indifference, he entered the splendid shop of a "surgeon and apothecary." Having, like Romeo, to call about him, he had some seconds to observe the gorgeous show made by the man of drugs.—At length the apothecary appeared behind the counter. "What may you want?"

Matthew paused, and a tremor thrilled him from crown to sole. "What may you want?"

"A-a-a dose of salts," answered Matthew. The salts were delivered, the money paid, and Matthew was again in the street. The reader may

stare at the vacillation of the self-doomed, who, seeking deadly poison, asks for a salutary aperient. We know not whether we can satisfactorily solve the riddle; but this we know, that Matthew, casting up his eyes, beheld in the prosperous surgeon and apothecary, the helpless, and, as he afterwards turned out, the ungrateful, arrogant Tippo; the boy, whom—held to his pledge by Mrs Clear—Matthew had fostered, and educated as a gentleman, and provided for in this stormy, wicked life. Meeting his eyes, Matthew thought he was recognised; and whether—for pride is a mysterious agent—he would not suffer Tippo to suspect that his foster-father was so abased that nought was left him but to die,—or whether Matthew had really repented of his wickedness, we cannot aver. We can only assure the reader that, eschewing poison, he asked for salts; and, the medicine in his possession, he was too good an economist to fling it away. No, he took it; and, strange to relate, in four-and-twenty hours, he saw his way with very different eyes. From this accident, we venture to suggest to every morbid genius, to every despairing lover, who determines to purchase arsenic, first to try a dose of salts. Purgatives are fatal to romance.

Matthew drudged and drudged, and sank and sank. He, who, on the outset of life, saw his way over its proudest heights, its richest plains, now with contracted vision hung over the books of a sordid master, a withered usurer. However, as the man of money-bags was much older than Matthew, as he had no kindred, and was bountiful in his professions towards his sole, his confidential, and his half-starved clerk—Matthew, in fitful moments, would see his way to the miser's fortune. Hence was he all devotion and ductility. Thus, when his master testified to an event, it was enough for Matthew; though he himself should have forgotten the circumstance, yet was his confidence so great in the veracity of his employer, that he had but little hesitation in swearing to it. A law-suit most triumphantly illustrated the fidelity of Matthew.

A certain spendthrift deeply indebted to the advances of the money-

merchant, had the dishonourable audacity to contest his claims. The case was involved in many niceties; and what was worse, it fell in a time when Matthew's master was in the hands of the physician, who, to the anxious enquiries of the clerk, shook a death's-head! The pain of the sick man's disease, only aggravated his desire of vengeance. To Matthew he left the evidence of the case, narrating various incidents which, described on what Matthew believed to be a bed of death, had to him all the force and solemnity of an oath. Matthew swore in open court in the spirit of his master; but vain was the testimony; the spendthrift gained the cause; and the sudden shock finished the usurer. He died, leaving every thing he had to build a chapel, bequeathing not even a blessing to his clerk. Hapless Matthew! It was not enough for the defendant to gain a victory, but he must torture the conquered. An indictment was filed against the clerk for perjury. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced; and for only swearing in the spirit of his master, Matthew was condemned to two years in Newgate, and to stand one hour by St Sepulchre's clock in the pillory!

Poor Matthew! we saw him fixed and turning; and we must say to his credit, that he went round and round with the calmness and equanimity of the most practised statesman. We have long yearned to hold a philosophical discourse on the pillory: is not the present a golden time! We pledge ourselves that our essay shall employ one hour, and no more? Well, we do a violence to our feelings, and defer our task.

All was breathless, hushed, in the Old Bailey, as Matthew was presented to the mob. The executioner acquitted himself with praiseworthy adroitness. In an instant Matthew was ready for the sport; and still the silence reigned, as he stood, prepared for the first turn.

"Ha! ha! ha! Hooked him, by God!" rang from a window of the Governor's mansion. Yes, there was the ubiquitous Nabob! He had been brought to Newgate by a sailor, subsequently doomed to the hulks; had been trafficked with a turnkey's wife for tobacco, and, after various prison vicissitudes, was promoted to the drawingroom of the governor.

Nothing could exceed the humanity of the crowd. Two or three, at our commencement we particularized one speaker, moralized on the condition of the culprit; but, with a single exception, no spectator offered an affront. Having turned his hour, Matthew was about to be released.

"How are you now?" soothingly enquired the executioner.

"Pretty well—pretty well—if—"

At this moment, a dastard in the human form flung a handful of mire in the eyes of the sufferer; who, trying to shake it off, merely added:—

"If—if—I—could—see—my—way!"

A kind Samaritan attended Matthew in the prison. He sought to clear the eyes of the sufferer of certain particles. "Look straight forward," said the operator.

"Ha!" groaned Matthew, and he thought—"How differently should I have seen my way if I had always looked straight forward!"

TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA, ON SEEING HER IN YORK CATHEDRAL, DURING
THE PERFORMANCE OF THE MESSIAH.

SWEET Princess! as I gaze upon thee now,
In the bright sunshine of thy youthful grace,
And in thy soft blue eyes, and tranquil brow,
Would seek resemblance to thy lofty race,
I think how soon the whelming cares of state
May crush thy free young spirit with their weight,
And change the guileless beauty of thy face;
Nor leave of that sweet happy smile one trace:—
Then earnestly I pray that thou mayst be
Through all thy life beloved, good, and great;
And when from thy calm home, by Heaven's decree,
Thou art called to rule a mighty Nation's fate,
Mayst thou throughout thy reign be just and wise,
And win at last a crown immortal in the skies.

Wakefield, Sept. 9, 1835.

M. A.

THE SKETCHER.

No. XIV.

THERE are few things more awful than Caverns—they have the sublime of obscurity to perfection. Those by the sea-shore are very well, and the imagination may be credulous of Tritons and Sea Nymphs; but the delusion will not last long—we soon perceive how they are made, and not being in immediate fear of the sleepy waters lazily somnambulating at their entrances, we recover our placidity, and are sensible of no presence but our own. But, to be tide-caught in one of these, fearfully clinging to some dark fragment, as high as we may climb, washed by the rage, and stunned with the roar of swell and breaker, looking out through the spray on the dark green waves and the lurid lightning, is quite another matter. The daughters of Ocean, that visited Prometheus, come not here as comforters. It is better to drop and drown, and end the misery. Yet there are caverns in themselves much more grand and terrific; bold was the man who first entered the unknown darkness. And men *have* lived in them. There was Philoctetes, howling away his agonies in his cave, in the lonely uninhabited Lemnos. Yet that was scarcely a cavern, though called one, for it had its two entrances, and perforated halls, “*δισσομος σιτρα—αμφιτεροσ αδλιου,*” — had it been otherwise represented, we should have more pitied the horror of his situation than his disease. Imagine yourself far inland—on the *terra incognita*—and turning suddenly into some wild mountain pass, you see, yawning before you, a “lonesome cave forlorn;” would you not stand aghast? could you pass it without fearfully looking back? you must be alone. Would you most dread beasts or demons? As to putting your foot within it, tempting its unknown depth, you would condemn the idea as the suggestion of an evil spirit, and would recede from its mouth, lest it should project its stony arms, and, with a “shut, sesame,” enclose you for ever; and you would think of yourself, standing there senseless, till awakened, you fancy yourself a petrified living statue, fixed, and staring into the “darkness visible.” We are disarmed of half

our natural terror, when we go prepared and knowingly, with attendants and torches, to these awful entrances to the subterranean world; but, to awaken from a sleep, all alone, and know one's self to be in such a horrible recess, and to hear the almost still water mysteriously stealing its way (whence coming and whither going—all unknown), would be beyond the bearing of any nerves. If you could bear that, you might be as strong of nerves as Hercules, and descend lower, even to Tartarus, whistling all the way; and dragging Cerberus by one of his tails, ride him back, as Waterton did the cay-man.

Neptune's grotto at Tivoli is a fine cavern in its way, and the water thundering through it, down from above, is of magical influence—but the almost still river, gliding no one knows where, as in Wokey hole, has a more wondrous power. Wokey hole is the most awful cavern I have ever seen—the most mysterious. That part of Somersetshire abounds in them. The limestone hills are hollow, with discovered and undiscovered holes, that for aught we know may communicate with the Domdaniel dungeons; where the storm demons, as they drive by, lay their permitted ears to hear the howlings of the rebel spirits, chained under the earth. It is supposed that there is a subterranean passage from Wokey to Cheddar cliffs; and a story is told of a dog being put into a cavern in the latter place, and making his exit at Wokey. The distance is at the least six miles. Though I would not vouch for the truth of the story, it may be not an incredible thing. Every one has heard of Cheddar cliffs. No one can form an idea of their peculiar beauty, or, I should say, grandeur, without studying them. From the general line of the country, no suspicion would be entertained of so fine a pass existing among the Mendip hills. There are, indeed, many passages through them of various character, but there is not one to be compared to that of Cheddar. Indeed, there is nothing like it any where, as far as my knowledge goes. The rocks are in cha-

racter the finest, in places perfectly precipitous to a depth of perhaps four hundred feet; they are magnificent in form and colour, and the numerous caverns and holes add much to the sublimity of the scene. Cheddar is certainly much finer than the pass of Llamberris. It is a circuitous and narrow course; and so retired, so sheltered within its own recesses, that you think not of its utter barrenness—you are involved, as it were, within a deep wood of rock. Many years since I visited it and sketched there. I was much gratified the other day by a fine subject of Cheddar, sketched in oil canvass by my friend Mr Jackson of Clifton, an artist of much genius; and in consequence I determined, on the first opportunity, to revisit the rocks. Such soon occurred; and I must confess that their sublimity, magnificence, and beauty, far surpassed my recollection and expectation. An artist cannot find better studies for rock in detail; and, should he be disposed to make pictures of such subjects, he will find many as perfect in composition as he would desire. There is a kiln at the entrance, the smoke of which, rolling among the rocks, produces fine effects. Here, too, he will find admirable studies of caverns, of every shape and depth. What a scene for a land-storm! It is so treated in my friend's picture, which is most promising. I think few could wind through this sublime pass without a sense of fear; the rocks hanging over-head, apparently threatening to crush the intruder, and the yawning chasms, close upon his footsteps, seem prepared, as if by magic, for his prison or his grave. It is the region for genii and enchantment. It may be useful to mention, that the sketcher will find very good accommodation, as there are one or two very respectable inns at the little village, which is close to the scenery. There is a small and clear stream, which, though not conspicuous, may be of advantage to the sketcher. On our way to Cheddar, we entered a small comb (Berrington, or Burrington) to see a cavern in which, upon its accidental discovery, some years ago, were found, not far from its mouth, skeletons laid apparently in order, and farther in, an immense quantity of fossil bones of antedilu-

vian animals. These had all disappeared, but we were told, that some of them were of very large size. We learned that they were removed by a Mr Beard of Banwell, where a similar cave has been opened, and there, I understand, heaps of bones are still in the situation in which they were found. How came these animals, and of various species, that do not assort with each other, thus heaped together, and often in caverns to which there is no apparent entrance or exit? The very stone must have been first formed when they were thus imbedded together. You may take a geologist with you, or you may be one yourself, but neither you nor he will have power to do more than guess at these wonderful things, and never come to a satisfactory solution of the difficulties. Science, however, will do much, and will from one bone make out the whole animal, so that we pretty well know the forms of the creatures that, at the formation of this limestone, inhabited the earth—if it was earth. But what is limestone itself? how formed? Was it not once all living matter, all immense, immeasurable as it is, made of the positive substance; the bones of living creatures? Look at the innumerable and enormous masses, and imagine that all was once life. The thought will not disengage itself from the mind, and we delude ourselves with the idea, that the spirits of all this life are still present, and sentient: The world in ruin and combustion, heaping up its own monument—the whole mountain mass, as it were, one petrified statue of former existence, lifting up its bold front to the new creation, to assert, "We were"—claiming priority of ages, the possession and dominion of the world! I am no geologist, and do not walk about this modest unassuming world (like an Indian savage), to tomahawk the hills, that, one would think, often put on frightful appearances to stay the advances of the stone-chippers; and know nothing but what I have picked up in conversation. I wait till the science comes to some determinate conclusion, and shall be divested of its hard names. In the mean while, there is some pleasure in the mystery of ignorance, and a much wider scope for fancy—therefore for poetry. The world is the revel

ground of the imagination, and ignorance is placed, as porter, to keep out science and knowledge, that ever begin to cut and to square, which imagination abhors. Whilst we are yet in the flesh, not knowing how soon we may become stones ourselves—*debris*, to be broken up and trodden upon by other created hoofs—let us spare the bones of our predecessors, though they be fossil, thankful for the fertile part of our inheritance. But it will not be. Science petrifies the human heart, and sends forth the gentle to stick butterflies through with pins. Multitudes of such amiable hunters have I seen in the woods this last month, and I would have rejoiced had Pan and Sylvanus, or a satyr, leaped forth, and forked them upon the green sward, while the Dryads should have whipped them with nettles, male and female delinquents, pinned down for a six hours' lecture on the better humanities.

To return to the Burrington cavern. How the animal fossil bones came there, let Professor Buckland determine, if he can. But how came the *human* skeletons there? That will appear more strange, when the tale of the first discovery of the cavern is told. A party of rustics hunted a rabbit into a small hole. They commenced digging it out; and, to their surprise, the small hole became a considerable aperture, and at length the whole mouth of the cavern was exposed; not far in they found the skeletons. There was not, apparently, any entrance to the cavern. The mouth must have been closed by the falling of pieces from above, which, by accumulation of ages, formed one mass, covered with earth and verdure, effectually stopping up the entrance to the cavern. At the time that these bodies were deposited in the cavern, it was of course open, and used as a burial-place, probably on the occasion of some battle, for there is the site of an ancient encampment not far off. This must have been ages ago; and the interior part, wherein were the fossil bones, was probably never examined until the modern discovery. To the sketcher this cave is not particularly interesting, there being so much finer within his reach. I have mentioned the Banwell caves; I have not seen them; and I understand

that there is one also in Brockley comb; though I have often studied in that beautiful place, I never saw the cave; it is certainly concealed, and probably difficult of access. Brockley comb, however, is an admirable spot for study, independently of such an object. The trees in it are magnificent, particularly the ash; and the intermixture of rock and tree, and the broken character of the ground, render it a very choice spot for the artist. There is a public road through it, nine miles from Bristol; and the views above, on either side, are remarkably fine. You look down upon a whole region of trees, sloping down into a rich plain, backed by cultivated hills; but from the opposite side you have most magnificent sunsets; the orb setting in the Channel, and pouring his flood of glorious colours over the intermediate country, while the deep, rocky, wooded glen is directly below you, reposing untouched by the light, in solemn shade. Though it has been by accident, the last week or ten days have made me familiar with caverns. I spent many hours in and about one in Leigh woods. It is not large, but large enough for a moderate habitation; and any cynic philosopher may find it an ample substitute for his tub. It would make an admirable den should a painter wish a study for a background to a family group of lions. The situation of it is sombre and solemn, richly umbrageous,—the mouth being on the descent of a deep and gloomy dell, whose trees are wild, and the projecting boles and twisted roots all directed towards, and as it were looking into, the cavern, are fabulous of mystery, and make the picture such. Above this, at the top of the dell, immediately where it dips, and the trees shoot out boldly from the rocky ledges, are some very wild studies, well worth the sketcher's attention. I was alone here, waiting for a brother sketcher, who did not keep his engagement, and I confess the loneliness of the scene, its deep gloom, and peculiar character of concealment, were too powerful for pleasure. A little lower down the river, and on the opposite side, high up in the bold cliff, is the well-known Giant's Cave; at high water there is a fine echo, which seems to come

from the cavern's mouth. The ingenious Mr West, who is constructing a new observatory above, is excavating to reach this giant's hole; if he succeeds, the cavern will be visited from thence with great interest, and the view from it to the opposite woods and along the course of the river will be very striking. I have a dream-like recollection of coming, in the dusk of evening, upon

"The courtier in his hall,
The hermit in his cell,
The Sketcher in his cavern,
And Truth in her well."

But Truth has enjoyed but a dry berth of late, and has not had wherewithal to wash her beautiful features, that are just now a little obscured, till the wet season comes. So we may put matter of fact somewhat aside for a while, and bottle it up for future use, and let Fancy rule the hour. Shall we dare to enter Merlin's cave, or mount the crupper of the "coal-black steed," and try the blacker descent with Odin—take counsel of Enchanters and Magi, and feast as bridegroom elect in the subterranean halls of Fairy Paribanon? or enter, with the African's ring of safety, the lighter and glorious, yet solemn, because silent, garden, where trees bloom with precious stones? Shall we imbibe "prophetic vein" within "the navel of the earth," the hollow shrine of the Delphian? There would we have true enchantment—there is the grotto of Calypso, that even Mercu-

the mouth of a fearful cavern, towards the foot of the pass Les Eschelles, and of shuddering as I went by it. The demon of "antres vast and deserts wild," will, I am well assured, be my nightmare this night, for I am, even waking, haunted by its visions. But we must live and learn, and gather something even from dark dreams.

ry, the messenger, stood to admire and sketch—the cavern of the Nymphs, where Ulysses hid his treasures. All these are for dreams, and furnish pictures, and appropriate figures. There is Maia's Cave, and the Dictæan, and a hundred other abodes, too well known to mythological scandal, ages before the Suppression Societies, under the Jovial reign. Virgil's shameful cavern scene has been painted by Poussin—a scene as low in taste, as bad in morals; but Æneas was a wretch, and took Dido *by storm*. He had neither love for the picturesque, nor awe of the "genius loci." But caverns for painters and poets are those unsophisticated by human adventure, where man dare not, and angels will not tread—where spirits lurk invisible, and yet impregnate the rocks with their life and essence. They come when they are called, by potent spells, and

"Mingle, mingle, mingle,
All that mingle may."

I said, where human feet tread not—yet was there Prospero's cave, that retained its magic under the chaste footing of Miranda; for Ariel daily renewed it with mystery.

Strange being, conversant with the moon's interlunar cave, and the precious hiding-places of the deep sea, where of the wreck'd nothing

"doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,"

deep down below, the regions touched by solar light, yet gem-illuminated—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

How like are Homer and Shakespeare in their conception of beings neither angels, nor gods, nor demigods, but spirits, the essences which, in after ages, magic brought into

more perfect visible agency. It is curious that, perhaps, there is no instance (I speak offhand) of any thing like the mystery of magic in ancient classic authors but in Ho-

mer, and that confined to the Odyssey. The gods, indeed, of the Heathen Mythology were many, and had their divisions and subdivisions; but still they retained human character and passions, and, though they were now and then invisible, and assumed other shapes, all their thoughts and actions were of this world; there was no glimpse of a world of spirits, of spell-working, and incantation—if we except the Odyssey. What were the ships of the Phœnicians but magical, that themselves knew whither they should go? The vessel that conveyed Ulysses to Ithaca is transformed into a rock, and the prophecy impending over the city of Alcinous is mysterious. Then there is the magic girdle to be thrown into the sea by Ulysses, not looking be-

hind him. The enchanted cup of Circe, and her men monsters. Calypso, the Sirens, Circe, all partake of power of enchantment. They are between divinities and genii—and Seylla and Charybdis are but more awful forms of the witch Sycorax.

This is a subject for curious speculation. Whence arose the notion of magic, of demons, and genii? But I must return to Calypso. What an air of enchantment is spread around; not for odours only was the burning of the split cedar and cypress wood; there was a charm in it, the mystical fumigation, that “cheered the happy Isle.” The whole scene is so beautiful, and offers such exquisite subjects for the painter, that I am tempted to give it. Let us try Cowper.

“Nor the Argicide refused,
 Messenger of the skies; his sandals, fair
 Ambrosial golden, to his feet he bound,
 Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,
 Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable earth,
 Then took his rod with which at will all eyes
 He softly shuts or opens them again.
 So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide,
 Alighting on Pierla; down he stoop'd
 To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimmed—
 In form a seamew, such as in the bays
 Tremendous of the barren Deep her food
 Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.
 In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,
 But reaching now that isle remote, forsook
 The azure deep; and at the spacious grot,
 Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph, arrived,
 Found her within. A fire on all the hearth
 Blaz'd sprightly, and, far-diffus'd, the scent
 Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress-wood
 Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle.
 She, busied at the loom, and plying fast
 Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice
 Sat chanting there; a grove on either side,
 Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch
 Of cypress, hemm'd the dark retreat around.
 There many a bird of broadest pinion built
 Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw,
 Long-tongued, frequenter of the sandy shores.
 A garden-vine, luxuriant on all sides,
 Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung
 Profuse; four fountains of sereneest lymph,
 Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,
 Stray'd all around; and every where appear'd
 Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er
 With violets; it was a scene to fill
 A god from heaven with wonder and delight.
 Hermes, Heav'n's messenger, admiring stood
 That sight; and having all survey'd, at length
 Enter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph

Him knew not soon as seen, for not unknown
 Each to the other the Immortals are,
 How far soever sep'rate their abodes." *

Even Hermes, here, with his winged sandals and his wand, whose strange power is not forgotten, moves more like a being of a spirit world than a substantial deity of the Heathen Mythology; and his skimming the billows lightly, a seamew, and we know not how being Hermes again, has a very Ariel air. There is as much enchantment, properly so called, in the whole passage, as in Ariosto's imitation of the scene—Ruggiero in the Garden of Alcina—and that, too, offers no bad subjects for the painter. What is more fit for painting than poetical romance, even for landscape—I should say, more particularly for landscape? Ariosto is well known; but how few are well acquainted with Boiardo's *Innamorato*, which is, in fact, more entertaining, as having more of the fairy-tale character in it than the *Furioso*, and, in truth, is the first part of the story of which the *Furioso* is the continuation. It should be read in Berni's "*Rifacimento*."

But to return somewhat to the subject from which the digression has led, to this passage in the *Odyssey* and romance. If Salvator Rosa had lived when the Arabian Nights' Entertainments so wondrously brought magic in connexion with daily habits and actions, and without robbing it of one atom of its awe and mystery, he would certainly have painted the Robber's Cave. He delighted in rocks and caverns; but then how peculiarly did he treat them! Their great character was the aim of his pencil; their broad effects, their rugged forms, and general (not particular) colours, were dashed in by him with a force and execution as rugged as the rocks themselves, when they frown defiance at the demons of the storm and lightning that lower and play about them. He has been aptly termed "*Savage Rosa*." There are no obtruding flippancies in his pictures, no visible labour about unnecessary detail, no gaudy display of rainbow hues. He contented himself with those few sober—I

should say, perhaps, sombre—colours, that suited the simplicity of grandeur, that true property of his subjects. We cannot doubt that he saw, and perhaps enjoyed, all, even the minutest, beauties of the detail of Nature; but he saw, too, and admired most, that free fling and power of Nature's creation, as thrown into existence by an Almighty impulse, and bearing the greatness and impress of His will, who opened his hand, and it was made. In this simplicity we may compare him with Handel, whose great style does not, even now, please the less, because it is totally destitute of those vagaries that have arisen from the stretch of modern science.

The very foliage of Salvator has a ruggedness, which is to many an eye uncouth and unnatural; not characteristic of particular trees, but still in strict accordance with all around it; it has rather a wildness than a soft beauty, a freedom and hardihood of independence, akin, but owing not shelter and life to the rocks and caves with which they hold communion. I cannot but think that there is ground unoccupied by the landscape painter. There is something yet unattained between the smoothness of the softer painters and the savage roughness of Salvator; and, perhaps, a study of romance would lead to the possession of the territory. Can there be a greater contrast than between Claude and Salvator? I say not that they are not both excellent; but how differently did they view nature! What are Claude's rocks?—tame and artificial, and in his attempts at caverns, the chisel and formal design are manifest; Salvator's rocks are rude, and speak of the convulsion that tore the earth with its throes. The picture of Claude's in the National Gallery, of Sinon before Priam, will exemplify my remark on his practice. Priam and his attendants stand near a large rock, most formal in its designs; it is not completely carved and excavated by hand, nor is such operation wholly omitted; it is un-

* See many translations of this passage in our February Number, 1834. Should we resume our articles on the *Odyssey*? C. N.

certainly and weakly conceived, and rather carefully finished than vigorously painted. The cavity in the rock behind Priam is a mere cupboard, and the little cut platform before him makes but a poor stage for the king of Troy. There is in this the same timidity; it should have been a regal stage or none; there should have been marble steps, and costly architecture; not a slight pick-axing of the ground, which is mean, and too like the temporary stage of a mountebank and his puppets. This picture is not, certainly, a fair specimen of Claude as to his ability in that particular of the art of which I have been speaking; it is altogether such a composition as might be seen on a twelfth-cake; but from its very defect it best exemplifies my meaning. Now, there is the large *Salvator* in the British Institution, which I mentioned in my last; the corner of that picture is occupied by a rock, but how differently treated! It is true, the scene is different, and a transfer of these parts from the one painter to the other would have made sad patches; but you cannot think of them together without being offended at the labour and timidity of *Claude*. I would not have it thought, because I thus dare to criticize this, or any other picture of *Claude*, that I am insensible to his great beauties; he is, indeed, a true master of the art in his own way; and since the genius of one man cannot do all things, we ought to rejoice, rather than regret, that he had a less audacious hand than others: And there is no denying, that his execution is often happily characteristic of his subjects. Nor should we regret, that *Salvator Rosa* did not restrain the wildness of his manner. And though his banditti scenes repose not in a pastoral charm, they have a wild and solemn awe, and dash of adventure about them, to engage the mind in eventful speculation, that is neither unpleasing nor injurious to its energy. May there not be yet room for another exercise of art between these two painters? I do not mean the pastoral, that has been occupied,—perhaps it may be best termed, Historical Romance.

I began this paper with notice of rock and cavern, and have followed it with the deviation of a sketcher, who is led aside by every seeming

path to furnish his portfolio with some variety; perhaps there is one more cave it is time that I should enter, that of *Trophonius*, that I might learn silence. And why? not because the subject may weary, not because I would yield submission to silence upon compulsion and the authority of names that take the lead in art. I am told that I have brought a hornet's nest about my ears, by my few remarks upon *Somerset House Exhibition*. It may be so, but I have not felt the stings; indeed, I am ignorant, excepting upon this hearsay, of the fact. But I do think public exhibitions are open to public criticism, and if mine be unjust, I shall make no converts; but as I give my reasons for my remarks, if they are well-founded, I still hope to make converts of the artists themselves. I grant them genius; but I would have them exercise it unmitigated of its power, by the intruding will rather to astonish than please. And I may say, with perfect sincerity, that I have no feeling towards them but that of entire goodwill; and do not believe, as the arts are liberal, that I shall really make an enemy among its professors. It has, however, been pointed out to me, that in my critique on *Mr Constable's* picture, I used expressions that are too strong, and I regret having used them, because they may be misconstrued. I know not *Mr Constable* even by sight—have seen few of his pictures. I have seen some prints from his works, which certainly gave me a high opinion of his ability; and "conceit" or "imbecility" are the last terms I should apply when speaking of them. I was disappointed in his picture of the "*Valley Farm*," as in *no way* coming up to the expectation that those works of his which I had seen had raised in me; but I meant not to stigmatize the painter with "conceit" or "imbecility." It is wrong and unjust to the critic, to apply words *personally* that are only meant in reference to works. It is neither reasonable, nor even beneficial to them, if artists become too captious, and would exempt their works, purposely exposed as they are to the public eye, from criticism, to which themselves, and all the world, so freely subject every work of literature. It is to that freedom of criti-

cism, perhaps, that we owe the more corrected taste of literature in our present day. Artists will be the last truly, liberally, and publicly, to criticise each other's works. Their immediate admirers are under a fascination that allows them no power. It is therefore from hands foreign to their own profession, that they must expect and receive the more valuable censure or praise. Madame de Staël observes, that the opinion of foreigners is a "contemporaneous posterity," and the observation may be extended. We are all foreigners in the eyes of artists, if we are not professionally and strictly of the national school, and our justest remarks are impatiently received or contemptuously set aside; nevertheless we are a "contemporaneous posterity."

But where now are all the artists? By the lowest computation two thousand are out. Some light troops, skirmishing over hill and dale—the heavy-armed sitting down, and drawing lines of circumvallation before town and city. Then there are again the grasshoppers chirping their small hymns in nature's praise, in hedge-row, field, and green lane. Some stand aghast at waterfalls, while others creep beside the gentle brooks, or saunter along sleepy rivers. Some prefer beaten ground, eagerly looking for a bit of Turner or of Copley Fielding, that Nature, out of spite, will scarcely show them. The coast has its fascination for others; and Hastings, and boys, and seamen's striped jackets and red caps (with lobsters ready boiled out of the sea, put in *ad libitum* to show the power of carmine and vermilion), are making daily progress towards immortality. Some are on the Rhine, and some they know not where—at the lakes, at the mountains; but all, be they where they will, on their nightly return, will read Maga: for there is no corner so obscure, no habitation that will presume to offer "entertainment for man and horse," wherein Maga will not be found. Time was when many of these habitations among the hills and

fens were of the most unpretending caste; but the landlords have of late peeped into the portfolios, and now all is staring. The grey lichen-stained walls are as bright as white-wash and ochre can make them; and smalt and red-lead have been lavishly bestowed to brighten up and beautify the Blue Boars and Red Lions. Hospitality has left off putting on the modest face of rural welcome, and wears the bare-faced Sign of the Times, pretensions writ in chrome yellow, and, in fact, "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing else but the bill." Wherever artists put up, however, there they will see Maga. I will therefore venture to give useful advice (at least to the younger), to keep their tempers, and not scorn the modesty of nature—to dare to think for themselves—for there are "imitators" who are termed a "servum pecus"—and not knowingly to go wrong, excusing themselves, that they do so "to please the public." It is a blessed change, from the heated town, varnishing megil-lups, the disgust of failure, the excitement and possibly the vanity of success, from Babel confusion, and exhibition glare, to sit down by cool stream, on freshest verdure, and under gently fanning foliage, watch and study with a passion of delight the magical conjuration of nature,—that momentarily is throwing out new beauties into light, and making shade contribute to the charm; and as if the spell were in the painter's wish, he looks up, and the glorious clouds float into the scene, and act their parts at his bidding. September is the month of Nature's holiday—she sees company, and offers a general *fête champêtre*; and there she sits, glorious Floriana, on her emerald throne, canopied by the heavens, diademed by the rainbow, and with her look of love, diffusing pleasure, bids all be happy, and away they go, like freed children, to the rivers, the meadows, the groves, and the hills. The sportsman, the angler, the sketcher, are all favourites, and all the gentle of every degree enjoy their own peculiar pastime—

"And well, where Love himself, as one may say,
Was born, may Paradise a name impart:
Where nothing is to do, but holiday,
And joy and dance, is all the living art;
Nor hoary care, e'en for a moment's stay,
May take his lodging here in any heart;

No entrance here for Poverty or Scorn,
But plenty ever stands with open horn.”—

So said Ariosto, but in “choice Italian,” that I will not quote to shame the Sketcher’s version.

And is this only descriptive of the September Festival of Nature? She has beauties and blessings for every month, and Poesy is her purveyor, Delightful Poesy, that sows and

“And a’ to pu’ a posy for his ain sweet May.”

She dresses matter, that, without her magic touch, were but an inert mass, and gives to it all that pleases the eye. She is the muse of every name and power, and works especially her spells over the human heart, kindling in all the latent fire of imagination, without which nothing is what it is—and without which this earth, that seems so wondrously diversi-

plants for the world’s enjoyment, is every where and at all times—weaves alike garlands of July flowers, and wreaths of November’s mists—sleeps on the heather, under the shepherd’s winter’s plaid, or dances in summer sunshine before the poet,

fied with seas and forests, uplands, valleys, and mountains, with its shifting shadows and golden illuminations, in its diurnal course sun, moon, and stars ministering to its beauty, were but the back of a dusky scabæus, crawling across the mly ruts that the heavy-laden car of Destiny scoops in the road, Time.

AUTUMNAL SKETCHES.

BY DELTA.

I.—THE HAUNTED SPOT.

I KNOW the spot—’tis on an upland swell,
With natural blooms, lychnis and chamomile,
Wildly o’ergrown, clover and harebells blue:
Around with jagged furze the sward was clad,
And bramble branches, at whose rugged roots
Smiled with its small crisp flowers the mountain thyme,
O’er which the bees made murmur, and from which
Perfume was borne, on the else desert winds,
To such as sojourned in the vales beneath.

’Twas on this knoll, some twenty years ago
(Alas! how onward skims the Angel of Time!)
That, mid the rank grass and the autumnal flowers,
What time the red sun, with a farewell glow,
Smiles backward from the mountains of the west,
A skeleton was found. The beating rains,
The dews nocturnal, and the sunshine fierce,
The whitening night-winds, and the wizard change,
Had wrought strange havoc; so that none could guess,
In the blanched skull, pecked by the carrion crow,
The wild rat, and the ravenous flocks of night,
Wing’d or four-footed, what the lineaments
Had been—if age, in wrinkles on the brow,
Had set his mark; or youthful comeliness
Dwelt on the soft down of his glowing cheek.

The peasants thronged around—with pitying looks
(What could they more?)—nor were some natural tears
Unshed by such as witnessed the dire sight;
By strangers only was he mourned—alone
By strangers was his coffin, from the aisle
Of the old church, borne to its narrow house,
On whose green roof Oblivion dumbly sits.

None came to claim relationship—although,
Perhaps for him, at his own cottage door,
Afar amid the solitary hills,

Long lingered, weeping, his impatient wife
 (When twilight overhung the eyes of Day
 With her blue mantle, and upheld serene
 Her lovely beacon-star above the woods);
 While her foreboding heart, amid the dusk,
 Owned only images and signs of fear:—
 May be, for him, the sharer of their sports,
 Oft asked his children, ceasing from their play
 On the swept floor—as ever and anon,
 Like spirits at the lattice sighed the winds
 With dreary voices—why their father's steps,
 So welcome and so wished, at eventide
 Delayed to come? Hope, long for him deferred,
 Perhaps made sick a mother's heart; for him
 Brothers might mourn and sisters, wondering much
 And fearing oft some black drear cloud had fallen
 Between them and the object of their love.
 Yet, to the gazers on that desolate corse,
 No more was known, save that he was a being,
 Once, by great Nature, fashioned like themselves;
 Though, by the remnant of his garb, 'twas seen
 That he had been a captive; o'er the sea
 Had in the battles of his country shared,
 And bled, perhaps, on fields, when Victory crowned
 The British standard, while retiring foes
 Confessed the valour which they could not quell.

His grave is in a corner of the churchyard,
 A lonely place, by one surviving yew,—
 The last of many which once flourished there,—
 In funeral beauty shaded. To the left,
 A frail grey wall, which may for centuries
 (Such looks its age) have braved the northern blast,
 From the sea-winds protects it; but nor stone—
 Nor pillar there—for only to the poor,
 The unknown and stranger is the place allotted—
 Proclaim of man's mortality, or tell
 What those beneath the sod erewhile have been.

Shunned is the spot, where, 'mid the wild-flowers rank,
 The soldier's corse was found. The peasant, at eve,
 Takes the far road, and turns his head away,
 While throbs his heart at each awakening sound—
 The transient wind, or bird among the boughs—
 While stirs his hair with horror, and his knees
 Quiver beneath the load they scarce can bear.
 By winter's hearth, while flickers the gaunt flame
 On lattice, shadowy roof, and pictured wall,
 The children whisper round of what was seen,
 Or heard by lated travellers, as they passed;
 And nurses chase the sleep they would allure
 To infant eyelids, by the unholy tale.

Far otherwise with me; for I have stood
 In darkness there, when, through the leafless boughs,
 Howled dismally the winds, and heavy clouds
 Hid every star from view; and when the moon,
 Looking in glory from her harvest throne,
 On the ripe corn-fields and the waters blue,
 Hath softened down the lineaments of earth
 To almost heavenly beauty, I have sat
 On the low mound, wishing almost the while
 That shape or shade might rise to tell its tale
 Of mystery—by such a fairy scene,
 Doubt lulled to rest, and terror solemnized!

II.—SONG OF MIDNIGHT.

HARK! the cataract is roaring
 O'er its rocks aloud ;
 And the gusty shower is pouring
 From September's cloud ;
 'Tis the season when Reflection,
 Midnight's handmaid, turns
 With a silent retrospection
 To the past, and burns !

Day's illusive pageants vanished,
 Night now acts her part ;
 All eave deepest thought is banished
 From the brooding heart ;
 So through starless midnight, dearest,
 Passion roams to thee,
 For, in slumber, thou appearest
 Present still with me !

Art thou at this moment sleeping
 Soft and quiet sleep ;
 Or with thee is Memory keeping
 Pensive vigils deep—
 Calling from the land of vision,
 From the pictured past,
 Sunny hopes, and dreams Elysian,
 Far too bright to last ?

Gentle is the sleep and pleasant
 Which, in all thy charms,
 With its magic brings thee present
 To my longing arms—
 With thy brow of arching whiteness,
 With thy coral lips,

With thy blue eyes, which in bright-
 ness
 Bluest skies eclipse !
 By thy side my steps are roaming
 Through the twilight dells,
 Brushing, 'neath the star of gloaming,
 Dew from heather bells ;
 While the blackbird from the willow
 Chants his ditty o'er ;
 And, far distant, ocean's billow
 Hums along the shore.

And my fancy fondly seizes
 On the murmuring sound
 Of thy sweet voice, 'mid the breezes
 Softly sighing round,—
 Softly—as the snowflake falling
 On the frozen road ;
 Or the tones of Angels calling
 Wanderers back to God.

Fare-thee-well ! the sleepless mid-
 night,
 Fraught with thought to me,
 Is more welcome than the daylight,
 Which restores not thee ;
 And, though from my fond caress-
 ings
 Thou art far apart,
 Love still sends thee richest bless-
 ings
 From the warmest heart.

III.—THE WANING YEAR.

IN spring, in summer, and autumnal wane,
 How beautiful are Nature's thousand hues !
 And which the fairest, who can say ? For each
 In turn is passing fair ; possesses charms
 Peculiar ; and, upon the heart and soul,
 Leaves an imperial impress.

Blandly crown'd
 With crocus and with snow-drop coronal,
 First comes the vestal Spring, with emerald vest,
 And cheek of glowing childhood.

Summer next,
 With all her gay and gorgeous trappings on,
 Rejoicing in the glory of her strength,
 And braiding roses in her auburn hair,
 Under the light of the meridian sun ;
 While all around the groves are musical
 With song of bird, and hum of bee.

But, lo !
 Then comes the matron Autumn, bright at first
 In eye, and firm of step—her cincture rich,
 Of ripe wheat and of vine-wreath intertwined ;
 But sadness dwells in her departing look,
 And darker glooms the atmosphere around,
 Till Winter meets her on the desert heath,
 And breathes destruction on her fallow cheek.

The year is now declining, and the air,

When morning blushes on the orient hills,
Embued with icy chillness.

Ocean's wave
Has lost its tepid glow, and slumbering fogs
Brood o'er its level calm on windless days;
Yet, when enshrined at his meridian height,
The sun athwart the fading landscape smiles
With most paternal kindness, softly warm,
And delicately beautiful—a prince
Blessing the realms whose glory flows from him.
The foliage of the forest, brown and sere,
Drops on the margin of the stubble-field,
In which the partridge lingers insecure,
And raises oft, at sombre eventide,
With plaintive throat, her wild and tremulous cry.
The sickle of the husbandman hath ceased,
Leaving the lap of nature shorn and bare,
And even the latest gleaner disappear'd.
The odorous clover flowers—this purely white,
That richly purple, all have pass'd away—
The yellow pendulous grain is seen no more—
The perfume of the beanfield has decay'd—
And roams the wandering bee o'er many a strath
For blossoms which have perish'd.

Grassy blades,
Transparent, taper, and of sickly growth,
Shoot, soon to wither, in the sterile fields:
The garden fruits have mellow'd with the year,
And, save the lingering nectarine, remains
Nor trace, nor token of the summer's wealth.
Yet on the wild-brier glows the yellow hip;
The dew-sprent bramble shows its clusters ripe;
And, from the branches of the mountain-ash,
The fairy bunches drop their crimson beads
In richness. On the dark laburnum's bough
Mix pods of lighter green among the leaves;
And, on the faded honeysuckle's stalk,
The succulent berries hang.

The robin sits
Upon the mossy gateway, singing clear
A requiem to the glory of the woods—
The bright umbrageousness, which, like a dream,
Hath perish'd, and for ever pass'd away;
And when the breeze awakes, a frequent shower
Of wither'd leaves bestrews the weeded paths,
Or from the branches of the willow whirl,
With rustling sound, upon the turbid stream.

Yet still there is a brightness in the sky—
A most refulgent and translucent blue:
Still, from the ruin'd tower, the wall-flower tells
Mournfully of what the summer's pride hath been;
And still the mountains heave their ridgy sides
In pastoral greenness. Every thing around
Is placid, if not joyful, as in spring,
When Hope was young, and, with an eagle eye,
Pry'd forward to the glories yet to come.
There cannot be a sweeter hour than this,
Even now, although encompass'd with decay:
There is not in the heavens a single cloud;
There is not in the air a breathing wind;
There is not on the earth a sound of grief,
Nor in the bosom a repining thought—
Quiet and contemplation mantle all.

IDEALS.

FROM SCHILLER.

THEN, dost thou mean, thou faithless
 one,
 Our bonds of blessedness to sever,
 To make the airy links undone,
 And tear thyself away for ever?
 Can nothing stay thy fleet career,
 Oh, youthhood's time of golden
 bliss?
 In vain! thy stream is rolling sheer
 Into Eternity's abyss.
 The suns that o'er my path of youth
 Their glory shed, have shone their
 last;
 And fled is the ideal truth
 That swell'd my heart in seasons
 past.
 Gone is the faith I learned from
 dreams,
 That life would yield me all it
 should;
 I find experience shears the beams
 Of all the beautiful and good.
 As once, with fervent love distressed,
 Pygmalion strain'd the chisell'd
 stone,
 Till all the rapture of his breast
 And all his warmth became its
 own;
 So did my loving arms enwreath
 All nature round, with youth's de-
 sire,
 Until the mass began to breathe
 Beneath my breast of poet-fire.
 And, in my transports bearing part,
 The dumb found fervours to re-
 spond,
 And turn'd the beatings of my heart
 To speech articulate and fond;
 My life gave life to flow'rs and woods,
 My sense made streams in music
 twine,
 And all that seem'd the lovely moods
 Of things were echoes but of mine.
 My breast, embracing all in one,
 Still strove, with aspirations warm,
 Through universal life to run
 In word and deed, in sound and
 form.
 Oh! I have cause for sad complaints;
 Before the bud is fully grown,
 How great the world which fancy
 paints!
 How little when the bud is blown!
 When first into life's path I sprang,
 I shap'd truth to my soul's conceit;
 And, then, my heart had not a pang,
 And wings of fire were on my feet.
 Oh! then the heavens had not a star,
 But seemed especially to court
 me:

Nought was so high, and nought so
 far,
 But thither must my wings sup-
 port me.
 I soar'd aloft, as if in dreams;
 Where could a task too hard be
 found?
 And, as I traced heroic schemes,
 An airy escort danced around.
 Love, with delights, and sweeten'd
 vows,
 And Fortune, with her garlands
 bright,
 And Glory, with her starry brows,
 And Truth arrayed in robes of
 light:
 But ah! the phantoms would not
 stay;—
 Before my journey half was done,
 They turned their steps another way,
 And, faithless, vanished one by one.
 Fortune escaped me at a bound,
 But Knowledge left her thirst be-
 hind;
 And Doubt's dark fingers drew a-
 round
 The sun of Truth her vapours
 blind.
 I witness'd Glory's garlands meet
 Round brows of ordinary clay;
 And ah! Love's season was more
 sweet,
 But shorter than a summer day.
 And every step my pathway grew
 More hush'd, more desolate, and
 grim,
 Till hope herself no longer threw
 A ray on me, however dim.
 Which of all these will stand me by,
 Through life, my comfort and my
 crown?
 And which will follow me, when I
 Unto the narrow house go down?
 Friendship! on thee my anchor's
 cast,
 By thee my bleeding heart is
 bound;
 Thou wilt be faithful to the last,
 Thou whom I early sought and
 found.
 And when thy mild hand has as-
 suaged
 My pain—then welcome occupa-
 tion!
 Who, in destruction ne'er engaged,
 Art ever busied in creation;
 Although Eternity may slight
 Thy piling grains on grains of sand,
 Yet Time is grateful to the sprite
 Who pays his debt with rapid hand.

STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

No. I.

It is our intention in this paper to give an outline-sketch of the present state of Protestantism in France. The subject strikes us as peculiarly interesting, both in a retrospective and prospective point of view. To the rejection of the Reformation by the French people, we trace the character of almost all that has since befallen them, and to its future spread widely among them—if such a prospect may not seem to arise from hopes too sanguine—we look forward as to the only possibility of moral prosperity, which the destinies of the nation, whatever they may be, can realize. The actual state of the mind of France seems to favour the idea, that Protestantism may yet prevail there, not, certainly, universally and nationally, but to an extent which may have a general influence, even on her Catholic inhabitants. All educated and most uneducated Frenchmen, belonging nominally to the Roman Church, are completely disengaged from every positive creed. Catholicism is found to be *effet*; it may act as a pleasing opiate on the inert mass of society, but can give no moral control and direction to mental *activity*. Infidelity is acknowledged by all the respectable, even though they may be negatively unbelievers themselves, to be a principle exclusively of disorganization; and the constituted authorities of France raise a cry of execration against it, from one end of the land to the other. The professed infidels of that country, too, are no longer what they formerly were. They give no point-blank denial to the truths of Christianity. If they believe nothing they deny nothing. If they will not be bound by Catholicism, with which Christianity is identified in their minds, they equally reject the arid Voltairian philosophy, which provides no aliment for their affections. Fluctuating between the two, they have fallen into the fantastic, into the mystic; and are evidently seeking, in their wild intellectual excursions,

to discover some truth in which they may find repose and certainty. A *want*, in brief, is universally felt, a want, not openly avowed, because a faith in revelation, which is scorned, can alone show how it is to be met and supplied: *a want of religion*. In the midst, however, of the general torment of unsettled thoughts, of the absence of all moral convictions which this produces, the pure truths of the gospel, it is consoling to know, are silently and imperceptibly spreading through the country. Here, then, is a speck of hope upon the horizon. We cannot forbear to think that it will grow broader and broader. It is certain, at least, that there has been of late years a great revival of religious zeal and devotion among the French Protestants, and that many of the Reformed Churches are now making a combined effort with some success, though struggling with many disadvantages, to propagate their doctrines among their Catholic brethren. We will not dwell upon the pleasing prospect, of which this circumstance affords us a glimpse. If we did, we might be thought to be indulging in speculations. We will rather state a few of the causes to which we attribute the failure of the Reformation on its first introduction into France.

These have always seemed to us to be principally the following:—1st, The want of devotional piety among the chiefs of the French reformers; 2d, The too early adoption of the Protestant doctrines by the nobility; and, 3d, The establishment of Protestantism as a separate secular power within the state. With respect to the first of these causes, we have only to muster before our mind's eye the great leaders of the reform party, to be convinced, that they were much more emphatically warriors, statesmen, and courtiers, than religionists; high men though they were, and among the first heroes of the French nation, Coligni, D'Andelot, La None—with the ex-

ception of Duplessis Mornay, the purest of the fraternity—speak to us much more of chivalry than of Christianity. Sully and De Thou were, the one a statesman and the other a philosopher. Henry IV. was a wise, amiable libertine prince, royal thoroughly, but a Christian not skin deep; the rest were a reckless set of ambitious men; but no where among them do we find a single devoted champion of purely spiritual truths. We impute this partly to Calvinism. Without denying that Calvinists have been, in innumerable instances, men remarkable for the warmth of their devotion, we are disposed, nevertheless, to think that Calvinism, as a system of theology, may, from its very completeness and conclusiveness, be adopted exclusively by the reason, and regarded only as a beautiful problem of religious philosophy proved; and, under this aspect, it was, we think, that the Reformation was first presented to the French people, and entertained by their divines. Calvin, we know, was a mere stern reasoner and theologian, and his spirit it was that presided over and animated the whole reform movement in his country. Protestantism under him had reached its climax. It had lost its original ardour and enthusiasm, and had stiffened—especially at Geneva—into a kind of *academic theology*, a kind of *Sorbonne*, without a fixed locality. How otherwise than by the supposition, that the warm and moving spirit of religion had become frozen under hard questions of controversy, can we account for the fact, which we have taken pains to ascertain, that there are absolutely no Protestant works of devotional piety in the whole compass of French literature? This *fact* explains satisfactorily the slight hold which the Protestant doctrines have taken on the French mind, but it cannot itself be accounted for, as might be supposed, by the religious wars and persecutions which the French Protestants suffered; for works of the kind we allude to have been rife under similar circumstances in other countries; and besides, the devotional feeling, where it exists, will find a vent as certainly, and by the same means, as the controversial feeling

does. It must be borne in mind, too, that, at the period of the Reformation, the reformed constituted the most learned and intellectual portion of the French nation, which makes the singularity we have pointed out still more remarkable. With reference to the second cause above specified, viz. the adoption and almost absorption of the Reformation by the nobility, it had these bad effects; it prevented the reformed creed from becoming popular. Its chiefs were not of the people, neither could they sympathize with the people; by them the *preachers*, from whom only a great national impression could have come, were *cast completely into the shade*; history has not delivered a single one of these, as particularly eminent, down to posterity. The natural order of things seems also to have been reversed, for, in moral revolutions, unlike political ones, reform should mount from the people to the nobility, and not descend from the nobility to the people. The first promulgation of Christianity proves this, and all history shows, that, however the higher ranks may possess philosophy independent of their humbler fellows, *religion* must always grow upward from the base to the pinnacle of society, or that, otherwise, it passes away as it did in France. By the direct reverse of this happening in that country, the Reformation was at once, and inevitably, converted into a great question of national politics. This has certainly, in a measure, occurred among other people, but never, except perhaps in the Netherlands, so completely, never before Protestantism had time to strike its roots into the soil; and the result in the two countries where it has been so thoroughly absorbed in political views has been the same. The great cause of all, however, of its utter discomfiture, was its apparent triumphant success. By secular means it attained to a secular establishment, and this was its ruin. The edict of Nantes effected this. To the Reformed party was given by this edict a great show of stability. They had their cities, their garrisons, their revenues, and governments of their own. They formed the completest *imperium in imperio* that ever exist-

ed in any kingdom. They were, in fact, a Protestant republic existing within a Catholic monarchy. They formed an established national religion, torn from the entrails, and co-existing with another established national religion which possessed the vantage ground. Their spirit had become perfectly materialised and secularised. Questions of peace and war, and other great state matters, occupied almost exclusively their attention. They were a great national council, erected in a parallel line with the regal council, influencing, disputing, and controlling the decisions of the latter, and ever ready, by force of arms, to assert with it an equal and joint authority. This state of things seemed to justify Richelieu in the war he waged upon the Huguenot power and its possessions, and its strength being all material, it naturally succumbed.

The actual state of the Reformed worship in France dates from the Consulate of the Republic. The revocation of the edict of Nantes terminated its earlier history. Between the two periods intervened a long season of persecution and prescription, of which we have as yet no account whatever. The *Dragonades* and the *Galleys* conclude our historic information of the Protestants of France. Subsequent to those frightful tragedies of iniquity, all our knowledge of the French Christians is of a negative kind, furnishing, nevertheless, a dreadful picture of suffering on the one side, and unrelenting tyranny on the other. Protestantism was, in fact, blotted out of existence, as far as the law could do it, in the kingdom of France. The Reformed were without churches, without recognised pastors, without the legal rights of sepulture or marriage, or any other civil rights whatever. They were a scattered and a hunted flock, and could only worship God, as they expressed it themselves, in the *desert*. In some wild tracks of the Cevennes, and some gorges of the lower Alps, almost inaccessible to a cruel police which made them its prey, they still continued, in defiance of danger, and at every imaginable risk and sacrifice, to assemble together from time to time for the purposes of worship. Their pastors, few, poor, and ob-

scure, but devoted men, whose names have not yet been recorded on the earth, traversed these regions, incurring truly apostolic hardships, and at intervals, months apart, celebrated the Lord's Supper in rocks, and caves, and dens of the earth, and exhorted to Christian virtue and patience those who flocked together by stealth to hear them, and returned to their own homes in a like clandestine manner. This state of things lasted more than half a century. The venerable and most excellent Malesherbes, whose green old age preserved all the warmth, and more than the enthusiastic benevolence of youth, was the first whose voice was heard in favour of the persecuted race. Ruhlières followed his noble example, and presented a petition in their behalf, from which we shall borrow an extract, to Louis XVI. :—"The twentieth part of the natives of the kingdom," says this petition, "retained by force and shut up within its frontiers, remain without religious worship, without civil professions, without the rights of citizens, without wives, though married, without heirs, though fathers. They cannot, but by profaning the public worship, on the one hand, or disobeying the laws, on the other, either be born, or marry, or live, or die. More than a million of Frenchmen are deprived in France of giving the names of wives and legitimate children, to those whom the law of nature, superior to all civil institutions, recognise as such. More than a million of Frenchmen have lost, in their own country, the rights which all men enjoy in countries civilized or savage, and which in France is not denied to malefactors branded with the most infamous crimes. We deplore the state of the Catholics of England; they may be unhappy, but they are not marked with infamy. England has never gone so far as to inflict on all their families the desolating names of concubinage and bastardy. Their children may inherit their property. Their noble families are not reduced to the impossibility of proving their nobility otherwise than by clandestine acts, inadmissible before the tribunals; and if they find their condition intolerable in their own country, they

are permitted to emigrate. The ports of the three nations are open to them." The effect of this, and similar representations, on the naturally just and benevolent character of Louis XVI., was the restoration of the reformed to the civil rights of marriage and baptism. "There might be seen," says Monsieur Rabaut, a Protestant writer under the empire, "the reformed hurrying in crowds to the judges to have their marriages and the births of their children registered. In many provinces, the judges were obliged to go themselves to the different *communes* of their jurisdiction, to prevent the assembling of such great crowds, and to spare Protestant families the expense of long journeys. In many cases, old men registered their marriages with those of their children and their grandchildren." Subsequent to this act of Louis XVI., which was called the Edict of 1787, the National Assembly, at the commencement of the Revolution, admitted the Protestants to the full rights of citizens, in all respects; but this availed them nothing, for the Reign of Terror followed, and they were included in the persecutions which hunted out of the land every thing which bore the name of religion. To Napoleon solely belongs the merit of having re-established firmly the Protestant worship in France. Though religious liberty had been before proclaimed, the reformed were, in the great majority of instances, too poor to build churches, and they continued to celebrate their services in the open fields. Napoleon, by making Protestantism a national establishment, by paying its pastors from the state funds, and making it obligatory on the *communes* in which Protestants existed, to contribute to the support of their ministers and worship, gave to the reformed worship the character of permanency and stability which it has since possessed. Napoleon, we think, was as much induced to do this by a conscientious reason as by political motives. His answer to a deputation of Protestants, who came to acknowledge the benefits they had received from his law of the 8th Germinal, the foundation stone of their privileges, is very energetic; and, as we think we see in it a good

faith, which does him great honour, we will here transcribe the strong and characteristic expressions with which it concludes. "I take this opportunity," said he, "of declaring to the pastors of the Reformed Churches my firm determination and will to maintain religious liberty to its fullest extent. The empire of the law ceases where the indefinite empire of the conscience commences. Neither prince nor law can regulate the latter. And if any of my family who may succeed me, deceived by the dictates of an unenlightened conscience, should attempt to do so, I devote him to public execration, and authorize you to give him the name of Nero."

The Protestant churches of France, on their restoration to a legal existence, made no alteration in their articles of belief, and very few in their ancient discipline. The major part of these are in their creed Calvinistic; the rest are Lutheran, or belonging to the confession of Augsburg. The form of church government in both is the same, consisting of consistories, colloquies, and national and provincial synods. The two latter of these assemblies, however, can only be holden when expressly permitted by the minister of public instruction; and, as this permission is not often granted, the churches have no opportunity of conferring together but by private correspondence, and remain consequently very ignorant of each other's condition. They are thus rendered almost completely isolated and detached establishments, and acknowledging no superior authority among themselves, are deprived of all unity of purpose, and find it difficult, even partially, to put forth any joint effort of zeal. But the great evil under which they suffer is one created by the law of the 18th Germinal. By this law it is determined that the members of the consistories, the single pastor of the locality alone excepted, shall be those who pay the largest amount of taxation to the state; and, as the pastors themselves are elected by these consistories, it in innumerable instances happens that they are appointed to their sacred office from motives quite irrespective of the doctrines they may teach. The tax payers

often care little for religion of any kind, and it frequently has occurred that they have rejected candidates for the ministry merely because these have declared their determination of preaching the gospel. From this source of election has arisen two great evils, viz. Socinianism and separation. Socinians and Unitarians are almost sure to be favoured by the tax payers; and the true ministers of the gospel, finding themselves excluded from the national church, are forced, against their own will, to become seceders. There are nevertheless, doubtless, many orthodox and zealous pastors belonging to that establishment, but these owe their appointments more to the accidental good pleasure of the consistories than to the conformity of their convictions to their recognised creed. The religious sentiments of the candidates for the ministry are so little taken into account, that, from the purest evangelical doctrines down to the most undisguised Unitarianism, all opinions which have ever taken shelter under the name of Christianity are rife in the reformed churches of France.

We have taken great pains to ascertain the amount of the Protestant population of that country—but in vain. There is absolutely no statistical statement existing on this subject. At the *bureau* of the Minister of Public Instruction in Paris, we have been able to obtain no satisfactory information. There is there only an incomplete table of the population of forty-four departments, but none of the other forty-two departments, where the reformed, though less numerous, still exist in great numbers. The lowest calculation that has ever been made gives them a population of one million of souls. Many writers have insisted that two millions would be the correct number. Without attempting to hazard an opinion where we have no data to rest upon, we will proceed to furnish a statement of the pastors, churches, schools, and religious societies which have sprung out of the Protestant establishment since the time of Napoleon.

Before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Consistorial churches of France amounted, according to a census made by the last National Sy-

nod, which was held at Alençon in 1637, to 806; at present there are but 120 churches of this class, and 19 oratories, or separate temples, belonging to the Calvinists. The Consistorial churches of the Confession of Augsburg are 63 in number, making a total of 202 churches. In these officiate 1121 pastors, 601 of whom are attached to the Calvinistic, and 520 to the Lutheran establishment. To explain the wide difference in the respective numbers of the churches and pastors, we must mention, that a Consistorial church consists always of three or four, and sometimes seven or eight, edifices for public worship. A church of this description can only be established where there are 6000 Protestant inhabitants, and these are often scattered over a wide extent of country. Where a Consistorial church cannot be formed, by reason of the wide space interposed between the districts wherein Protestants reside, an oratory, which has its separate government of pastor, deacons, and elders, may be maintained. At present, far from there being an overplus, the great want of pastors in the reformed churches is universally complained of.

We must now allude to the situation of the French Protestants with respect to education. According to an article of the law of the 18th Germinal, no candidate can be appointed pastor of a church who has not gone through his regular theological studies, either at the college of Strasbourg or that of Montaban. These colleges were endowed with theological faculties by Napoleon, for the express purpose of forming Protestant ministers. They are universally admitted to fulfil well their duties. Both the establishments are constantly and fully employed, and the students who frequent them are numerous. The pastors whom they furnish to the church are all well, and some of them highly, educated men. We have had the advantage ourselves of knowing many of them, and we hesitate not to affirm that, in respectability of talent and acquirement, they are not inferior to the working clergy of England. The institutions, however, to which they owe so much obligation, are not free

from a great vice, viz. they are under the immediate control and superintendence of the university, which is Catholic, and, in religious matters, necessarily sacerdotal. Of late years, it is true, this has not been complained of, for the local direction of the two colleges has been intrusted to men who enjoy the full confidence of their co-religionists. But it is apprehended that in future the university may use the power it possesses to diminish or destroy the efficiency of establishments, which, should they excite jealousy, or, should bigotry again become ascendant, might be regarded with an hostile eye. Another evil to be noticed is, that foreigners, both as students and professors, are excluded from these theological seminaries. As this exclusion does not extend to any other seat of education, the French Protestants feel it severely, first, as a symptom of distrust in their patriotism, and, secondly, because they are perfectly well aware that in that branch of knowledge which most interests them France is immensely behind many other nations of Europe. If, for instance, the colleges would wish to possess the works of eminent foreign divines, these works must be translated and published at their own expense. A single copy in a single library—and at Montaban the library is very ill supplied—can be of little avail; this copy, where it is found, will be generally written in a language not understood. We can assure our readers that the very existence of the most celebrated English theological works is unknown in France even by the learned. A few foreign professors of divinity, therefore, at Strasbourg and at Montaban, would be an incalculable advantage to those establishments. It would open to them all the rich lore of Protestantism, at present a sealed book, and give them a consciousness of strength and intellectual wealth which would add greatly to their zeal and their devotion. It is probably for this very reason that foreigners are excluded.

With respect to general education, the Protestants in France are not distinguished from their Catholic countrymen. They have no sepa-

rate educational establishments. In some districts, where they form a large and dense population, they might have them if they wished; but they have ever refused, even at the early period of the Reformation, to separate themselves from their compatriots, except in the single article of worship. It cannot be denied that this is patriotic as well as prudent in a political sense. Nevertheless, it has ever been and is attended with an evil which more than counterbalances its advantages: religious instruction in youth is entirely neglected. Till lately Protestant ministers could not be attached to any public university. At present they can be, and receive besides, as chaplains, fixed and sufficient salaries. The government, however, takes very good care that the chaplains they appoint shall not be men inclined to disturb religious apathy. They are doubled up, so to speak, in their appointments with Catholic priests. Zeal on their side would be sure to produce hostility on the part of their Popish associates; so, to maintain harmony, both parties are equally inactive. Besides, even supposing the chaplains rigorously to perform their duties, the contempt for religion which characterises all the schools and colleges of France, would make their efforts of no avail. The general scorn would blight the particular instruction. It is observable, from the cause we have mentioned, that French Protestants, liberally educated, are generally latitudinarians; and we feel thoroughly convinced they must ever continue to be so till they have separate academies of their own. As to elementary instruction, this is *nominally* more directly under the control of the Reformed churches. The mayor, and a member of the academic council—the latter always a priest—have, however, even here the right of superintendence and interference. These functionaries have insisted on the observance of certain forms, and meddled so much in the interior management of the schools, that in many places they have been discontinued. But in the villages and small towns it is that their co-operation has been most injurious. Where the population is not sufficiently numerous to afford two

school-houses, the Catholics and Protestants are instructed together; and the latter are obliged, previous to receiving their lessons, to recite Popish prayers, kneeling down before crucifixes and images. In many places they have been forced, by the command of the Bishop of Aix, to go to mass and vespers. The effect of this of course is, that Protestant parents keep their children at home, and they are thus deprived of the means of education. In consequence of these impediments, the Calvinistic church of France has only 392 primary and 79 Sunday schools. We have not been able to ascertain the number of schools which belong to the Lutheran establishment; but it is well known that the great majority of Protestant children receive their elementary instruction from Catholic teachers.

We now turn to the religious societies which of late years have sprung up in France. The earliest of these is the Protestant Bible Society of Paris. It was established in 1818, and has circulated, since that date to the present time, 73,151 Bibles, and 91,229 New Testaments. Its emission of Bibles and Testaments during the last year amounted to 2602 of the former, and 5372 of the latter. This society was originally called into existence and supported by the British Bible Society. For several years it was the only association of the kind existing in France, and had it been thought fully to answer the purposes for which it was instituted, there would have been no need of any other. But it early entered into a kind of compromise with the Catholics, by publishing the apocryphal books of the Old Testament, bound up with the genuine Scriptures. This produced a schism among its supporters, and if it has not visibly declined, it has not much extended its operations for several years past. From the commencement perhaps it imbibed rather too much the spirit of *philosophical* Protestants. The Baron de Staël and M. Guizot were among its members; and even at present the decent but undevout favour it more than any other similar institution. There is no doubt, nevertheless, that all Christians wish it success, and are

ready to aid its efforts by every means in their power. In order, however, to circulate the Scriptures without the apocryphal books, and to take a wider and freer range of action than that the society of 1818 enjoys, a new society, called *The French and Foreign Bible Society*, was two years ago established. We have its second report now before us, by which it appears that during the last year it distributed 1527 Bibles, and 5499 New Testaments. The proof that this society has already met with encouragement is, that its receipts of this year fall short only two hundred pounds of those of the last, when it received from England and America L.1000, in several donations. The report mentions the gratifying fact, that the directors of normal schools, founded by the government, have applied in many instances for Bibles and Testaments for their Catholic pupils. The *prefets* and *sousprefets* of various communes and departments have also made similar demands for primary schools, and have on many occasions invited the society to send a Bible to every public and circulating library in their districts. The report mentions, too, another fact, which, if it shows the deplorable biblical ignorance which has hitherto prevailed, shows likewise the zeal which is abroad to remove it: viz. the governing committee of the society has come to the resolution, that every pastor shall in future present at the altar a copy of the Holy Scriptures to every young couple who may come to be married, so that no Protestant family may be without a household Bible, endeared to them by the most sacred and touching event of their lives, and being, as it were, a witness for good or for evil, either for or against them throughout their after career. This is very good, but it is quite French; even religion must be made sentimental. The first mentioned Bible society has 451 branch societies scattered through the country.

The Religious Tract Society is another association which has done immense good among the humbler classes in France. It has been established twelve years. It has distributed since its origin 3,417,895 tracts, and its last year's emission of

these little publications amounted in number to 539,489. It had in the year 1828 fifty-nine depots, but since that time these have much increased.

We have as yet made no mention of the Protestant dissenters, or the unsalaried (*non salarié*) church of France. Being altogether a new church, there is no account of its population. We have already hinted at the cause which drives many pastors into this communion. We believe, however, that many others are induced to join it from the great freedom it gives to their exertions. In a country like France especially, where the great majority of the inhabitants are ignorant of the gospel, it is good that there should exist, as it were, a home missionary establishment. Ministers fixed in certain spots by the government, where they must abide, can preach and make conversions no where else; but an unsalaried pastor may settle wherever he can find a congregation. He is a kind of missionary; and having received his license from the state, is free to labour in whatever field he may choose. It is in this light that a dissenting minister in France is regarded. The work of evangelizing the country emphatically belongs to that division of the Protestant church of which he is a member. The French *Evangelical Society* has consequently sprung from this most important sect (a sect producing no schism). This society is yet young, having been established only two years ago. Its object is to send missionaries, who bear the humble name of *Colporteurs* (hawkers or venders), into specified districts, there to sell Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, to convert by every private means the inhabitants, and when the funds of the society will suffice, and there are no insuperable impediments, to raise churches and establish ministries. Hitherto, of course, a great deal cannot have been done; but the experiment made is a noble one, and has met as yet with no obstruction, but from a want of funds and labourers. The report, on the contrary, speaks of great success having been met with, and asserts that Catholics in crowds, especially soldiers, are very attentive to the ex-

hortations of Protestant preachers. We regret that it does not mention the number of Bibles and tracts that have been distributed. One particularly promising circumstance is alluded to, viz. the project of establishing a new college in Paris for the special purpose of educating young men for the dissenting ministry, who are to be sent into tracts where the Gospel has not yet been preached, as these may gradually open to missionary exertion. There is another very gratifying reflection connected with this society, which is, that being necessarily poor itself, the pastors having no incomes but what they derive from their flocks, who belong to the humblest ranks, it depends principally for its funds on the other Protestant churches of the country, and that this dependence is fully justified by the zealous co-operation of the national establishments.

It may appear perhaps to our readers that the account we have above given of the religious societies of the French Protestants looks very inconsiderable, when compared with the work which is carrying on in other nations. There are some considerations, however, to be borne in mind, which may change their thoughts. First, it is not the wealthy among the reformed of France who take any part in spreading the gospel among their countrymen. From their long, and, we might almost say, hereditary indifference to religion, and their early education in Catholic colleges, which confirms this state of mind, these men are for the most part quite unconcerned about their creed, which they wear rather as an ancestral badge than an individual conviction. Pastors and their flocks, and not probably more than the half of these, who received certainly their first impulse from England and America, have alone set on foot the societies in question. Religion, too, in France is not fashionable. Vanity and ostentation contribute nothing to its outward success. We see Madame Guizot's (the wife of the minister) name down in one of the reports for five francs. Collections of five, ten, fifteen, or twenty francs, made by scattered handfulls of poor men, constitute the principal re-

source of the associations. Four pounds is the highest contribution we have seen in any of the reports. When we consider, therefore, that the efforts for the cause of religion now making in that country come chiefly from the poor and the obscure, we discern a large amount of active zeal of the most pure and genuine character. It is also evidently *progressive*; two of the most promising societies have been called into existence within the last two years. And what is the most gratifying circumstance of all, the labours of the Protestants meet with no obstruction from any quarter. The little notice taken of them by those who might be supposed to be hostile or indifferent, is in the main encouraging. The jealousy of the priests—so great is the discretion and forbearance of the pastors—seems to be laid asleep. The former may probably, in a country where infidelity is so wide spread, consider the latter as, up to a certain point, their allies, and they do not contemplate any results dangerous to themselves from the revival of Protestantism in its present stage. The constituted authorities, we have seen, when they interfere, do so only to facilitate the propagation of the Scriptures; and a whole host of writers, otherwise completely unimpressed with Christian sentiments, call out for a wide distribution of the Bible. "A Bible for every cottage," exclaimed Victor Hugo in a late work. "Let there be no house in the kingdom without a Bible," says another author of the same class. Are we then too sanguine, looking forward to the future, when we anticipate great success to the Protestant cause in France? It has the peculiar advantage, particularly in that country, that whilst all systems which have moral truth for their object are floating in constant uncertainty, and, like piled clouds changing their fantastic forms every second, it remains a small (as yet) but steady object, satisfying the affections, and recommending itself to the reason. It affords at once a *rest* and a *base* whereon the intellect may repose and build; and the French mind has been so long without either of these, and the *want* of them is so universally felt, that we

cannot forbear to think, it may at last inscribe its *eureka* on Protestantism, where alone they are to be found.

We have yet to mention that the salaries of the pastors of the national reformed churches of France, vary from one hundred and twenty to fifty pounds a-year. They have besides glebe-houses, with four acres of land attached to them; and by marriage, baptism, and burial fees additional, enjoy a very easy competence. We have not hitherto had the advantage of knowing any of these pastors out of Paris; but we can speak of them very favourably. With the exception of one or two very well-behaved Socinians, the rest form a little knot of the most exemplary and zealous men we have ever met with. There are in Paris five Protestant churches, or rather places of worship. Some of these are merely large rooms, in which a minister preaches twice or thrice a-week. The congregations are mostly composed of poor people; and we will venture to assert, that no fine lady ever entered among one of them for the purpose of showing off her fashionable bonnet, or young damsel for the sake of being ogled at by admirers—a circumstance Richardson dwells so fondly on in a paper in the Rambler. These places of worship, in fact, are never frequented *for form's sake*. The major part of those who usually attend are *the flock*—a word which has almost lost its original religious signification among us. By their flocks, the pastors are totally engrossed. Often they are up three or four nights in the week to administer consolation and support to the sick; and the warmth of affection which prevails mutually among the members of the little churches we have seen, recalls delightfully to our mind the primitive times of Christianity. They form indeed little spots and patches in the great city, which, like the fleece of Gideon, are moist with refreshing dews from heaven; whilst all around is arid, parched, and barren—an explosive soil, generating nought but fire within its entrails.

If we were called upon to attribute to any one particular cause the great increase of devotional piety among the Protestants of France, we should

say it was owing to the example of two men, obscure during their lives, and only illustrious in certain circles since their deaths. These men were John Frederick Oberlin and Felix Neff. We have their memoirs now before us, and we are only restrained from giving copious extracts therefrom, by the hope of recurring shortly to the subject when we shall have more ample space at our disposal. These two truly apostolic characters are the only men of the stamp France has ever produced. The awakening influence they have spread abroad may be compared well with that which accompanied the efforts of Wesley and Whitfield in their day. But in the French worthies we discern more forbearance, more tolerance, a warmer charity, and less of the controversial spirit than in their English predecessors. The lives of these two modern apostles form an Epoch in the Reformed Church of France. Such lives have an immortality even upon earth, and that in a somewhat material sense, for the spirit hidden within them transmigrates into other bodies, and is reproduced through many generations. We can see a family likeness to Knox in some Scotch preachers of the present day, and Laud, Latimer, and Ridley do not want their counterparts in many English bishops. The seed of Christian truth, when once fairly dropped into a soil, does not cease to germinate through centuries. All hail, then, to the hope we have of France! This hope is not confined to a small elect circle of saintly men. The operation of Christianity is twofold. Its holiest and most potent action is within the veil, in the interior of individual hearts, but it makes its influence also felt abroad and without. Those who merely rationally recognise, without cordially embracing it, receive some of its blessings. It is impossible not to be struck

with the vast differences that exist between Catholic and Protestant countries, the majority of the inhabitants of both being almost equally indifferent to religion. To what can we attribute this but to the imperceptible influence of creeds which determine character in its first springs and sources. Catholicism, for instance, from its presumed infallibility residing in a single person, produces a kind of spiritual centralization, and *masses* men together. Protestantism, by its right of private judgment (its hope), *individualizes* them. Catholics, therefore, either slumber together or awake together to terrific energy, whilst Protestants are always active, but they are active as *units* making up a whole, not as an aggregate mass informed with an uniformity of will, derived, as it were, from an external source. We have only to cast a glance over the moral geography of Christendom to see that it is divided into three distinct parts, marked severally with the names, *Catholicism, Protestantism, Infidelity*. The wide differences of character which distinguish these three portions of the Christian world, form an argument in favour of Protestantism which almost speaks to the senses. We cannot help thinking that the philosophers and statesmen of France, who are at present really and earnestly seeking to discover some medium point in morals between superstition and irreligion, which may afford an anchorage ground for the popular mind, will at last come to perceive that the Protestant form of Christianity alone gives the great desideratum, and that they will therefore, if only on account of its virtues in relation to politics, give it every encouragement.

We intend to return shortly to the subject of this paper, and to fill up the rough outline we have above given with many interesting details.

THE LATE CRISIS AND SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE last Session of Parliament is, beyond all question, the most remarkable that has occurred since the passing of the Reform Bill. On no former occasion were the consequences of that great Revolution so fully developed, or the new dangers which it has opened up so completely illustrated. It has now utterly annihilated, to all practical purposes, the old Whig party, and thrown its degraded and bewildered leaders, in vile subjection, beneath the feet of that Anarchical faction, which they have so often opposed as the determined foes of the public welfare, and that artful Demagogue, whom they denounced in a speech from the throne as the worst enemy to his country. It has brought forward the Revolutionists in open and undisguised hostility to all our institutions—torn aside the thin veil with which they formerly sought to cover their designs—branded them, in the sight of heaven and earth, as determined Levellers, ruthless Republicans, frantic Demagogues—men whom no danger will deter, and no reason convince—who are patriots in their lips, and tyrants in their hearts—who resist Government, because they desire to govern, and declaim on liberty, because they are desirous to extinguish it—who shut their eyes to facts, and their ears to history—and blindly pursue their selfish ends, though the consequence must be, if attained, the overthrow of freedom, the ruin of England, the blasting the prospects of the human race.

But, if the late Session of Parliament has revealed the utter ruin of the Whigs as a political party, and merged that once dignified body in the dregs of Democracy—if it has unveiled the recklessness of the Revolutionists, and proclaimed them as the insane and guilty followers of the French Jacobins, it has, at the same time, unfolded, in as bright a light, the magnanimity, wisdom, and resolution of the powerful Conservative band by which this dreadful

tempest of evil is resisted. It is contrast which gives life to the colours of history—it is experience which enforces the lessons of political wisdom. The protection which the Conservative party, and the Peers as their head, now afford to the cause of freedom—the resistance which they offer to a devouring ambition, which threatens alike the Throne and the cottage—the intrepid front which they present to the assaults and threats of Revolution—the skill with which they detect its wiles, expose its sophistry, unveil its perfidy—the calm dignity which they exhibit, amidst the ravings of ambition, the turpitude of guilt, the abominations of Jacobinism, have now been brought so prominently forward, that their lustre can no longer be concealed, even from the most obdurate in the country. The hereditary Aristocracy have recently stood forth, as they ever were, the true and genuine, because the lasting and unchanging, supporters of freedom, the same now, when withstanding and defeating the tyrannical usurpations of Irish Popery, as when they extorted the great charter from the faithless John, or hurled the cruel James from the throne, or saved the nation from the atrocities of Danton and Robespierre.

Recent events, therefore, have brought these two great parties into open and inextinguishable hostility with each other. The weak, despicable, vacillating *juste milieu* of the Whigs has, in all but the underlings of office, totally disappeared. Sooner even than their great prototypes, the French Girondists, they have been destroyed by the work of their own hands. Who now recurs to the principles of Somers, or the wisdom of Burke, or the eloquence of Fox? The highminded and virtuous of the Whig party have retired, with Lord Grey and Lord Spenser, in sullen grief from the scene where their innovations have brought such woful actors on the stage,* or drifted over, with Lord Stanley and Sir

* Neither of these noble lords opened their lips during the late debates in the House of Peers, and hardly made their appearance in the whole session, long and interesting as it was.

James Graham, in willing and generous union into the Conservative ranks. Even those of the Whig noblemen, now reduced to FORTY, whom official dependence, or recent favours, still retain at the beck of the O'Connell-propped administration, in private execrate the work of their leaders, and deplore, in open and no measured strains, the career of peril upon which they are unwillingly driven. Baffled, dejected, bewildered, defeated by the Conservatives, despised or trodden under foot by the Revolutionists, cast down from their high estate by the rabble, on whose necks they hoped to tread, they have sunk for ever from the page of history.

Nor is it only in the Peers, and among the higher ranks of the Whigs, that this total prostration of their party appears. The same is distinctly perceptible in every class and gradation of society. That unhappy hallucination of mind, by which so many of the educated ranks were deluded six years ago—that monstrous “chaos of unanimity” in favour of Reform, which sapped the deep foundations of British freedom and greatness—is at an end. We no longer meet in society with a man of education, independent of office, who defends the present state of things, or denies the existence of evil—of portentous and awful evil—on the political horizon. How many are there every where to be met with who, four years ago, were swept away by the Reform tempest, who now have taken their station firmly and decidedly in the Conservative ranks! Numbers, indeed, we find who endeavour to shift from themselves the responsibility of what has occurred, and strenuously maintain, that but for the obstinate resistance of the Tories to all reform, we would never have arrived at our present predicament. That only confirms our position. Men never seek to shake off the responsibility of measures which have been beneficial. We hear of no disputes as to who was the author of Trafalgar or Waterloo.

The cause of this remarkable change in all the educated classes of society, who are independent of official trammels or expectations, is

obvious. It is EXPERIENCE which has caused the veil to drop from the eyes of the instructed public: it is the evidence of their senses which has confirmed the wavering, and converted the candid. All persons possessed of historical information were aware from the first that the embarkation of Government on the stream of innovation, fanned by the gales of popular ambition, could lead to no other result; but they constitute a limited portion of society, and the “masses” are altogether beyond the reach of any considerations which are not addressed to their senses. The book of experience, the lessons of history, are to them a sealed volume. With unvarying obstinacy they reject its dictates—ridicule its precepts—disregard its warnings. The vain and superficial demagogues of the day flattered this natural propensity, and by continually representing this as the opening of a new era in social civilisation, to which all former events were inapplicable, succeeded in persuading the majority of the nation to disregard all past experience, and embark at once on the dark and tempestuous sea of innovation. The thing was done in France, in England, in Spain, and in the West Indies; and what has been the result, even in the short space of five years? In France, the transports of the Barricades have been transformed into the wailings of St Michael, the howlings of the *Procès Monstre*, the execrations of the Republicans; and amidst the general applause of the nation, the freedom of the press has been annihilated, and ordinances ten times more severe than those of Polignac carried into complete execution. In England, reform, amidst the universal transports of the multitude, amidst the gloomy forebodings of the reflecting, was carried three years ago; and what already has been the result? Have our liberties been extended—our properties rendered more secure—our institutions either improved or confirmed? Instead of all this, the liberties of England have been prostrated before a band of Irish papists—the voice of the people of England trampled under foot by foreign usurpation—general warrants, so long and bravely resisted by our ances-

tors, revived, and no less than *eighty thousand English freemen* disfranchised and cashiered, in the House of Commons, at least, in order to pave the way for the destruction of our religion, our nobles, our King, and our Constitution. In Spain and Portugal the liberal party gained the ascendant, and revolutionary usurping Queens were imposed by foreign menaces and bayonets, on both the thrones of the Peninsula, and the effects of it have already become apparent in the total confiscation of Church property in the latter country, and the growth of a deadly intestine war in the former, which has renewed the slaughter of the Vendéan insurrection, and promises soon to involve its principal cities in the horrors of the French Revolution.—Precipitate innovation was extended to the West Indies, and the fatal gift of immediate emancipation bestowed on the negroes in all the British colonies; and the only effect has been to substitute, at a cost of twenty millions to this country, for slavery to a master, slavery to a stipendiary magistrate, and lay the seeds of mutual dissension and exasperation, which must eventually lead to the destruction of those splendid colonies, and the utter ruin of the unhappy victims of this ill-judged philanthropy. The contagion has spread to America,—her weak and disjointed institutions are fast giving way before the first pressure of internal danger. The contest between the emancipators and the planters has assumed the most envenomed character. Violent tumults have disgraced all the southern cities of the Union. *Lynch law* has been executed with general approbation, upon no less than thirteen persons, suspected of being concerned in a negro conspiracy, in a single town, and public resolutions passed by acclamation in all the cities of the slave states, denouncing, not the punishment of the *law* against all persons engaged in such enterprises, or in dispersing any tracts in favour of emancipation, but instant death by the people themselves, who are to be at once, without witnesses, judges, jury, and executioners.

Examples of this kind, occurring simultaneously, from the adoption of democratic principles in so many

different parts of the world, have led to a general distrust among the thoughtful and conscientious of the liberal party, of the safety or expediency of carrying their principles any farther into practice; and hence the marked diminution in the reform party in the House of Peers, and its almost total extinction among all persons of judgment, education, and property in the kingdom. Hence, too, the increased violence and exasperation of the revolutionary party, and the undisguised manner in which they have now announced their intention of overturning all our institutions. The stale pretence of aiming at renovation, not destruction, will no longer do; the time is gone past when they deem it necessary to wear the mask of a desire to restore the original features, not destroy the great principles of the Constitution. Destruction, sweeping, Radical destruction, is now openly avowed; and the efforts of the anarchical party are to be directed to the attainment of a great variety of revolutionary objects, some of which will be found in the following list, taken from the official notices of motions on the Books of Parliament for next session.

“*Mr Roebuck*—In order to give due credit to the wishes of the people in the great matter of legislation, will move for leave to bring in a Bill to *take away the veto* now possessed by the House of Lords in all legislative measures; and to substitute in lieu thereof a *suspensive power* in that House; so that if Bills which have been passed by the House of Commons, be rejected by the House of Lords, and again during the same session be passed by the Commons, such bills shall become law on the Royal Assent being thereunto given.

“*Mr Hume*—Select Committee to enquire as to the numbers of Peers in Parliament, their qualifications and privileges as such; into the constitution of that House, its powers, privileges, and immunities, and to consider how far that House has fulfilled the important duties of a legislative body, and of the High Court of Appeal of Parliament. Also, into the manner in which conferences are held with, and communications made between, the House of Lords and Commons.

“*Mr O'Connell*—Select Committee to enquire and report whether it be necessary for the maintenance of the rights and liberties of the people of Great Britain

and Ireland that the principle of representation shall be introduced into the other House of Parliament.

“*Mr O’Connell*—Bill to ascertain and extend the right of suffrage for Members of Parliament in the counties, cities, and boroughs, in Ireland.

“*Mr Henry Grattan*—That tithes in Ireland be abolished in substance and in name; that in lieu thereof a sum equal to a stated amount of the compositions be levied by a general tax, to be imposed upon property, for the objects of religion and charity, and in furtherance of education and national improvement in that country.

“*Mr T. Duncombe*—Resolution in favour of the repeal of that portion of the Reform Bill that requires the payment of the *King’s and parochial taxes* by a certain day as the qualification for exercising the elective franchise. (Early next session.)

“*Mr Ewart*—Bill to provide that, in cases of intestacy, and in the absence of any settlement to the contrary, *landed property shall be equally divided among the children, male and female, of the family.*

“*Sir William Molesworth*—Bill to dispense with qualification of Members of the Commons’ House of Parliament.

“*Mr Rippon*—To move, that Deans and Chapters, not having cure of souls, are useless; that it is proper to place the property at present enjoyed by such bodies in the hands of Commissioners to be appointed by the Crown, and acting under the authority of Parliament, regard being had to existing interests, the preservation of the fabrics, and the performance of divine worship in the respective cathedrals. (Early next session.)

“*Mr Wallace*—Bill to repeal the Acts authorizing augmentations of stipend to the parochial Clergy of the Church of Scotland, thereby to leave the whole amount of unexhausted and unallocated tithes to be found in any part of Scotland to be made available for endowing additional places of worship, wherever these should be found necessary, or wherever situated. (Early next session.)”

Here is a list of Revolutionary projects, already announced for next Session of Parliament, amply sufficient to satisfy the most rapacious Democratic appetite. The House of Lords is to be “reformed” by either introducing the principles of representation into it, or depriving it of a veto on the proceedings of the other House of Parliament; tithes are to be abolished in Ireland, and in lieu of them a tax imposed

for the maintenance of all religions; deaneries and chapters are to be extinguished; the right of primogeniture abolished; the only restraint on insolvents voting for members of Parliament, viz. the payment of taxes and rates, swept away; the right of suffrage in Ireland extended in cities and counties; the qualifications for members of Parliament removed, in order to let beggars be our legislators; and even the fund set apart by the Scotch law for the support of the clergy is to be confiscated, to the injury alike of the landowner and the clergyman. All this is already set down for next Session, before the fruits of their rural campaign have begun to be reaped, and before the leaders of the Movement have had leisure either to agitate the great towns of the empire, or concert measures for the complete overthrow of all our remaining institutions.

The Revolutionary spirit, says one of the greatest statesmen of modern times, Prince Hardenberg, is a compound of two passions—impatience of restraint, and the lust for power. This profound observation is destined, to all appearance, to be more signally demonstrated in England than it was in France. The Democratic spirit has now displayed its genuine character; the pirate has hoisted his true colours. While, on the one hand, they rail and fret and declaim against any, even the slightest, interference of the Peers of England with a bill solely affecting English interests—while a majority of thirty in the Lower House, entirely composed of Popish Irish, joints of O’Connell’s tail, are furious at three-fourths of the House of Peers, possessing at least a thousand times their property, for presuming to support the majority of the English people in the endeavour to prevent the disfranchising of eighty thousand English freemen—while, in consequence of the vast improvements which they effected in the Corporation Bill, and the monstrous injustice which they extracted from it, the Peers are threatened with suspension or abolition in the next Session of Parliament—while stoppage of the supplies, in other words, public and private bankruptcy, is openly recommended to beat down

the slightest resistance to their revolutionary proceedings—the leaders of the Democracy are equally active in their endeavours to extinguish every remnant of freedom in the people, and leave no body or association in the State capable of withstanding their rapid advances to despotic power. Observe the rancour with which they have pursued the Orange Lodges, and the anxiety they have evinced to crush entirely those honourable, peaceable, and loyal associations. Whence this newborn and extraordinary horror at political associations, and this imperious demand that all persons belonging to such institutions shall instantly be dismissed from any situations under Government? Already has this been acted upon in Ireland, and all persons holding situations under the Lord-lieutenant have been warned, by an official circular, that, if they continue in them, they will be dismissed. Have these sincere advocates of public freedom, these faithful lovers of liberty, never heard of such things as Political Unions? Have they never corresponded with such bodies, applauded them, or invoked their aid? Or are all his Majesty's subjects to be allowed to enter all associations, having treason, anarchy, and spoliation for their object, but rigidly debarred from joining any professing to aim at the defence of life and property? If this is their even handed justice; if this is their liberty and equity, what do they call tyranny and oppression? Have they ever heard of the question, famous in English history, of general warrants; and the settled principle, that every man's house is his castle, which can be broken into only by legal authority, when a crime has been committed? And are these loud declaimers in favour of popular rights, these professed martyrs to freedom, to be the first to violate this sacred principle, and, by arming a committee of the House of Commons with power to break into private houses, and search for and carry off persons and papers, when no crime is alleged or has been committed, render them as formidable to freedom, as the Star Chamber of England, the Inquisition of Spain, or the Committee of Public Safety of France?

Let it not be imagined, that because these projects are utterly destructive to public freedom; because they go to effect a total change, not only in the Constitution, but in all the most sacred relations between man and man; because they propose to abrogate the authority of the Peers, extinguish the Protestant Church, alter the law of succession, and make the first approaches to universal suffrage; because they are universally condemned by the unanimous voice of all men of probity, education, and property in the kingdom; that therefore they are not likely to be forced upon the legislature, in such a way as may ultimately lead to their adoption. The times are past, when the worth, knowledge, and wisdom of the nation, can secure a majority in the Lower House; with our own hands we have effected a change, which has given recklessness, insolvency, and audacity, an ascendancy over them. The fact that a majority of the House of Commons now exists in opposition to the declared opinion, not only of the immense majority of the holders of property, and the men of education throughout the whole country, but even of the English electors under that very democratic system which the revolutionists themselves have established, affords the strongest proof of the woful state of degradation to which we are reduced, and the revolutionary despotism, which, but for the courageous resistance of the Peers, would ere now have been irrevocably fixed about our necks. It can no longer be concealed that a settled design to overturn the Constitution, and revolutionize the country, has been formed by a numerous, restless, and audacious faction in every part of the empire; that this faction, though weak in men of property, and almost totally destitute of men of information, is strong in point of numbers, especially in the manufacturing cities and districts; that, in Scotland, it is numerous—in Ireland, overwhelming; and that, upon a trial of strength, it is able, in the present state of the constituency, to outvote the united wealth, education, intelligence, and wisdom of the empire. This is the great and dismal lesson which the last election and session

of Parliament has afforded—this the great commentary which passing events have read upon the Reform Bill.

Where is it that this vast Revolutionary party has its roots in the Protestant parts of the empire? It is not in the Peers, for three hundred out of the four hundred of whom they are composed, are in the Conservative ranks. It is not in the landed gentlemen, for the Radicals confess that they are in a "dreadful minority" in every county of the kingdom in that class. It is not among the learned professions, for the universities have, by overwhelming majorities, returned Conservative members. It is not among the clergy, for they are to a man against them. It is not amongst the barristers, for three-fourths of their number are decidedly hostile to innovation. It is not among the men of genius, for the whole higher departments of the press are strongly and powerfully active on the Conservative side. It is not among the farmers, for their natural good sense has emancipated them from the Reform delusion, and they every where see that their best interests are at stake. It is not among the religious and conscientious, for their eyes have at length been generally opened to the present disastrous moral and religious prospects of the nation. It is not among the freemen of cities, for they have only just escaped, by the efforts of the Peers, from the scythe of Revolutionary confiscation. What is the class, or coalition of classes, who are able to withstand and outnumber, in the Lower House, so vast an array of property, patriotism, worth, and intelligence? The answer is obvious:—Their strength is to be found in the TEN-POUNDERS—in that new revolutionary interest created for party purposes in the state, and to whom the Reform Bill has given a numerical superiority over all the other members of the constituency. It is this *sect*, inconsiderable in point of numbers, despicable in point of ability, without either wealth, or talent, or information to render them eminent, whose wishes are those of a fraction, and a limited fraction only, of the people, which by the Reform Bill has been rendered

paramount in the state. They could not of themselves create a party; but they form a substratum, on which the party who awakened them to political life now rest. The leaders of this party draw their principal support from this sect; but they are also strongly aided by many other formidable bodies in the state. First, there are the Irish Papists, forty strong in the House of Commons—six millions strong in the Irish people, who are almost entirely destitute of property, and for the most part as destitute of principle, who follow with blind idolatry a democratic leader—who make a sport of oaths and a jest of pledges—who deem professions as only made to be broken, but follow out with steady perseverance whatever tends to break up the institutions of England, and sow ruin and dissension among the adherents of the Protestant faith. Next, there is the numerous, active, jealous, and intriguing body of Dissenters, whom sectarian zeal or political prejudice has caused to forget religious principle, and who now appear in close and unnatural union with the Catholics, whom their forefathers perished at the stake in resisting. Lastly, there is the vast herd of Revolutionists common to all old and corrupted states; the men of whom Catiné's conspirators were formed; the men of whom Bacon said, "As many as there are overthrown fortunes there are assured votes for innovation;" the numerous array of bankrupts, reprobates, and prodigals—of infidels, rakes, and profligates—of seducers, adulterers, and libertines. They are clear in this, as in every other age, for the wildest schemes of innovation; they fret against every species of control, human and divine; but, in an especial manner, they pant after the destruction of that religion which has set the seal of divine reprobation upon the licentious indulgence of the passions. It is this extraordinary and frightful coalition, led on by the talent of the agitators, which now drives the King's government before them, and, but for the firmness of the House of Lords, would ere this have totally destroyed the constitution and liberties of England.

The proceedings in the late session of Parliament have clearly demonstrated the selfishness, insincerity, and tyrannical ambition by which this coalition are governed. Eternally talking of improvement in government, of amending our laws, and ameliorating the condition of our people, they have proved themselves the most obstinate of all enemies to improvement. Constantly accusing the Conservatives of selfishness, they have proved themselves the most selfish of the human race. Unceasingly prating about freedom, they have endeavoured to fasten upon their country the most degrading bondage. What have they effected, to account for the longest session on record in Parliament, with the exception of that which sat in 1831 in judgment on the constitution, since the Long Parliament? What have they done? Passed the Corporation Bill; and thrown out, by their monstrous resolution to fasten upon it the spoliating clause, the Irish Church Bill. Were the corporations the interest in the community whose concerns were most pressing? Were their members, or the citizens under them, in a state of starvation, like the Irish Clergy? Were their rights the source of perpetual discord, and a frightful accumulation of crimes, like the Irish tithes? Was corporate reform either called for by the voice of the nation, or by a state of things which notoriously and *immediately* called for amendment.

Every one knows that the case was just the reverse. The evils complained of in corporations were trifling—the abuses proved against them, in a national *point* of view, next to nothing. Their reform might have been postponed with perfect safety to the national interests. In fact, no one can peruse the evidence collected even by the commissioners themselves on the subject, without perceiving that the Duke of Wellington's observation was well founded, "that the only surprising thing is, that with such industry, and such disposition to collect the hearsay of the discontented as they evinced, so little, *so very little* materials for complaint were discovered." Why, then, was this one subject, of no pressing character, of no practical importance,

selected in preference to so many others, on which the fate and safety of millions depended? The answer is obvious. Corporate, like Parliamentary reform, was a *political* not a social measure—its object was not to do general good, but to extend particular power—not to save the boroughs from misgovernment, but to save the Ministers from dismissal. To accomplish this object of increasing the power of their partisans, by effecting a vast change in municipal government, they were content to consume a whole session in useless altercation, and leave all the vast interests of the empire, which required immediate attention—the Irish church—the Irish peasantry—Irish Poor Laws—the West India Colonies, and our foreign relations, in hopeless destitution and confusion.

All the provisions of the Corporation Bill, as it originally passed by the Commons, had one object, and that was to form a basis for a farther and immediate increase of democratic power in the state. The scot and lot suffrage by which the municipal council were to be elected—the appointment of justices of peace within the burgh by that immense body of voters—the election of the mayor and aldermen by the council—the immediate disfranchisement, both in political and municipal rights, of all the freemen—the subjection of the whole corporate property and privileges, including the advowsons of the livings in the gift of the boroughs to the councils, thus elected by universal suffrage, were all steps, and highly important ones, in the general plan of revolutionizing the empire. They were calculated to habituate the people to the immediate and practical exercise of Republican rights by the choice, on the footing of universal suffrage, of all magistrates and local governors. They were intended, and purposely intended, to accustom them to regard without dismay the spectacle of vast interests being destroyed, and vast property confiscated, or transferred to new hands by a single legislative enactment. They were fitted to construct within boroughs the fabric of universal suffrage and annual elections, with all the machinery of intriguers, demagogues,

and democratic interests consequent thereon, in order that by a stroke of the pen, it might be transferred at no distant period to the election of the legislature. These were the objects of the bill; and the stalking-horse put forward was improvement in corporate government, in the hope that the country, deluded by that specious name, and misled by the partial deceptive report of the commissioners, would at once swallow the bait, and put into the hands of Ministers that powerful engine for pulverising all our remaining institutions.

In like manner, in regard to the Irish Church, the real object was to commence the destruction of the Protestant religion, and to accustom the people, as in the days of Henry VIII., to the extinction of the national faith in a large portion of the empire; and the colourable plea put forward, was the reformation of its abuses, and the lopping off its superfluous wealth. With this view, they tacked together in one bill, the clauses for the commutation of tythes—a practical improvement which Sir R. Peel had brought forward, and the revolutionary project for the dissolution of nine hundred protestant parishes, which was adopted at the dictation of O'Connell; and so completely were they resolved to employ the practical benefit only as a pretext for the spoliating measure, that they would not accept the former without the latter, and threw them both away when the House of Peers divested the measure of its confiscating clauses. This was the most complete avowal of the determination to employ reform only as an engine for revolution, and to repudiate improvement when not indissolubly linked with spoliation, that ever was afforded, and if the democratic party in the empire had not been struck with judicial blindness, they would at once have opened their eyes to the real tendency of the measures which are in progress. The Liberals say that it is improvement, and not revolution, which they desire. Well—here was a measure which embraced both improvement and revolution, and the House of Commons drove Sir R. Peel from the helm because he refused to separate them. The House

of Peers did effect the separation after the spoliation measure had by a slender majority passed the Commons, and immediately the Ministers dropped the *whole measure*, left the Irish clergy in destitution, and the Irish tythes a perpetual theme of discord and prolific source of crime, rather than lose the satisfaction of forcing through the Legislature a measure, which, though it could produce no fund for division for fifty years, promised at once to afford a precedent of revolutionary spoliation. They are so enamoured of confiscation that they absolutely reject all beneficial measures not grafted on it as a principle, and would rather have abuses of which they complain exist than their removal effected by any other means than violence and plunder.

Both these great revolutionary measures of the session, the Irish Church and the Corporation Bill, were based on reports of royal commissions. This system of issuing a commission, to get up a mass of *ex parte* evidence in favour of any innovating project which Ministers have at heart, is one of the worst offspring of these turbulent times, and threatens ere long to deluge the country with false information as a foundation in every instance for spoliating measures. The device is not new—it is the old and well known device of arbitrary revolutionary governments in all ages and countries. The issuing of a commission to enquire into the abuses of any establishment was in the days of Henry VIII., as in these times, a certain prelude to its immediate extinction; and the commissioners of those days seem to have been almost as successful as those of our times in getting up a partial coloured and delusive picture of the subject with which they were intrusted. "When Henry VIII." says Hume, "was resolved on the destruction of the monasteries, he employed Laddon, Layton, Price, Bellaris, and others, as commissioners, who carried on every where a rigorous enquiry with respect to the conduct and deportment of the friars. During times of faction, especially of the religious kind, no equity is to be expected from adversaries, and as it was known that the king's intention in this visitation was to find

a pretence for abolishing the monasteries, we may naturally conclude that *the reports of the commissioners were very little to be relied on.* Some few monasteries, terrified by the rigorous inquisition carried on by these commissioners, surrendered their revenues into the king's hands, and received small pensions as the reward of their obsequiousness. But as all these expedients did not fully answer the king's purpose, *he had recourse to his usual instrument of power, the parliament,* and in order to prepare men for the innovations projected, *the report of the visitors was published,* and a general horror was endeavoured to be excited in the nation against institutions which to their ancestors had been the object of the most profound veneration.* How curious it is to see the revolutionary spirit in all ages having recourse to the same expedients to carry its violent and unjust projects into effect!

And so intent were Ministers on getting these great spoliating projects through the legislature—so resolved were they to signalize the session by the destruction of a third of the Irish Church, and the total annihilation of all the rights of freemen, and the transference of their possessions to new and more democratic hands, that in the prosecution of these objects they absorbed the *whole*, literally the whole, of the session of Parliament. From February 8, when it met, to September 10, when it was prorogued, one of the longest sessions on record in English history, they did nothing else whatever. What have they done to ameliorate the condition of the Irish labouring poor, to extend their employment, or improve their habits?—Nothing. What to improve and facilitate the means of emigration, the only effectual remedy for a surcharged population, not only in Ireland, but in this country? Nothing. What to establish poor-laws in the sister kingdom, and relieve English industry of the enormous burden of maintaining Irish pauperism? Nothing. What to uphold the character, or maintain the interests, or assert the dignity of England in foreign relations?—Nothing. What, to remedy in a safe

way, and with due regard to existing interests, the evils of the collection of tithes in England? Nothing. What to settle in an equitable way the disputed matters between the Church and the Dissenters, and relieve the latter of the practical evils of which they complain? Nothing. What to restore our sinking fund, the sheet-anchor of the nation, now almost dissipated amidst the inconsiderate spoliation of later times? Nothing. What to revive our shipping interests, and restore the sinews of our maritime strength, fast going to ruin, amidst the one-sided reciprocity of modern liberalism? Nothing. What to relieve the national burdens, especially those pressing on land, with a due regard to public credit and the means of national defence? Nothing. All these, the real objects of legislation, the points which should be first mooted between the government and the people, have been abandoned, in order to leave the hands of Ministers free to effect the instant destruction of the Irish Church, and commence the great work of spoliation, by the confiscation of the whole property of the Corporations, and the annihilation of the political and municipal rights of all the freemen of the kingdom.

The clause, the insidious clause for the spoliation of freemen, was one of the most signal instances that ever occurred of the ungrateful, overbearing nature of the revolutionary spirit, and its total disregard even for those by whose exertions its cause has been most materially aided. Who carried through the Reform Bill, and, swept away by the fervour of the times, supported the Whigs in the violent measures by which they forced upon them and the nation a host of new electors, who, it was thought, would be more subservient to their will? The freemen of England, who, inconsiderately perhaps, but certainly generously, supported them in that grand innovation, and beat down the opposition of the more far-sighted peers to the change. Did the revolutionists show any gratitude for that immense favour conferred at so critical a period? So far from it, they no sooner discovered, upon the

* Hume, iv. 115, 116.

election of 1835, that the freemen had recovered from their delusion, and were beginning to revert to their old connexions and more stable ideas, than they brought in a bill which passed the Commons, *sweeping them off in a body*, and depriving eighty thousand Englishmen of their birthright, in order to leave the election for boroughs, that is, for 320 out of the 500 English seats, entirely in the hands of the Ten-pounders, who, it was thought, having been brought into political life by the Reform Bill, and having no foundation in the old constitution, would be more favourable to the innovating order of things. And this is the justice, gratitude, and regard for the poor of the revolutionary party!

The pretence that the freemen, from their poverty and humble situation, were open to corruption, and that, in several instances, acts of bribery had been proved in election committees against that class of voters, is no apology whatever for this insidious and monstrous act of spoliation. For on what principle of justice, equity, or law, are a whole class of voters, whose rights have been enjoyed for centuries, to be disfranchised, merely because insulated acts of corruption have been proved against some of their members? There are eighty thousand freemen. Unquestionably the acts of bribery proved against them are not eighty in number. In the case of Ipswich, of which so much was said, there were only seven acts proved. But let us speak largely; the strength of the argument will admit of almost any concession. Let it be supposed that eight hundred freemen had been proved to have taken bribes; the fiercest Radical will not dispute that this estimate far exceeds all that ever was proved or even alleged against the freemen. Well, on the strength of these eight hundred delinquents, what do they do? Why they deprive eighty thousand of their votes and their birthright, not only in political but municipal matters; confiscating not only their privilege of concurring in the nomination of the Legislature, but their share in the rights, franchises, commons, and privileges of the boroughs. This is revolutionary justice—to deprive eighty thousand men of *all* their corporate

rights, because a few hundreds have abused their *political* privileges! Ninety-nine innocent men are to be spoliated of all their joint property, because one has abused a political trust! This is the new-born justice of the Utilitarians; this the regard for the poor of those who profess to be influenced entirely by a regard for the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number! Certainly Astræa, in leaving the earth, has not left her last footsteps among them.

The pretence that the Duke of Wellington had given the first example of such a step, in the disfranchisement of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders in the Catholic Relief Bill, is totally devoid of foundation. That was a step desired, and earnestly desired, by the Irish themselves; it was the counterpart of the vast concession made to them in the total repeal of their religious disabilities. They had earnestly prayed for such a repeal for thirty years; they had repeatedly expressed their wish to obtain it, even when burdened with that condition. They might have kept their votes and their disabilities; they made their election to have them removed, and the franchise raised to ten pounds, and the Legislature granted their prayer. What analogy is there between such a case and the total disfranchisement of the English freemen by the Corporate Bill, as it originally passed the Commons? What equivalent were the freemen to receive by the Corporate Bill for the annihilation of their birthright, the confiscation of their votes, the depriving them and their children for ever of all their corporate privileges? Nothing whatever: their rights and immunities, often of great value, were to be cut off for ever, without any consideration either asked or given, not only without their consent, but in opposition to their most earnest prayer. And this monstrous act of spoliation was to be committed, not on any ground of State necessity, or any proved misconduct, except against less than a thousandth part of their numbers. Independent of the confiscation, on such miserable pretences, of valuable and valued political rights, merely because they interfered with the political power of a particular party, here was the im-

mediate confiscation of the corporate property of eighty thousand men, worth in all several millions sterling, and its transference, under the name of "improvement," to new hands, who had no earthly title to it, without either contract or agreement with the holders, or any equivalent whatever. Were it not that the Liberal party throughout the country are either utterly infatuated, or that their regard for justice and the poor is a mere pretence to cover their selfish designs, they would see that, in this single measure, there is involved fifty times more injustice to the lower classes than has been alleged even against the Tories for the last hundred years.

And in what light will posterity regard the monstrous proposal to destroy immediately the Protestant religion in 960 parishes, that is, in a third of the whole of Ireland? Are, then, all religions or creeds alike? Is truth unknown to theology? and are tenets of faith of no importance in the present or future happiness of mankind? Is it of no importance whether a particular creed or establishment blesses or inflicts curses on mankind, provided only that a numerical majority adhere to it? Is the prospect afforded of the practical working of the Catholic faith, as it exists in Ireland, so very inviting? Are the fruits of Popish ascendancy so very desirable in that tranquil, peaceable, and moral land, that we are prepared, in order to extend them, to extinguish the Protestant faith within its bounds—the Protestant faith, the pillar of English freedom and glory, and the bulwark of the cause of freedom all over the world? Is the practical proof of the effect of the Popish faith, in the character and proceedings of O'Connell and his Tail, so very favourable? Is their sense of oaths so very remarkable—their regard for obligations so very tender, as to induce us to do all in our power to extend among the peasantry of Ireland universally that religion of which they are so bright an example? Has crime decreased so signally since Irish affairs fell under the direction of the Liberal party—is life and property there so very secure—are the peasantry so very tranquil and religious—is their aversion for blood so striking, their regard to moral duty

so invariable, their general demeanour so favourable, as fairly to cast the balance between the two religions, and induce us to abandon the faith of Cranmer and Luther for that by which they are directed? The reverse of all this is notoriously the case. Just in proportion as we have yielded to the demands of the Catholic party have the crimes and atrocity of the country increased; and at this moment, when O'Connell rules the Ministry, and rides roughshod over the liberties and properties of Englishmen,—when the collection of tythes has almost ceased, and all the atrocities, murders, and grievances of which they complained have been removed in Ireland,—outrages of the Catholic party have risen to a height never before paralleled even in Irish history. And it is precisely that very moment, when such a practical proof of the working of the Catholic religion upon the Irish character is going on before our eyes, that our revolutionary Ministry have selected to commence the destruction of the Protestant religion, and the diffusion generally of those pernicious religious tenets which are there constantly and progressively staining the land with murder, conflagration and robbery.

O'Connell and the whole Irish Catholics took an oath, when they entered Parliament, that they would do nothing to injure the Protestant religion, as by law established, in the sister kingdom. The first thing they do is to support, with the whole weight of their influence, all measures tending to destroy the establishment, and extinguish or diminish the tythes, belonging to the clergy. When pressed to reconcile this with their oath, they say that they understand the oath to refer only to the spiritual part of the establishment, and that, provided they do not interfere with that, they are at perfect liberty to support the measures tending to deprive the Protestant clergy of all their property. No sooner, however, is this jesuitical explanation given, than they bring forward, and support to the uttermost, a bill to extinguish entirely the Protestant faith in 960 parishes of Ireland. Is not this interfering with "the Protestant religion, as by law established?" Is it

not cutting down the establishment, the *spiritual* establishment, in one-third of that kingdom? What does the oath mean, if it allows them, *quoad temporalis*, to confiscate to any extent they please the property of the clergy, and, *quoad sacra*, to annihilate, at one blow, the cure of souls by Protestant clergy in a third of the kingdom? Is not this a practical proof of the truth of the position laid down in the text-book of the Irish church, Dens' Theology, that no faith in questions in which the Catholic faith is concerned, is to be kept with heretics? And it is a set of Popish adventurers, destitute of property, and governed by such principles, that the Reform Bill has invested with the power of overruling, even in matters of English internal economy, a decided majority of the English and Scotch members.

Now, the evils, the enormous and overbearing evils, contained in these bills, forced upon a weak and unprincipled Ministry by a desperate band of Irish Papists, would, let it be recollected, *but for the Peers*, have been now irrevocably fixed on the country. They had all passed the Commons—passed them, indeed, by slender majorities, composed entirely of Irish Papists; but still they had been forced through. English infatuation had worked out its appropriate and bitter fruits: it had subjected English property and freedom to the tyranny of a band of Irish Papists. What then intervened to avert the manifold and pressing dangers threatened during the late session of Parliament? The Crown could never have resisted. The threat of withholding the supplies must have been irresistible against the Executive, wholly dependent on this being granted. It was the PEERS ALONE who saved the country from this monstrous revolutionary spoliation: it was their firmness which alone prevented us from being now and for ever precipitated into the fatal gulf which has swallowed up for forty years the whole rights and liberties of the French people. If the Irish church still exists, reviled, impoverished, unprotected, indeed, but not destroyed,—if the rights of freemen, enjoyed for four centuries in England, have not been the first victims of revolutionary spoliation,—if the Crown has

not been deprived in the boroughs of its chief prerogative, the appointing the ministers of justice,—if millions of corporate property have not been transferred, without either trial or delinquency proved, to new and democratic hands,—if the first great blows have not been struck at the religion, constitution, and property of the kingdom,—it is entirely owing to the firmness, the ability, and courage of the Peers of England.

But can these great and heroic efforts on the part of the nobility be calculated upon as a lasting and secure barrier against the revolutionary tempest? Are the Commons of England supinely to sit down, and leave the battle for English freedom, property, and religion to be permanently fought by three hundred men against the whole band of revolutionists, headed by the Irish Papists? That is the point for consideration; and nothing seems clearer than that, if a greater effort is not made by the English constituencies to recover their ground in the House of Commons than has yet occurred, the Peers must ultimately give way, and our liberties, property, and lives be subjected to the tyranny of a host of hungry revolutionists, led on by a phalanx of Popish desperadoes. Who can ensure the continuance of the vast ability, unshaken courage, and devoted patriotism of the Conservative band in the Upper House? How long can we calculate on a Wellington, a Lyndhurst, a Newcastle, being spared to their country? How long can we rely on the Crown being able to withstand the incessant pressure of the House of Commons, and the loud yell for a creation of Peers, to beat down the Opposition in the Upper House, and leave all the rights of the country at the mercy of a House of Commons, ruled by O'Connell and his Tail? These are the points for consideration by the people of England, and especially by that numerous body amongst them who supported and forced through the Reform Bill. They now see what it has done; they have now undeniable evidence before them, that, if the check of the Upper House were removed, our properties, religion,

and lives, would be at the mercy of a Popish and infidel majority of Irish members. If the House of Lords were to be either virtually or actually abolished, no man in the kingdom could rely upon his enjoying his property for three years. The same majority which last session voted away the rights and property of eighty thousand of the humblest class in the community because some of them had shown a disposition to resist their will—who annihilated the Protestant Church in a third of Ireland, to subject the whole country to the Catholic priesthood, and spread murder, anarchy, and conflagration, universally through the land—would, in a single session, destroy the whole rights and liberties of the people of England. Yes! a *single session* would do the work; we would begin it with our constitution entire—we should come out of it with no greater wreck of freedom remaining than England had under the Long Parliament, or France under the National Assembly.

It is the more incumbent on all lovers of freedom, religion, or their country, to make such an effort, in the forms and by the means which the constitution prescribes, that there can be no doubt that the democratic party have gained a very great advantage, indeed, by the Corporate Bill, even as it has finally passed the Lords; and that the Scotland-Lot franchise which it has established, has erected a platform on which Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments may, with the greatest possible facility, be constructed at no distant period. Independent of the important fact, that the election of counsellors is now vested in all the householders, and, consequently, a magistracy may be relied on in all the larger burghs of the most democratic character, who will direct all its property to carry on the work of democratic corruption, the increase of popular excitement and republican intrigue which must result from the annual election of magistrates by such a body, will increase, to a most alarming extent, the influence of that dangerous class of men who make the passions and delusion of the mob the vehicle of their ambition, and the instrument

of their selfish designs. A clique will every where be set up—canvassers and canvassers' books established—the private relations of voters sought out and recorded—and democratic passion be perpetually kept alive, in order to give the leaders of the multitude a secure hold of the profits, offices, and property of the corporations. Intrigue will speedily be universal—every thing will be jobbed. It will soon be discovered that the boasted influence of the popular voice, like the Reciprocity System, is all on one side, and that abuses the most flagrant will be carried on, not only without the censure, but with the cordial support, of the whole democratic body.

There is only one ray of consolation which breaks in upon us amidst the darkening of the national prospects, which the passing, even in its mitigated form, of the Corporate Bill, has occasioned. This is the certainty, that the abuses, mismanagement, and misgovernment of corporations and burghs, under this wretched democratic system, will speedily become so apparent, that it will open the eyes of numbers in those great fastnesses of Revolution to the utter impossibility of expecting a tolerable national government from any body similarly constructed. "There is no more reason," says Dr Johnson, "to suppose that the choice of a rabble in a mayor will be right, than that chance will hit upon the right man." The experience of Scotland under the Burgh Reform system leads us to conclude, that there is even less; and of this fact we know there are few Whigs in Scotland who are not now convinced. It is in the general diffusion of this conviction, among all men of property and intelligence, which must necessarily result, and that, too, right speedily, from the innumerable abuses which will at once spring up under the new system, that we look for the first practical exemplifications of the inevitable evils of the democratic system, and the consequent extension of that profound conviction of its evils, which is now so universal among all men of education and knowledge throughout the empire.

THE CLOUDS OF ARISTOPHANES.

Dramatis Personæ.

STREPSIADES, an aged country- man.	Chorus of Clouds Right Logic.
PHEIDDIPIDES, a young man, son of STREPSIADES.	Wrong Logic.
A Servant of STREPSIADES.	PASIAS, a usurer.
SOCRATES.	AMYNIAS, a usurer.
A Disciple of SOCRATES.	A Witness.
	CHEROPHON.

SCENE I.—*The Chamber of STREPSIADES. Yawning and stretching himself on his bed. In a corner, his son, PHEIDDIPIDES, fast asleep. Slaves snoring in the background. Time, before daybreak.*

Strep. Heigho! Heigho!

King Jupiter! what endless things these nights are!
Won't it be ever daybreak? Why, 'tis hours,
Sure, since I heard a cock crow! There they are
Snoring away—the varlets! 'Twouldn't have been so
In good old times. Plague take thee, cursed war,
I owe thee many a grudge; but most, that now
One can't e'en thresh one's servants. There he lies too—
My precious Hopeful—never thinks of waking,
But snoozes out the night, snug cuddled up
In five fat blankets. Well, since such the fashion,
Let's wrap us up and snore: [*He wraps himself up. A pause.*]

But I can't, woe's me.

I can't get a wink of sleep. I'm bit to death,
Gnawed by my costs, my stable, and my bills,
All through that boy of mine. He curls his hair,
Drives tandems, dreams of racing; and leaves me
To hang myself, as quarter-day approaches,
For interest's running on—(*gets up*)—Boy, light a lamp there,
Bring out my account-book. Let me take and read
How many I'm in debt to, and cast up
The interest. Come, let's see what do I owe.
Twelve pounds to Pasiās—How! twelve pounds to Pasiās?
For what? Oh now I know, when I was buying
The hack. Dolt that I was! I wish I'd had
My eye hacked out with a stone first.

Pheid. (*in his sleep.*) You're all wrong, Philon, keep your own course.

Strep. There 'tis—

'Tis this has ruined me. Why, he can't sleep,
But dreams of riding.

Pheid. (*still asleep.*) How many heats to the curricule?

Strep. Heats! why, 'tis me, your father, that you're driving
A pretty lot of heats. But come, what debt
Next Pasiās? To Amynias, for a gig
And wheels, three pounds.

Pheid. (*in his sleep.*) Give him a roll there, boy,
And lead him home.

Strep. Varlet! 'tis me you've rolled—
Roll'd out of house and home. When I've been cast
In suits, and others swear they'll seize my goods
For interest—

Pheid. (*waking up.*) Why, father, what's the matter—
Grumbling and turning out here all night long?

Strep. There's a bumbailiff biting me in the bed clothes.

Pheid. My dear good sir! do let me sleep.

Strep.

Sleep on, then.

But these same debts—be sure they'll one day turn
On your own head

Oh, what would I give, the matchmaker to smother
Who first put me up for to marry your mother !
I'd the nicest of lives in the country at home,
Doing just as I liked without towel or comb,
With my bee hives, my wine vats, my sheep and my fleece,
Till I married the great Mr Megacles' niece.

I, a countryfied clodpole—she all airs and graces,
A fine city miss, drest in satins and laces.

Well, I made her my wife, and laid down by her side,
Smelling stoutly of cheeses, and figs, and sheeps' hide.
She all incense and ointment, paints, patchings, and billings,
Expenses and wantonness, feastings and swillings.

Not that madam was idle. She worked, but to kindle
My wrath with a spend-all, instead of a spindle.
And at times I would show her this coat, when I dar'd,
And hint, "Ma'am, your spindle works rather too hard."

Boy. There's no more oil in the lamp, sir.*Strep.*

Hang you !

Why did you light me the one that burnt so much ?

Come here and suffer for't.

Boy.

Why should I suffer ?

Strep. For putting in one of the thicker wicks.

By and by, when the gods had vouchsafed us a baby,
This precious young heir to myself and my lady,
We'd a quarrel what name we should give him. His mother
Was for putting a Hippius at one end or t'other.
'Twas Hippius with Calli, or Hippius with Chas,
While I was for Pheidon, his own grand-papa's :
Well, we fought it out long, till at last, more to sleep at ease,
We struck a new bargain, and called him Pheidippides.
Him she'd take in her lap, a great lubberly boy,
And beslabber him over with "Darling, and Joy,"
How nice it will be, when drest out all so pretty,
Like my own dear papa, you drive into the city.
And I used to murmur in silence, say rather
Drive goats from the farm in a freeze like your father.
Yet he never would listen to me—not a jot—
But poured down his horse madness on all that I'd got.
So now, puzzling and worrying the whole of the night,
I've just hit on a thought that's surpassingly bright,
A way that will save me from debtor and dun,
If I can but persuade this untractable son.

I'll first rouse him up. Shall I pull at his pillow ?

Or how wake without hurting the poor little fellow ?

(He wakes him up). Pheidippides ! my little Pheidippides !*Pheid.*

What's the matter, father ?

Strep. Kiss me, and give me your hand—your right hand there.*Pheid.* Well, what's the matter ?*Strep.*

Tell me, do you love me ?

Pheid. To be sure, by Neptune—this one here, the Hippian.*Strep.* Now don't you, dear, don't talk to me of Hippian.

This is the very God that's ruined me.

Dear boy, obey me.

Pheid.

I obey you ? how ?

Strep. Make haste, and change your ways, and go and learn
What I shall tell you.*Pheid.*

Come, tell on ?—what now ?

Strep. And will you then obey me ?*Pheid.*

Yes, by Bacchus.

Strep. Here, then! look there! d'ye see that door, and hovel?

Pheid. I do—what then, good daddy?

Strep.

This is the house;

The thinking place of certain clever souls.

There live men who can prove the sky's an oven

(Be sure it does run round us), and we coals.

They teach us (give 'em first a little money)

To speak, and gain one's cause, be it right or wrong.

Pheid. Who are they?

Strep.

The name I don't know at first sight,

But they're all plaguy learned, respectable quite.

Pheid. The villains I know—'tis those humbugs we meet;

Mealy-fac'd, without stockings or shoes to their feet.

There's Chærephon and Socrates 'mongst 'em, poor devil!

Strep. Hush—hush! Keep your tongue; don't be talking uncivil.

But if you care ought for my coin, and my losses,

Become one of them too, and abandon your horses.

Pheid. By Bacchus, no!—not, if you'd buy for the races

The horses Leogras imported from Phasis.

Strep. Do you, dearest dear! I entreat, take a turn there.

Have a lesson or two, love.

Pheid.

But what should I learn there?

Strep. Why they say that they've got the two Logics among 'em—

The right one, whichever it is, and the wrong one.

And the one too, the wrong one, they swear, if you follow,

'Twill give odds to the right one, and beat it all hollow.

Now, supposing you would but be taught, 'tis my project

To get them to give you a slice of this Logic;

And then all the debts you've run into to trouble us,

Why I shouldn't, my dear, pay a soul back an obolus.

Pheid. I can't, sir. I never could bear the inspection

Of my friend, the young knight, when I'd spoil my complexion.

Strep. Can't, sir? then, young fellow! as I am a sinner,

You may go look, by Ceres, elsewhere for your dinner.

Yourself, and your gig horse, your hunter, and hack,

Get out of my house, and don't think to come back!

Pheid. Very well, uncle Megacles, he'll not sit by,

And see me unhorsed, so I'll wish you good by.

Strep. There I'm floored. But don't think I'll lie still on the shelf;

Why shouldn't I go, and take lessons myself?

I'll say over my prayers, and start there at once,

But then I'm such a stupid, oblivious old dunce;

I can't get up their quibbles so subtle and airy;

Yet I'll go—'tis no use, all this doubt and quandary.

I'll go knock at the door. Little boy, there! hollo!

SCENE II.—SOCRATES' HOUSE.

Boy. Get away, and be hung. Who's that knocking below?

Strep. 'Tis only I, Pheidon's son, sir, from Cicynna.

Boy. Then I tell you, by Jove, you're a stupid old sinner.

Why you've kicked at the door, without reas'ning or caution,

And destroyed one of master's young thoughts by abortion.

Strep. Don't be angry; I'm one of your poor country folk.

But pray, what was the thing I destroyed in the yolk.

Boy. It may not be utter'd except to his pupils.

Strep. You'll make bold then to tell me without any scruples;

For I, too, though, may be, you may think me a rum one,

Am come to this thinking-house here, to become one.

Boy. Then I'll speak. But be sure you are mum and discreet;

These arn't things to be talked of aloud in the street.

Says master to Chærephon, "Prithee," says he,
 "Can you tell, do you think, apropos of this flea,
 Which from biting your eye to my heart has leaped over,
 How many fleas feet a flea's gallop will cover?"

Strep. Well, how did he find out?

Boy. In the cleverest way.

First he melted some wax, then he took up the flea,
 Then he dipped its two feet in the wax, till, behold,
 It got such a nice pair of shoes as it cooled.

These master took off, and so measured the ground.

Strep. Good heavens! was there ever such cleverness found!

Boy. But what would you say then, if I were to tell you
 Another of master's—

Strep. Pray tell it, good fellow.

Boy. One day Chærephon asked him, which way he inclined—
 Whether gnats, when they hummed, hummed before or behind.

Strep. And pray what of said gnat, did great Socrates tell ye?

Boy. Why he stated it thus: that the gnat had a belly
 Very narrow and thin, like the pipe of a pump,
 Where the wind forced its way through straight up to the rump;
 And then that the anus against it pushed fast,
 Emitted a sound by the force of the blast.

Strep. What, ho! then, the tail of a gnat is a trumpet.
 What a thrice blessed soul with such knowledge to rump it!
 Sure a man would escape from a bailiff—that's flat,
 Who can see with one eye through the rump of a gnat.

Boy. To be sure he did lose a fine thought t'other day,
 By an evet—

Strep. What! how! do explain it, I pray.

Boy. He was trying one night, clever man! with his eyes,
 To find out how the moon moves about in the skies;
 And while he stood here, gaping up, a night evet
 Let fall something on him, which wasn't like civet.

Strep. I like the idea of the lizard bemiring
 Old Socrates' head—

Boy. If you don't think me tiring—
 Last night, you must know, too, we'd nothing to eat.

Strep. And pray, what device did he plan for his meat?

Boy. On the supper-board first, while we stood round in awe,
 He sprinkled some ash, as if problems to draw;
 Then he crooked a small fork, took his compass and set it,
 And filched out of the ground the cloak destined to get it.

Strep. And here we've been wond'ring at Thales—a ninny—
 Open, open the house, here's the man for my guinea;
 Show me him. How I long to take lessons.—Door—door—

(*The scene changes to the inside, Sophists lying on the ground, maps and globes
 scattered about.*)

Ye Gods! from what place come these beasts on the floor?

Boy. Why, what makes you stare so? For what do you take 'em?

Strep. The men taken at Pylus; the people of Lacon.
 But why keep they looking down into the earth?

Boy. They're engaged in a deep subterranean research.

Strep. Oh! they're hunting for pig-nuts. Don't let this torment ye.
 Good sirs, I know where there are fine ones, and plenty.

What are these about then, that are stooping down so?

Boy. They are rummaging out, man, the regions below.

Strep. But why looks their nether end up in the air?

Boy. Oh! it's taking a private survey of a star.

But get in there, lest master come on us this way.

Strep. Not yet, sir; not yet. Wait a moment, I pray,
 I must chat over with them one little affair.

Boy. But they can't stay here talking too long in the air.

Strep. Ye gods! what are these things? Do tell me.

Boy Why that

Is astronomy, sir.

Strep. And this here one is what?

Boy. Geometry.

Strep. What in the world is it worth?

Boy. It worth! To be sure, why to measure the earth.

Strep. What, the colony lots?

Boy. No, the whole.

Strep. Well how pretty;

And how useful and nice for the folks in the city.

Boy. But here's the whole earth in a map at one view.

This is Athens here.

Strep. What do you say? 't isn't true.

Why I don't see a judge sitting down there, or jury.

Boy. Well, this really is Attica—I can assure ye.

Strep. But where's my own parish, a dear—I don't see her;
And my corporate brethren?

Boy. In here; and Eubœa

Here's laid out at full length, as you see.

Strep. Oh! I know—

We and Pericles settled this ages ago.

But where's Lacedæmon?

Boy. Where's what? there it is.

Strep. How near us! good sir, you must take care of this.

You must try and remove it some distance away.

Boy. But how can we, by Jove?

Strep. Then you'll rue it some day.

(SOCRATES appears suspended in a basket.)

Pray who's that in the basket hung up in the air?

Boy. 'Tis he.

Strep. Who's he?

Boy. Socrates.

Strep. Socrates there!

Come, my lad, hollow out to him; louder and stronger.

Boy. You must call him yourself. I can't stay any longer.

Strep. Socrates! my dear little Socrates!

Soc. Why call'st thou me, vain mortal?

Strep. First, do tell me, I pray, what you're doing up there.

Soc. Ærobing—sun-musing, pacing air.

Strep. So you like overlooking the Gods from a basket,
And not from the ground—if—but there—I won't ask it.

Soc. Ne'er had I found aright the things of heaven,

Were not my thought suspense—my subtle soul

Steeped in as subtle air. If from below,

Grow'ling on earth, I mused on things above,

Truth had I found not. For the earth by force

Draws down to it the juices of the mind.

'Tis just the same with cresses.

Strep. So, odds rat it,

Thought draws down the juices in cresses. Is that it?

But come, Socrates, dearest, get down from your rafter,

And tell a poor fellow the thing he's come after.

Soc. What are you come for?

Strep. I want to learn Logic. I'm under

Debts and duns that do nothing but pillage and plunder;

Men without any bowels. They're distraining this day.

Soc. Man! how came you in debt without knowing it, pray?

Strep. A plague was my loss—one akin to consumption,

An Hippomanes, sir. But if 'tis n't presumption,

Teach me one of your Logics—the one that don't pay,

And I'll put down the price straight whatever you say.
I will, by the Gods.

Soc. By what Gods dost thou swear?

For such ones are not current with us as elsewhere.

Strep. Whom do you swear by then? Gods of iron? as they do
At Byzantium.

Soc. Vain man! art thou willing to know
Things divine as they are?

Strep. Yes, by Jove, if 'tis lawful.

Soc. What! and hold with the Clouds converse holy and awful?
'Tis the Clouds whom we worship and serve.

Strep. To be sure,

Soc. Seat yourself then on that sacred pallet.

Strep. (*He sits down.*) What more?

Here I am.

Soc. Take this crown next.

Strep. This crown? and for what?

You wont kill me, like Athamas, sir, in the plot?

Soc. No; all such solemn rites we impose (man! be quiet)
On the souls we admit.

Strep. But what good is gained by it?

Soc. You'll be such dabs at words—loud as brass—fine as flour.
But keep still. [*Here SOCRATES throws down a quantity of stones on him.*]

Strep. Hearts, by Jovè! you wont lie. Here's a shower.
This is meal with a vengeance. I'm grinding to powder.

Soc. The old man must attend to our prayer, nor speak louder.

Monarch and King!

Immeasurable air! that dost embrace

The floating earth! Thou glorious sky! and ye

That rule the thunder crash—eternal race!

Bright Clouds, appear, rise for your sage to see,

And float here as we sing.

Strep. No, no; not till I've folded my coat, lest I'm spat on.
What an ass to have come here from home with no hat on. [*sit,*]

Soc. Come, thrice honoured Clouds! we pray. Slow before your suppliant
Whether on Olympus' crest, throned on taintless snows ye sit,
Or in Father Ocean's groves your holy dance with nymphs pursue,
Or where founts of Nile are gushing, fill your chaliced gold with dew.
If Mæotian streams ye're haunting—if proud Mimas' snow-clad heights,
Hear, our sacrifice receiving. Hear, and bless our mystic rites.

Chorus of Clouds is heard in the distance.

Eternal Clouds,

Raise we ourselves to view,

In shapes of filmy dew,

Wafted with a gliding motion

From the deep resounding ocean,

To wood crowned steeps of mountains high,

Where beneath our view shall lie,

Far seen crags in mist receding,

Holy earth its harvests feeding;

Streams from living fountains welling,

Seas with hollow murmurs swelling,

For the unwearied eye of day

Flashes with its lightning ray.

Shake we off our veil of storms—

Robe we in our deathless forms—

Come, and with far darting eye,

Gaze we on the earth and sky.

Soc. Oh, mighty potent Clouds! now know I ye obeyed my calling.
Heard'st thou not a voice, and thunders deep in awful mutters falling?

Strep. Yes, I worship their honours—and more, I'm inclined
To return their salute with some noises behind.
I so quiver and quake, I must do, you know what,
If they'll like. Oh! dear, now, if they like it or not.

Soc. Scoff not—those tricks to farce writers belong.
But hush! For here they come—a mighty throng
Of deities above us. Hark! their song.

Chorus is heard again.

Virgins whom the rains adore!
Come we to a smiling shore.
To the dear lov'd Cecrop's palace,
Nurse of heroes, throne of Pallas!
Where they kneel in rites, that man
Trembles how to tell or scan;
And the mystic gates unfold
When the holy words are told,
There the high roofed cells expand,
There the breathing idols stand,
There the holiest pomps are speeding,
There the wreathed victims bleeding.
Feasts the livelong hour employ,
Spring awakes the Bromian joy:
And the bright youthful choirs
In rival concord meet
With many twinkling feet:

And the deep breathing muse the minstrel pipe inspires.

Strep. Tell me, Socrates, pray, who in God's name are these
That were talking so fine? Are they fairies or feas?

Soc. Neither one thing nor t'other—but clouds of the sky,
Great Powers to all men that live idle as I.
These give us old saws, dialectics, and nous,
Juggling round about talk, means to quibble and chouse.

Strep. Oh, 'twas hence then, that hearing their talking, this flutter
Has come over my soul. How it's longing to utter
Fine cobwebby flimflam, thin vapours on smoke,
Nudging in saw on saw, sticking spoke upon spoke.
I must e'en get a sight, if it isn't offending.

Soc. Look toward Parnes out there. Now I see them descending,
There advancing so soft.

Strep. Come, where? point.

Soc. There is a string
Crowding thick through the hollows and trees of this wing.

Strep. What's the matter that I can't perceive 'em?

*The Chorus of Clouds gradually appears dressed as Females, and disguised
with large noses.*

Soc. Here, here,

By the entrance.

Strep. Oh, now I do see, but not clear.

Soc. Sure you're blind as a beetle, or now you behold 'em.

Strep. Now I do—precious souls—why, the place can scarce hold 'em.

Soc. So you never before thought them Goddesses true?

Strep. No, by Jove, I believed them smoke, vapour, and dew.

Soc. Neither knew you that these are the persons who feed
Sophists, prophets, and quacks, all the dandified breed;
Youths bewhiskered and sealed—men of crotchets and quavers,
Jugglers, ode writers, cheats, whom they load with their favours,
And support without earning their bread in their station.
Why? because 'tis the clouds whence they seek inspiration.

Strep. 'Twas for this then they used to stuff into their odes
The beam-twisted, fierce burning rush of wet clouds—

Volumed, hundred-head Typho— storms boiling with flames—
 And then coax 'em by calling them such pretty names—
 Babes of Heaven's liquid air, talon'd birds, and sky swimmers,
 Water-streams of dew-clouds—to be paid for't by dinners,
 Piky slices large—fine, birdy flesh of fat thrushes.

Soc. Well, shouldn't these treat them?

Strep. But tell me, if such is
 The truth, and these really are clouds, how, I pray,
 Seem they such pretty flesh and blood ladies to-day?
 These arn't such up there.

Soc. What are those yonder swimming?

Strep. I ca'n't tell exact, but they're nothing like women.
 They seem like flying wool-flakes; besides, these have noses.

Soc. Now answer my question.—

Strep. Say what you proposes.

Soc. Have you ever looked up, now, and seen your fine wool
 Look like centaurs and wolves, like a leopard or bull?

Strep. To be sure; and what then?

Soc. Why, their faces they vary
 As they choose, when they meet with a wild-man, and hairy,
 One all whiskers and beard, like young Jerom, to banter
 His madness they choose to appear as a Centaur.

Strep. What, and when they see Simon, that plundering defaulter—

Soc. Straight their forms into wolves, to be like him, they alter.

Strep. Then last night 'twas, at finding Cleonymus near,
 At that runaway's vision, they made themselves deer.

Soc. And now seeing Miss Cleisthanes yonder, so tender.
 They appear before us in the feminine gender.

Strep. My mistresses! hail! if ye ever before,
 Great Princesses, spoke out, let me now hear ye roar.

Chorus. Hail! reverend man of aged days, for logic-wisdom panting,
 And thou, great priest of subtlest joys, come tell us what ye're wanting;
 For to thee alone and Prodicus, of our now star-gazing students,
 That fill the streets, we'd lend our ears; to him for his nous, and prudence,
 And to thee, because with stately march, and looks askance of mocking,
 Thou'rt proud to pinch and starve for us, and wear'st not shoes or stockings.

Strep. What a voice, lauks! how grand and prodigious and high—

Soc. For these only are gods; all the rest are my eye.

Strep. Come, not Jove god?—the one that Olympian we call?

Soc. Which Jove? Don't talk nonsense; there's no Jove at all.

Strep. What do you say? But who rains then? prove this, and don't
 mince it.

Soc. These sure. By the greatest of proofs I'll evince it.
 Come, who ever saw rain when the Clouds were not there?
 If 'twas Jove, why he'd rain without one in the air.

Strep. Yes—this poses one quite. I'm beginning to falter.
 Yet I once thought 'twas Jove through a sieve making water.
 But who thunders and lightens? 'tis this makes me quiver.

Soc. These thunder when tumbling about.

Strep. Did you ever?
 O, thou very bold man, tell me how.

Soc. When inflated
 With water, they're carried about as is fated.
 Full of rain, and suspended all heavy through fate,
 They fall foul of each other, and burst on our pate.

Strep. But what fate is it drives them about—an't it Zeus?

Soc. No, a whirlpool of air.

Strep. Whirlpool? All this is news.
 'Tisn't Zeus, then, but Whirlpool instead, that we're under.
 But you hav'n't told yet 'bout the clatter and thunder.

Soc. Were you deaf when I said that the clouds in inflation,
 Running foul, are exploded from great condensation?

Strep. What's your proof to persuade me ?

Soc.

Why take an idea

From a case of your own. At the Panathenæa,
Stuffed with porridge, ne'er found you strange motions and trouble
In your bowels, 'till at once they went off, hubble, bubble ?

Strep. Sure I have. And it gives me great pains and commotions—
The porridge, like thunder, makes claps and explosions—
First a wheeze, then a rattle, then rumble on rumble,
Till, like thunder all, rap a clap, down it tumble.

Soc. If you, then, make such noises with one small intestine,
How the heavens of such size thunder loud, can you question ?
Hence, too, Brontè and Pordè are just the same names.

Strep. But whence then comes the thunderbolt, blazing with flames ?
And shrivels up fat men—burns us lean ones to cinders ?
Jove surely sends these upon lying offenders ?

Soc. Thou dolt, with thy fusty old Saturns ! say why, man,
If the liars he smites, has he never smote Simon,
Nor Cleonymus, fool, nor Theoras ? Yet they lie
Like troopers—While Jove strikes his own temples gaily—
Sacred heights—and tall oaks. Can tall oaks lie, I wonder ?

Strep. I don't know : your talk's clever—but what then is thunder ?

Soc. When wind, dry, and carried aloft, gets inside
Of the Clouds, they puff up like a bladder or hide ;
Then, if burst then by fate, whizzes out through densation,
Catching fire of itself from the rush and gyration.

Strep. Well, I've known the same trick. I'd some friends, and was putting
A black-pudding, one day, on the fire without cutting,
When it fizzed up, and quick, with a splatter quite horrid,
It bespatter'd my eyes, and clean scalded my forehead.

Chorus. Oh man, that long'st through us to be of Wisdom's sons a
Phœnix,

How blest in Athens wilt thou be, and among the great Hellenics,
If memory thine, and careful thought, and hardihood to cheer ye,
And whether thou stand'st, or walk'st about, thy legs are never weary,
And thy back don't ache at a shiv'ring fit, nor thy heart at a divan dances,
And thou keep'st from wine, and idle games, and such like foolish fancies,
And think'st that best, which every man would think who an't a noozle,
With word and deed, and sage advice, to battle and bamboozle.

Strep. But for stout heart and soul, that don't want a soft bed,
And a thrift-pinching stomach for water and bread,
Don't fear—I'm your man. I'm a regular brass.

Chorus. There's one thing more, old man, before to grant your wish we
pass.

Thou wilt have no other gods but ours, however folks deride 'em,
This Chaos here, the Clouds—these two, and Logic—none beside 'em ?

Strep. No, the rest may go hang for their incense and meat ;
I'd not speak to a soul, though we met in the street.

Chorus. Take courage now, and tell us what we may do for thee, since
never

Shall fail, thus hon'ring us, and doing thy best, to make thee clever.

Strep. My queens ! I want one little favour alone—
'Tis to speak merely best of the Greeks by ten stone.

Chorus. But this shalt thou obtain from us.—We'll give thee such a
nostrum,
That none henceforth to the mob shall make finer speeches from the
rostrum.

Strep. No, no. Not fine speeches—'tan't that.—She forgets
'Tis Logic I want, to slip out of my debts.

Chorus. Thou shalt have thy wish. 'Tis no great thing to give to them
who serve us.

But put thyself in our people's hands, old man, and don't be nervous.

Strep. I'll trust to your word. 'Tis fate drives me on,
 Crushed and broke like the Clouds, but by horses and son.
 And now let them serve me
 As they choose—here these scurvy
 Old bones I deliver
 To sweat and to shiver,
 To hunger and thirst,
 And be flogged till I burst,
 To be flayed and be fleeced,
 If from duns I'm released :
 And if men, old and young,
 Call me Him with the tongue,
 The brazen, the doer,
 The regular goer,
 Man for water and fire,
 Plaguy devil, cursed liar,
 Quibble, quirk, pettifogger,
 Duffdevil, prating codger,
 Slasher, bore, cunning fox,
 Quick at shirking, hard at knocks,
 Humbug, hypocrite, and Jew,
 Sharp as needle, close as glue,
 Trencher scraper, dirty fellow—
 These, if all who meet me bellow,
 As they choose let 'em treat me,
 Though, by Ceres, they eat me
 In a sausage minced up
 For a sophist to sup.

Chor. 'Pon our honour, the fellow's no coward.
 He's a spirit to venture and try :
 Old man, when our gifts on thy head have been shower'd,
 Thy glory shall reach to the sky.

Strep. What shall I do ?

Chor. Stay with me,
 Passing always the happiest life that can be.

Strep. Oh ! days like the golden,
 Shall I ever behold 'em ?

Chor. Yes, that crowds all the day at your door shall be sat,
 Wishing each to consult you, and come to a chat
 On rejoinders and pleas, to your soul sweet and nice
 As thousands of pounds, to request your advice.
 But sound the old man, what you'll teach him first show me ;
 Give his brain a shake up—have a try at his gnomé.

Soc. Come now tell me yourself, sir, your own disposition,
 That knowing it well I may get ammunition,
 And bring new works to bear on your mind in due form.

Strep. Do you want then to batter and take me by storm ?

Soc. No—I wish some short questions to put—but a few—
 Have you got any memory ?

Strep. Yes, sir, I've two.
 If I've any thing owed me, one sharp and tenacious ;
 But if I'm in debt, one most dull and fallacious.

Soc. Hast thou, tell me, the spirit of Logic within ye ?

Strep. I can't logicize—no—but I'll pilfer with any.

Soc. How then wilt thou learn ?

Strep. Very easy, don't fear.

Soc. Come then, how if I show thee some clever thought here,
 'Bout the things in the air—wilt thou straight snap it up ?

Strep. What ? shall wisdom be thrown me to eat like a pup ?

Soc. He's a savage complete—not the least education—
 I fear, man, thy case will require flagellation.
 What dost do, when thou'rt beaten ?

Strep.

Submit, as in fitness.

Then I wait a short time—then I summon my witness.
Then again stop a twinkle—then go into court.

Soc. Come now, put down your cloak.*Strep.*

Why, I've done nothing for't.

Soc. No, but all enter here in their shirts—'tis our rule.*Strep.* But I'm not come to steal any thing from your school.*Soc.* Put it down. Don't talk stuff.*Strep.*

But before, sir, we turn in,

If I try and take pains, and am quick at my learning,
Which pupil shall I be most like, do you think?

Soc. You'll be Chærephon's double—not differ a wink.*Strep.* Wo's me! I shall then be half dead.*Soc.*

Have done talking.

Follow me—quick—have done there, old man, and be walking.

Strep. First then give me the cake in my hands; for I fear,
And can't help suspecting, you're bringing me here
Some sort of Trophonius's cave to explore.

Soc. Come. Why what are you stooping about at the door?

Chorus. Go, go, and may blessings attend thee,
For thy spirit to venture and dare.

All the favours of fortune befriend thee,

For that having got forward so far,

In the depth of thy lifetime, forsooth,

Thou canst thus try thy nature to season,

With the knowledge and fancies of youth,

And with practice in wisdom and reason.

Parabasis—or address of the Chorus to the Spectators.

My good spectators, I shall speak before you all most candidly
The truth, and nothing but the truth, by Bacchus—him who nurtured me.
And so may I obtain the prize, and you my talents wonder at.
As thinking you, my public here, spectators good and critical,
And this the finest far and best of all my former comedies,
I wished you first to taste the one which had caused me most perplexity.
On this by some low and vulgar men I was forced to retire defeated,
Without the least deserving it—the fault of which I lay to you,
Ye clever public, for whose sake such mighty pains I'd taken;
But not e'en thus, if I can help, will I desert the clever part of you,
For ever since by sensible men, 'fore whom 'tis sweet appearing,
My Sophion and Catopygon were received with the greatest favour;
But I (for I was then a miss, and not yet arrived at bearing,
Exposed it, when another girl took it up, and pass'd it off as hers,
And you kindly brought it up, and paid for its board and education.)
Ever since, I've had the surest pledge of your judgment and discernment.
So now this comedy of mine is come, like my friend's Electra,
To see if she can find an audience as clever as I believe ye.
For she'll know her brother at once, I'm sure, though she see but a hair of
his forelock.

And consider how modest she is and chaste; for first she's not appearing
Drest out like the rest in filthy guise for the children here to laugh at;
Nor mocking the poor bald pates, nor trapering forth a dirty minuet.
And there's no old man, the one you know, with his crutches and quotations,

Hitting blows at the standers-by, in order to pass off his bad buffoonery.
She's not rushed in with torch in hand, nor shrieking out, Io—Io—
But comes on, like a decent girl, with trust in herself, and her own good
verses.

And I, such a man as I am, a poet, don't pride myself upon it,
Nor try to cheat you by bringing in twice and thrice the self-same comedy.
But I always contrive to bring you on ideas of perfect novelty,

Not one like another, and clever all. I who, when Cleon's might was
greatest,
Struck him right in front, without daring again to trample upon him when
fallen.

But these, ever since Hyperbolus once gave them a hand, are always
Kicking the wretch, and his mother too. First Eupolis dragged his Marica
On the stage, having ventured to caricature my own good knight most
vilely,

And tacked on to it for a dirty dance a drunken old jade whom Phrynichus
Made long ago, the same whom the whale used to eat in every comedy.
Upon this Hermippus following him, wrote a farce against Hyperbolus,
And by this time others, all in a heap, made a rush against Hyperbolus,
Skirting the simile of the eels. The one which I concocted.
Whoever then can laugh at these, don't let him be pleased at aught of
mine.

While you, if you but take delight in me and my inventions,
Will have, in every future time, to wisdom good pretensions.

Semi-chorus. The Lord of all,
The ruler of the Gods, great Jove,
First to our glorious chori I call ;
And him whose hand the mighty trident wields,
Potent in his wrath to move
Up from their depths the sea, and ocean's briny fields,
Thee too, with mighty name,
Whom as our sire we claim,
Holiest of holy things,
Æther, from whom all life derives its springs ;
And thee, whom steeds of fire obey,
With streams of bright and living ray,
Filling this earthly sphere,
Mighty midst the Gods of Heaven,
Mighty God to mortals given,
Hear us—Apóllo! hear.

Chorus. Most clever spectators! attend in your places,
We've been injured, and come to complain to your faces.
For, though none of the gods do such good to the nation,
We, alone, never get either meat or libation.
We watch over your fate. If a party for plunder
Start, *mal a propos*, we drop water or thunder.
When that old Paphlagonian you wanted to choose—
That vile tanner, for captain, we knitted our brows,
And did all kind of wonders—the welkin was riven
With fire, and the moon left its walk in the heaven,
And the sun straight an end drew her wick in, and swore
That, if Cleon were captain, she'd light you no more.
Yet you chose him in spite; for they say it's our lot
To follow through life just the plans we ought not,
While the gods turn our errors to good; as I'll show
You yourselves, in the instance before us, may do.
Take this cormorant Cleon—mind not to elect him—
But in pillage, and cheating, and bribes to detect him,
And then clap his head in the pillory wood:
Things again, though you erred, will turn out as they should.

Semichorus. Hear us! hear us, Delian King!
Oh Phœbus, that dost dwell
On Cynthia's rocky crest;
And thou, the ever blest,
For whom Ephesia rears its golden cell,
And Lydian maids their pomp of worship bring!

Thou, whose hand the ægis wields,
 Goddess of our native fields!
 Great Minerva, who dost dwell
 In our holy citadel!
 And thou whose foot is treading
 Parnassus' craggy height,
 Beneath the flashing pine tree's light
 The dance of Delphian Bacchæ leading!
 Revell'r, Bacchus, hear! oh hear!

Chorus. When we'd put on our things to come here, on our passage,
 The moon met us, and begged we'd deliver a message:—
 First, she sent her respects to yourselves and allies,
 Then she said that her wrath was beginning to rise—
 She was treated most ill: she, whose hand had conferred
 Such good on you all, and in deed, not in word.
 First, not less than a drachm every month for a light,
 So that all of you say, going out of a night,
 Boy, don't buy a candle; there's moonshine in plenty.
 And many more favours she says she has sent ye.
 But you count the days wrong, turn them all upside down,
 Till the gods in a rage as they come from the town,
 When they've missed a good meal, or been fleeced of their supper,
 Which the calendar promised, straight come to blow up her.
 Then, when feasts you should give, you are racking and trying,
 And while we, the poor gods, on a fast day are lying,
 Lamenting poor Memnon, perhaps, or Sarpedon,
 These days you are selecting to revel and feed on.
 Hence this year, when by lot you Hyperbolus made
 Hieromnemon, we gods pushed the crown off his head;
 And the fear of such losses will teach you full soon
 To reckon the days of your life by the moon.

SCENE.—*Interior of SOCRATES' House. STREPSIADES lying in the corner on a dirty pallet.*

Soc. No—no. By the mist, by the chaos, by air,
 Never yet did I see such a clodpole, I swear—
 Such a slow, such a clumsy, oblivious old head,
 Who, having to learn but a scraping and shred,
 Has forgotten it all ere he learned it outright.
 However, I'll call him out here to the light—
 Where's Strepsiadēs? hollo! come out with your pallet.

Strep. I can't, for the fleas won't allow me to haul it.

Soc. Make haste—put it down, and attend.

[*He comes out.*]

Strep.

Here I be.

Soc. Come now, say what you want to be taught, and be free;
 Things you knew not before—come, acquaint me, man, with 'em;
 Shall it be about measures, or language, or rhythm?

Strep. Oh, measures for me. T'other day I could feel
 That the baker cut short a full pint of my meal.

Soc. This isn't my question; but which you like more—
 Which measurè or metre, the three or the four?

Strep. I'm for thinking the quart one's as proper as any.

Soc. Thou art talking stark nonsense, thou blockhead and ninny!

Strep. Well—bet me the quart an't a measure of four.

Soc. Get away, and be hung. You're a numskull and bore;
 But perhaps you might get up some lessons on rhythm.

Strep. And, in changing my meal, pray what good does one with them?

Soc. First, you'll know, when in company, how to behave
 Genteelly, by learning the enoplic stave,
 Seeing which off the dactyl or finger runs pat.

- Strep.* Finger what? here's my finger! why, I can tell that.
Soc. Oh thou numskull and dunce!
Strep. But I tell you again
 'Tisn't this which I want to be learning.
Soc. What then?
Strep. That, that which I told you—your Logic—the worst.
Soc. By and by—we must teach you some other thing first,
 Of our four-footed beasts, which are properly male.
Strep. But I know all the he's, if my senses don't fail—
 Ram, goat, bull, and dog, pullet—
Soc. There, what a name;
 Why, you're calling the male and the female the same.
Strep. How? tell me.
Soc. How? man! you said pullet, and pullet.
Strep. So I did, by Poseidon; but how would you rule it?
Soc. Call the female hen pullet, and cock pullet the he.
Strep. Hen pullet—that's fine. Well, by Æther, I see,
 For this lesson alone, Jove, all in my power—
 You must bring me your tub, and I'll fill him with flour.
Soc. Fill him—there's another—why, man, don't you see,
 You make your tub masculine, when it's a she?
Strep. In what way? my tub masculine? how?
Soc. Why, in this,
 As if men of Cleonymus used him or his.
Strep. How? say.
Soc. Why, your tub is the same with that sad one.
Strep. That can't be, for Cleonymus, friend, never had one,
 A round mortar stone used to serve him to knead in;
 But how call it in future, consistent with breeding?
Soc. How? she—meal tub, as if in conversing you light
 On the Sostratè.
Strep. She tub? is that it?
Soc. Quite right.
Strep. Then the tub and Cleonymus both would be she's.
Soc. Yes. Moreover, of nouns you must learn, if you please,
 Which are male, and which female.
Strep. That I know, if any,
 Which are females.
Soc. Now tell me—
Strep. Lysilla—Philinna—
 Cletagona—Demetria.
Soc. Which males, then?
Strep. As many as
 Ten thousand. Philoxenus, Melesias, Amynias.
Soc. But, fool, these ar'n't males.
Strep. Ar'n't they males, sir, with you?
Soc. No, for meeting Amynias, what would you do?
 Call him how?
Strep. How? Amynia! hither! come, do man!
Soc. You see you are making Amynias a woman.
Strep. And for one that wont fight, ar'n't it right to do so?
 But why must I learn this which all of us know?
Soc. Good for nothing, by Jove! But lie down here.
Strep. And what?
Soc. Think out some of the matters in hand you have got.
Strep. No, I pray—no, not here, sir; but if I am bound,
 Let me think out these matters the same on the ground.
 [Sits down on the pallet.
Soc. There's no other way.
Strep. Wo's me! What, on these?
 What a fine I shall this day incur to the fleas!

Soc. Now—bethink yourself, man, how to do it!
 And rub up your eyes to see through it.
 Every way you can think, twist, and press,
 Having gathered yourself in a heap,
 And if you fall into a mess,
 Quick to some other thought take a leap.
 Let not sleep, with soothing finger,
 Lulling round thine eyelids linger.

[A pause.]

Strep. Attatai! attatai!

Soc. What's the matter, man? What makes you scratch?

Strep. I'm dying—I'm dead—what a wretch!

They are crawling and pushing
 From out of the cushion,
 With nibblers and tweezers,
 The Corinthian fleecers.
 My sides they are gnawing,
 My legs they are clawing,
 They are sucking my life out,
 Cutting flesh with a knife out,
 And they'll kill me—they will!

Soc. Man! do not take it so ill.

Strep. How not, when I've lost

My money, my hue,
 My life, and my shoe,
 And, what plagues me most,
 On these other ills coming—
 At my post a tune humming,

A pause.] I've become nearly dead as a post.

Soc. Man! what are you about? Looking out for a thought?

Strep. I? Yes, by Poseidon.

Soc. And what have you caught?

Strep. Will the fleas of my flesh—I've been thinking quite steady—
 Leave a shred—

Soc. Perish! wretch!

Strep. Friend! I'm perished already.

Soc. We must wrap ourselves up. Not be slothful in action.
 Find out some contrivance—some power of abstraction.

Strep. Wo's me! from these counterpanes who'd be so nice
 As to throw me some counter abstracting device?

[Another pause.]

Soc. Come, I'll see what this fellow is doing. Let's try.
 Man, what sleeping?

Strep. No, sir, by Apollo—not I.

Soc. Have you any thing?

Strep. Nothing.

Soc. What, nothing at all?

Strep. But my right hand to scratch when the fleas 'gin to crawl.

Soc. Wont you wrap up, and quick put your thoughts into motion?

Strep. About what?—do, dear Socrates, give me a notion.

Soc. Tell me first of yourself what you want to discover.

Strep. What I want? Why you've heard it ten thousand times over.
 'Bout my debts and my duns, how to pay not a man.

Soc. Come wrap up—take your thoughts—mince them fine as you can,
 Spread them out, look about your affairs, jot by jot,
 Rightly cutting and scanning.

Strep. Wo's me! what a lot!

Soc. Keep still. If no way at one thought you can find,
 Give it up and retire—then again push your mind
 Back into itself—clap it up in its cage.

Strep. O, Socrates, dearest—

Soc. What is it, thou sage

Strep. I have it—a plan to wipe out every scot.

Soc. Show it up to the light.

- Strep.* Come now, tell me this—
Soc. What?
Strep. Suppose a Thessalian old witch I could buy,
 And pull down the moon some fine night from the sky,
 And could then clap her down in a hat-box or pan,
 Like a shining round glass—and there keep her.
Soc. Why, man,
 What gain would you have by this project?
Strep. What gain!
 Supposing the moon never rose up again,
 I should pay no more interest.
Soc. How now?
Strep. 'Tis true.
 Is it not every moon the percentage is due?
Soc. Well—I'll put you another sharp try for your wit.
 A man's drawing against you a five talent writ—
 How will you now get rid of it?—answer—explain.
Strep. How! how! I dont know—I must shake up my brain.
Soc. Dont be spinning your mind about always in there.
 Loose your thoughts off, and give them a fly in the air.
 Treat them just like a chafer that's tied by the foot.
Strep. Here it is! Such a way to get rid of my suit!
 You have seen at the druggist that stone before now,
 The pretty bright stone that you look through and through,
 What they kindle the fire off?
Soc. The crystal you mean.
Strep. I do.
Soc. Come, what now?
Strep. If I took this, and then,
 While the bailiff was writing the writ for my dun,
 I stood thus, just a little way off to the sun,
 And so melted out all the words of the writ—
Soc. Clever thought, by the Graces!
Strep. I chuckle a bit
 To think how the five talent writ's melted out.
Soc. Come now, quick—catch up this.
Strep. What is this?
Soc. If about
 To be fined and condemned—every witness away—
 How quash your opponent's indictment, I pray?
Strep. Why a fool could do that. Nothing ever so easy.
Soc. Explain what you mean.
Strep. So I will, if it please you.
 If, one suit yet impending, I ran off before
 Mine was called on, and hung myself up at the door.
Soc. Folly, man!
Strep. But, by Jove, I would do it! for none
 Would bring actions against me when dead as a stone.
Soc. Hog!—Off!—I'll no more—'twould put saint in a fury.
Strep. Because why?—go on, Socrates, do, I adjure ye.
Soc. But whatever you learn, man, you straightway forget it.
 What first was I trying to teach you? repeat it.
Strep. Let me see—what came first?—what came first?—how I'm dreading
 I forget it. Oh, what is the thing we make bread in!
 Deary me, what's the name?
Soc. Won't you off to the dogs,
 Thou oblivious old man, thou most stupid of hogs?
Strep. Deary me! what will come to me! wretch, I'm undone,
 I'm lost, if I fail to be quick at my tongue.
 But do, Mistress Cloud, do pray give me advice.
Chorus. We, aged man, advise thee in a trice,

If son thou hast of years, and sound discretion,
'Stead of thyself, bring him to take a lesson.

Strep. But I have, ma'am, a son, and a clever one too ;
But what use ? he won't learn.—Oh, dear ! what shall I do ?

Chorus. And do you allow it ?

Strep. I let him alone ;
He's full six feet high, with such muscle and bone ;
His the Cœsyra blood, such high notions, and fine—
But I'll go find him out, and, suppose he decline,
He shall out of my house—not a day longer in it ;
But go within doors, and wait for me a minute. [*Exit.*

Chorus to Socrates. Oh, Sage, see'st thou not
What a thrice happy lot,
Without trouble or fuss,
Thou wilt purchase from us ?
Not a godhead beside
To be prayed to or tried ;
Here he's ready, we'll speed him,
To do all that you bid him.
And while in this antic,
Thus decidedly frantic,
Do you stick to the man,
And lap up all you can,
Pretty quick too, since, somehow or other,
These things sometimes end in a pother.

(STREPSIADES enters with his son.)

Strep. No, I swear by the mist, you shan't stay a day longer.
There are uncle's fine pillars, eat them if you hunger.

Pheid. My good sir ! what's the matter ? say what my offence is ?
By Olympian Jove, you are out of your senses.

Strep. There, Olympian Jove ! what an idiot to chatter ;
Talk of Jove, when you're old enough now to know better !

Pheid. What in truth made you laugh ?

Strep. Why to hear your remark,
Such a child to have notions as old as the ark !
But, however, come here ; let me e'en set you right ;
I've a secret will soon make a man of you quite.
But, remember, no soul must you tell.

Pheid. As you bid.

What is it ?

Strep. You swore now by Jove.

Pheid. So I did.

Strep. See what a fine thing learning is for us men—
Pheidippides, boy, 'tisa't Jove.

Pheid. But who then ?

Strep. 'Tis Whirlpool is king ; he's turn'd Jove out of place.

Pheid. Pshaw—nonsense—what stuff !

Strep. Be assured it's the case.

Pheid. Who says so ?

Strep. Why Socrates says so, of Melus,
And Chærephon—be the fleas paces to tell us.

Pheid. And are you then arrived at such madness the while,
That you listen to men with such livers and bile ?

Strep. Hush, hush. Speak not lightly of men wise and clever,
Men of sense, and such thrift ! not a soul of them ever,
Since the time he was born, shaved his chin, or touch'd oil,
Or went into a bath, lest a thought he should spoil ;
While you wash down my liver as if I were dead.

But make haste ; dear, do go, and be taught in my stead.

Pheid. But what could one gain from those fellows, of worth ?

Strep. Indeed ? all the wisdom there is upon earth—

Yourself what—booby, and that you will learn.

But stop here a moment, and wait my return. [*Exit.*]

Pheid. Bless me, what shall I do? He's in such a condition;

Bring him into the court, and take out a commission;

Or send word, he's so mad, to make ready his coffin?

Strep. Here, look, what call you this; tell me straight, without scoffing.

(*STREPSIADES enters, with two fowls under his arm.*)

Pheid. Pullet.

Strep. Yes, very well; and this female one, what?

Pheid. Pullet.

Strep. How, both the same? you're absurd, and a sot;

Never tell so again; you're as dull as a block.

Call the female hen pullet, the male one a cock.

Pheid. Hen pullet? are these the fine things you were earning,

On your trip to those giants, those monsters of learning?

Strep. Yes, and more; but I'm old, and whatever they said,

As fast as I learn'd, it slipp'd out of my head.

Pheid. And your cloak, I suppose, too, you lost in this way?

Strep. No, no; 'tis not lost, but I thought it away.

Pheid. But your shoes, where are they, man?

Strep. As Pericles did,

I spent them, don't ask, on a service of need:

But come, let us proceed; if it be wrong, why, pshaw!

Never mind, dearest dear, 'tis to please your papa.

I remember when scarce you'd a tongue in your head,

Only six years of age, I did all that you said.

And the first pence I took, as my juryman's share,

I bought you a waggon, my dear, at the fair.

Pheid. You will rue this one day.

Strep. I'm so glad you're brought round:

Hither, Socrates, hither; come down to the ground.

Here, I've brought you my boy, much against his own will;

But I made him.

(*SOCRATES descends in his basket.*)

Soc. He is but a mere baby still,

And not skill'd in our modes of suspending the thought.

Pheid. You'd know more of suspension if hung by the throat.

Strep. Are you cursing your master?—go, sir, and be hung.

Soc. You heard his thuspenthon—how dull at his tongue.

Pronounced like a fool, with his wide gaping jaws,

Who could ever teach him to escape from a cause?

Give him pleading, or bombast a jury for turning,

Yet this cost Hyperbolus hundreds in learning.

Strep. Never mind, only give him a lesson; do try.

He was given to his book from a baby—so high:

His delight was, in-doors, to build houses of mud,

Make waggons of leather, cut ships out of wood;

Then he cut frogs out of leather, you can't think how pretty;—

But those Logics of yours, make him learn, I entreat ye.

The right one, whatever it is, and the wrong,

Which upsets the other by mere sleight of tongue.

If you can't give him both, at least teach him the worse one.

Soc. He shall learn them himself from the Logics in person.

Strep. As for me, I'll retire; only mind, if you can, sir,

That he's able all reason and justice to answer.

(*Enter the two Logics, disguised as fighting cocks.*)

Right Logic. Here this way, though you pass

For a forehead of brass,

Show yourself to the pit.

Wrong Logic. Go which way you think fit.

'Twill be three times as easy,

'Midst the people to squeeze ye.

R. You squeeze! who are you?

W. Logic.

R. Yes, the untrue.

W. Yet I beat you, who say
You are stronger than me.

R. By what art in your quarrels?

W. By new maxims and morals.

R. 'Tis through these that the rage is,
These fools—

W. No, these sages.

R. I'll destroy you.

W. What doing?

R. By the truth of my suing.

W. I'll throw down all he utters,

By replies and rebutters,
For, I say, though you bawl,
There's no justice at all.

R. No justice, you say?

W. For where is it, I pray?

R. 'Mongst the gods in the air.

W. But if justice be there,
How escapes Jove, the rather
As he chain'd up his father?

R. Paugh, paugh! here it's spreading!
This mischief we're bred in—
Quick! a basin—I'm sick!

W. You're a musty old chick.

R. You a wretch without shame.

W. Sweet as roses the name.

R. A buffoon for your belly.

W. You crown me with lily.

R. You would kill your own father.

W. Poor thing! can't you gather
That you deck me with gold?

R. 'Twould have been lead of old.

W. But now it's my glory.

R. You're all brass.

W. And you hoary.

R. 'Tis through you not a fool

Of a boy goes to school;
But the city, some day,
Shall know all that you say,
And the lessons you teach
Simple folks in your reach.

W. You are filthy and grim.

R. And you in good trim;
Yet you once, as was meet,
Used to beg in the street,
Like Telephus, wishing
To pass off as a Mysian,
With a scrip at your jaws,
Mumblin' wicked old saws
Of Pandelatus' tribe.

W. Oh, the arts you describe!

R. Cry out more at your madness, in truth,
And the fault of the city,

Who keep and permit ye

To poison the minds of her youth.

W. You shan't give a lesson,
You old Chronus, to this one.

R. But I will, if he yet
Can be saved from the net,

And learn more than a smattering
Of nonsense and chattering.

W. Come here, let him rave through it.

R. If you touch him, you'll rue it.

Chor. Now cease both to slander and rave,
And do you show the lessons you gave
To the men of the past generation ;

And you the new method of rearing,
That both of your arguments hearing,
He may then choose his own education.

R. I am willing to do it.

W. And so am I too.

Chor. Come, then, decide which shall speak first of the two.

W. I will give way to him ; and then taking
My stand on the things he is speaking,
With new wordlings and thoughts of my making,
I will shoot him, and lay him below me :
And at last, if he wag but his tongue,
As if wasps on his visage had hung,
Stung in every place,
Eyes, nostrils, and face,
He shall die by the force of my *gnomè*.

Chor. Now let them, who rely
On their logic and wit,
On racking of brains,
And new coinage of names,
Come forward, and try
Whose orator will beat.

For now the whole peril is coming—
The battle of wisdom and cunning ;
Where for wisdom will be fighting
Stoutly, all I take delight in.

But thou, who crown'dst the men of old with many a good prescription—
Give utterance to the voice you love, and state your own description.

R. I will tell you then how stood of old our pristine education,
When I and Reason were in vogue, and sober sense the fashion.
The first rule was not to hear a voice of a boy, nor flat nor sharper,
Then they all were to walk in the street in files to the music of a harper.
The gentlemen's sons with their hair at length, and no coats, though like
meal 'twere snowing,
Then it taught them to sing a song like men, either "*Pallas, queen of ruin,*"
Or "*A shout afar,*" pitching just the notes of our fathers' own bestowing ;
And if one of them made a buffoon of himself, or quavered a single quaver
Of his own invention, in any songs putting in a quail or palaver,
Those difficult ones, with crotchet and shakes, the same which Phrynus uses,
He'd a dozen or more on his back at once, as destroying all the Muses.
Then they were not allowed at supper-time a head of the radish to seize on,
Or snatch anise or parsley from older men, or feed on things of season,
Or thrushes eat.

W. Pooh ! rules antique, and full of old cicadæ,
Kekides and Buphonia !

R. Yet by these my schooling made ye
Marathonian heroes, fighting men ; while you, from their very cradle,
Teach the present race before their time in wraps their limbs to swaddle.
Think of this, my boy, and like a man choose me the better reason,
And you'll learn to keep from baths, and hate a market-place like treason,
And feel ashamed at shameful things, and blush if one reproach you,
And rise up from your seats when men of greater age approach you ;
And not your parents to maltreat, or do any thing else disgracing,
Because the shrine of modesty you are in your heart replacing.
Nor to enter a dancer's house, lest, while you are gaping in admiration,
Struck with an apple by one, you've a bit broken off of your reputation.

Nor to contradict your father in ought, nor calling him Old Japhet,
To think nought of the life out of which you were nursed and be thankless
to him who gave it.

W. By Bacchus, if you list to him, and let him lead you thus astray, man,
You'll be like 'Hippocrates' sons, and they'll call you a Blitomaman.

R. But then you'll pass the day in sports, fresh and blooming with
decorum,

Not chattering, like the present race, flippant nonsense in the forum,
Nor dragged into court for some petty case of tough, quibbling, quirking
cunning,

But going down to the Academy and 'neath the mulberry-trees off running;
And having your head crowned with reeds of white, with your modest play-
mates dwelling,

Of similar sweet and careless ease, and the leaf-shedding poplar smelling.

Exulting in the vernal prime,
When plane-tree whispers to the lime.
If these things you do which I mention,
And moreover apply your attention,
You'll be always possess
Of a smooth manly chest,
Shoulders large, colour ruddy,
Little tongue, and stout body;
But, should you pursue
What the present race do,—
First, you'll have to beholders—
A pale face—narrow shoulders—
Slender chest and large tongue,
Short hips,—but a long
Decree to impeach you.
And besides, he will teach you
'Gainst your sense to conceive all
Evil good, and good evil;
And to this in addition,
'Twill fill you up full
With the sins and perdition
Of Antimachus' school.

Chor. Oh, thou that guardest with thy care
Glorious Wisdom's fortress fair!
How sweet upon thy words doth lie
The dewy bloom of modesty!
Blessed sure were they who then
Lived while thou did'st dwell with men.
Thou, therefore, that dost boast to hold
A Muse of splendour, prompt and bold,
You must bring, if you can, sir,
Some new fashioned answer,
Since the man in our eyes
Seems worthy and wise;

And against him now some clever schemes, methinks you must seek after,
If you wish in truth to beat the man, and not be held up to laughter.

W. But I was choking long ago, with a pain in my stomach, and longing
To confound all this with opposing hits of the kind which I am strong in;
For, upon this very account, I bore the nickname of Wrong Logic
Amongst the sages here, because I first conceived the project
Laws, courts, and judges all to refute, with reas'nings contradictory,
And worth it is more than a million pounds to carry off such a victory;
To choose the side of wrong, and yet per force to get the better.
But observe the schooling to which he trusts—how I'll try it by the letter!
You, who first declare you'll not permit warm baths, when laws you're
framing,

But, pray, what reason have you then, when warm baths you are blaming?

R. Because they are the vilest things, and make the man a craven—

W. Hold, for straight I've got you round the waist, and you've no retreat or haven.

And tell me which of all the sons of Jupiter thou holdest

To have borne the greatest toils and been in heart the best and boldest?

R. I think none better than Hercules among the whole Pantheon.

W. Wherever, then, did you see as yet a cold bath Herculean?

Yet who was a better man than he?

R. Here it is which makes in plenty

The baths all day full of chattering boys, and the Palæstras empty.

W. Then you blame the living in agoras, which I approve as meet is,

For if 'twere bad, Homer never would call his Nestor Agoretas,
And all his wise men just the same. But I turn to the tongue, which, hear it,
He says the young should never use, while I assert its merit.

Then he bids them have modest sense, two things best of all for their undoing,

For through modest sense did you ever yet see a good to a man accruing?

Speak out, and if you can refute by facts my proof to stagger.

R. To many—for instance, Peleus for this received the dagger.

W. The dagger!—a pretty prize he had for his pains, the wretched ninny,
But he of the lamp, Hyperbolus, gained more than talents many
For sheerest vice; but not, by Jove, a dagger.

R.

Then, moreover,

For his modest sense it was, the man won Thetis as her lover—

W. On which she left him and went off, for he'd little to engage her;

And ladies like not modest sense—but you're an old jaded stager.

For count up, my boy, all the ills contained in a life of cold sobriety—

And all the pleasures you will lose by those who thus would diet ye.

Love, women, dice, and sauces rich, and drinking bouts and laughter—

When, if you are deprived of these, what use is living after?

Well, I pass from hence to Nature's wants, to a venial affection—

Your judgment errs, you fall in love, crim. con., and then detection;

You are lost, for speak in court you can't; but if with me you place you,

Indulge your nature, leap and laugh, think nothing can disgrace you.

If you should be caught in adultery, you will answer the man with spirit,

That you are not to blame at all, and then to Jove refer it—

And show that he was overcome himself by wine and beauty,

And how should you, a mortal man, know more than a god your duty?

R. But what if he's caught, and in cinders rolled, this advice of yours
fulfilling,

Will he have a *gnomè* to save his back from being treated as a villain?

W. And if branded, pray, what will he suffer amiss?

R. What could a man suffer more dreadful than this?

W. What, pray, will you say, if in this beaten fairly?

R. Be silent—what else?

W. Come now, tell me sincerely,

Our bar who are they?

R. Villains all.

W. I agree.

The men on the stage—

R. Villains too.

W. You are sage.

Our demagogues who?

R. Villains also.

W. And now

You perceive your position

Is mere inanition.

Then among the spectators,

Look which class of natures

Is superior in number.

R. I am looking yonder.

W. And, pray, what meets your sight?

R. That the villains will beat them outright.

Here is one that I know, and out there
Another, and this one close by with long hair.

W. And what say ye now?

R. Beaten quite. Oh! ye wretches!

By the gods, catch my breeches,
Since I shall come over to you.

Soc. Well, now, do you wish me to lay an embargo,
And carry your son off, or teach you to argue?

Strep. Oh! take him, and teach him, and whip him beside;
Only mind that you sharpen him well on one side
For sixpenny suits; and the opposite jaw
Set it well for the weightier matters of law.

Soc. Rest in peace; you shall have him a sophist complete.

Pheid. Yes, bedevilled, I ween, and as pale as a sheet.

Chorus. Hence now! But I say,
You'll repent it some day.
Now all the goods, which you will gain, ye judges, if our chorus,
As is right, you now support, we will place before us.
For, first, if you may wish in time to turn your fallow acres,
We'll rain on you the first, and leave the rest as dry as bakers.
Next, your vines in bearing we will guard, the fruit ensuring,
That nor heat nor rain destroy them, though in torrents pouring.
But if any scoff at us, a mortal, us of heaven,
Let him think what woes from us will on his head be driven,
When he cannot from his farm, wine, or other produce gather,
And his vines and sprouting olives all are cut clean off by weather.

With such stings will we lash him,

And if we should catch him

Making bricks in the clay,

We will wash them away,

And his roof, tiles and all,

Smash with hail big as ball;

And if he, or his cousin,

Or a friend, may have chosen,

Some fine day in his life,

To marry a wife,

We will rain all night long,

Till, I ween, he shall mourn

That he had not been born

On the Nile, where it never

Rains a drop, before ever

He decided so wrong.

SCENE—*Street before SOCRATES'S House. Enter STREPSIADES.*

Strep. Twenty-seven—twenty-eight—twenty-nine. Oh! how near!
And then—then the day, which of all in the year
I dread most, and turn sick at, and shiver with cold,
Straight follows on this one—the new and the old,*
For they swear, all to whom I'm in debt, they will sue me,
And put down their gage, and destroy and undo me.
While I only ask, what is fair and in reason,
“My good friend, take part now, leave the rest for a season.”
“Remit something besides.” All in vain—they refuse me
To take their debt thus, and revile and abuse me;
Call me cheater and knave; vow they'll sue me at law.
Now then let them sue, for I care not a straw,

* The Athenian name for the first day of the month, when interest became due.

If my boy has provided of Logic a store,
And this I shall learn when I've knocked at the door.
Boy! boy! little boy!

Soc. My good sir, I salute you.

Strep. Same to you, sir; but first take this sack—(He offers him a Sack of Flour); it's our duty

To show some little mark of respect for our tutor.
But tell me—my boy, has he learnt for the future,
That Logic, the one which just now you brought in?

Soc. He has.

Strep. Bless thee, cheating, omnipotent queen!

Soc. So that any indictment you choose you might quash.

Strep. What, if persons stood by when I borrowed the cash?

Soc. Oh! just so much the better, though thousands were there.

Strep. And wont I then sing out, Hurrah—hurrah—

Hurrah—hurrah!

Go and be hanged, ye weighers of pence!
Yourselves and your loans, and your cent per cent.
Ye shall harm me not again, my life embittering.

A son with such a nous

Have I in my house,

With a double-edged tongue, sharp and glittering.

A shield attacks to stop,

A support my house to prop,

And a pest to all my foes,

Who shall cure his father's woes.

Pray, run and call him out here to me.

Oh! my son! my little mouse!

Come out of the house,

And hear what your father has to say.

Soc. Here's the man you want.

[Enter PHEDIPPIDES.]

Strep.

Oh! my dear! my dear!

Soc. Take and carry him off.

Strep.

Oh! my boy! come here!

Hurrah! hurrah!

How delighted I am first to see your complexion!
Now, indeed, you do look, on the slightest inspection,
Stout at lying and wrangling; and, sure, on your face
Is a fair touch and smack of that slang of the place.
The "What's that you say?"—There's the look, I protest,
When sinning to seem sinned against and oppress,
And a good Attick slyness and cast on that brow;
Come, then, save me, since you were my ruin till now.

Pheid. Well; what do you fear now?

Strep.

The old and the new.

Pheid. What! can any day be at once new and old too?

Strep. Yes; the one, when they threaten their gage to deposit.

Pheid. Then they who deposit, I warrant, will lose it;

'Tis not possible, sure, that one day should be two.

Strep. Could it not?

Pheid.

Why should it, unless it be true

That a woman could be young and old at one moment?

Strep. And yet such is the notion.

Pheid.

Because what the law meant

They don't rightly perceive.

Strep.

But what does it intend?

Pheid. Old Solon at heart was the people's best friend.

Strep. This has nothing to do with the old and the new.

Pheid. Why, the citing he fixed for two days with this view,

For new and old both, that the real deposition

Might be made on the new moon.

Strep. Why then the addition
Of the old?

Pheid. Man! that, coming one day before, debtors
Might escape if they chose, having settled their matters,
Or if not on the new moon might smart for it early.

Strep. How then dont the urchins take gage money fairly,
On the new moon, but still on the old and the new?

Pheid. Why they seem to do just what the foretasters do,
And to steal off the gages as quick as they may,
They for this take a foretaste too soon by a day.

Strep. Bravo; poor devils, why sit ye and wonder,
Of us the wise spirits, the making and plunder!

Stocks and stones, stupid noddles,
Counters, sheep, empty bottles!
On myself and this my son,
To such fortune we have come,
I must sing an encomium!
"Friend Strepsiades, well done—
That so clever you yourself are,
And so sharp a lad to pilfer
You have at home in your son."
Now my friends will tell us,
And my neighbours jealous,
When they see thee by thy talking
Over all thy law-suits walking—
But I long to take you in here,
And in your honour give a dinner.

Enter PASIAS, one of STREPSIADES' Creditors, with a Friend to witness the summons.

Pas. Well, if this is to happen, what good can it be
To lend money at all? Not a jot, I can see.
It were better by far at the time to assume
A good bold brazen front, than to have troubles to come.
When here am I now, my own cash to recover,
Dragging you out my summons to see, and moreover
I'll get into a scrape with a man of the parish,
How so be, while I live, I will never disparage
My country, but summons him straight, as in fitness.

Strep. Who is this?

Pas. For the old and the new.

Strep. Be my witness,
He named two days at once. What a thing! what a thought!

Pas. The twelve pounds which you had when the brush-tail you bought.

Strep. Brush-tail! horse! don't you hear? I whom all of you know
Quite abominate riding!

Pas. By Jove, be it so!
But you swore by the gods you would pay me again.

Strep. No, by Jove—for my boy had not learnt me out then
The Logic which pays not, the Acatabletic.

Pas. And now are you intending for this to out-cheat it?

Strep. Yes, what else could I gain from instructing the youth?

Pas. And will you submit to deny it on oath?
By the gods as I bid you, whatever the term is?

Strep. The what gods?

Pas. By Jupiter, Neptune, and Hermes.

Strep. Yes, and put down a three obol piece too, to swear it.

Pas. Then be hung for the impudent forehead to dare it.

Strep. He'd do well with a rubbing of salt on his back.

Pas. You are jeering, I guess.

Strep. He would take a six peck.

Par. No, I vow; but you shan't thus escape me outright,
By great Jove and the gods.

Strep. Oh it tickles me quite.
 Gods—Jove for an oath; 'twas wise—how amusing—

Pas. You shall suffer some day, though, his name for abusing.
 But say—will you pay me my money or not?
 Answer quick, and despatch me.

Strep. Stay here on the spot.
 I will give you this moment an answer direct. [*Exit.*]

Pas. What d'ye think he will do?

Ma. Pay you off, I expect.

Enter STREPSIADES with a meal-tub, or cardopus.

Strep. Where's the man that is wanting his money?—look here,
 What is this?

Pas. What is this?—why a cardope clear.

Strep. So you venture to ask me for payment, you fool!
 Not a sous would I ever pay back to a soul
 Who would go for to call cardopus cardope.

Pas. Won't you pay then?

Strep. No—not as depends upon me.
 Won't you quicken your pace there, and off from the door,
 In the turn of an eye?

Pas. I will off; but be sure,
 May I die if I do not deposit my gage.

Strep. Then you'll lose it, beside the twelve pounds, in your rage.
 Yet it is not my wish you should meet such a loss,
 Just for calling a cardopus wrong, like a goose.

Enter AMYNIAS, another Creditor, limping, with his face bound up.

Amy. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Strep. Heigho!
 Whoever is this, in such groanings outbreaking?
 It was one of the gods, sure, of Carcinus speaking.

Amy. What, friend; who am I? Is it this thou would'st know?
 An ill-fated wretch—

Strep. Go your way, fellow, go!

Amy. Oh, hard-hearted god. Oh, thou wheel-crashing fate
 Of my nags! Pallas, how thou hast ruin'd my state!

Strep. Why, whatever harm has Tlepolemus done ye?

Amy. Don't mock me, my friend; don't insult;—but my money.
 The sum your son had, bid him pay me again;—
 Most of all when I'm now in such suffering and pain.

Strep. What money is this that you want?

Amy. What I lent him.

Strep. Then, indeed, as it seems, you have ground for lamenting!
Amy. I was driving, and thrown; 'tis the cause I'm so stiff;
 'Tis indeed.

Strep. Why thus drivelling and doting, as if,
 'Stead of thrown from a horse, you yourself were an ass?

Amy. If I want to recover my cash, shall this pass
 For drivelling and doting?

Strep. Poor man, it can't be;—
 You are not quite yourself;—touch'd a little.

Amy. What, hey!

Strep. You seem to have had a concussion of brain.

Amy. And you certain, unless you shall pay me again,
 By Hermes, to have a fresh summons at once.

Strep. Pray, sir, which opinion do you hold?—pronounce;
 Does Jove every time rain us water quite new,
 Or the sun draw the same water back from below?

Amy. I know nothing of either; and don't care a dash.

Strep. How then can you claim to recover your cash,
 Who know nothing at all of the regions of æther?

Amy. But if you're distress, pay me back, 'stead of neither,

The int'rest at least.

Strep.

What's this int'rest;—what, beast?

Amy. What else but that always the debt is increased
By month and by day, as the time slips on flowingly,
Getting larger and larger.

Strep.

Well done; you speak knowingly.

Then I ask—the sea now, is it larger, d'ye deem,
Than it formerly was?

Amy.

No, by Jove, but the same.

'Tisn't fair it should ever be greater.

Strep.

How then?

Does the sea not increase, thou most stupid of men!
Though so many rivers run to it, and yet
You are constantly seeking to swell up your debt?
Won't you take yourself off from the house in a crack?
Fetch the poker, quick here.

Amy.

You'll attest this attack.

Strep. Get away, you old hack; arn't you off? do you stop?

(STREPSIADES attacks and drives him off.)

Amy. Is not this an assault?

Strep.

Vanish. I'll stir you up.

I'll stick you behind, you great drag, I've a notion.
Arn't you flying? I thought I should put you in motion,
And quicken your paces,
Yourself, wheels and traces.

Chorus.

What an evil to long
For things that are wrong!
Here's this man with grey forehead,
Desiring to plunder
The money he borrowed,
And much I shall wonder
If this day he escape
Falling into a scrape,
Which shall suddenly bring
On this sophist outwitted,
Some terrible thing
For the crimes he committed.
For I think he will presently find to his cost
What he long since was seeking,
That his son is in speaking
'Gainst all this is just,
Sharp and clever enough,
All he meet to beat off,
Though he speak like a villain.
And mayhap he'll be willing
To have him instead,
Without tongue in his head.

(Enter STREPSIADES and his son.)

Strep. Oh dear! oh dear!

Good neighbours and kinsmen, and men of my parish,
He is beating me,—help by all means, or I perish.
Wo's me, oh my head and my jaw, what a plight!
Wretch, you're beating your father!

Pheid.

Well, father, quite right.

Strep. You see he confesses he's beating me.

Pheid.

True.

Strep. Oh, you villain, you murd'rer, you housebreaker, you.

Pheid. Again. Call me again these, and many beside.

Do you know, that to hear me abused is my pride?

Strep. Oh, you impudent beast!

Pheid.

Roses quite, give me plenty.

Strep. You are beating your father.

Pheid. By Jove, I'll content ye.

I'll show I was beating you justly.

Strep. Oh liar!

How could it be just to be beating your sire?

Pheid. I will prove it, and beat you with logic—quite fair.

Strep. You'll prove this?

Pheid. Yes, with ease, and with plenty to spare.

But choose which of the Logics you wish to rehearse.

Strep. Which Logic d'ye mean?

Pheid. Why, the better or worse?

Strep. I had thee then taught to some purpose, by Jove,

To outargue all right, if you now are to prove,
Against reason and truth, that it's lawful and handsome
For children their poor helpless sires to lay hands on.

Pheid. But I'll prove it, I think, to such perfect conviction,
That not even yourself will attempt contradiction.

Strep. Well, I do wish to know, what he ever will say.

Chorus.

'Tis thy business, old man, to consider which way.

You will conquer the lad,

Since unless now he had

Some ground to rely on,

He never would be

Thus bold as a lion.

But there's more than we see

Some cause for his courage; at least, it is clear,

The man's disposition knows nothing of fear.

But the cause from which the battle at the first began to brew
Now you must inform the Chorus. This by all means you will do.

Strep. I will then proceed to mention whence our quarrel first arose,

For when we were supping gladly, just as each among you knows,

First I bade him take his harp and sing Simonides' stave—

"*The Ram, ah how the ram was shorn*,"—when he at once began to rave,

Vowing it was out of date, quite old fashioned at a meal,

Over wine to play and sing like a woman grinding meal.

Pheid. At the time deserved you not a good trampling on and beating,

Calling out for songs as if grasshoppers at table treating?

Strep. Yes—and what he now is saying, he asserted at the time here,

And Simonides, he said too, was a miserable rhymer;

And indeed I hardly could—still I tried the knave to stand—

And proceeded next to bid him take at least his bough in hand,

And some Æschylus repeat me, when he straight refused to do it,

Crying, I suppose, I fancy Æschylus a first-rate poet,

Rough and rugged, unconcocted, full of bombast, swell, and noise,

Upon which you can't imagine how my stomach 'gan to rise.

Still I bit my lips, and kept my rage down, and says I, However,

Tell me some, whate'er they are, of your new things, sharp and clever.

When a tale Euripidean straight he sung me—how a brother

Lived in incest with his sister, born, thou monster, of one mother!

This I could endure no longer; but began at once to strap him

With abuses thick and threefold—when, as it was like to happen,

Word 'gainst word we flung and bandied—after which he leaped upon me,

And kept on to bang and buffet, pound and throttle, choke and stun me.

Pheid. And for hating Euripides should I not maul you?—

That great sage.

Strep. He a sage! Oh, what name can I call you!

But another licking

I shall have for speaking.

Pheid. Yes, by Jove! I'll serve it,

And you'll well deserve it.

Strep. How, deserve it! Shameless monster! I who brought you up till breeched,
While you muled, and lisped, and prattled, understanding all you wished—
If you cried for bree I heard it straight, and gave you drink to take—
When you asked for mammy, mammy, I would come and bring you cake—
Soon as you began to cry, wanting something, to the door
I would take you out, and holding, set you down my lap before.

And now when I was calling
For mercy, and bawling
Till I'm ready to burst,
You held by my throat,
And would not take me out
To the door, thou accurst!
But, throttling and choking,
Have made me my cloak in,
All at once and my worst.

Chorus. I suspect now the heart of each son
Is leaping to hear what he'll say;
For if this one, such acts having done,
Shall gain by his talking the day,
The skins of the old
I wouldn't them hold
At the price they would fetch
Of peasepod or vetch.

Thine's the work, of reasons novel, oh, thou mover and rebutter,
Some persuasive art to seek so to seem the truth to utter!

Pheid. Oh, how nice to be acquainted with new matters, sharp and wise!
And our old established customs find one's able to despise!
I for my part, when I thought of nought but riding and of raking,
Could not for my life together put three words without mistaking;
But since this my friend has taught me from my fancy to dislodge it,
And I'm versed in subtle gnomès, reasons, quibbles, quirks, and logic,
Soon I think to show the right one
Has our fathers' backs to smite on.

Strep. Ride, then ride, by Jove! for me, it were better, by this token,
Horses four at once to keep, than be horsed myself and broken.

Pheid. But to that part of the question I will turn from whence you
tore me,
And I'll ask you, when a boy, did you use the whip hand o'er me?

Strep. Yes, I did in pure good-will, caring for your weal.

Pheid. Now answer,
Is it not quite fair for me by beating also when a man, sir,
So to show you my affection; since to beat one means regard?
For, can it be fair that your back should by blows remain unscarred,
And that mine should not; and yet I'm a freeman good as you.
Shall boys suffer thus, and think you fathers shall not suffer too?

Strep. What now?

Pheid. You will next assert this is held a boy's vocation,
But that grey beards are twice over boys I'll show in refutation;
And it sure is fair that older men should suffer more than young—
In proportion as their years have less excuse for going wrong.

Strep. But that we should thus be treated no where is the law or notion.

Pheid. Was not he, then, a mere man first who set this law in motion,
Just as you and I? and talking to the ancients he evinced it—
What less right have I, I pray, a new law to make against it?
For all future sons their fathers in return to whip and beat,
And the blows we had before the law was made we all remit,
And allow them to you freely to have paid them on us gratis.
Then the cocks and other creatures, just consider what their state is,
How their fathers they retort on—yet in what respect do these
Us surpass, except that statutes make they not, nor pass decrees.

Strep. Why then, since the cocks to copy in all points you try and search,
Why not on the dunghill feed too? why not sleep upon a perch?

Pheid. Oh, the case is not the same, man—not e'en Socrates would say.

Strep. Look here, then, and beat me not, or you'll blame yourself some day.

Pheid. How?

Strep. Since I've a right at present you to punish as my son,
And you'll punish your's, if ever you've a child.

Pheid. But, if I've none,
All my blows will pass for nothing—you will die, and mock and cheat me.

Strep. I, for my part, fellow grey beard, think he proves the right to beat me,
And methinks we should concede now to our boys their proper due,
For it's fair that we should suffer if unrighteous things we do.

Pheid. But attend—one other *gnomè*.

Strep. Yes, for else my fate is sure.

Pheid. Yet, perchance, you'll grieve no longer, but think light of all before.

Strep. How now? explain what good from this you'll be to me conveying.

Pheid. I'll beat my mother, just as you.

Strep. What's that—what's that you're saying?
Why, here's an evil worse than t'other.

Pheid. But what if, with my Minor Logic,
I prove to you,

By reasons true,

That it is good to beat one's mother?

Strep. What else? but, if you gain your project,
There's nothing shall bind you
From throwing yourself,

With Socrates, into the bottomless gulf,

And your logical craft behind you.

This, ye Clouds, I have suffered through you as the causes,

By confiding to you all my troubles and losses.

Chorus. Thou art thyself the cause of this thy beating,
For having turned thyself to vice and cheating.

Strep. Why did ye not then tell me what I was doing,
But urged on an old countryfied man to his ruin?

Chor. Thus still we act, whenever we behold

One of unrighteous longings, bad and bold,

Till we have plunged him into ill, and given

That awful lesson—fear the wrath of Heaven.

Strep. Deary me—it's a hard case, ye Clouds, but quite fit,

For it was not the thing to endeavour to cheat

Men of money I borrowed. Now, thou dearest boy,

Contrive how that Chærephon—wretch—to destroy,

And Socrates, too,

Come with me, dearest, do—

They, who cheat us both into all these disasters.

Pheid. But I never could venture to maltreat my masters.

Strep. Do—do; respect Jove the Patroan.

Pheid. Oh, good.

Look there—Jove the Patroan—you're old as the flood—

Is there a Jove at all?

Strep. Yes, there is.

Pheid. No such thing,
Since Whirlpool has driven Jove out, and is king.

Strep. He has not; but I then thought this Whirlpool, this bowl,
Was Jupiter's self. Oh, to be such a fool

To take you for a God, a mere morsel of delf!

Pheid. Then keep to your folly, and rave by yourself.

Strep. Wo's me for my madness. I sure was distracted,
When at Socrates's word e'en the Gods I ejected.

Yet oh! Hermes, beloved, don't in anger abuse me,

Nor ruin me quite, but forgive and excuse me,

Though a babbling old fool, I went wrong in my mind,

But give me advice whether straight I should find

An indictment, and sue him, or what else you please—
 Right advice! to forbid any botching of pleas,
 You urge burning the house down as quick as we can—
 The babblers, the praters! Here, Xanthias, my man,
 Fetch a ladder—come out—a spade—don't stand aloof,
 Mount this puzzle-pate thought-house, and down with the roof.

(*A pause.*)

[*He climbs the roof of the house, and begins to pull it down.*

Come faster and faster,
 If you love your own master,
 Till you tumble them down,
 The house on their crown,
 And here quick—I'm delighted,
 Fetch a torch ready lighted,
 And I'll make them pay
 For their doings this day,
 Though they humbug like fury.

Enter a Disciple of SOCRATES.

Hollo! men, I adjure you.

Strep. It's your time, friend Flambeau,
 To try what you can do,
 And send lots of fire out.

Dis. Man, what are you about?

Strep. What about? what but hewing
 With the beams of your attic
 A slight subtle chat.

Dis. Good God! what's he at?
 Who's this ruffian, this villain,
 Setting fire to the ceiling?

Strep. It's the person whose cloak
 You stole with your crook.

Dis. You'll kill us, you wretch.

Strep. This is just what I wish,
 Unless my good axe
 In its efforts relax,
 And my hopes disappoint,
 Or I first break a joint,
 Or my neck by a fall.

Enter SOCRATES.

Ho! you man on the wall.
 Fellow, what are you doing?

Strep. Air pacing, and the sun intently viewing.

Soc. Good God, I shall choke
 With the ashes and smoke.
 And I—there's a crash—
 Shall be burnt to an ash.

Strep. Yes—for what had ye done all the Gods to decry,
 And the moon's privy secrets and motions to spy?
 Hunt, pell, knock them down, boys, for many a reason,
 But most knowing well 'gainst the Gods their high treason.

Chorus. Lead ye off, for fair enough
 Has our choir its part enacted.

THE DOCTOR.

DOSE SECOND.

"A PLEASANT enough article, but the subject somewhat stale," some where or other remarked a "small critic, wielding his delicate pen" pro and con "The Doctor, Dose First," in our July Number. The book was absolutely more than a year old, and, to our sand-blind friend, seemed in the distance to belong to the Retrospective Review. To our eyes it looked fine as a new risen star. Stale! Why, a book is not like a quartern loaf. It is—with reverence be it spoken—the bread of life. A loaf gets mouldy and musty in a few days, but after the lapse of centuries a book is fresh as on the day it was born. The Reading Public's appetite for novelty is diseased, and, if any thing could humble ourselves in our own eyes, it would be to know that she had recourse periodically to our pages for its gratification. But proud and happy are we that she is not a subscriber. Our circulation is in another sphere. The Reading Private—God bless her!—is our bosom friend—ay, in millions of happy homes all over the habitable globe we are hugged to her heart by day—at night—we confess it without a blush—we lay down our head by hers on the same pillow—"The world forgetting, by the world forgot"—and slide away in our embracement adown one or other of the delightful descents without number numberless, leading into the divine Land of Dreams.

It must not be supposed from this that we have a poor opinion of the daily and weekly literary papers. Quite the contrary. We love some—like many—and hate none of them—nor are we on any occasion annoyed by the agility with which their editors and contributors, one and all of them, are sure constantly to spring upon every new work, and tear out its heart, its lights and liver—its pluck for the insatiable maw of the Reading Public. It might be otherwise were we too purveyors for that gluttonness to whom the grave is an epicure. But

she for whom we provide is a healthful creature, who never once in all her life painfully experienced either hunger or thirst. Her meat is manna and her drink is dew. We have but to gather that in baskets and this in cups, and she duly receives the offering from our hands with a benediction. How sweet is Nature's service! Our wages are in our work, and it is only on reflection that we know we are waxing old!

Is not this truly the character of *Maga*? One number may be more delightful than another, though you know not well why, just as it is with the days in spring. But no anxiety is felt with regard to any one of them an hour before the dawning—each seems the first of a new series—and if one is merry as Saturday, mayhap the next is serene as Sabbath!

You must not call this vanity, for we are poor in spirit and humble in heart. Our vanity is of an entirely different kind. We are vain—there is no use in denying it—of our person, but not of our mind. That we are one of the finest looking elderly gentlemen extant we are not so firmly assured, as not to feel happy in having our belief in that fact confirmed by yours—and therefore you cannot well praise our appearance beyond the reach of our sympathies. What a majestic figure! What a noble brow! Expressions such as these, overheard by us in a whisper, confirm the truth of that revelation which sometimes, as we stand before our mirror, our heart sinks to fear may be apocryphal—and many a time have we resolved to have our picture painted by Pickersgill, and hung up in the Temple of Fame. But nothing the world can say will ever persuade us that we are a great genius. We are what is far better—an excellent creature—but rather deficient in intellectuals—talents, as they are called, we have few or none, but Nature has been gracious to us in giving us intuitions of truths—our soul opens its eye and sees—

and the material and the moral world are full to overflowing with images of beauty and of love. From earliest boyhood—as Schiller would have written in English—

“ All lived to me—the bee, the flower ;
To me the murmuring fountain sung ;
What feels not, felt—so strong a power
Of life, my life o'er all had flung ! ”

Has not all this for many years been visible in the work over which it may not be so truly said that we have presided, as that we have inspired it? Our own contributions would make, we believe, considerably upwards of a hundred octavo volumes, printed in the usual style ; and we have seen it said that here there has been *great waste*. Of what? If good and genial thoughts and feelings of ours have flowed over so many thousand pages, we cannot think they have been lost. By what other channels could they have been less ostentatiously circulated? In what other way more kindly offered to the sympathies of our beloved brethren of every degree? All that may have been worthless, or of little worth, will thus as surely as in any other way, and to ourselves more pleasingly, slip into oblivion ; and if aught there be which deserves the preservation of memory, she will not let it die because it lives now in such humble sheets—for though published in numbers,

“ A book's a book for a' that ”—

and there are perennials (oh ! are they types, *Maga!* even of Thee !) that flower many times a-year—nay, that are in flower all the year through—and yet live many years—as thou mayst continue to do—in sunshine and in storm—long after the hands that now tremble as they tend thee have been resolved into the dust !

It will not be easy to find such another editor. Your editor is some times a pompous prig of a pretender, who has acquired, nobody knows how, some literary reputation, and in his own *coterie* is considered a man of fine taste, sound judgment, and great erudition—out of it nobody, or a dunce. Sometimes he is a celebrated writer, who from indolence, or timidity, or exhaustion,

writes no more, but rules by the “ magic of a name.” Or he is a scribbler. One or two editors there are now—accomplished for their task. To none of these classes do we belong. Yet, tiresome as he often is—how popular is old Christopher North ! In *Maga*, nobody presumes to imitate him—out of *Maga*, nobody does any thing else ; but what caricatures !

People have strange notions about periodicals. The wiser sort know that *Maga* grows. But the uninitiated foolishly believe that she is composed of voluntary contributors, and these anonymous. The *Balaam Box* is fondly imagined by many to be an airy nothing—whereas it is as big as the chest in the Castle that contains the Scottish Regalia—and, though not more at present than half-full, its contents would bring a hundred pounds, if sold, for mere snuff paper—double that sum if disposed of for copy to set up a new periodical. Some of the contributors to the *Balaam Box* have for many years persisted in once a-month requesting us to return their articles, while they have persisted in, once a-month, sending them to that bourne from which no traveller can be reasonably expected to return. Others have a melancholy pleasure—a mournful pride in the conviction, that no volcano will ever throw up the ashes, in which live their wonted fires, from that crater. Since the 1822 there has been no eruption—and the spiders, as if utterly forgetful of that dreadful day, have woven their webs along the walls, so that you might gather it in handfuls from the very brink of the *Balaam*.

Hundreds accompany their contributions with a request that they may be inserted in the—next Number ! How very modest ! Were they all accepted—and drawn for insertion by lot—he would have reason to hug himself on his good fortune, whose appearance in our pages might be thought to come within the verge of possibility towards the middle of next century. On an average, we ship by the twenty-fourth of the month. By the fifteenth, on an average, the last sheet—which is sometimes the first—must be at press. How else could *Maga* be duly pub-

lished in London? Yet countless troops of contributors, whose articles reach us after Maga has passed the Swin, express a hope of seeing themselves in that very Number! Calculating young men! We have not had, for many years, any "Notices to Correspondents." Yet scores of scribblers continue to solicit acknowledgement in our "usual Notices to Correspondents," and tell us they will anxiously look for their initials—should any thing prevent the insertion of their lucubrations in our "Next Number." Politics and criticism we keep in our own hands—and the hands of a few friends. All mankind may see that with half an eye—yet is our London parcel sometimes like a cheese. Nay, the anonymous send us *NOCTES!* and we have shuddered to see Christopher every inch a Cockney. The tide of verse never ebbs—

"They roll not back, though Canute gives command ;"

but luckily the water never reaches above our instep, and we walk dry-shod among the partans!

Not one man in a million can write a tolerable review. We know no reviewer who comes within a hundred miles of ourselves in giving the idea of a work. Yet, hitherto we have given no adequate idea of "The Doctor." But then how pleasant were our extracts! With the finest feeling and the nicest discrimination we selected the best bits in the first volume, and so *DOVE*-tailed them that the variegated composition was a beautiful specimen of a whole—and eke in itself a whole, displaying the rare genius of the author whoever he may be, and in whatever name he may rejoice. No need now to remind you by recapitulation of the birth and boyhood of "our hero." That household, so exquisitely described, is not to be forgotten; you remember that young Daniel was an apothecary's apprentice at Doncaster—and may still be wondering why the "statesman" chose that profession for his only son, instead of letting him live on his hereditary acres like his simple forefathers. You shall now hear why.

"If George Herbert's Temple, or his Remains, or his life by old Izaak Walton, had all or any of them happened to be

among those few but precious books which Daniel prized so highly and used so well, it is likely that the wish of his heart would have been to train up his son for a priest to the temple. But so it was that none of his reading was of a kind to give his thoughts that direction; and he had not conceived any exalted opinion of the clergy from the specimens which had fallen in his way. A contempt which was but too general had been brought upon the order by the ignorance or the poverty of a great proportion of its members. The person who served the humble church which Daniel dutifully attended was almost as pure as a capuchine, and quite as ignorant. This poor man had obtained in evil hour from some easy or careless bishop a license to preach. It was reprehensible enough to have ordained one who was destitute of every qualification that the office requires; the fault was still greater in promoting him from the desk to the pulpit.

"A very great scholar" is quoted by Dr Eachard, as saying 'that such preaching as is usual is a hinderance of salvation rather than the means to it.' This was said when the fashion of conceited preaching which is satirized in Frey Gerundio, had extended to England; and though that fashion has so long been obsolete, that many persons will be surprised to hear it had ever existed among us, it may still reasonably be questioned whether sermons such as they commonly are, do not quench more devotion than they kindle.

"My lord! put not the book aside in displeasure! (I address myself to whatever Bishop may be reading it.) Unbiassed I will not call myself, for I am a true and orthodox churchman, and have the interests of the church zealously at heart, because I believe and know them to be essentially and inseparably connected with those of the commonwealth. But I have been an attentive observer, and, as such, request a hearing. Receive my remarks as coming from one whose principles are in entire accord with your lordship's, whose wishes have the same scope and purport, and who, while he offers his honest opinion, submits it with proper humility to your judgment.

"The founders of the English Church did not intend that the sermon should invariably form a part of the Sunday services. It became so in condescension to the Puritans, of whom it has long been the fashion to speak with respect, instead of holding them up to the contempt and infamy and abhorrence which they have so richly merited. They have been extolled by their descendants and successors

as models of patriotism and piety; and the success with which this delusion had been practised is one of the most remarkable examples of what may be effected by dint of effrontery and persevering falsehood.

“That sentence I am certain will not be disapproved at Fulham or Lambeth. Dr Southey, or Dr Phillpots might have written it.

“The general standard of the clergy has undoubtedly been very much raised since the days when they were not allowed to preach without a license for that purpose from the ordinary. Nevertheless it is certain that many persons who are in other, and more material respects well, or even excellently qualified for the ministerial functions, may be wanting in the qualifications for a preacher. A man may possess great learning, sound principles and good sense, and yet be without the talent of arranging and expressing his thoughts well in a written discourse: he may want the power of fixing the attention, or reaching the hearts of his hearers; and in that case the discourse, as some old writer has said in serious jest, which was designed for edification turns to *tedification*. The evil was less in Addison’s days when he who distrusted his own abilities, availed himself of the composition of some approved divine, and was not disparaged in the opinion of his congregation, by taking a printed volume into the pulpit. This is no longer practised; but instead of this, which secured wholesome instruction to the people, sermons are manufactured for sale, and sold in manuscript, or printed in a cursive type imitating manuscript. The articles which are prepared for such a market, are for the most part copied from obscure books, with more or less alteration of language, and generally for the worse; and so far as they are drawn from such sources they are not likely to contain any thing exceptionable on the score of doctrine; but the best authors will not be resorted to, for fear of discovery, and therefore when these are used, the congregation lose as much in point of instruction, as he who uses them ought to lose in self-esteem.

“But it is more injurious when a more scrupulous man composes his own discourses, if he be deficient either in judgment or learning. He is then more likely to entangle plain texts than to unravel knotty ones; rash positions are sometimes advanced by such preachers, unsound arguments are adduced by them in support of momentous doctrines, and though these things neither offend the ignorant and careless, nor injure the well-minded and

well-informed, they carry poison with them when they enter a diseased ear. It cannot be doubted that such sermons act as corroboratives for infidelity.

“Nor when they contain nothing that is actually erroneous, but are merely unimproving, are they in that case altogether harmless. They are not harmless if they are felt to be tedious. They are not harmless if they torpify the understanding: a chill that begins there may extend to the vital regions. Bishop Taylor (the great Jeremy) says of devotional books that ‘they are in a large degree the occasion of so great indevotion as prevails among the generality of nominal Christians, ‘being,’ he says, ‘represented naked in the conclusions of spiritual life, without or art or learning; and made apt for persons who can do nothing but believe and love, not for them that can consider and love.’ This applies more forcibly to bad sermons than to commonplace books of devotion; the book may be laid aside if it offend the reader’s judgment, but the sermon is a positive infliction upon the helpless hearer.

“The same bishop,—and his name ought to carry with it authority among the wise and the good, has delivered an opinion upon this subject, in his admirable *Apology for Authorized and Set Forms of Liturgy*. ‘Indeed,’ he says, ‘if I may freely declare my opinion, I think it were not amiss, if the liberty of making sermons were something more restrained than it is; and that such persons only were intrusted with the liberty, for whom the church herself may safely be responsive,—that is, men learned and pious; and that the other part, the *vulgus cleri*, should instruct the people out of the fountains of the church and the public stock, till by so long exercise and discipline in the schools of the prophets they may also be intrusted to minister of their own unto the people. This I am sure was the practice of the primitive church.

“‘I am convinced,’ said Dr Johnson, ‘that I ought to be at divine service more frequently than I am; but the provocations given by ignorant and affected preachers too often disturb the mental calm which otherwise would succeed to prayer. I am apt to whisper to myself on such occasions, How can this illiterate fellow dream of fixing attention, after we have been listening to the sublimest truths, conveyed in the most chaste and exalted language, throughout a liturgy which must be regarded as the genuine offspring of piety impregnated by wisdom!’—‘Take notice, however,’ he adds, ‘though I make this confession respecting myself, I do not mean to re-

commend the fastidiousness that sometimes leads me to exchange congregational for solitary worship.'

"The saintly Herbert says,

"Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mislike him thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good. If all want
sense
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.'

This sort of patience was all that Daniel could have derived from the discourses of the poor curate; and it was a lesson of which his meek and benign temper stood in no need. Nature had endowed him with this virtue, and this Sunday's discipline exercised without strengthening it. While he was, in the phrase of the religious public, *sitting under the preacher*, he obeyed to a certain extent George Herbert's precept,—that is, he obeyed it as he did other laws, with the existence of which he was unacquainted,—

'Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure
thither.'

Pleasure made no part of his speculations at any time. Plots he had none. For the plough,—it was what he never followed in fancy, patiently as he plodded after the furrow in his own vocation. And then for worldly thoughts they were not likely in that place to enter a mind, which never at any time entertained them. But to that sort of thought (if thought it may be called) which cometh as it listeth, and which, when the mind is at ease and the body in health, is the forerunner and usher of sleep, he certainly gave way. The curate's voice past over his ear like the sound of the brook with which it blended, and it conveyed to him as little meaning and less feeling. During the sermon, therefore, he retired into himself, with as much or as little edification, as a Quaker finds at a silent meeting."

We are told that what Daniel saw of the LAZI, and what he heard of the ZANI (how like the word-play of the Laureate!) prevented him from even forming a wish to educate his son for a north country cure, which would have been all the preferment that lay within his view. He might have been reminded in vain even of Latimer. The law and lawyers were his abhorrence; but he felt a degree of respect amounting almost to reverence for the healing art, which is connected with so many mysteries of art and nature. Then Peter Hopkins was an ancient friend, and a man after his own heart.

Though he had lived in the reigns of George I. and II., he was neither Whig nor Tory, Hanoverian nor Jacobite. When he drank the King's health with any of his neighbours, he never troubled himself with considering which King was intended, nor to which side of the water their good wishes were directed. There was something of the same temper in his religion. He was a sincere Christian, and had he been born to attendance at the mass or the meeting-house, would have been equally sincere in his attachment to either of those extremes. For his whole mind was in his profession. Both he and his wife were at this time well stricken in years; they had no children, and no near kindred on either side; and being both kind-hearted people, the liking which they soon entertained toward Daniel for his docility, his simplicity of heart, and his never-failing good-humour, ripened into a settled affection. Young Daniel was almost as happy with them as he had been in his father's house. We have been using unawares almost the Biographer's very words—but here is a passage that must not be mutilated—a specimen of perfect English.

"Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favourable both to individual and national character. Our home,—our birth-place,—our native land,—think for a while what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words; and if thou hast any intellectual eyes thou wilt then perceive the connexion between topography and patriotism.

"Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root. The laws recognise this truth in the privileges which they confer upon freeholders; and public opinion acknowledges it also, in the confidence which it reposes upon those who have what is called a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms; and with how much propriety any one may understand who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gipsies, tinkers, and potters.

"The feeling of local attachment was possessed by Daniel Dove in the highest

degree. Spurzheim and the crazyologists would have found out a bump on his head for its local habitation;—letting that quackery pass, it is enough for me to know that he derived this feeling from his birth as a mountaineer, and that he had also a right to it by inheritance, as one whose ancestors had from time immemorial dwelt upon the same estate. Smile not contemptuously at that word, ye whose domains extend over more square miles than there were square roods upon his patrimony! To have held that little patrimony unimpaired, as well as unenlarged, through so many generations, implies more contentment, more happiness, and a more uniform course of steadiness and good conduct, than could be found in the proudest of your genealogies!

“The most sacred spot upon earth to him was his father’s hearth-stead. Rhine, Rhone, Danube, Thames or Tiber, the mighty Ganges or the mightier Maranon, even Jordan itself, affected his imagination less than the Greta, or Wease as he was wont to call it, of his native fields; whose sounds in his boyhood were the first which he heard at morning and the last at night, and during so many peaceful and happy years made as it were an accompaniment to his solitary musings, as he walked between his father’s house and his schoolmaster’s, to and fro.

“Next to that wild river Wease, whose visible course was as delightful to the eye and ear, as its subterranean one was to the imagination, he loved the Don. He was not one of those refined persons who like to lessen their admiration of one object by comparing it with another. It entered as little into his mind to depreciate the Don because it was not a mountain stream, as it did into Corporal Trim’s or Uncle Toby’s to think the worse of Bohemia because it has no sea-coast. What if it had no falls, no rapids or resting-places, no basins whose pellucid water might tempt Diana and the Oreades to bathe in it; instead of these the Don had beauties of its own, and utilities which give to such beauties when combined with them an additional charm. There was not a more pleasing object in the landscape to his eyes than the broad sail of a barge slowly moving between the trees, and bearing into the interior of England the produce of the Baltic, and of the East and West.

“The place in the world which he loved best was Ingleton, because in that little peaceful village, as in his childhood it was, he had once known every body and every body had known him; and all his recollections of it were pleasurable, till time cast over them a softening but

a pensive hue. But next to Ingleton he loved Doncaster.

“And wherefore did he thus like Doncaster? For a better reason than the epigrammatist could give for not liking Dr Fell, though perhaps many persons have no better than that epigrammatist had in this case, for most of their likings and dislikings. He liked it because he must have been a very unreasonable man if he had not been thankful that his lot had fallen there—because he was useful and respected there, contented, prosperous, happy; finally, because it is a very likeable place, being one of the most comfortable towns in England: for it is clean, spacious, in a salubrious situation, well-built, well-governed, has no manufactures, few poor, a greater proportion of inhabitants who are not engaged in any trade or calling, than perhaps any other town in the kingdom, and moreover it sends no members to parliament.”

We should like to have written that—but we cannot say the same of the following hundred pages or thereabouts, which were felt by us—do what we could to prevent it—very, very wearisome—let us say it at once—insufferably stupid. They must have been indited as a cunning if not cruel experiment on the Christian virtue of patience. We verily believe we are the only man living who has read them—and offer to bet a barrel of oysters with any sporting character of a literary turn, that he does not perform the distance at one sitting without sleep. The sentences are almost all short, for the writer is never long-winded, yet he has contrived, by some strange skill, to make them produce the effect of the most excessive tediousness—with this difference, that for one long yawn which every studious person, when engaged in the perusal of even a favourite author, must often have felt to be a relief to that state of suffering out of which it expands, we were here subjected to an unintermitting succession of short yawns, that so far from soothing, irritated even our placid temper, and if inflicted on the jaws of an ordinary mortal, would infallibly drive him to some act of desperation.

Perhaps it may be felt by some that the beginning of what follows is rather sleepy—but we promise them, if they will not give way, amusement from the agreeable gossip in

the extract—and then how touching the close!

“The great frost commenced in the winter of that year; and with the many lingering thoughts which Daniel cast towards his home, a wish was mingled that he could see the frozen waterfall in Weathercote Cave.

“It was a remarkable era in Doncaster also, because the organ was that year erected, at the cost of five hundred guineas, raised by voluntary subscription among the parishioners. Harris and Byfield were the builders, and it is still esteemed one of the best in the kingdom. When it was opened, the then curate, Mr Fawkes, preached a sermon for the occasion, in which, after having rhetorized in praise of sacred music, and touched upon the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments, he turned to the organ and apostrophized it thus:—‘But O what—O what—what shall I call thee by? thou divine box of sounds!’

“That right old worthy Francis Quarles of quaint memory,—and the more to be remembered for his quaintness,—knew how to improve an organ somewhat better than Mr Fawkes. His poem upon one is the first in his *Divine Fancies*, and whether he would have it ranked among Epigrams, Meditations, or Observations, perhaps he could not himself tell. The reader may class it as he pleases,

‘Observe this organ: mark but how it goes!
’Tis not the hand alone of him that blows
The unseen bellows, nor the hand that plays
Upon the apparent note-dividing keys,
That makes these well-composed airs appear
Before the high tribunal of thine ear
They both concur; each acts his several part;
The one gives it breath, the other lends it art.
Man is this organ; to whose every action
Heaven gives a breath (a breath without coaction),
Without which blast we cannot act at all;
Without which breath the universe must fall
To the first nothing it was made of—seeing
In Him we live, we move, we have our being.
Thus filled with His diviner breath, and bask’t
With His first power, we touch the keys and act:
He blows the bellows; as we thrive in skill,
Our actions prove, like music, good or ill.’

“The question whether instrumental music may lawfully be introduced into the worship of God in the churches of the New Testament, has been considered by Cotton Mather, and answered to his own satisfaction and that of his contemporary countrymen and their fellow Puritans, in his ‘*Historical Remarks upon the Discipline practised in the Churches of New England.*’—‘The instrumental music used in the old Church of Israel,’ he says, ‘was an institution of God; it was the commandment of the Lord by the prophets; and the instruments are called God’s instruments, and instruments of the Lord. Now there is not one word of institution in the New Testament for instrumental music in the worship

of God. And because the holy God rejects all he does not command in his worship, he now therefore in effect says to us, *I will not hear the melody of thy organs.* But, on the other hand, the rule given doth abundantly intimate that no voice is now heard in the church but what is significant, and edifying by signification; which the voice of instruments is not.’

“Worse logic than this and weaker reasoning, no one would wish to meet with in the controversial writings of a writer from whose opinions he differs most widely. The remarks form part of that extraordinary and highly interesting work, the *Magnalia Christi Americana*. Cotton Mather is such an author as Fuller would have been, if he, old English worthy, instead of having been from a child trained up in the way he should go, had been Calvinistic till the milk of human kindness with which his heart was always ready to overflow had turned sour.

“‘Though instrumental music,’ he proceeds to say, ‘were admitted and appointed in the worship of God under the Old Testament, yet we do not find it practised in the synagogue of the Jews, but only in the Temple. It thence appears to have been a part of the ceremonial pedagogy which is now abolished; nor can any say it was a part of moral worship. And whereas the common usage now hath confined instrumental music to cathedrals, it seems therein too much to Judaize,—which to do is a part of the anti-Christian apostasy,—as well as to paganize. If we admit instrumental music in the worship of God, how can we resist the imposition of all the instruments used among the ancient Jews? Yea dancing, as well as playing, and several other Judaic actions?’

“During the short but active reign of the Puritans in England, they acted upon this preposterous opinion, and sold the church organs, without being scrupulous concerning the uses to which they might be applied. A writer of that age, speaking of the prevalence of drunkenness as a national vice, says, ‘that nothing may be wanting to the height of luxury and impiety of this abomination, they have translated the organs out of the churches to set them up in taverns, chaunting their dithyrambs and bestial bacchanals to the tune of those instruments which were wont to assist them in the celebration of God’s praises, and regulate the voices of the worst singers in the world,—which are the English in their churches at present.’

“It cannot be supposed that the organs which were thus disposed of, were instruments of any great cost or value. An old pair of organs, (for that was the customary mode of expression, meaning a set,—and in like manner a pair of cards, for a pack;)—an old pair of this kind belonging to Lambeth church was sold in 1565 for L. 1, 10s. Church organs, therefore, even if they had

not been at a revolutionary price, would be within the purchase of an ordinary vintner. 'In country parish churches,' says Mr Denne, the antiquary, 'even where the district was small, there was often a choir of singers, for whom forms, desks, and books were provided; and they probably most of them had benefactors who supplied them with a pair of organs that might more properly have been termed a box of whistles. To the best of my recollection, there were in the chapels of some of the colleges in Cambridge, very, very indifferent instruments. That of the chapel belonging to our old house was removed before I was admitted.'

"The use of the organ has occasioned a great commotion, if not a schism, among the Methodists of late. Yet our holy Herbert could call church music the 'sweetest of sweets;' and describe himself when listening to it, as disengaged from the body, and 'rising and falling with its wings.'

"Harris, the chief builder of the Doncaster organ, was a contemporary and rival of Father Smith, famous among organists. Each built one for the Temple Church, and Father Smith's had most votes in its favour. The peculiarity of the Doncaster organ, which was Harris's masterpiece, is its having, in the great organ, two trumpets and a clarion throughout the whole compass; and these stops are so excellent, that a celebrated musician said every pipe in them was worth its weight in silver.

"Our doctor dated from that year, in his own recollections, as the great era of his life. It served also for many of the Doncastrians, as a date to which they carried back their computations, till the generation which remembered the erecting of the organ was extinct.

"This was the age of church improvement in Doncaster—meaning here by church, the material structure. Just thirty years before, the church had been beautified and the ceiling painted, too probably to the disfigurement of works of a better architectural age. In 1721, the old peal of five bells was replaced with eight new ones, of new metal, heretofore spoken of. In 1723, the church floor and churchyard, which had both been unlevelled by death's levelling course, were levelled anew, and new rails were placed to the altar. Two years later the corporation gave the new clock, and it was fixed to strike on the watch bell—that clock which numbered the hours of Daniel Dove's life from the age of seventeen till that of seventy. In 1736, the west gallery was put up, and in 1741, ten years after the organ, a new pulpit, but not in the old style; for pulpits, which are among the finest works of art in Brabant and Flanders, had degenerated in England, and in other protestant countries.

"This probably was owing, in our own

country, as much to the prevalence of Puritanism, as to the general depravation of taste. It was for their beauty or their splendour that the early Quakers inveighed with such vehemence against pulpits, 'many of which places,' saith George Keith in his quaking days, 'as we see in England and many other countries, have a great deal of superfluity, and vain and superfluous labour and pains of carving, painting and varnishing upon them, together with your cloth and cushion in many places; because of which, and not for the height of them above the ground, we call them chief places. But as for a commodious place above the ground whereon to stand when one doth speak in an assembly, it was never condemned by our friends, who also have places whereon to stand, when to minister, as they had under the law.'

"In 1743, a marble communion table was placed in the church—(and passing forward more rapidly than the regular march of this narration, in order to present these ecclesiastical matters without interruption)—a set of chimes were fixed in 1754—merry be the memory of those by whom this good work was effected! The north and south galleries were rebuilt in 1765; and in 1767, the church was white-washed, a new reading desk put up, the pulpit removed to what was deemed a more convenient station, and Mrs Neale gave a velvet embroidered cover and cushion for it—for which her name is enrolled among the benefactors of St George's Church.

"That velvet which, when I remember it, had lost the bloom of its complexion, will hardly have been preserved till now even by the dyer's renovating aid: and its embroidery has long since passed through the goldsmith's crucible. *Sic transit* excites a more melancholy feeling in me when a recollection like this arises in my mind, than even the 'forlorn *hic jacet*' of a neglected tombstone. Indeed such is the softening effect of time upon those who have not been rendered obdurate and insensible by the world and the world's law, that I do not now call to mind without some emotion even that pulpit, to which I certainly bore no good-will in early life, when it was my fortune to hear from it so many sonuiferous discourses; and to bear away from it, upon pain of displeasure in those whose displeasure to me was painful, so many texts, chapter and verse, few or none of which had been improved to my advantage. 'Public sermons'—(hear! hear! for Martin Luther speaketh!) 'public sermons do very little edify children, who observe and learn but little thereby. It is more needful that they be taught and well instructed with diligence in schools; and at home that they be orderly heard and examined in what they have learned. This way profiteth much; it is

indeed very wearisome, but it is very necessary.' May I not then confess that no turn of expression, however felicitous—no collocation of words, however emphatic and beautiful—no other sentences whatsoever, although rounded, or pointed for effect with the most consummate skill, have ever given me so much delight, as those dear phrases which are employed in winding up a sermon, when it is brought to its long-wished-for close.

"It is not always, nor necessarily thus; nor ever would be so if these things were ordered as they might and ought to be. Hugh Latimer, Bishop Taylor, Robert South, John Wesley, Robert Hall, Bishop Jebb, Bishop Heber, Christopher Benson, your hearers felt no such tedium! when you reached that period it was to them like the cessation of a strain of music, which while it lasted had rendered them insensible to the lapse of time.

"I would not," said Luther, 'have preachers torment their hearers and detain them with long and tedious preaching.'

The Doctor's biographer has a mortal antipathy—we had almost said so have we—to long sermons. They should never, he thinks, fall short of fifteen minutes, and seldom extend to half an hour. Mr Bacon—of whom more anon—generally abridged from some good old divine. His own compositions, he tells us, were few, and only upon points on which he wished carefully to examine and digest his own thoughts, or which were peculiarly suited to some or other of his hearers. His whole stock might be deemed scanty in those days—but we are assured that there was not one in it which would not well bear repetition, and the more observant of his congregation liked that they should be repeated. We have never had the good fortune to meet with the "Monitor for Young Ministers," but from the specimen quoted, we should suppose it must be full of the soundest advice. In it young ministers are earnestly advised long to refrain from preaching their own productions. Why? In the first place, simply because not one in a hundred can write a good sermon—and secondly, because it is not possible that he can be competent to preach it with effect—his youth and youthful manner being fatal to effect, except on girls and unmarried ladies of a certain age, whom so to move

is not the chief end of a sermon. What, then, ought the young minister to do? Preach the divines. What subject in the Christian religion have they not illuminated? Many of their works are so neglected, that, in availing himself of the treasures of their wisdom, he need be under no fear of detection; for the Monitor says, "they are become almost new ground for our generation. To these he may freely resort." On no account must he think that his own efforts are fit for the public ear. On some new or occasional emergencies, indeed, he may be under the necessity of trying his hand at a suitable discourse, and of making the best patchwork of it he can; but, during the long run, he must stick to "the wisest and the best of men, the weight of whose little fingers, in argument or instruction, will be greater than his own loins, *even at his highest maturity.*" How is he to do, then, on reaching his highest maturity? The same argument seems to demand that he shall still hold by the little fingers of the giants. Fair play, however, is a jewel. And, surely, neither the Monitor for Young Ministers, nor the Biographer of the Doctor, would seriously advise young men to pass off for their own "the numerous works which men of the greatest learning and piety have left behind them for our assistance and edification." If his "very youth and youthful manner, both in his style of writing and in his delivery, must preclude him from being effective," how is a lad to get over the difficulty of his delivery when preaching a screed of one of the wisest and best of men, the weight of whose little fingers in argument and instruction is greater than his own loins? He must announce the name of the divine on whom he draws at sight, or let his congregation understand, by some preconcerted signal, when he is about to spout a bit of his own composition.

There may be more difficulty in settling this question than appears on the surface—but there can be none whatever in this injunction—be short. True, a preacher may be at once short and soporific; still when, on awaking, you perceive from your watch that you cannot well

have been sleeping above a quarter of an hour—the whole sermon having occupied just twenty minutes—you not only forgive him, but with a grateful heart see him descending from the pulpit. It is a mistake to think that people like a long sermon because it affords opportunity as well as temptation for a long sleep. They would rather enjoy half an hour's slumber in their own parlour, than a whole hour's in their own pew; for general as the practice is, we are all conscious of a certain indecorum in public sleeping; and not one man in a hundred, on partially recovering from his stupor, that is not seen to colour with confusion of face, and "to startle like a guilty thing surprised" at the unexpected Amen.

In Scotland, young preachers are much more ambitious than in England. They must all be eloquent; and it is rare to hear one of them, who seems not, in spite of all his fervour, to care more about the style of his sermon than the state of your soul. Yet is the word *salvation* in every other sentence, and with the curls sedulously arranged on his temples the dandy is declamatory on the most awful mysteries on which the grey-haired sitter in the shade meditates and is mute. Crowds go to the kirk or to the theatre to see some new performer—and no words of ours can do justice to "one particular star." When may we hope to see this crying evil abated? And how, think you, in Scotland do we choose our clergymen? Competitors succeed each other in the pulpit—each fires off his sermon—and the audience decide by vote which is the successful discharge. This is our system!

There is some questionable matter in the following quaint extract—but with some limitations and modifications we believe it might be made all right.

"'He that learns of young men,' says Rabbi Jose Bar Jehudah, 'is like a man that eats unripe grapes, or that drinks wine out of the wine-press; but he that learneth of the ancient, is like a man that eateth ripe grapes, and drinketh wine that is old.'

"It was not in pursuance of any judicious advice like this, that Mr Bacon followed the course here pointed out, but from his own good sense and natural hu-

mility. His only ambition was to be useful; if a desire may be called ambitious which originated in the sincere sense of duty. To think of distinguishing himself in any other way, would for him, he well knew, have been worse than an idle dream. The time expended in composing a sermon as a perfunctory official business, would have been worse than wasted for himself, and the time employed in delivering it, no better than wasted upon his congregation. He was especially careful never to weary them, and therefore never to preach any thing which was not likely to engage their attention, and make at least some present impression. His own sermons effected this, because they were always composed with some immediate view, or under the influence of some deep and strong feeling; and in his adopted ones, the different manner of the different authors produced an awakening effect. Good sense is as often to be found among the illiterate, as among those who have enjoyed the opportunities of education. Many of his hearers who knew but one meaning of the word style, and had never heard it used in any other, perceived a difference in the manner of Bishops Hall, and Sanderson, and Jeremy Taylor, of Barrow, and South and Scott, without troubling themselves about the cause, or being in the slightest degree aware of it.

"Mr Bacon neither undervalued his parishioners, nor overvalued the good which could be wrought among them by direct instruction of this kind. While he used perspicuous language, he knew that they who listened to it would be able to follow the argument; and as he drew always from the wells of English undefiled, he was safe on that point. But that all even of the adults would listen, and that all even of those who did, would do any thing more than hear, he was too well acquainted with human nature to expect.

"A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr Bacon's neither in length nor depth. 'Wud I hae the presumption?' was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty, as well as sbe could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles, when it was given out.

"'Well Mr Jackson,' said his Minis-

ter, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; 'well, Mr Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!' 'Ay, sir,' replied Jackson, 'it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing.'

"'Let my candle go out in a stink, when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it.' The author to whose little book I am beholden for this true anecdote, after saying 'Such was the religion of this worthy man,' justly adds, 'and such must be the religion of most men of his station. Doubtless, it is a wise dispensation that it is so. For so it has been from the beginning of the world, and there is no visible reason to suppose that it can ever be otherwise.'

"'In spite,' says this judicious writer, 'of all the zealous wishes and efforts of the most pious and laborious teachers, the religion of the bulk of the people must and will ever be little more than mere habit, and confidence in others. This must of necessity be the case with all men, who from defect of nature or education, or from other worldly causes, have not the power or the disposition to think; and it cannot be disputed that the far greater number of mankind are of this class. These facts give peculiar force to those lessons which teach the importance and efficacy of good example from those who are blessed with higher qualifications; and they strongly demonstrate the necessity that the zeal of those who wish to impress the people with the deep and awful mysteries of religion, should be tempered by wisdom and discretion, no less than by patience, forbearance, and a great latitude of indulgence for uncontrollable circumstances. They also call upon us most powerfully to do all we can to provide such teachers, and imbue them with such principles as shall not endanger the good cause by over earnest efforts to effect more than, in the nature of things, can be done; or disturb the existing good by attempting more than will be borne, or by producing hypocritical pretences of more than can be really felt.'

"The Doctor" is the most rambling biography that ever was written; but not so our Articles, which keep him to the even or uneven tenor of his way, in spite of all digres-

sion. 'Tis thus we clarify his course, till the orbit is only a little less bright than the orb. "Why, my dear North, I read through both volumes, as I thought (there is now a third), and never caught a glimpse of the Doctor. In your Article I saw him large as life." "Read the book again, my dear Tim, by the light of that Article—hark back—and then leaving Ingleton, come with us to Doncaster, and thou wilt find it hard to say which is the more delightful place, and containeth the more pleasant people. Here comes Dan."

"Daniel had then completed his twenty-second year. Every summer he paid a month's visit to his parents; and those were happy days, not the less so to all parties because his second home had become almost as dear to him as his first. Guy did not live to see the progress of his pupil; he died a few months after the lad had been placed at Doncaster, and the delight of Daniel's first return was overclouded by this loss. It was a severe one to the elder Daniel, who lost in the Schoolmaster his only intellectual companion.

"I have sought in vain for Richard Guy's tombstone in Ingleton churchyard. That there is one there can hardly, I think, be doubted; for if he left no relations who regarded him, nor perhaps effects enough of his own to defray this last posthumous and not necessary expense; and if Thomas Gent of York, who published the old poem of Flodden Field from his transcript, after his death, thought he required no other monument, Daniel was not likely to omit this last tribute of respect and affection to his friend. But the churchyard, which, when his mortal remains were deposited there, accorded well with its romantic site, on a little eminence above the roaring torrent, and with the then retired character of the village, and with the solemn use to which it was consecrated, is now a thickly-peopled burial-ground. Since their time manufactures have been established in Ingleton, and though eventually they proved unsuccessful, and were consequently abandoned, yet they continued long enough in work largely to increase the population of the churchyard. Amid so many tombs the stone which marked poor Guy's resting-place might escape even a more diligent search than mine. Nearly a century has elapsed since it was set up: in the course of that time its inscription not having been retouched, must have become illegible to all but an antiquary's poring and practised eyes; and perhaps to them also unless aided by his tracing tact,

and by the conjectural supply of connecting words, syllables or letters: indeed the stone itself has probably become half interred, as the earth around it has been disturbed and raised. Time corrodes our epitaphs, and buries our very tombstones.

“Returning pensively from my unsuccessful search in the churchyard to the little inn at Ingleton, I found there upon a sampler, worked in 1824 by Elizabeth Brown, aged 9, and framed as an ornament for the room which I occupied, some lines in as moral a strain of verse as any which I had that day perused among the tombs. And I transcribed them for preservation, thinking it not improbable that they had been originally composed by Richard Guy for the use of his female scholars, and handed down for a like purpose, from one generation to another. This may be only a fond imagination, and perhaps it might not have occurred to me at another time; but many compositions have been ascribed in modern as well as ancient times, and indeed daily are so, to more celebrated persons, upon less likely grounds. These are the verses—

‘Jesus, permit thy gracious name to stand
As the first effort of an infant’s hand;
And as her fingers on the sampler move,
Engage her tender heart to seek thy love;
With thy dear children may she have a part,
And write thy name thyself upon her heart.’”

Up to this time Dan was no Doctor. But Peter Hopkins was willing that he should go to Leyden and take his degree; and Old Daniel, too, was willing his beloved son should do so, for he was well read in the history of the War in the Netherlands down to the year 1608, and all its events. There was none which had so strongly affected his imagination as the siege of Leyden. The patient fortitude of the besieged—says the Biographer—and their deliverance, less by the exertions of man (though no human exertions were omitted) than by the special mercy of Him whom the elements obey, and in whom they had put their trust, were, in the strong and pious mind of Daniel, things of more touching interest than the tragedy of Haarlem or the wonders of military science and of courage displayed at the siege of Antwerp. On that theme our friend descants with great fervour of spirit—and thus it was that Dan left Doncaster for Leyden.

“The elder Daniel saw in the marked improvement of his son at every yearly visit more and more cause to be satisfied with himself for having given him such a desti-

nation, and to thank Providence that the youth was placed with a master whose kindness and religious care of him might truly be called fatherly. There was but one consideration which sometimes interfered with that satisfaction, and brought with it a sense of uneasiness. The Doves from time immemorial had belonged to the soil as fixedly as the soil had belonged to them. Generation after generation they had moved in the same contracted sphere, their wants and wishes being circumscribed alike within their own few hereditary acres. Pride, under whatever form it may show itself, is of the devil: and though family pride may not be its most odious manifestation, even that child bears a sufficient ugly likeness of its father. But family feeling is a very different thing, and may exist as strongly in humble as in high life. Naboth was as much attached to the vineyard, the inheritance of his fathers, as Ahab could be to the throne which had been the prize, and the reward, or punishment, of his father Omri’s ambition.

“This feeling sometimes induced a doubt in Daniel whether affection for his son had not made him overlook his duty to his forefathers;—whether the fixtures of the land are not happier and less in the way of evil than the movables;—whether he had done right in removing the lad from that station of life in which he was born, in which it had pleased God to place him; divorcing him as it were from his paternal soil, and cutting off the entail of that sure independence, that safe contentment, which his ancestors had obtained and preserved for him, and transmitted to his care to be in like manner by him preserved and handed down. The latent poetry which there was in the old man’s heart made him sometimes feel as if the fields and the brook, and the hearth and the graves reproached him for having done this! But then he took shelter in the reflection that he had consulted the boy’s true welfare, by giving him opportunities of storing and enlarging his mind; that he had placed him in the way of intellectual advancement, where he might improve the talents which were committed to his charge, both for his own benefit and for that of his fellow-creatures. Certain he was that whether he had acted wisely or not, he had meant well. He was conscious that his determination had not been made without much and anxious deliberation, nor without much and earnest prayer; hitherto, he saw, that the blessing which he prayed for had followed it, and he endeavoured to make his heart rest in thankful and pious hope that that blessing would be continued. ‘Wouldst thou know,’ says Quarles, ‘the lawfulness of the action which thou desirest to undertake, let thy devotion

recommend it to divine blessing. If it be lawful thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer; if unlawful thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart. That action is not warrantable which either blushes to beg a blessing, or, having succeeded, dares not present a thanksgiving.' Daniel might safely put his conduct to this test; and to this test in fact his own healthy and uncorrupted sense of religion led him, though probably he had never read these golden words of Quarles the Emblemist.

"It was therefore with no ordinary delight that our good Daniel received a letter from his son, asking permission to go to Leyden, in conformity with his master's wishes, and there prosecute his studies long enough to graduate as a doctor in medicine. Mr Hopkins, he said, would generously take upon himself the whole expense, having adopted him as his successor, and almost as a son; for as such he was treated in all respects, both by him and by his mistress, who was one of the best of women. And indeed it appeared that Mr Hopkins had long entertained this intention, by the care which he had taken to make him keep up and improve the knowledge of Latin which he had acquired under Mr Guy.

"The father's consent, as might be supposed, was thankfully given; and accordingly Daniel Dove, in the twenty-third year of his age, embarked from Kingston upon Hull for Rotterdam, well provided by the care and kindness of his benevolent master with letters of introduction and of credit; and still better provided with those religious principles which, though they cannot insure prosperity in this world, insure to us things of infinitely greater moment—good conduct, peace of mind, and the everlasting reward of the righteous."

At Leyden Dan took his degree, and fell in love with a Burgemeester's daughter. He often sat near her—not in the same but an adjacent pew, in the English Presbyterian kirk—and "God forgive me!" he used to say, after the lapse almost of half a century, "for every Sunday while she was worshipping her Maker, I used to worship her." The Doctor used also to say that his love for her was in two respects like the small-pox—"for he took it by inoculation, and having taken it, he was secured from ever having the disease in a more dangerous form." We cannot say we clearly understand the meaning of "inoculation" here; but we do feel the meaning of this—"having frequent and unobserved opportunity of observing her

lovely face, the countenance became fixed so perfectly in his mind, that even after the lapse of forty years he was sure, he said, that if he had possessed a painter's art he could have produced her likeness,—and having her beauty thus impressed upon his imagination, any other appeared to him only as a foil to it, during that part of his life when he was so circumstanced that it would have been an act of imprudence for him to run in love." And here his biographer waxeth witty after his own fashion, and smiles to think how many of his readers when they are reading this chapter aloud in a domestic circle, will bring up at the expression *running in love*. "Amorosa who flies into love—and Amatura who flutters as if she were about to do the same—and Amoretta who dances into it—(poor creatures! God help them all three)—and Amanda—Heaven bless her! who will be led to it gently and leisurely along the path of discretion, they all make a sudden stop at the words." The Doctor *fell in love* with the Burgemeester's daughter, and his biographer saith so advisedly—for Dan himself could not have been more surprised if "missing his way in a fog, and supposing himself to be in the Breestraat of Leyden where there is no canal, he had fallen into the water; nor could he have been more completely over head and ears at once. A man falls in love, just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident perhaps—and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he *runs in love*, it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally, and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously." Besides falling in love, and running in love—and flying in love, and walking in love—there is catching love—and the Doctor, a good many years after the affair at Leyden, took a severe affection of that kind. Where the love is imprudent—that is, when marriage ought *not* to be—our moralist holds there must be some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. But

sometimes the circumstances may be such as leave no room for censure, even when there may be most cause for compassion—and such was the Doctor's case with poor Lucy Bevan. Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly—says our gnostic—"of the running sort." To such in general he would prefer—on the score of probability of happiness to the parties—"a plain business of bargain and sale." And the reason he gives for that preference shows a profound insight into the character of Englishwomen. "The man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense, a good wife; and while Englishwomen continue to be what, thank Heaven, they are, he is likely to do so; but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel." Thou Heiress! good as bright, remember the beadsman's say, and no thorn shall ever find its way into the peaceful pillow on which lies beside thine the head of thy Lord and Master.

But who was poor Lucy Bevan? We must tell you—though by giving this passage in the Doctor's life, we disturb the chronological order of our article. By and by you shall know who was Deborah Bacon—whose name you see here—but mean-while a few words will suffice for Lucy.

"He had attended poor Lucy Bevan from the eighteenth year of her age, when a tendency to consumption first manifested itself in her, till the twenty fifth, when she sunk under that slow and insidious malady. She, who for five of those seven years, fancied herself during every interval, or mitigation of the disease, restored to health, or in the way of recovery, had fixed her affections upon him. And he who had gained those affections by his kind and careful attendance upon a case of which he soon saw cause to apprehend the fatal termination, becoming aware of her attachment as he became more and more mournfully convinced that no human skill could save her, found himself unawares engaged in a second passion, as hopeless as his first. That had been wilful; this was equally against his will and his judgment: that

had been a folly, this was an affliction. And the only consolation which he found in it was, that the consciousness of loving and of being beloved, which made him miserable, was a happiness to her as long as she retained a hope of life, or was capable of feeling satisfaction in any thing relating to this world. Caroline Bowles, whom no authoress or author has ever surpassed in truth and tenderness and sanctity of feeling, could relate such a story as it ought to be related,—if stories which in themselves are purely painful ought ever to be told. I will not attempt to tell it:—for I wish not to draw upon the reader's tears, and have none to spare for it myself.

"This unhappy attachment, though he never spoke of it, being always but too certain in what it must end, was no secret to Mr Bacon and his daughter: and when death had dissolved the earthly tie, it seemed to them, as it did to himself, that his affections were wedded to the dead. It was likely that the widower should think so, judging of his friend's heart by his own.

'Sorrow and Time will ever paint too well
The lost when hopeless, all things loved in vain.'

"His feelings upon such a point had been expressed for him by a most prolific and unequal writer, whose poems, more perhaps than those of any other English author, deserve to be carefully winnowed, the grain, which is of the best quality, being now lost amid the heap of chaff.

'Lord keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me:
To her now dead, preserve me just
In all that should be performed be.
For though our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.'

"The knowledge that the Doctor's heart was thus engaged at the time of their first acquaintance, had given to Deborah's intercourse with him an easy frankness which otherwise might perhaps not have been felt, and could not have been assumed; and the sister-like feeling into which this had grown, underwent no change after Lucy Bevan's death. He mean time saw that she was so happy with her father, and supposed her father's happiness so much depended upon her, that to have entertained a thought of separating them (even if the suitability of such a marriage in other respects had ever entered into his imagination) would have seemed to him like a breach of friendship. Yet, if Mr Bacon had died before he opened his mind to the Doctor upon occasion of Joseph Hebblethwaite's proposal, it is probable that one of the

first means of consolation which would have occurred to him, would have been to offer the desolate daughter a home, together with his hand; so well was he acquainted with her domestic merits, so highly did he esteem her character, and so truly did he admire the gifts with which Nature had endowed her,—

‘her sweet humour
That was as easy as a calm, and peaceful;
All her affections, like the dews on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and
gentle.’”

The exquisite beauty of this passage will be more deeply felt on another perusal, after you have read our article to its close. And now, should you feel in the least degree wearied, lay Maga down—most radiant of readers—take up thy knitting, and with thy large soft hazel eyes fixed thereon—and fair slim fingers mechanically doing their work while thy heart is beating with the thought of one far away—sink through dream and vision of thine own—and on thy return from paradise resume in our pages a Tale of Love.

“The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages, are between those *who have grown in love*. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry—take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest and loveliest of English Poets; and if ye doubt upon the strength of my opinion, whether Daniel (not the Doctor—nor the Hebrew prophet Daniel—but the English Poet Daniel) deserves such praise, ask Leigh Hunt, or the Laureate, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb.” We shall not quote the old English Poet Daniel, but we shall quote—and that too with pure delight—the young American Poetess, Mary Brooks. In the third volume of “Specimens of American Poetry” (Boston, 1829) we find it thus written:—“*After an examination of the first canto (of Zophiel), and learning that it did not succeed in this, the native country of the writer, Mr Southey wrote her a letter, requesting that the subsequent cantos might be published in England, and offering to superintend their introduction to the public. We hope she will not be obliged to accept of this foreign hospitality, through the indifference or neglect of her countrymen.*” Perhaps Mr

Southey directed the attention of the Biographer of the Doctor to Zophiel. Here are the four stanzas quoted from that poem—the name of which is given at the foot of the page, without a syllable about the author! As Spenser saith, we think we can here “fine footing trace”—but when was our sagacity ever at fault—or when did we ever challenge on a wrong scent—or follow any scent but of the fallow or the red deer?

“The bard has sung, God never form’d a soul

Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown
the whole

Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly,
most complete!

“But thousand evil things there are that hate

To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,

And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,

Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine
and pant and bleed.

“And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,

Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,

Lights sadly at the desert’s bitter
stream;

“So many a soul o’er life’s drear desert faring,

Love’s pure congenial spring unfound,
unquaff’d,

Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing

Of what it would, descends and sips
the nearest draught.”

“So sings *Maria del Occidente*, the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.” The praise is high—perhaps extravagant—but Southey will not seek to lower it, and such words will console and elevate her spirit in Cuba’s isle, or wherever it now listens to the music of the Atlantic wave.

But before showing how the Doctor, “grew in love,” his biographer judiciously maketh “an attempt to remove the unpleasant impression produced upon the ladies by the Doctor’s tie-wig, and his suit of snuff-coloured dittos.” In that chapter—the LVII.—he declares “that he must not allow the feminine part of his read-

ers to suppose that the Doctor when in his prime of life, was not a likeable person in appearance, as well as in every thing else, although he wore what in the middle of the last century was the costume of a respectable country practitioner in medicine. Though at Leyden he could only look at a Burgemeester's daughter as a cat may look at a king, there was not a mayor or alderman's daughter in Doncaster who would have thought herself disparaged if he had fixed his eyes on her, and made her a proffer of his hand." He then proceeds to take off the aforesaid snuff-colour coat with its broad deep cuffs, but allows that the waistcoat with its long flaps, and the breeches that barely reach to the knee, will provoke the merriment of the young ladies of our day. It might be thought indecorous to proceed farther in undressing the Doctor—"and if I conceal these (the shorts) under a loose morning gown of green damask, the insuperable periwig would still remain." Doff it, and lo! the slape sponce of the Doctor, with an equal development of Ideality and Philoprogenitiveness and Number One. Or,

"Let me then present him to your imagination, setting forth on horseback in that sort of weather which no man encounters voluntarily, but which men of his profession who practise in the country are called upon to face at all seasons and all hours. Look at him in a great-coat of the closest texture that the looms of Leeds could furnish,—one of those dreadnoughts the utility of which sets fashion at defiance. You will not observe his boot-stockings coming high above the knees; the coat covers them; and if it did not, you would be far from despising them now. His tie-wig is all but hidden under a hat, the brim of which is broad enough to answer in some degree the use of an umbrella. Look at him now, about to set off on some case of emergency; with haste in his expressive eyes, and a cast of thoughtful anxiety over one of the most benignant countenances that Nature ever impressed with the characters of good-humour and good sense!

"Was he then so handsome? you say. Nay, ladies, I know not whether you would have called him so: for among the things which were too wonderful for him, yea, which he knew not, I suspect that Solomon might have included a

woman's notion of handsomeness in man."

Such, then, was Doctor Daniel Dove in the twenty-sixth year of his age, settled at Doncaster, "neither married, nor engaged, nor likely to be so." And was it destined that he should be the last of his race? He thought so—"the speedy extinction of his family in his own person was often in the Doctor's mind, and he would sometimes touch upon it when, in his moods of autumnal feeling, he was conversing with those persons whom he had received into his heart of hearts." His expression of such forebodings occupies several pages, and there are none more beautiful in the book; but, nevertheless, he was born to be a Benedict—and, pray, who was to be his wife? She was, quoth his biographer, "a descendant of Noah, and of his eldest son Japhet. She was allied, however, to Ham in another way besides this remote nice ship.

As how, I pray you, sir?

Her maiden name was Bacon."

Mrs Dove (she is not married yet) was the only child of a clergyman, who held a small vicarage in the West-Riding. Leonard Bacon, her father, had been left an orphan in early youth. "He was made of finest clay, and Nature had tempered it with the choicest dews of heaven." He had a female cousin about three years younger than himself, and in like manner an orphan, equally destitute, but far more forlorn. How they became orphans is pathetically told—but you must read it in the book. Leonard Bacon in due time was elected from school to a scholarship at—College Oxford, and Margaret Palmer lived with her aunt, Miss Trewbody, in Salisbury, who was by no means the most amiable old maid in the world, though a different view of her character was taken by her epitaph. It "recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than grey

peas, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death had occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern." We have known a few mild old maids, but most of them are bitter to a pitch of acidity that no sugar supplied from without can sweeten or subdue. No sayings or doings of ours—say or do whatever the most Christian disposition may suggest as most proper for the occasion—can soften their rugged fronts. Such an one was Miss Trewbody; and her chief joy—cards and cordials excepted—was to tyrannize in every imaginable and unimaginable way over her orphan niece, as a fiend would do with an angel in its power. But that misery was not to last for ever—and Leonard came to the rescue of his Margaret.

"When Leonard had resided three years at Oxford, one of his college friends invited him to pass the long vacation at his father's house, which happened to be within an easy ride of Salisbury. One morning therefore he rode to that city, rung at Miss Trewbody's door, and having sent in his name, was admitted into the parlour, where there was no one to receive him, while Miss Trewbody adjusted her head-dress at the toilette, before she made her appearance. Her feelings, while she was thus employed, were not of the pleasantest kind toward this unexpected guest; and she was prepared to accost him with a reproof for his extravagance in undertaking so long a journey, and with some mortifying questions concerning the business which brought him there. But this amiable intention was put to flight, when Leonard, as soon as she entered the room, informed her that having accepted an invitation into that neighbourhood from his friend and fellow-collegian, the son of Sir Lambert Bowles, he had taken the earliest opportunity of coming to pay his respects to her, and acknowledging his obligations, as bound alike by duty and inclination. The name of Sir Lambert Bowles acted upon Miss Trewbody like a charm; and its mollifying effect was not a little aided by the tone of her nephew's address, and the sight of a fine youth in the first bloom of manhood, whose appearance and manners were such that she could not be surprised at the introduction he had obtained into one of the first families in the county. The

scowl therefore which she brought into the room upon her brow past instantly away, and was succeeded by so gracious an aspect, that Leonard, if he had not divined the cause, might have mistaken this gleam of sunshine for fair weather.

"A cause which Miss Trewbody could not possibly suspect, had rendered her nephew's address thus conciliatory. Had he expected to see no other person in that house, the visit would have been performed as an irksome obligation, and his manner would have appeared as cold and formal as the reception which he anticipated. But Leonard had not forgotten the playmate and companion with whom the happy years of his childhood had been passed. Young as he was at their separation, his character had taken its stamp during those peaceful years, and the impression which it then received was indelible. Hitherto hope had never been to him so delightful as memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future; and the favourite form which his imagination called up, was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sate with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snow-drop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard-bank, and the blue bells and the cowslip of the fields where-in they were allowed to run wild and gather them in the merry month of May. Such as she then was he saw her frequently in sleep, with her blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls; and in his day dreams he sometimes pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the image with all the magic of ideal beauty. His heart, therefore, was at his lips when he enquired for his cousin. It was not without something like fear, and an apprehension of disappointment, that he awaited her appearance; and he was secretly condemning himself for the romantic folly which he had encouraged, when the door opened and a creature came in,—less radiant indeed, but more winning than his fancy had created, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her.

" 'Margaret,' said Miss Trewbody, 'do you remember your cousin Leonard?'

" 'Before she could answer, Leonard had taken her hand. 'Tis a long while, Margaret, since we parted!—ten years! But I have not forgotten the parting,—nor the blessed days of our childhood.'

" 'She stood trembling like an aspen

leaf, and looked wistfully in his face for a moment, then hung down her head, without power to utter a word in reply. But he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand, and felt also that she returned its pressure.

“Leonard had some difficulty to command himself, so as to bear a part in conversation with his aunt, and keep his eyes and his thoughts from wandering. He accepted however her invitation to stay and dine with her with undissembled satisfaction, and the pleasure was not a little heightened when she left the room to give some necessary orders in consequence. Margaret still sate trembling and in silence. He took her hand, prest it to his lips, and said in a low earnest voice, ‘dear, dear Margaret!’ She raised her eyes, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks, the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower but not less earnest tone, ‘dear Leonard!’ and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity.”

There is nothing like that in the best of our fashionable novels—yet they one and all treat of love—love—love. Passionate passages may be produced from them in plenty, for Colburn and Bentley’s lords and ladies, and lords’ gentlemen and ladies’ maids are all persons of the finest sensibilities, and with them it never rains but it pours. Their loves are intense, and usually tend towards adultery, which is rarely postponed to the end of the first volume. All the three volumes are about and about it; heroes and heroines alike seem to have lost all sympathy for the simpler crime. Nothing can be more odious. But here all is pure in nature—and how profound! No delirious and sinful transports—no voluptuous temptations sought when they might easily have been shunned—no wicked plots—no weak struggles—no base surrenders—despicable are they all felt to be, and degrading to the nobler nature within us, by the high-souled man who gives us here a picture of what indeed deserves the holy name of Love. “I will not describe the subsequent interviews between Leonard and his cousin, short and broken but precious as they were; nor that parting one in which hands were plighted, with the sure and certain knowledge that hearts had been

interchanged. Remembrance will enable some of my readers to portray the scene, and then perhaps a sigh may be heaved for the days that are gone: Hope will picture it to others—and with them the sigh will be for the days that are to come.” But we must not stop here.

“There was not that indefinite deferment of hope in this case at which the heart sickens. Leonard had been bred up in poverty from his childhood: a parsimonious allowance, grudgingly bestowed, had contributed to keep him frugal at college, by calling forth a pardonable if not a commendable sense of pride in aid of a worthier principle. He knew that he could rely upon himself for frugality, industry, and a cheerful as well as a contented mind. He had seen the miserable state of bondage in which Margaret existed with her aunt, and his resolution was made to deliver her from that bondage as soon as he could obtain the smallest benefice on which it was possible for them to subsist. They agreed to live rigorously within their means, however poor, and put their trust in Providence. They could not be deceived in each other, for they had grown up together; and they knew that they were not deceived in themselves. Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting; the resolution which they had taken brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart when they prayed for a blessing upon their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it; and this they felt; for love when it deserves that name produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own,—a second birth,—dimly, but yet in some degree resembling that which is effected by Divine Love when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.

“Leonard returned to Oxford happier than all this world’s wealth or this world’s honours could have made him. He had now a definite and attainable hope,—an object in life which gave to life itself a value. For Margaret, the world no longer seemed to her like the same earth which she had till then inhabited. Hitherto she had felt herself a forlorn and solitary creature, without a friend; and the sweet sounds and pleasant objects of nature had imparted as little cheerfulness to her as to the debtor who sees green fields in sunshine from his prison, and hears the lark singing at liberty. Her heart was open now to all the exhilarating and all the softening

influences, of birds, fields, flowers, vernal suns and melodious streams. She was subject to the same daily and hourly exercise of meekness, patience, and humility; but the trial was no longer painful; with love in her heart, and hope and sunshine in her prospect, she found even a pleasure in contrasting her present condition with that which was in store for her."

Well did the editor of the Quarterly Review say that there is nothing finer than this tale in the English language; but he had not seen the conclusion—and therefore gave no quotation at all—we coming after him by a year, can give, with a few sentences dropt out of the narrative—and a hundred pages that separate one part from another—the perfect whole.

"Leonard was not more than eight-and-twenty when he obtained a living a few miles from Doncaster. He took his bride with him to the vicarage. The house was as humble as the benefice, which was worth less than L.50 a-year; but it was soon made the neatest cottage in the country round, and upon a happier dwelling the sun never shone. A few acres of good glebe were attached to it; and the garden was large enough to afford healthful and pleasurable employment to its owners. The course of true love never ran more smoothly; but its course was short.

'O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!'

Little more than five years from the time of their marriage had elapsed, before a headstone in the adjacent churchyard told where the remains of Margaret Bacon had been deposited in the 30th year of her age.

"When the stupor and the agony of that bereavement had past away, the very intensity of Leonard's affection became a source of consolation. Margaret had been to him a purely ideal object during the years of his youth; death had again rendered her such. Imagination had beautified and idolized her then; faith sanctified and glorified her now. She had been to him on earth all that he had fancied, all that he had hoped, all that he desired. She would again be so in Heaven. And this second union nothing could impede, nothing could interrupt, nothing could dissolve. He had only to keep himself worthy of it by cherishing her memory, hallowing his heart to it while he performed a parent's duty to

their child; and so doing to await his own summons, which must one day come, which every day was brought nearer, and which any day might bring.

'— 'Tis the only discipline we are born for;
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.'

"The same feeling which from his childhood had refined Leonard's heart, keeping it pure and undefiled, had also corroborated the natural strength of his character, and made him firm of purpose. It was a saying of Bishop Andrews that 'good husbandry is good divinity;' 'the truth whereof,' says Fuller, 'no wise man will deny.' Frugality he had always practised as a needful virtue, and found that in an especial manner it brings with it its own reward. He now resolved upon scrupulously setting apart a fourth of his small income to make a provision for his child, in case of her surviving him, as in the natural course of things might be expected. If she should be removed before him,—for this was an event the possibility of which he always bore in mind,—he had resolved that whatever should have been accumulated with this intent, should be disposed of to some other pious purpose,—for such, within the limits to which his poor means extended, he properly considered this. And having entered on this prudent course with a calm reliance upon Providence in case his hour should come before that purpose could be accomplished, he was without any earthly hope or fear,—those alone excepted, from which no parent can be free.

"The child had been christened Deborah after her maternal grandmother, for whom Leonard ever gratefully retained a most affectionate and reverential remembrance. She was a healthy, happy creature in body and in mind; at first

'— one of those little prating girls,
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories;'

afterwards, as she grew up, a favourite with the village school mistress, and with the whole parish; docile, good-natured, lively and yet considerate, always gay as a lark and busy as a bee. One of the pensive pleasures in which Leonard indulged was to gaze on her unperceived, and trace the likeness to her mother.

'Oh Christ!
How that which was the life's life of our being,
Can pass away, and we recall it thus!'

"That resemblance which was strong in childhood, lessened as the child grew up: for Margaret's countenance had acquired a cast of meek melancholy during those years in which the bread of bitterness had been her portion; and when

hope came to her, it was that "hope deferred" which takes from the cheek its bloom, even when the heart instead of being made sick, is sustained by it. But no unhappy circumstances depressed the constitutional buoyancy of her daughter's spirits. Deborah brought into the world the happiest of all nature's endowments, an easy temper and a light heart. Resemblant therefore as the features were, the dissimilitude of expression was more apparent; and when Leonard contrasted in thought the sunshine of hilarity that lit up his daughter's face, with the sort of moonlight loveliness which had given a serene and saint-like character to her mother's, he wished to persuade himself that as the early translation of the one seemed to have been thus prefigured, the other might be destined to live for the happiness of others till a good old age, while length of years in their course should ripen her for heaven."

"In a Scotch village the manse is sometimes the only good house, and generally it is the best; almost, indeed, what in olden times the mansion used to be in an English one. In Mr Bacon's parish, the vicarage, though humble as the benefice itself, was the neatest. The cottage in which he and Margaret passed their childhood had been remarkable for that comfort which is the result and the reward of order and neatness; and when the reunion which blessed them both, rendered the remembrance of those years delightful, they returned in this respect to the way in which they had been trained up, practised the economy which they had learned there, and loved to think how entirely their course of life, in all its circumstances, would be after the heart of that person, if she could behold it, whose memory they both with equal affection cherished. After his bereavement it was one of the widower's pensive pleasures to keep every thing in the same state as when Margaret was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they had formerly been by her hands.

"There was no superstition in this, nor weakness. Immoderate grief, if it does not exhaust itself by indulgence, easily assumes the one character, or the other, or takes a type of insanity. But he had looked for consolation, where, when sincerely sought, it is always to be found; and he had experienced that religion effects in a true believer all that

philosophy professes, and more than all that mere philosophy can perform. The wounds which stoicism would cauterize, religion heals.

"There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be born, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence, — to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our Heavenly Father, — to say to Him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, 'thy will be done!' — to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when He takes away, as when He gives, and with a depth of feeling of which perhaps none but the afflicted heart is capable, — this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the sacrifice which it requires. This sacrifice Leonard had made, and he felt that it was accepted.

"Severe, therefore, as his loss had been, and lasting as its effects were, it produced in him nothing like a settled sorrow, nor even that melancholy which sorrow leaves behind. Gibbon has said of himself, that as a mere philosopher he could not agree with the Greeks, in thinking that those who die in their youth are favoured by the Gods: *ὅν δὲ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκουσιν νεώτερον*. It was because he was 'a mere philosopher,' that he failed to perceive a truth which the religious heathen acknowledged, and which is so trivial, and of such practical value, that it may now be seen inscribed upon village tombstones. The Christian knows that 'blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit.' And the heart of the Christian mourner, in its deepest distress, bath the witness of the Spirit to that consolatory assurance.

"In this faith Leonard regarded his bereavement. His loss, he knew, had been Margaret's gain. What if she had been summoned in the flower of her years, and from a state of her connubial happiness which there had been nothing to disturb or to alloy? How soon might that flower have been blighted, — how surely must it have faded! how easily might that happiness have been interrupted by some of those evils which flesh is heir to! And as the separation was to take place, how mercifully had it been appointed that he, who was the stronger vessel, should be the survivor! Even for their child this was best, greatly as she needed, and would need, a mother's care. His paternal solitude would supply that care, as far as it was possible to

supply it; but had he been removed, mother and child must have been left to the mercy of Providence, without any earthly protector, or any means of support.

“For her to die was gain; in him, therefore, it were sinful to repine, and of such selfishness and sin his heart acquitted him. If a wish could have recalled her to life, no such wish would ever have by him been uttered, nor ever have by him been felt; certain he was that he loved her too well to bring her again into this world of instability and trial. Upon earth there can be no safe happiness.

*‘Ah! male FORTUNE devota est arra MANENTII
Fallit, et hæc nullas accipit ara preces.’*

“All things here are subject to time and mutability:

*‘Quod tibi largâ dedit Hora dextrâ,
Hora furaci rapiet sinistra.’*

“We must be in eternity before we can be secure against change. ‘The world,’ says Cowper, ‘upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.’”

We said that a hundred pages and more separate the parts of this affecting narrative which we have given entire—and many original touches occur in them, connected with all this happiness, all this sorrow, and all this resignation, and preparing us to expect, in the writer’s good time, the completion of one of the most beautiful illustrations ever conceived of the holiest of human affections. For instance—“The name Leonard was consecrated to him by all his dearest and fondest recollections. He had been known by it on his mother’s knees, and in the humble cottage of that aunt who had been to him a second mother; and by the wife of his bosom, his first, last, and only love. Margaret had never spoken to him, never thought of him, by any other name. From the hour of her death no human voice ever addressed him by it again. He never heard himself so called, except in dreams. It existed only in the dead letter; he signed it mechanically in the course of business, but it had ceased to be a living name.” These most touching sentences are thus introduced:—“Some of the South American tribes, among whom the Jesuits laboured with such exemplary zeal, and who take their several appellations (as most

names were originally derived) from beasts, birds, plants, and other visible objects, abolish, upon the death of every individual, the name by which he was called, and invent another for the thing from which it was taken, so that their language, owing to this curiously inconvenient custom, is in a state of continual change. An adoption almost as complete with regard to the person had taken place in the present instance.” *Aut Montesinos aut Diabolus.* And the one or other of those two distinguished personages, immediately after bringing tears into our eyes, speaks of men prefixing handles to their names, and tacking tails to them—changing or dropping them—being Doctored, Professed, Sir Johned, my Lorded, and so on—and concludes with his friend’s own words. “We all moult our names in the natural course of life. I was Dan in my father’s house, and should still be so with my uncle William and Mr Guy, if they were still living. Upon my removal to Doncaster my master and mistress called me Daniel, and my acquaintances Dove. In Holland I was Mynheer Duif. Now I am the Doctor, and not among my patients only—friends, acquaintances, and strangers, address me by this appellation; even my wife calls me by no other name; and I shall never be any thing but the Doctor again, till I am registered at my burial by the same names as at my christening.”

Mr Bacon had lived with his wife for five years—she died in her thirtieth year—and he was then in his thirty-third, with one daughter. And did he never think of marrying again? Never. “His love for Margaret might be said to have begun with her life, and it lasted as long as her own. No thought of a second marriage ever entered his mind; though in the case of another person, his calm views of human nature and of the course of life, would have led him to advise it.” These are simple words, but in their solemnity they carry conviction into our hearts of the truth they utter. Some strange, even absurd opinions are seriously vented in these volumes, but all the feelings are right in themselves, and of themselves take the best expression that words can sup-

ply. Thus—"the character of a constant mourner is sometimes introduced in romances of the earlier and nobler class; but it is rare in those works of fiction, and indeed it is not common in what has happily been called the romance of real life. Let me, however, restrict this assertion within its proper bounds. What is meant to be here asserted (and it is pertinent to this part of our story) is, that it is not common for any one who has been left a widow, or widower, early in life, to remain so always out of pure affection to the memory of the dead, unmingled with any other consideration or cause. Such constancy can be found only where there is the union of a strong imagination and a strong heart—which perhaps is a rare union; and if to these a strong mind be united, the effect would probably be different. It is only in a strong imagination that the deceased object of affection can retain so firm a hold, as never to be dispossessed from it by a living one; and when the imagination is thus possessed, unless the heart be strong, the heart itself, or the intellect is likely to give way. A deep sense of religion would avert the latter alternative; but I will not say that it is any preventive against the former."

Nineteen years past by, and during them all the widower was indeed a pastor, and cared for his flock. Thus living for ever in the eye of his great taskmaster, how could he be otherwise than happy? The passages in which his occupations are detailed contain an epitome of the duties of a clergyman placed as he was—and nothing can be more engaging than the picture of the performance of those duties—pervaded as it is with that spirit of peace and love which breathes no where but in the religion of Christ.

Nineteen years have passed—and is Deborah Bacon a beautiful girl? Ay, as beautiful as her mother was—though of the beauty of the one or of the other the biographer, so far as we remember, hath not said a word. Ebenezer Elliot speaks of "the glad May morning of my Hannah's face"—a line that will live for ever—and let us apply it to Deborah's, that you may better feel the

full meaning of this short scene between the Doctor and his patient.

"When Deborah was about nineteen, the small-pox broke out in Doncaster, had soon spread over the surrounding country, occasioning every where a great mortality. At that time inoculation had very rarely been practised in the provinces; and the prejudice against it was so strong that Mr Bacon, though convinced in his own mind that the practice was not only lawful but advisable, refrained from having his daughter inoculated till the disease appeared in his own parish. He had been induced to defer it during her childhood, partly because he was unwilling to offend the prejudices of his parishioners, which he hoped to overcome by persuasion and reasoning when time and opportunity might favour; still more because he thought it unjustifiable to introduce such a disease into his own house, with imminent risk of communicating it to others, which were otherwise in no danger, in which the same preparations would not be made, and where consequently the danger would be greater. But when the malady had shown itself in the parish, then he felt that his duty as a parent required him to take the best apparent means for the preservation of his child; and that as a pastor also it became him now, in his own family, to set an example to his parishioners.

"Deborah, who had the most perfect reliance upon her father's judgment, and lived in entire accordance with his will in all things, readily consented; and seemed to regard the beneficial consequences of the experiment to others with hope, rather than to look with apprehension to it for herself. Mr Bacon therefore went to Doncaster and called upon Dr Dove. 'I do not,' said he, 'ask whether you would advise me to have my daughter inoculated; where so great a risk is to be incurred, in the case of an only child, you might hesitate to advise it. But if you see nothing in her present state of health, or in her constitutional tendencies, which would render it more than ordinarily dangerous, it is her own wish and mine, after due consideration on my part, that she should be committed to your care,—putting our trust in Providence.'

"Hitherto there had been no acquaintance between Mr Bacon and the Doctor, farther than that they knew each other by sight and by good report. This circumstance led to a growing intimacy. During the course of his attendance the

Doctor fell in friendship with the father, and the father with him.

“Did he fall in love with his patient?”

“No, ladies.”

“You have already heard that he once fell in love, and how it happened. And you have also been informed that he caught love once, though I have not told you how, because it would have led me into too melancholy a tale. In this case he neither fell in love, nor caught it, nor ran into it, nor walked into it; nor was he overtaken in it, as a boon companion is in liquor, or a runaway in his flight. Yet there was love between the parties at last, and it was love for love, to the heart's content of both. How this came to pass will be related at the proper time and in the proper place.”

At the proper time and in the proper place! and none other can be so proper as now and here.

“One summer evening the Doctor on his way back from a visit in that direction, stopt, as on such opportunities he usually did, at Mr Bacon's wicket, and looked in at the open casement to see if his friends were within. Mr Bacon was sitting there alone, with a book open on the table before him; and looking round when he heard the horse stop, ‘Come in, Doctor,’ said he, ‘if you have a few minutes to spare. You were never more welcome.’

“The Doctor replied, ‘I hope nothing ails either Deborah or yourself?’—‘No,’ said Mr Bacon, ‘God be thanked! but something has occurred which concerns both.’

“When the Doctor entered the room, he perceived that the wonted serenity of his friend's countenance was overcast by a shade of melancholy thought; ‘Nothing,’ said he, ‘I hope, has happened to distress you?’—‘Only to disturb us,’ was the reply. ‘Most people would probably think that we ought to consider it a piece of good fortune. One who would be thought a good match for her, has proposed to marry Deborah.’

“‘Indeed!’ said the Doctor; ‘and who is he?’ feeling, as he asked the question, an unusual warmth in his face.

“‘Joseph Hebblethwaite, of the Willows. He broke his mind to me this morning, saying that he thought it best to speak with me before he made any advances himself to the young woman: indeed he had had no opportunity of so doing, for he had seen little of her; but he had heard enough of her character to believe that she would make him a good

wife; and this, he said, was all he looked for, for he was well to do in the world.’

“And what answer did you make to this matter-of-fact way of proceeding?”

“I told him that I commended the very proper course he had taken, and that I was obliged to him for the good opinion of my daughter which he was pleased to entertain: that marriage was an affair in which I should never attempt to direct her inclinations, being confident that she would never give me cause to oppose them; and that I would talk with her upon the proposal, and let him know the result. As soon as I mentioned it to Deborah, she coloured up to the eyes; and with an angry look, of which I did not think those eyes had been capable, she desired me to tell him that he had better lose no time in looking elsewhere, for his thinking of her was of no use. Do you know any ill of him? said I; No, she replied, but I never heard any good, and that's ill enough. And I do not like his looks.’

“‘Well said, Deborah!’ cried the Doctor: clapping his hands so as to produce a sonorous token of satisfaction.

“‘Surely, my child, said I, he is not an ill looking person? Father, she replied, you know he looks as if he had not one idea in his head to keep company with another.’

“‘Well said, Deborah!’ repeated the Doctor.

“‘Why Doctor, do you know any ill of him?’

“‘None. But as Deborah says, I know no good; and if there had been any good to be known, it must have come within my knowledge. I cannot help knowing who the persons are to whom the peasantry in my rounds look with respect and good-will, and whom they consider their friends as well as their betters. And, in like manner, I know who they are from whom they never expect either courtesy or kindness.’

“‘You are right, my friend; and Deborah is right. Her answer came from a wise heart; and I was not sorry that her determination was so promptly made, and so resolutely pronounced. But I wish, if it had pleased God, the offer had been one which she could have accepted with her own willing consent, and with my full approbation.’

“‘Yet,’ said the Doctor, ‘I have often thought how sad a thing it would be for you ever to part with her.’

“‘Far more sad will it be for me to leave her unprotected, as it is but too likely that, in the ordinary course of nature, I one day shall; and as any day in that same ordinary course, I so possibly

may! Our best intentions, even when they have been most prudently formed, fail often in their issue. I meant to train up Deborah in the way she should go, by fitting her for that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her, so that she might have made a good wife for some honest man in the humbler walks of life, and have been happy with him.'

" 'And how was it possible,' replied the Doctor, 'that you could have succeeded better? Is she not qualified to be a good man's wife in any rank? Her manner would not do discredit to a mansion; her management would make a farm prosperous, or a cottage comfortable; and for her principles, and temper and cheerfulness, they would render any home a happy one.'

" 'You have not spoken too highly in her praise, Doctor. But as she has from her childhood been all in all to me, there is a danger that I may have become too much so to her; and that while her habits have properly been made conformable to our means, and her poor prospects, she has been accustomed to a way of thinking, and a kind of conversation, which have given her a distaste for those whose talk is only of sheep and of oxen, and whose thoughts never get beyond the range of their every day employments. In her present circle, I do not think there is one man with whom she might otherwise have had a chance of settling in life, to whom she would not have the same intellectual objections as to Joseph Hebblethwaite; though I am glad that the moral objection was that which first instinctively occurred to her.'

" 'I wish it were otherwise, both for her sake and my own; for hers, because the present separation would have more than enough to compensate it, and would in its consequences mitigate the evil of the final one, whenever that may be; for my own, because I should then have no cause whatever to render the prospect of dissolution otherwise than welcome, but be as willing to die as to sleep. It is not owing to any distrust in Providence, that I am not thus willing now,—God forbid! But if I gave heed to my own feelings, I should think that I am not long for this world; and surely it were wise to remove, if possible, the only cause that makes me fear to think so.'

" 'Are you sensible of any symptoms that can lead to such an apprehension?' said the Doctor.

" 'Of nothing that can be called a symptom. I am to all appearance in good health, of sound body and mind; and you know how unlikely my habits

are to occasion any disturbance in either. But I have indefinable impressions,—sensations they might almost be called,—which as I cannot but feel them, so I cannot but regard them.'

" 'Can you not describe these sensations?'

" 'No better than by saying, that they hardly amount to sensations, and are indescribable.'

" 'Do not,' said the Doctor, 'I entreat you, give way to any feelings of this kind. They may lead to consequences, which without shortening or endangering life, would render it anxious and burdensome, and destroy both your usefulness and your comfort.'

" 'I have this feeling, Doctor; and you shall prescribe for it, if you think it requires either regimen or physic. But at present you will do me more good by assisting me to procure for Deborah such a situation as she must necessarily look for on the event of my death. What I have laid by, even if it should be most advantageously disposed of, would afford her only a bare subsistence; it is a resource in case of sickness, but while in health, it would never be her wish to eat the bread of idleness. You may have opportunities of learning whether any lady within the circle of your practice, wants a young person in whom she might confide, either as an attendant upon herself, or to assist in the management of her children, or her household. You may be sure this is not the first time that I have thought upon the subject; but the circumstance which has this day occurred, and the feeling of which I have spoken, have pressed it upon my consideration. And the enquiry may better be made and the step taken while it is a matter of foresight, than when it has become one of necessity.'

" 'Let me feel your pulse!'

" 'You will detect no other disorder there,' said Mr Bacon, holding out his arm as he spake, 'than what has been caused by this conversation, and the declaration of a purpose, which, though for some time perpended, I had never till now fully acknowledged to myself.'

" 'You have never then mentioned it to Deborah?'

" 'In no other way than by sometimes incidentally speaking of the way of life which would be open to her, in case of her being unmarried at my death.'

" 'And you have made up your mind to part with her?'

" 'Upon a clear conviction that I ought to do so; that it is best for herself and me.'

" 'Well then, you will allow me to

converse with her first, upon a different subject.—You will permit me to see whether I can speak more successfully for myself, than you have done for Joseph Hebblethwaite.—Have I your consent ?

“ Mr Bacon rose in great emotion, and taking his friend’s hand prest it fervently and tremulously. Presently they heard the wicket open, and Deborah came in.

“ ‘ I dare say, Deborah,’ said her father, composing himself, ‘ you have been telling Betsy Allison of the advantageous offer that you have this day refused.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ replied Deborah ; ‘ and what do you think she said ? That little as she likes him, rather than that I should be thrown away upon such a man, she could almost make up her mind to marry him herself.’

“ ‘ And I,’ said the Doctor, ‘ rather than such a man should have you would marry you myself.’

“ ‘ Was not I right in refusing him, Doctor ?’

“ ‘ So right, that you never pleased me so well before ; and never can please me better,—unless you will accept of me in his stead.’

“ She gave a little start, and looked at him half incredulously and half angrily withal ; as if what he had said was too light in its manner to be serious, and yet too serious in its import to be spoken in jest. But when he took her by the hand, and said, ‘ Will you, dear Deborah ?’ with a pressure, and in a tone that left no doubt of his earnest meaning, she cried,—‘ Father, what am I to say ? speak for me !’—‘ Take her, my friend,’ said Mr Bacon ; ‘ my blessing be upon you both. And if it be not presumptuous to use the words,—let me say for myself, ‘ Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace !’ ”

Now, who do you think wrote the Doctor ? That question has been mooted by the Editor of the Quarterly, who is all abroad—and by the writer himself, who is most probably in the secret, but seems resolved neither to confess against himself, nor, in case of accomplices, to peach. Of all the ignorant guesses yet made, the most senseless is that which mutters the name of Hartley Coleridge. His papers in *Maga*, signed *Ignoramus*, and his *Sonnets*, show that he has genius and talent of a high order ; but we, who know his wit well, know that he has no power over its expression to shape or modify it after the likeness of any other man’s form of speech. There

is a sigh now that the Doctor should be laid at the door of a Mr Dubois. Fudge. We have named the author ; but, seeing that he wishes to preserve what he is pleased to call his incognito, we should be sorry to write his initials in chalk on his back. Let him give us another volume—and then, with all admiration of his genius, and reverence for his character, we pledge ourselves to convict him on internal evidence, the exposition of which will make him regard us as a warlock. But, meanwhile, let him indulge his whim—*c’est une caprice*.

“ There is more gratitude in the world, than the worldly believe, or than the ungrateful are capable of believing. And knowing this, I consequently know how great a sacrifice I make in remaining incognito.

“ Reputation is a bubble upon the rapid stream of time ; popularity, a splash in the great pool of oblivion ; fame itself but a full-blown bladder, or at best a balloon. There is no sacrifice in declining them ; for in escaping these you escape the impertinences and the intrusions which never fail to follow in their train. But that this book will find some readers after the author’s own heart is certain ; they will lose something in not knowing who the individual is with whom they would delight to form a personal, as they have already formed a moral and intellectual friendship ;

‘ For in this world, to reckon every thing,
Pleasure to man there is none comparable
As is to read with understanding
In books of wisdom, they ben so delectable
Which sound to virtue, and ben profitable.’

And though my loss is not of this kind, yet it is great also, for in each of these unknown admirers I lose the present advantage of a well-wisher, and the possible, or even probable benefit of a future friend.

“ Eugenius ! Eusebius ! Sophron ! how gladly would ye become acquainted with my outward man, and commune with me face to face ! How gladly would ye, Sophronia ! Eusebia ! Eugenia !

“ With how radiant a countenance and how light a step would Euprosyne advance to greet me ! With how benign an aspect would Amanda silently thank me for having held up a mirror in which she has unexpectedly seen herself !

“ Letitia’s eyes would sparkle at the sight of one whose writings had given her new joy. Penseirosa would require me with a gentle look for cheering her solitary hours, and moving her sometimes to

a placid smile, sometimes to quiet and pleasurable tears.

"And you, Marcellus, from whom your friends, your country, and your kind have every thing to hope, how great a pleasure do I forego by rendering it impossible for you to seek me, and commence an acquaintance with the sure presentiment that it would ripen into confidence and friendship!

"There is another and more immediate gratification which this resolution compels me to forego—that of gratifying those persons who, if they knew from whom the book proceeded, would peruse it with a heightened zest for its author's sake;—old acquaintance, who would perceive in some of those secondary meanings which will be understood only by those for whom they were intended, that though we have long been widely separated, and probably are never again to meet in this world, they are not forgotten; and old friends, who would take a livelier interest in the reputation which the work obtains, than it would now be possible for me to feel in it myself.

"'And why, sir,' says an obliging and inquisitive reader, 'should you deprive your friends and acquaintance of that pleasure, though you are willing to sacrifice it yourself?'

"'Why, sir, do you ask?'

'Ah, that is the mystery
Of this wonderful history,
And you wish that you could tell!'

"'A question not to be asked,' said an odder person than I shall ever pretend to be, 'is a question not to be answered.'

"Nevertheless, gentle reader, in courtesy I will give sundry answers to your interrogation, and leave you to fix upon which of them you may think likely to be the true one.

"The author may be of opinion that his name, not being heretofore known to the public, could be of no advantage to his book.

"Or, on the other hand, if his name were already well known, he might think the book stands in no need of it, and may safely be trusted to its own merits. He may wish to secure for it a fairer trial than it could otherwise obtain, and intend to profit by the unbiassed opinions which will thus reach his ear; thinking complacently with Benedict, that 'happy are they that hear their detractors, and can put them to mending.' In one of Metastasio's dramatic epithalamiums, Minerva says,—

'L'onore, a cui
Venni proposta anch'io
Piu merit'ar, che conseguir desio;'

and he might say this with the Goddess of Wisdom.

"He may be so circumstanced that it would be inconvenient as well as unpleasant for him to offend certain persons,—Sir Andrew Agnewites,—for example,—whose conscientious but very mischievous notions he nevertheless thinks it his duty to oppose, when he can do so consistently with discretion.

"He may have wagers dependent upon the guesses that will be made concerning him.

"Paradventure it might injure him in his professional pursuits, were he to be known as an author, and that he had neglected 'some sober calling for this idle trade.'

He may be a very modest man, who can muster courage enough for publication, and yet dares not encounter any farther publicity.

'Unknown, perhaps his reputation
Escapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,
While critic blockheads throw their dirt;
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take sure aim.'

"He may be so shy, that if his book were praised he would shrink from the notoriety into which it would bring him; or so sensitive, that his mortification would be extreme, if it were known among his neighbours that he had been made the subject of sarcastic and contemptuous criticism.

"Or if he ever possessed this diffidence, he may have got completely rid of it in his intercourse with the world, and have acquired that easy habit of simulation, without which no one can take his degree as Master of Arts in that great University. To hear the various opinions concerning the book, and the various surmises concerning the author, take part in the conversation, mystify some of his acquaintance, and assist others in mystifying themselves, may be more amusing to him than any amusement of which he could partake in his own character. There are some secrets which it is a misery to know, and some which the tongue itches to communicate; but this is one which it is a pleasure to know and to keep. It gives to the possessor, *quasically* speaking, a double existence: the exoteric person mingles as usual in society, while the esoteric is like John the Giganticide in his coat of Darkness, or that knight who in the days of King Arthur used to walk invisible."

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SHALL WE OVERTURN THE PEERS ?

EVERY individual, or body of men, who enjoy unlimited power, are liable to abuse it. The Radicals, who declaim so loudly against the authority of the Lords or the influence of the Crown, cannot dispute a proposition which forms the basis and justification of all their own conduct. The whole theory of Representative and Constitutional Monarchy, is founded upon the experience and impossibility of intrusting unrestrained authority to any man, or body of men, and the necessity of perpetually providing, in the watchful superintendence of the people, a barrier against the undue encroachments of the depositories of power.

The Revolutionists, however, like all other men, see clearly the mote in their neighbour's eye, but cannot perceive the beam in their own. They acknowledge the necessity of providing a safeguard against the influence of the throne; they are loud in their declamation against the authority of the Lords, but they are clear that there is no sort of danger in the unlimited concession of power to the popular representatives. A government without a parliament they see at once is an unmixed despotism; one without a House of Commons is an oligarchy, or an absolute monarchy; but one without a Peerage, and without any power of resistance in the throne, is, according to them, the perfection of society—the *ne plus ultra* of social regeneration.

Is there, however, any ground in reason or experience which justifies the opinion, that a House of Commons is an exception to all the other principles of human nature; that they can be safely intrusted with privileges which cannot be placed with impunity in the hands of any other men; and that the intoxicating draught of unrestrained authority, fatal to the Sovereign, fatal to the Aristocracy, fatal to the Populace, can be securely administered to the popular leaders alone? Is their stake in society so much more considerable, their personal character so much more irreproachable, their wisdom, knowledge, and ability so much more signal than that of any other men, that all the usual barriers may be demolished in their favour, and a single assembly be intrusted with powers, hitherto dispersed by a careful separation over the leaders of all the other classes of the state? Is the experience we have had of their proceedings since the Reform Bill quadrupled their strength, so extremely favourable; have their moderation, wisdom, and disinterestedness been so conspicuous; their learning, information, and caution so remarkable, that it is evident they form an exception to all the ordinary principles of human nature, and are fit, for the first time since the creation of the world, to be allowed to mould and remodel the empire according to their sovereign will and pleasure?

The reverse of all this is notoriously the case. Every body knows that, in proportion as the Democratic party has acquired more influence in the state, its pretensions have become more exorbitant, and its enterprises more audacious; that Catholic Emancipation was at first sought as a measure of toleration and justice, which would at once tranquilize Ireland, and reduce its garrison from 25,000 to 1500 men; that no sooner was it conceded than a loud clamour was raised for Parliamentary Reform, and upon the solemn engagement that it was to be a "final measure," it obtained the consent of all the branches of the Legislature; that no sooner was this great victory gained than the promise of finality was thrown to the winds; Corporate Reform—in other words, a democratic constitution of all boroughs—was carried through, and the spoliation and destruction of one-third of the Irish Church was fiercely demanded; and the moment that this last measure was rejected by the Peers, a loud outcry was raised for the modification or abolition of the Upper House, and a project of reducing the legislature to a single "national assembly" openly avowed and insisted upon. These projects following one another in rapid succession; this total disregard of all former oaths and protestations; this unvarying conversion of all past acquisitions into a platform from whence to direct their attacks against all that remains of the constitution; this rapid increase in demands with every acquisition which is made, affords the clearest evidence, that the Democratic leaders do *not* form an exception to the ordinary principles of human nature; that whatever the march of intellect may have done, it has left the march of ambition just where it was; and that the risk of absolute power being abused by a Democratic House of Commons, is just as great as it was during the fervour of the Long Parliament, or the enthusiastic aspirations of the National Assembly.

In truth, if the matter be considered attentively, it must be evident that popular leaders under a democratic *régime* are, and ever must be, not only as much disposed as any other men, to obtain, by any means,

the enjoyment of absolute power, but that they are more likely than any other class when it is won to abuse it. It is hereditary descent which tempers the rigour and checks the selfishness of absolute power; because it exposes despotism to suffer in its own interests from its excesses. If a sovereign hurts his subjects by his oppression, he cannot fail to injure himself or his descendants by its consequences; if an oligarchy of nobles desolate a country by their feuds, or fetter them by their exclusive privileges, they cannot fail to be taught, in the long run, by experience, that such monstrous pretensions lay the axe to the root of their own wealth and greatness. Permanence and durability, in the connexion between the governors and the governed, is the great bond which unites together the higher and lower classes in such circumstances, and checks the iniquity of the former, if not from a sense of its injustice, at least from experience of its inexpediency. But this lasting and durable bond is totally wanting with democratic leaders. That "rotation of office," which is ever so dear to popular jealousy or ambition, while it precludes the possibility of forming any permanent plans for the amelioration of the state, is not less destructive of any lasting sympathy with the consequences of oppression. If a great aristocrat oppresses his people, he takes money out of his own pocket; but if a great demagogue urges the state on to ruin, he not only is in no ways injured, but is often enormously benefited. In the general scramble arising from the breaking up of property and institutions, he is of all men most likely to obtain a considerable share of good things; while the consequences of such disasters will not fail upon him, but on some successor in office, with whom he has no sort of connexion, and to whose suffering or difficulties he is entirely indifferent. Even in more tranquil times, when no general disruption is in progress, he cannot look forward to more than a tenure of office or popularity for a few years, and most certainly he will transmit neither the one nor the other to his descendants. The aristocrat, therefore, is restrained in his

excesses by a sense of his own interest, and the calamitous effect which measures of oppression must have on himself or his family. A demagogue, having only a transitory interest in public affairs, has no motive to coerce the natural disposition to make the most of that passing tenure of power which the rotation of office has allowed him. The one is the owner of the soil, the other a tenant at will, who scourges the land before it passes from himself and his family into the hands of a stranger.

These considerations have long been familiar to all persons conversant with these subjects, and they constitute one of the many powerful arguments in favour of the mixed Constitution, under which England has so long grown and flourished, which alone in modern Europe has proved itself capable of extending to all classes the blessings of durable freedom. But now these principles, like every other deduction of reason and experience, are called in question by the "masses" to whom the direction of public affairs has been committed; and the abolition or modification of the Upper House is loudly demanded by the democratic faction, who have succeeded in forcing upon the country the Reform Bill, and a democratic constitution in boroughs. It is evident that it is to this object that all the efforts of the revolutionists will hereafter be directed; and the Government journals now openly advocate such an alteration in the constitution of the Upper House by a creation of Peers, an infusion of representative Peers, or otherwise, as may put it "in harmony," as it is called, with the Commons; in other words, subject it altogether to its authority. This is deemed better than proceeding at once, like the Long Parliament, to vote the House of Lords a nuisance; it is keeping up the forms of freedom, when the reality of slavery has arrived. Augustus, says Gibbon, when wielding despotic authority was careful to preserve in words the forms of the constitution, and all the worst acts of the succeeding emperors were veiled under the name of the Senate and people of Rome.

Let us, however, not deceive ourselves, It is utterly impracticable

that freedom can exist a year, if the Upper House is either formally or virtually destroyed; if its control is removed, either by marching a file of grenadiers into its Hall, or overwhelming the present Conservative majority by a creation of peers, or the forcing a body elected by the Commons into its deliberations. It is the absence of any control upon the Commons, that is, upon O'Connell's tail, which will at once convert the constitution into a despotism. It must constantly be recollected how parties are now balanced. A majority of the people of England have reverted to the constitution, and declared their determination to resist any farther encroachments on its remains. But the Revolutionary faction, resting on a small majority of Scotch, and a considerable majority of Irish members, reared up into political activity by the Reform Bill, have got the command of the Commons, and through them, of the Executive. The question is not whether the Commons of England shall be ruled by the old constitution against their will, for they have already declared for it; the question is, whether the Commons of England and the Peers of England shall be ruled with a rod of iron by a band of Scotch and Irish revolutionists. If they can now succeed, directly or indirectly, in breaking down the House of Peers, no restraint whatever on their proceedings will exist. The Conservative party in the country, now so powerful and energetic, will retire in despair from the contest, and with the forms of a monarchy, we shall have the reality of revolutionary despotism. All our institutions will instantly be changed; the Church will be destroyed, the sponge applied to the national debt, the Popish Tail invested, like the Committee of Public Safety, with the absolute command of the lives and liberties of the whole nation; and a set of insolvent Irish desperadoes will ride rough-shod over the empire which the forces of Napoleon were unable to subdue.

Posterity will hardly credit that the liberties of England, which have survived so many and such formidable dangers; which outlived the despotism of Henry VIII., the sword

of Cromwell, the bigotry of James ; which bade defiance to the Grand Monarque in the plenitude of his power, and hurled Napoleon from the throne of Charlemagne, should at last come to so base and ignominious an end ; should sink, not beneath foreign subjugation, but domestic faction ; should be subverted by men so obscure and ignoble, that history will hardly preserve their names. But nothing is more certain than that such a danger exists ; nay, that it is at hand, and that if the last barrier of the Peers is destroyed, it will at once consign to revolutionary destruction the fair realm and long continued liberties of England. All former free states have fallen victims to similar catastrophes, produced by the spirit of faction ; and in all former instances, it was the democratic party, whose insatiable ambition produced the ruin, first of public freedom, then of national existence. What occasioned the fall of Carthage, and consigned the rival of Rome to a destruction so complete, that, literally speaking, not one stone was left upon another in its proud metropolis ? The faction, which envious of the fame of Hannibal, and desirous of supplanting him in the government of the state, leagued with the vile revolutionists, and left that great commander to languish in Italy, lest by giving him the means of vanquishing Rome, they should deprive themselves of the means of overturning himself. The victor of Cannæ sunk beneath a faction so despicable that history can find no other exploit of its to record, and with him the Republic beloved fell for ever. What overthrew the long-established and apparently unconquerable liberties of Rome ? Plebeian jealousy, hatred of the aristocracy, which ranged the military forces of the state under the democratic banners of Cæsar, and vanquished Pompey, Cato, Brutus, and the other glorious defenders of the patrician constitution and lasting freedom of the Roman people. What occasioned the partition and ruin of Poland, the oldest commonwealth in Europe—that in which the spirit of freedom was most ardent, and efforts the most heroic had been made in its defence ? Its greatest hero, John Sobieski, has told us, it was the “insane ambition of a ple-

beian noblesse,” which tore the entrails of the state till its national strength was exhausted, and the people, worn out with the endless contests of democracy, sunk almost without a struggle beneath the partitioning powers. Let it not be imagined, therefore, that because the Revolutionary faction in this country is despicable in point of talents and ignoble in point of principle ; because it is allied with the meanest and most sordid of the community ; because it stands on the basest passions, and is fed by the criminal cupidity of the people ; because it has not one name which will descend to posterity among its ranks, and is opposed by all who constitute the sinews, and strength, and glory of the state, that therefore its power may be disregarded, and no danger is to be apprehended from its encroachments. All revolutions are ultimately carried through their last stages by the low, the base, the sordid. The illusions of philanthropy, the efforts of genius, the heroism of deluded virtue, are to be met with only at their commencement. It was neither Neckar, nor Bailly, nor Vergniaud, nor Condorcet who consummated the French Revolution—they disappeared from the political arena before the consequences of their measures had displayed themselves, or sunk under the passions they had excited in the people—it was the obscene Hebert, the sanguinary Danton, the atrocious Robespierre, the profligate Barras, who steered the state into the gloomy haven of military despotism. It was neither Hampden, nor Pym, nor Vane who at last overturned the liberties of England, and caused the universal transports of 1642 to be succeeded by the dark night of the Commonwealth, and the delirious joy of the Restoration. Long before matters approached to that crisis, these early patriots had sunk or been destroyed—the party which they had formed, once so powerful, was supplanted by another still more violent—the patriotism of the Presbyterians had yielded to the fanaticism of the Independents—and the popular leaders who had successfully combated the monarch on the throne, had fallen before a soldier and fifty grenadiers, who had been obscure

in the days of their triumph, and risen to eminence only on the ruins of their authority. Let us not suppose, therefore, that because the lead in the revolutionary movement has fallen from the aristocracy to the plebeian ranks—because it is not now Earl Grey and the Whigs, but O'Connell and the Papists who urge it forward, that therefore its danger is diminished, or its progress likely to be retarded. That only demonstrates that the disease is running its usual course—that the generous passions and splendid genius of its commencement are giving place to the coarser talents and fiercer passions of its later stages, and that the malady will soon assume its gangrened form, and, sordid in its cupidity, brutal violence and intolerant bigotry, overwhelm the state.

The Radicals ask, what is the use of the House of Peers, and how is it possible for government to go on, when the Commons incline one way and the Upper House another? We ask in reply, after the manner of our country, what is the use of the House of Commons? If we are to subvert all former ideas and overturn all former institutions, in order to make way for new and hitherto untried experiments in government, we maintain, without the slightest fear of contradiction from any well-informed person, that it would be incomparably better to dispense with the House of Commons, and consign ourselves at once to the torpor and stability of oligarchical government. Observe, we do by no means advocate such a change in a question with our former constitution. We are perfectly aware of the many evils consequent on such a form of government, and its immeasurable inferiority to the mixed system under which our forefathers lived and flourished. But this we do most confidently maintain, that if that constitution is to be abandoned, and we are to make up our minds to live under a single assembly, it would be incomparably better that it should be one of aristocrats than democrats. We hate all single assemblies; but if we were driven to make a choice, we should greatly prefer the govern-

ment of the hereditary Peers to that of O'Connell's Tail. We found our opinion on principle, and the impossibility, in the nature of things, that any security for freedom can exist for any length of time under a government, in which there is no control on the popular representatives. It is the opposition of popular energy to aristocratic tenacity, which alone has, in every former age, led to durable freedom; and experience has now abundantly proved, that when this opposition is removed, and the democratic representatives are installed in unresisted power, immediate despotism must ensue. How long did the liberties of England survive the destruction of the House of Peers by the Long Parliament? Not six months. How long did they survive the revival of the peerage by the great aristocratic movement of 1688? One hundred and forty years. What was the result of the forced union of the three orders in France at the opening of the first Revolution? Let Dumont, the author of the *Rights of Man*, answer:—"Mirabeau saw clearly how grievous had been the error which the leaders of the Revolution had committed, when they united the three orders into one assembly. That change should never have been made; for, ever since it was completed, and the States-General assumed the name of the National Assembly, they have never ceased to do wrong, until they were displaced by a vile faction, which overspread society with its horrors."* So fully aware did the French Revolutionists become of the magnitude and irreparable consequences of this fatal step, that the first thing they did on the stilling of the storms of faction, was to re-establish the upper Chamber; and the Convention, which had sat for three years and a half through all the horrors of the Revolution, concluded their labours by creating, under the name of the Hall of the Ancients, that separate Chamber, having a veto on the measures of the popular representatives, which had disappeared in the first transports of the Revolution. Their attempt, however, was

* Dumont.

ineffectual; the aristocracy had been destroyed in the outset of the convulsion, and the equal law of succession had rendered impossible its reconstruction, and the consequence has been, that all the blood of the Revolution has been shed in vain, and that after half a century of struggles, France has now settled down under a despotism which promises to be as lasting and severe as that of Rome under the Emperors of the West.

We will not, however, dwell any longer on foreign examples; we are aware that a large and respectable class of readers consider all such instances as inapplicable to our country, and regard the stability, moderation, and humanity of the English character as a sufficient security against all such dangers as, on the vesting of the whole powers of Government in one assembly, have uniformly been found to ensue in every other country of the world. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the history of *England itself*, and demonstrate, from the experience of our own people, what results may be expected from the removal of all control on the democratic party by the swamping or extinction of the Upper House.

Every body knows how early and fiercely the hostility of the Long Parliament was directed against the House of Peers; that for long they intimidated them by threats of violence, and displays of physical force, and at length openly threw off the mask; and after voting the House of Peers a nuisance, abrogated entirely its authority. What was the result which ensued from this complete adoption of all that the revolutionists of these times hold forth as the only means of completing the "improvement" of our institutions? Let Mr Hume give the answer. "It is seldom," says he, "that the people gain any thing by revolutions in government, because the new settlement, jealous and insecure, must commonly be supported with more expense and severity than the old; but on no occasion was the truth of this maxim more sensibly felt, than in the situation of England after the final victory of

the House of Commons. Complaints against the oppression of shipmoney, against the tyranny of the Star-Chamber, had roused the people to arms, and having gained a complete victory over the Crown and the Upper House, they found themselves as completely loaded with a multiplicity of taxes formerly unknown; and scarcely an appearance of law or liberty remained in the administration. The Presbyterians, who had chiefly supported the war, were enraged to find the prize, when it seemed within their reach, snatched by violence from them. The Royalists, disappointed in their expectations, by the cruel treatment which the King now received from the army, were strongly animated to restore him to liberty, and to recover the advantages which they had unfortunately lost. All orders of men were inflamed with indignation at seeing the military prevail over the civil power, and King and Parliament at once reduced to subjection by a mercenary army. Many persons of family and distinction had, from the beginning of the war, adhered to the Parliament: but *all these were by the new party deprived of authority, and every office was intrusted to the most ignoble part of the nation.* A base populace exalted above their superiors; hypocrites exercising iniquity under the vizard of religion; these circumstances promised not much liberty or lenity to the people, and these were now found united to the same usurped and illegal administration."* To such a height indeed did the tyranny of the Long Parliament proceed, that though the revenue from all sources enjoyed by Charles I. had never exceeded L.800,000 a-year, they contrived to raise by assessment and impositions no less than L.40,000,000 from 1642 to 1649, being at the rate of six millions a-year, or above SEVEN TIMES the annual burdens formerly imposed on the nation. And it appears from official documents, compiled by our statistical writers, that the total sums levied from the nation by the Parliament during the Commonwealth amounted to the almost incredible sum of L.83,000,000; all ex-

* Hume, vii. 115.

tracted from a nation which had never paid a million yearly under its former constitution! * So powerful is the machinery for extortion which is invented by the popular leaders, and so unbounded the rapacity exercised by the Commons, when relieved from all control on the part of the other bodies in the state. So barefaced indeed did they become in their extortions, that this popular body openly voted L.300,000 to themselves, and settled an annuity of L.4 a-day on each of their own members, on the ground that it was necessary "to enable the *saints* to continue their godly work." †

The Long Parliament having got quit of the control of the Peers, were not long of inventing that system of managing every thing by committees, of which the National Convention afterwards furnished so memorable an example, and which is so rapidly rising up with the growth of democracy amongst ourselves. "The committees," says Hume, "to whom the management of the different branches of the revenue was intrusted, never brought in their accounts, and had unlimited power of secreting whatever sums they pleased from the public treasure. These branches were needlessly multiplied, in order to render the revenue more intricate, to share the advantage among greater numbers, and to conceal the frauds of which they were universally suspected. To facilitate these frauds the Exchequer was abolished, and the revenue put under the management of a committee who were subject to no control. The excise, an odious tax, formerly unknown to the nation, was now extended over provisions and the common necessaries of life. *Near one-half of the goods and chattels, and at least one-half of the rents and revenues of the nation had been sequestered.* To great numbers of the Royalists all redress from these sequestrations had been refused; to the rest, redress could be obtained only by paying large compositions, and subscribing the covenant which they abhorred. The severities, too,

exercised against the Episcopal clergy naturally affected the Royalists, and even all men of candour, in the most sensible manner. By the most moderate computation, it appears that *one-half of the Established clergy had been turned out to beggary and want*, for no other crime than their adhering to the civil and religious principles in which they had been educated; and for their attachment to those laws under whose countenance they had first embraced that profession. To renounce Episcopacy and the Liturgy, and subscribe the covenant, were the only terms which could save them from so rigorous a fate; and if the least mark of malignancy, as it was called, or affection to the King, who so entirely loved them, had ever escaped their lips, even this hard choice was not permitted. The sacred character which gives the priesthood such authority over mankind, becoming more venerable from the sufferings endured for the sake of principle, aggravated the general indignation against their persecutors.

"But what excited the most universal complaint was the unlimited tyranny and despotic rule of the country committees. During the war, the discretionary power of these courts was exercised from the plea of necessity; but the nation was reduced to despair, when it saw neither end put to their duration nor bounds to their authority. They could sequester, fine, imprison, and corporally punish without law or remedy. They interposed in questions of private property—under colour of malignancy they exercised vengeance against their private enemies—to the obnoxious, and sometimes to the innocent, they sold their protection—instead of one Star Chamber, which had been abolished, a great number were anew erected, fortified by better pretences, and armed with more unlimited authority. And if any thing could have increased the general indignation against that slavery into which the nation, from the too eager pursuit of liberty, had fallen, it was the reflection on the pretences by which

* Pebrer, 146.—Hume, vii. 214.

† Walker's History of the Two Juntos, viii. 8, and iii. 166.—Hume, vii. 89.

the people had so long been de-
luded."*

Such was the tyranny which the English brought upon themselves by intrusting unlimited power to a single assembly, and extinguishing that salutary control upon its ambition, which the House of Peers and the Crown exercised. These effects, be it recollected, did not ensue merely among the volatile and mercurial Frenchmen; not only among the countrymen of Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre, but among the sober, humane, and moderate English; among our own ancestors, the bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Let us only consider for a moment the different joints of the tyranny thus established by the triumphant Commons over the nation. Committees sitting in every county, sequestering the estates and confiscating the property of all who had opposed their treasonable and ambitious projects; one half of the clergy expelled from their parishes and reduced to beggary; half the personal wealth of the kingdom confiscated; more than half the rents sequestered; rapine, violence, and private hatred every where exercised, under the name of the public weal, by the low and rapacious agents of Parliament; the generous, the noble, the high-minded everywhere cast down to the earth; mendicant audacity, hypocritical zeal, selfish ambition, sordid cupidity universally installed in power, and exercising without control a despotic authority. Such is the picture of the result of popular triumph, as drawn by the Parliamentary historians, by the very men who had so large a share in bringing these calamities on the nation.

If the magnitude of these disasters, following in the train of the victory of the Commons over the Upper House, is considered, it must appear evident to every man endowed with ordinary powers of reflection, that if the Great Rebellion was not attended with such utter horrors as the French Revolution, it was only because it occurred in an earlier stage of society, and did not so soon involve immense masses of the work-

ing classes in want and ruin. If it had come two hundred years later, when manufactures had enormously spread, and commerce hugely extended, and pauperism infinitely enlarged; when credit, that most sensitive of created things, had spread its net of gossamer over the state, and gave bread to millions congregated together by hundreds of thousands in particular districts, there cannot be the smallest doubt, that horrors equal to those of the French Revolution would have ensued, notwithstanding the boasted moderation of the English character. They would have been forced on by *sheer necessity*, by the drying up of the sources of industry, and closing the fountains of credit. When several millions of men are suddenly deprived of bread, it is utterly impossible to hinder them from breaking into excesses. It was in the numbers, condensation, and sufferings of the manufacturing classes, that the French demagogues found the never-failing reservoir of their power, and the means of carrying through all their audacious projects. Whence did the forest of pikes issue so often at Jacobin command, to overawe or subdue the legislature, and lead to prison and the scaffold equally the steady opponents and earliest friends of the revolution? From the Faubourg St Antoine, the great manufactory of France; the seat of its luxurious and costly fabrics; the abode of the artisans who, fed by the expenditure of the great, were at once involved in starvation by their destruction. Had a similar class existed in London in 1642; had St Giles, and Spitalfields, and the Borough, been crowded as at present with manufactories wholly dependent on the expenditure of the wealthy for the means of existence, where would have been the boasted moderation of the English Revolution? Had Manchester, and Birmingham, and Glasgow, been teeming with operatives of depraved habits and licentious manners, what would have been their state in the sixth year of the Civil War? What effect on their subsistence and the sale of their goods would the con-

* *Humr*, vii. 90, 91.

fiscation of half the personal wealth, and more than half the landed property of England, have occasioned? Under such dreadful shocks credit would have been annihilated, and industry left without employment; and is it to be supposed, that men, in these desperate circumstances, urged on by the cries of starving families, would not have been ready, as in France, to have laid violent hands on private property? The thing is so evident, that it won't bear an argument; and since all these things were done by the democratic and victorious Parliament, it is evident that it was not their fault, if the nation was not involved in horrors as great as those of the French Revolution; if the Thames had not its *noyades*, and Manchester its *mirrellades*, and Glasgow its ambulatory guillotine. They threw about torches in every direction, but England would not burn; not because its people differed from the rest of mankind, but because they had not arrived at that stage of political existence, when the inflammable excrescences had grown upon society.

And are those, who are so clear that the perilous chances of a revolution may be safely incurred in this country, in consequence of the extraordinary moderation and humanity of the English character, acquainted with the proceedings of our ancestors during the war of the Roses? Are they aware, that, during those long and disastrous contests, horrors even greater than those of the French Revolution were of daily occurrence? Do they know, that for ten years quarter was invariably refused on both sides; that eighty princes of the blood were massacred, most of them in cold blood, during the struggle; that the leaders on both sides, *with their own hands*, murdered the prisoners of rank who fell into their power; and that the savage orders to put all the prisoners taken, to death, which the Convention issued only in the latest stages of their career, but the humanity of their generals refused to execute, were acted upon with ruthless barbarity for years by armies of Englishmen on each other? If they do not know these things, then they have studied the old almanac to very little purpose, and are ignorant of

the first elements of the science on which they take upon themselves to legislate; if they do, then they knowingly precipitate the nation into a series of horrors, which may possibly make us one day envy the situation of France under the National Convention.

Nor was it in consequence of any weakness of intellect or absence of principle, on the part of the Parliamentary leaders, that their victory over the other estates of the realm brought the nation to such a calamitous and disgraceful bondage. On the contrary, they were men, as Mr Hume tells us, of great capacity, unbending firmness, and extensive experience; who were actuated by strong religious feeling, and animated, in the outset at least, by a sincere and generous desire to defend the liberties of their country. They did not fall under the yoke of the Independents, like the Girondists under that of the Jacobins, from personal weakness or vacillation of political conduct. On the contrary, their measures were from the first as straightforward as their capacity was great. With inflexible perseverance and unquenchable zeal, they pursued their two favourite projects of humbling the Crown, and destroying the Peers, in order to vest the powers of sovereignty exclusively in the House of Commons; they triumphed in the attempt; and what was the result? Why, that patriotic, courageous, and able as they were, they were at last swept away by a vile and ignoble faction, hardly perceptible in the commencement of the contest, but which grew with all the calamities in which the nation was involved, until it had destroyed every thing great or generous or beneficent in the land, and left the people a prey to despotism the most severe, exercised by despots the most ignoble and rapacious. Who would ever compare the leaders of the Great Rebellion, Hampden, Pym, Hollis, Vane, to O'Connell, Hume, Grote, Roebuck, and the other modern imitators of French Jacobinism? And if even their patriotic ardour, religious feeling, and mighty capacity were unable, after the overthrow of the Upper House, to put any curb upon the excesses of revolution, what are we

to expect from the selfish rapacity and avowed irreligion of their modern successors ?

It is not difficult to perceive the precise point when these dreadful evils began ; or to discover the change which converted the first and meritorious struggles for freedom on the part of the Long Parliament, into those guilty excesses which destroyed the whole liberty for which they had been contending, and brought on the nation tyranny tenfold greater than that which they had risen in arms to avert. It was when the Commons broke through the Constitution ; when they began to intimidate and overawe the Upper House by brutal violence ; when they sought to wrest from the King the command of the militia, the highest and most important trust of the executive, that they entered upon the career of crime, which brought all these calamities upon the nation. And it is worthy of especial observation, as if Providence had determined that, if this nation again is bereft of its freedom, it should be utterly without excuse, as it had a precedent before it, in its own annals, applicable to every emergency ; that, when the Long Parliament entered on this contest for supreme dominion, and openly endeavoured to beat down the other estates of the realm, it was a *very slender majority* which carried through all these atrocious measures, and in the face of a minority *as powerful as that now in the House of Commons*, that the liberties of England were destroyed by the usurping majority. "The famous remonstrance of the Commons," says Mr Hume, "so full of acrimony and violence, was a plain signal for farther attacks on the royal prerogative ; and it was evident that the concessions already made were far from being regarded as satisfactory. What pretensions would be advanced, how unprecedented and unlimited, were easily imagined ; and nothing less, it was foreseen, than an abolition almost total of the royal authority in England was intended. The opposition, therefore, which the remonstrance met in the House of Commons was very

great. For above fourteen hours the debate was warmly managed ; and, from the weariness of the King's party, which probably consisted chiefly of the elderly people, and men of cool spirits, *the vote was at last carried by a small majority of eleven*. Some time after, the remonstrance was ordered to be printed and published, *without being sent up to the House of Peers for their assent and concurrence.*"*

Such was the slender majority which, in the House of Commons, first broke through the constitution, disregarded the House of Peers, and carried through a remonstrance equivalent to a declaration of war against the King. A majority of ELEVEN subverted the constitution of England ! That the Royalists had a great majority in the Upper House was evident, from their repeated rejection of the revolutionary bills which were sent up for their adoption, and the necessity to which the Commons were soon reduced of voting them a nuisance, and openly dispensing with their authority. That the King had a vast majority of the aristocracy and landed gentry throughout the country with him, was afterwards rendered quite apparent, from the protracted struggle which they maintained with the Republicans for six years, even though deprived by the Parliament at the outset of arms, ammunition, money, and resources of every kind ; yet, in spite of all this, a majority of eleven in the House of Commons subverted the constitution, confiscated half of the property, movable and immovable, in the country, deluged the nation with blood, and utterly annihilated its liberty.

The immediate act by which the House of Peers was abrogated is thus described by Mr Hume :— "The House of Peers had all along, during the Civil Wars, been of small account ; but it had lately, since the King's fall, become totally contemptible, and very few members would submit to the mortification of attending it. Without one dissenting voice, however, though their numbers, being fuller than usual, amounted

* Hume, vi. 382.

to sixteen, they rejected the vote of the Lower House, and adjourned themselves for ten days, hoping that this delay would be able to retard the furious career of the Commons. The Commons, however, were not to be stopped by so small an obstacle. Having first established a principle, which is noble and specious in itself, but is belied by all experience, that 'the people are the origin of all just power,' they next declared that the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, being chosen by the people, and representing them, are the supreme authority of the nation, and that whatever is enacted and declared to be law by the Commons *hath the force of law, without the consent of the King or the House of Peers.* The ordinance for the trial of Charles Stuart, King of England, was then again read and unanimously assented to."*

And of the despotism, to which the Commons, thus emancipated from the control of the Crown and the Peers, speedily subjected the whole nation, we have the following picture, drawn by the same able hand:—"The Parliament judged it necessary to enlarge the laws of high treason beyond those narrow bounds within which they had been confined during the monarchy. They even comprehended *verbal offences, nay, intentions*, though they had never appeared in any overt act against the state. To affirm the present government to be an usurpation, to assert that the Parliament or council of state were tyrannical or illegal, to endeavour to stir up disaffection against them, were declared to be high treason. The power of imprisonment, of which the petition of right had bereaved the King, was now restored to the Council of State, and all the jails of England were filled with men, whom the jealousy and fears of the ruling party had represented as dangerous. The taxes imposed by the new Government being heavy and unprecedented, increased the general ill-will under which it laboured."

But all these causes of discontent,

great as they were, yielded to the grinding oppression which became universal in the later stages of the commonwealth. "To raise," says Hume, "the new imposition called the decimation, the Protector instituted twelve major-generals, and divided the whole of England into so many military jurisdictions. These men, assisted by commissioners, had power to subject whom they pleased to decimation—to levy all the taxes imposed by the Protector and his council—and to imprison any person who should be exposed to their jealousy or suspicion; nor was there any appeal from them but to the Protector himself and his council. Under colour of these powers, which were sufficiently exorbitant, the major-generals exercised an authority still more arbitrary, and acted as if absolute masters of the property and person of every subject. All reasonable men now concluded, that the very mask of liberty was at length thrown aside, and that the nation was for ever subject to military and despotic government, exercised not in the legal manner of European nations, but according to the maxims of Eastern tyranny. Not only the supreme magistrate owed his authority to illegal force and usurpation; he had parcelled out the people into so many subdivisions of slavery, and delegated to his inferior ministers the same unlimited authority which he himself had so violently assumed."†

We make no apology for the length of these quotations; they are infinitely more to the purpose than any thing which could be written expressly applicable to these times. They demonstrate, that England in no respect forms an exception to the ordinary principles of human nature on this subject; that notwithstanding all that is said of the moderation and solidity of its national character, the march of revolution has led to precisely the same results in this as in other states; and that, if the ultimate consequences were less permanently calamitous than they have proved in the neighbouring kingdom, it is entirely to be ascribed to its having occurred at an earlier period

* Hume, vii. 131, 132.

† Hume, vii. 241.

of society amongst us—at a period when the manufacturing classes were comparatively few, credit in a great measure unknown, and the masses likely to be involved in indigence by revolution so inconsiderable. We see in the despotism of the Long Parliament what tyrannical measures English revolutionists will adopt; we see in the horrors of the convention to what these measures lead in the complicated artificial state of society in which we live. If deterred neither by the one nor the other, we rush blindly into a similar career, our insanity will be as unparalleled as our calamities will be unexampled.

Public opinion is the preservative to which all the shallow politicians of the day constantly look for a barrier against all their evils. Abuses, they say, are impossible, when millions are interested in their discovery and suppression. Perfectly true, when the abuses are exercised by the party in the state opposed to the millions; but perfectly false, when the millions themselves, or their demagogues, are to profit in the first instance by their continuance. It is the most palpable, and at the same time, the most fatal of all delusions, to suppose that a democratic majority ever will be restrained in their excesses by popular opinion; as well might it be hoped that the public opinion of thieves will check theft. What restraint on popular excesses did public opinion impose either on the Long Parliament or the Constituent Assembly? None whatever. It is when the Conservatives are in the possession of Government, and *then alone*, that the opinion of the masses is a restraint on abuses; when the democrats are at the helm it is their greatest inflator.

The House of Peers now possess the means of making a very different stand in defence of the constitution, from that attempted by their ancestors against the Long Parliament. At that period, the wars of the Roses, and the despotism of the Tudors, had all but extinguished the ancient feudal aristocracy; and the modern aristocracy had not risen up in its stead. During the contests between Charles and the Commons, there were not seventy members in

the House of Peers, and those usually assembled hardly ever exceeded thirty or forty. When the Civil Wars arose, five or six were all that could ever be mustered on ordinary occasions; when an extraordinary effort was made to prevent the trial of the King, they could only muster sixteen. The weight of the nation lay in the House of Commons; and in the knights of shires who were there assembled, was to be found not only the moral strength, but great part of the landed property of the kingdom. Now, the case is in every respect the reverse—four hundred Peers constitute the Upper House, and of these, on a crisis, at least two hundred and fifty may be relied on as resolute in the support of the Conservative cause. Their landed property is immense—their personal influence and connexions unbounded—their talents, energy, dignity, and patriotism stand forth on the national theatre, in proud and striking contrast to the vulgarity, selfishness, fawning on the multitude, and want of information, which are so conspicuous among the democratic party. The question is not now brought to a contest between the Peers and the Commons; but between the Peers of England, with the Commons of England, against a motley band of Scotch and Irish revolutionists. The yeomanry of England; the men who sent Hampden, and Pym, and Vane to the Chapel of St Stephens; the sturdy patriots among whose sons Cromwell and Fairfax found recruits for the iron bands who overthrew the chivalry of Charles, are, for the most part, now on the other side. The revolutionary faction is formed of a furious array of Papists, Dissenters, and insolvents; the scum of great cities and the dregs of manufacturing wealth; the drinkers of spirits, and the neglecters of their families; the depraved crew who spend their wages earned on Saturday in constant and habitual intoxication till Tuesday morning. These classes under the Reform Bill are a most formidable body, in point of numbers, at the poll; they have got a small majority at present in the Lower House; but in moral or physical strength they constitute a fraction only of the nation; and if mat-

ters should ever be pushed by their ambition to a collision, they would be soon crushed by the aroused indignation of all the better classes of the community.

As there is no saying, however, how soon the insane confidence and guilty ambition of the popular demagogues may venture on measures openly and avowedly subversive of the Constitution, as the order-book of the House of Commons teems with notices of motions for next session, utterly destructive of our mixed government, and involving as a necessary consequence the overthrow of the Crown and the House of Peers; as the Revolutionists have now completely thrown aside the mask, and the Government journals incessantly advocate a vast alteration which shall entirely subvert the Upper House; as the important secret has now been revealed by Mr Sheil, that there has been a close and indissoluble alliance formed between the Ministry and the Radicals at Lord Litchfield's, the basis of which is the appropriation of the property of the church to secular purposes;* and as the leader of the democratic party, after preaching up sedition and revolution to the populace of Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, is received with open arms by the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and publicly feted by the King's Government—it becomes a matter of the very highest importance to consider how the danger now so imminent is to be averted, and what course should be pursued by the Peers when the *coup d'état* by which their constitutional veto is openly to be destroyed is attempted.

Upon this point it is in the highest degree fortunate that the same period of English history affords as emphatic a lesson as to the course which should be avoided. So favourable had the position of the King become from the enormous encroachments of the Commons, that but for

a rash and ill-judged step on the part of the King they must have lost their hold of the influential part of the nation, and been defeated, even in those insane times, in their first attempt to subvert the constitution. So sensible were the popular leaders of this, that their whole endeavours, before the Civil Wars arose, were directed to the object of driving the Crown by insolent language to the first act of open violence. "When the Commons employed," says Hume, "in their remonstrance to Charles, language so severe and indecent, they were not actuated entirely by insolence and passion; their views were more solid and profound. They considered that in a violent attempt, such as an invasion of the ancient constitution, the more leisure was afforded the people to reflect, the less would they be inclined to second that rash and dangerous enterprise; that the House of Peers would certainly refuse their concurrence, nor were there any hopes of prevailing on them, but by instigating the populace to tumult and disorder; that the employing of such odious means for so invidious an end, would, in the long run, lose them all their popularity, and turn the tide of opinion in favour of the opposite party; and that if the King and the Peers only remained in a state of tranquillity, and cautiously eluded the first violence of the tempest, he would in the end certainly prevail, and be able at least to preserve the ancient forms and constitution. They were, therefore, resolved, if possible, to excite them to some violent passions, in the hope that they might commit indiscretions of which they might make advantage. Nor was it long before they succeeded beyond their fondest wishes. The King's indiscretion in impeaching Lord Kimbolton, and the five members, was a rash act, to which all the ensuing disorders and civil wars ought immediately to be ascribed." †

* "We entered," says Mr Sheil, "into a close alliance with the Whigs, and at the meeting at Lord Litchfield's formed that close, and I trust indissoluble compact, by which so much has been effected. How glorious, that we put the Tories out of office by a Resolution on the Irish Church, and the great principle of the secular appropriation of Church property, to which the Whigs are now for ever and for ever pledged."—MR SHEIL'S *Speech at Thurles, reported in Standard, Oct. 10, 1835.*

† Hume, vi. 397.

These words, which should never be absent from the thoughts of the Conservative leaders in this country, point, in the clearest manner, to the course which the friends of the constitution ought to pursue, and illustrate how quickly all the vantage ground they have gained with so much difficulty during the last three years might be lost. Let them be invariably and scrupulously legal and constitutional in all their proceedings, and that equally, whether in or out of power. Let them exercise the powers, and the powers only, which the constitution has conferred, and shun, as their worst enemy, any illegal or even doubtful act. Let the infamy, the horrid and damning infamy of any *coup d'état*, or violent stretch, rest with the Revolutionists and the Revolutionists alone. Let them confine themselves to their constitutional power of rejecting or modifying all bills sent up to them from the Commons; and do this invariably with every bill which has a tendency to increase the already overcharged democratic parts of the constitution. Let their principle be, that not a single Conservative vote is either directly or indirectly to be sacrificed, and not a single addition made to the Radical ones. Let them stick to the constitution as it is, with all its present faults, with scrupulous fidelity.

To obviate the effect of this truly Conservative policy, the Revolutionists will take care to send up to them no bills but those which confer an addition on Democratic power; and, if they return such bills with the spoliating or revolutionary clauses expunged, reject them, as they did with the Irish

Church Bill, altogether. In this way, they will hope to swell the cry against the Peers as obstinately opposed to all improvement, to which they mainly look for the means of overthrowing their authority. To meet this danger, let them prepare, and pass through the Upper House, a number of bills having a *practically beneficial, but no Democratic tendency*—ample field for such improvement, divested of all revolutionary danger, exists. In extending the means of emigration, establishing poor's rates on a rational system in Ireland, simplifying and improving the laws, facilitating the distribution of land to the industrious poor, and divesting the tithe payments of all their present causes of irritation—a boundless field for such useful, safe and beneficent legislation, is to be found. Let them originate, in short, in the Upper House, the safe improvements which Sir Robert Peel was preparing in the Commons when he was driven from office; and throw upon the Lower the odium of rejecting such beneficial measures, because they have not a Revolutionary character. It is by holding out improvement and revolution as inseparable, that all the triumphs of the Democrats have been won; it is by affording a practical proof of their separation, and a steady resistance to democracy, as the worst enemy of amelioration, that the due ascendancy of Conservative principles is to be restored. Pursuing such a calm, resolute, and beneficent course, the Peers will be sure to defeat any revolutionary *coup d'état* to overturn their authority. They will do more; they will prevent it.

STRONG'S SONNETS.

A MAN may stand upon Westminster Bridge from morning till night, with a box full of real golden sovereigns exposed for sale, at a penny a-piece, and not sell ten the whole day; and these few will be bought as counters. The experiment has been tried for a wager, and such was the result. Suspicion is ever ready to mar good fortune, and whispers in the ear of every passer by, "All is not gold that glitters." The disparaging proverb has thrown discredit on the precious metals themselves—a golden sovereign is taken for a Birmingham button. Happy is the purchaser, however, that discovers the prize. There has been a time, and not very long since, that we should have looked upon an author venturous enough to publish a volume of sonnets, in the same light with the experimentalist on the sovereigns; and we are not quite sure that, however good the commodity, the sale would yet be large.

But poets, in truth, are a disinterested race. They delight in adding to a manufacture that does not go off. All write sonnets; and though few are daring enough to send them forth unprotected to the chance of the world's blessing, you will seldom find a volume of poems in which some twenty or thirty, or more, do not each occupy its own page as the author's especial favourites. If they are, as we believe they are, the author's favourites, they ought to bear mostly the impress of genius—the concentrated essence of poetry in fourteen lines. They ought then to charm universally; but the fashion at one time set in strongly against them. Poetry shares the fate of painting—school supercedes school—and master master in public estimation. It is now the Flemish—now the Italian. Admiration and dislike are outrageous, and come by fits, while the objects of them remain the same for ever.

Sanity of taste is a blessed thing. To lose the relish for any thing good is worse than never to have enjoyed

it; for there is a void made in the mind, into which some imp of evil is sure to enter, begetting envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; and then, nothing is easier than to decry the "querulous sonneteer," though he "discourse most excellent music."

We look upon sonnets, when they are such as sonnets should be, as cabinet pictures, each one complete in itself. Long poems, with their episodes, and descriptive interpositions, may be whole galleries; but the sonnet is one highly-finished picture, richly framed, admitting, strictly speaking, but one prominent idea, one subject, every line tending to the point, as all within the frame would converge to the principal object. They are cabinet pictures, all of a size—the frames bespoken fourteen inches in the clear. There must not be several things, but one thing expressed. One impression alone must be made—and it is not the arbitrary will of the composer, but the necessity of the subject, which must fix the termination at the fourteenth line. If it be good, you cannot add another line or thought, though with such evil intention you put your imagination on the rack; if good, it will be like an epigram in its completeness; the old Greek epigram, or the epigram in the modern sense rejecting its smartness, which, if it were not an impertinent term, would yet express the necessity of the termination. It should show the pith and marrow of the whole in the concluding line—it is then that the maker lays down his pen with the dictum of a master, "*Verbum non amplius addam.*"

Many sonnets have this glaring defect, that they string together thoughts and images, nearly allied, indeed, yet without any *one* meaning in the social concord; and there is no reason why a whole family of ideas, all that are within the range of cozenship, should not be tacked on *ad infinitum*.

Many professed sonneteers have

been remarkable for this defect; and, it must be confessed, they are wearisome enough, when neither the understanding nor the ear are satisfied with the conclusion. Their performances are like patches cut out of a larger piece, and you would fain look behind the frame for what may be turned round. So Van Diest, the painter, used to treat his pictures; if any one admired a small part in one of large dimensions, he would cut it out, repatch his canvass, and work in again. Some of his pictures have many of these sonnet-marks; but I doubt if the purchasers of the parts were long pleased. Neither poet nor painter must be "*Infelix operis summâ*"

We have compared the sonnet to the picture; the comparison is just. Claude, Poussin, nay Raphael and Corregio, have their cabinet dimension to which you cannot add, and from which you cannot take away, with impunity. The limit of dimension is just appropriate to the subject. The recent decision in a court of law was not unwise; a Claude was returned as no Claude, because it had been enlarged. The focus, as it were, had been altered, and the "*operis summâ*" injured. So it is with the sonnet; if, careless of the structure, which is in itself so beautiful, so musical, you could add a thought, an image, after the fourteenth line, whatever other composition it may be, the essential quality of a sonnet must be lost.

We have been led to the above remarks by the pleasure we have received from a very delightful little volume of sonnets, by the Reverend C. Strong. They are indicative of an elegant taste, a reflecting mind, and religious feeling. They remind us strongly of the sister art, and justify our illustration. The poet has observed nature with the accu-

rate eye of a painter. There is scarcely one sonnet that does not show this peculiar power—many of them are like highly finished sketches on the spot, and, from this circumstance, have a freshness and truth that endow them with fascination. The very subjects of many of them are, strictly speaking, subjects for the pencil; and even those that are more in the nature of moral reflections, yet have touches in them so expressive of the beauties of external nature, that they seem to have been the charms that have called up the power and sympathy of the author's mind. He might, with much truth, apply to himself the well-known words of a great master, "*Anchè io son Pittore.*" With him the imagination is not at painful search for his illustrations. He does not first lay down his moral axioms, and invent a simile. He goes forth into the fields, the forests, the seashore, the cavern, and the cliff, by day and by night; and it is from some visible object strongly characterised that he draws his inferences, the subjects of his compositions.

To exemplify this. It is the sight of a flower on a ledge, under the brow of a cliff, that gives rise to the twenty-seventh sonnet. It is intended in the piece as an illustration, but it is given with an accuracy, that shows it to have been the leading idea. Even the feeling, so common to those who stand upon the edge of a precipice, the consciousness of a power, that gives half the motion to the will, of throwing oneself off, is not omitted. This faculty of nice and accurate observation of external nature will be readily noticed, in a more or less degree, in the several specimens we shall select from this little volume.

Here is a sudy from Mont-Blanc.

SONNET VI.

"Chief of the giant mountains! awful form!
Alp! on whose brow, wreathed with eternal snows,
Suus smite in vain, when radiant summer glows,
And harvests ripen through thy valleys warm;

Oft I behold thee girdled with the storm,
Oft, when the moon her quiet splendour throws
O'er thy vast solitudes, and darkly shows
The scars and ruins which thy sides deform;

Thy summit pure, so free from earthly stain,
Seems meet approach to that immortal state,
Where peace unclouded holds her starry reign;

The few who climb thee, with strange joy elate,
Thus mingling with the skies forget their pain,
Like pilgrims fresh-arrived at heaven's own gate."

These beautiful lines are pregnant with the mountain influence. We feel it—we stand admiring at a distance, from sunrise to sunset, under every fitful change, our eyes fixed upon the giant-mountain; and in the quiet moonlight, when visible terrors are subdued, advance nearer, worshippers of the Creator through his works; and in imagination stand successful pilgrims on its summit, waiting the welcome of the guardian angels that open heaven's gate. Here all is in keeping, it is the giant-mountain, and how humble is the pilgrim, ascending that great stair, that, to the poet's eye, leads the pure and devout, though the humblest, to an everlasting abode.

If there is any thing here that we are not quite pleased with, it is—

"The scars and ruins which thy sides deform."

The line is good, but does it not altogether belong to another view of Mont-Blanc, than that which would exhibit it as the ascent to heaven's gate? But the poet is so much of the painter, that, in his finished piece, he is loath to omit the detail of his sketches on the spot.

In sonnet Seven, there is the author's visit to the sea-side, and the portraits of the "stern god of sea," taken in his every humour, his gentle, moving, or stirring mood.

SONNET VII.

"Ocean! I love thee in thy boisterous mood,
When thy strong billows wrestle with the land,
Or with high crest careering o'er the strand,
Leap the dark cliff, and scare the sea-bird's brood;

I love thee, Ocean, when by Zephyr woo'd
Thy placid waters tremblingly expand,
And his soft whisper greet with smiles, as bland
As thy face wore, when God first called thee good;

Yet most I love thee when from low brow'd cave
I watch, as sheds the moon her golden path,
That leads to heaven across thy slumbering wave;

But I abhor thee when, in senseless wrath,
Thou swallowest up the gentle and the brave,
In sight of home, and friends, that throng to save."

The first of the concluding triplets is exquisitely beautiful; and this we cannot but think should have been The Sonnet, and nothing more—what precedes, and what follows, might have made other sonnets; but now, striking as it is with conflicting feelings of love and abhorrence, we think it defective in that unity

which is wanting to make it one subject, and one only; and there might be additions.

The next that we shall offer to the notice of the reader is perfect. We greatly admire the forbearance of the master's hand that leaves the religious repose undisturbed.

SONNET IX.

"Passing the inclosure where the dead repose
I saw, in sable weeds, a gentle pair
Lingering with fond regard at evening's close,
Beside a little grave fresh swelling there:

Silent they stood—serene their thoughtful air;
There fell no tear, no vain complaint arose;

Faith seem'd to prompt the unutterable prayer,
And to their view the eternal home disclose.

Next Sabbath brought me where the flow'ret lay,
Record of high descent the marble bore,
Heir of a noble house, and only stay;

And these words gather'd from the Bible's store—
'The Lord hath given, the Lord hath ta'en away,
His holy name be blessed evermore.'

Nothing can be more touching than this conclusion with the solemn service. It characterises Patience with Faith. The gentle pair of mourners first seen lingering over the grave, their silence at the undisturbed and melancholy hour of evening-close, and the break in the sonnet marking their unobserved departure; so stilly have they glided away in their sorrow, their names unknown, are finely conceived, like a design of Raphael's.

The subsequent and unostentatious

disclosure of their rank, the depth of their loss, an only stay, their devotion and submission, and that utter yet pious grief, that bids the marble speak what their lips dare not utter, affect us extremely. The little poem is complete; it has its beginning, its middle, and its end. It is a beautiful image and lesson of resignation.

We are tempted to transcribe the eleventh, as written in the same religious vein as the preceding.

SONNET XI.

"They picture death a tyrant, gaunt and grim,
And for his random aim; temper a dart
Of bite so mortal, that the fiery smart
Consumes and turns to dust the stoutest limb.

Thus dire to meet, yet shrink not they from him
Who walk by faith, in singleness of heart;
The simply wise, who choose the watchful part,
Nor let their eyelids close, or lamps grow dim.

Nor always dark and terrible his mien,
As those who, by the couch the night-watch keep,
Have known, spectators of the blessed scene.

When friends who stand around, joy more than weep,
As with hush'd step, and smile of love serene,
In the soft guise he comes of gentle sleep."

The twelfth sonnet is to "Constance," on "her couch of sickness laid," beguiling her pain with pictures of past pleasures—and what

are these?—views of Alp and Apennine; or, as the Painter-Poet says, "Visions of Italy."

"Often amid the gloom of sleepless hours
My chamber brightens with her happy skies,"

is a very felicitous passage—yet we think this sonnet not quite perfect in termination. The subject is not necessarily concluded. In this and in some others, our author shows a passion for Italy, which in him is greatly heightened, and fed by his fine classical taste. He seeks the haunts of Scipio and Lælius—holds converse with Tully, clothing his argument in melodious verse, and invokes the shade of the elder Pliny amid the ashes of Pompeii. But we

confess we cannot fully enter into his enthusiasm; nay, we are stupid enough to be astonished at the power of coining objects of admiration, that the imagination of travellers acquires, when they have once crossed the Alps. The soft Italian skies, after all that is said and sung in prose and rhyme, offer but an indifferent climate. The greater part of the sea-coast is pestilential; and malaria is a mischief rather too unconfined.

It is some years certainly since we visited Italy, but it must be wonderfully changed in many respects to be entirely to our fancy. We know not with what art the great admirers guard their eyes and their noses. We declare that, in our days of travel, whether over plain or mountain, we could at any time smell an Italian town two miles off. No pointer could be more sure of his scent. We envy, notwithstanding, the classic enthusiasm that can readily neutralize so many abominations. To many of us of this working world there is a wondrous charm in travel, in making compact with

ourselves to throw off our familiar home-contracted cares, in enjoying even our affections more nicely, and unalloyed under the spell of absence; and classical associations are apt to cheat us into a belief, that all is in Italy and nothing in ourselves. But we are now more disposed to lie in some sequestered leafy nook, such as the gentle Spenser loved; and here, in the following lines, how delightfully is the scene prepared for us—and Nature waiting to welcome us with smile, and beauty, and simple grace, into the undisturbed paradise of repose.

SONNET XIV.

“ Would I to healthful sounds reclaim my lyre !
I pierce the green wood to some flowery nook,
There on sweet Spenser cast regardful look ;
He chastens old, and kindles new desire.

Not more were wont the muses to inspire
Dreamers of old with draught from sacred brook
Of Castaly, when strange emotions shook
Their tuneful souls, as winds the trembling wire.

From vain delights, and lap of slothful down,
Bewildered thoughts, and soft infectious speech,
Who would escape must quit the impure town :

Returning, where, beneath the white-arm'd beech,
By valley's stream, or hillock's verdant crown,
Her simple lesson Nature waits to teach ! ”

We will now exhibit a magnificent sunrise—darken the room; it shall be a transparency. You are in bed—draw the curtains—the window is before you, and you look over the expanded rolling ocean. Your ear must be cheated into the belief of the melancholy dirge of the boundless billows. Suddenly, eastward, there is a streak—it becomes vivid, and the red flakes shoot upward. Where will you seek comparison, that shall heighten the mag-

nificence, images the picture cannot give? We have the poet and painter combined—while one works with his pencil, the other is plunging fathoms down under Lemnos to the Vulcanian caverns for potent images. And here is sunrise in a magnificent sonnet, and dashed off, as the invoked Lemnian would throw off a thunderbolt, burning from his anvil, never to cool till it has done its destined execution.

SONNET XV.

“ Roused by the billows' melancholy dirge,
I woke as night her sable banner furled ;
What time pale mists, in forms fantastic curled,
Like spectral shapes, come flitting o'er the surge ;

Then looking eastward, on the ocean's verge,
From the near sun I saw red flashes hurled ;
As rolls the pageant from the nether world,
And from the waves the golden wheels emerge.

Never of old did more portentous light
Suspend the seaman's oar, when, like a pyre,
Lemnos appeared at evening kindling bright ;

Rather, when tasked by Jove in sudden ire,
The god was labouring with his crew all night
On glowing anvils, shaping forked fire."

Thus prepared by this fiery ordeal for a volcanic exhibition, we will call for Vesuvius. You are standing in the "lone Pompeii's street."

We have seen representations of the great eruptions, doubtless feeble, and wonder at the spectator standing aghast—provided it be not too long. We once took a guide to the mountain. We were perched amongst some scoria, sketching the mountain tops. Our guide was by our side. Suddenly he started to his legs—the ashes or crust that environed the crater had lifted itself, as a cat would its back. Our guide bade us make all speed—it was a dangerous symptom. For the life of us we could not help remaining to give the finishing touch.

In a few seconds up flew with tremendous explosion immense tabular masses in the air, luckily the mountain genius knew he was sitting for his picture, and countenanced us as we did him, and so shot off the whole matter in a direction away from us. It was simply, as a beauty calls up a look, the throwing the fire in his eye and the smoke of his mouth, as a hint to make him look fierce enough. But to the sonnet. The lone street of Pompeii, itself the ruined monument of its own destruction—the darkness—the heat—the startled peasant—and the flowing lava—all accumulate horrors, and the classic mind naturally reverts to the great catastrophe, in which the ancient naturalist lost his life.

SONNET XVII.

"I never with such horror stood aghast,
As when in lone Pompeii's silent street,
I felt thy mighty pulse, Vesuvius, beat,
And from thy jaws saw burst the fiery blast.

Thunders were loud, and smoke in columns vast
Mantled the air with darkness, and strange heat
Warned the sad peasant from his vine-clad seat,
As down the fruitful slope the red stream pass'd.

I fear'd lest might return that deathful hour
When to their gods for help the people ran,
And there was none in temple nor in tower;

And to my vision came the enthusiast man,
Who perished in the breath of that foul shower,
Nature's dread secrets too obstinate to scan."

In the following the spells of affection and devotion are at work. The sainted dead appear, and how appropriate is the solemn warning for preparation.

SONNET XXI.

"Here, where the night-breeze moans like a distant knell,
I would hold converse with my kindred dead,
And shape them to mine eye, as when they fled
To the pure clime where righteous spirits dwell:

Imagination, work thy mightiest spell—
My sire appears, light such as sunbeams shed
On vernal showers enwreaths his sainted head;
He seems to say, Son! guard thy mother well.

Sisters! ye too do leave your heaven awhile,
For this brief moment surely were ye spared,
To teach me how above the angels smile:

Brothers! with whom life's joys and pains were shared,
I mark the import of that warning style,
Lips never plainlier spake—'Be thou prepared.'"

Verily, the world passeth away, and the fashion of it. We shall insert two sonnets together, both effective—both descriptive of scenes of bloodshed, and now in remarkable contrast with their events—Thrasymene and the Coliseum. One the scene of Roman cruelty, the other of Roman suffering. The fashion is indeed altered. Nature soon repairs the utmost mischief man can do, and beautifully verdant, flowery, and peaceful are the “hillocks green” that cover the bones of slaughtered thousands—not a mark of violence remains. The

proudest work of man's hands recovers not so soon its character of security and peace, but ever bears the marks of ravage. It ever bears somewhat of the human character and curse—Ruin; and this is ordered in wisdom, that religion might point to it as a lesson. The proud arches built for sights of blood now echo to terms of offered peace, and good-will to man, and mercy to all creatures. “*Sic transit gloria mundi*”—would that all human glory would so terminate in peace—glory in the cross.

SONNET XXVI.

“ Is this the spot where Rome's eternal foe
Into his snares the mighty legions drew,
Whence from the carnage spiritless and few,
A remnant scarcely reach'd the gates of wo ?

Is this the stream, thus gliding soft and slow,
That from the gushing wounds of thousands grew
So fierce a flood, that waves of crimson hue
Rush'd on the bosom of the lake below ?

The mountains that gave back the battle cry,
Are silent now; perchance, yon hillocks green
Mark where the bones of those old warriors lie.

Heaven never gladden'd a more peaceful scene;
Never left softer breeze a fairer sky
To sport upon thy waters, Thrasymene ! ”

SONNET XXIII.

“ Pacing as I was wont on day of rest,
Amid the Coliseum's awful round,
From distant Corridor there came a sound,
As of a voice that publish'd tidings blest !

Along the vaulted way I forward press'd,
And soon a group of dark-eyed Romans found,
Intent and fix'd, like men some spell had bound,
The preacher with such power their soul address'd.

The words he spake, his gesture and rapt look,
Betoken'd one whom heaven had render'd bold
To ope the treasures of the sacred book.

Methought the shepherd visibly forsook
Temples, where holy things were bought and sold,
For two or three thus gather'd to his fold.”

Alas! how forcibly does the following description of the Battleships, “the wooden walls of old England,” remind us of those days of our glory, when they braved “the battle and the breeze”—when they opened a way with their keels through every sea—ere like culprits British men-of-war assumed the alias, nominally converted into

yachts. Of those happy days when they fearlessly held dominion over all waters—the “sacred arks of liberty,” as they truly were—we see them in the following sonnet vigorously painted—living, majestic, impregnate with British life, motion, and valour, with their hundred brazen tongues, and watchful eyes of fire—grand, and free as the clouds

of heaven—can there be a more appropriate simile—beautiful in their repose, terrible in their storm and thunder?

SONNET XXV.

“Ye sacred arks of liberty! that float
Where Tamar's waters spread their bosom wide:
That seem with towering stern and rampart wide,
Like antique castles girt with shining moat;

Should war the signal give with brazen throat,
No more recumbent here in idle pride,
Your rapid prows would cleave the foaming tide,
And to the nations speak with thundering note.

Thus in the firmament serene and deep
When summer clouds the earth are hanging o'er,
And all their mighty masses seem asleep.

To execute heaven's wrath and judgments sore,
From their dark wombs the sudden lightnings leap,
And vengeful thunders peal from shore to shore.”

We desire to see the poet's own retreat, and here is a picture of it accurately sketched, and richly coloured. Who is not enamoured with the scene? The buildings such as he elsewhere desired, “elegantly neat.” Lawn, water, foliage, shade, and sunshine—all are here—and that drest air that nature loves to put on in token of her eternal friendship with taste, that ever gently suggests the ornament that nature smiles as she assumes. What figure would you have for such a picture? The poet himself in communion with the master minds of other days. O this is *otium cum dignitate*! Under the influence of such retreats we breathe the prayer, “*Sint meæ sedes utinam senelectæ.*” And is the poet the only living thing whose delight is witnessed by the golden eye that passes in sunny glance athwart the verdure? Small indeed is the guest—the companion, yet loved, expected, and most noticeable—the *punctual* thrush. We

see him just hopping into the gleam, bending his head to the earth, as signifying his coming to those whom it may concern, then throwing it upward, curiously showing his dark round eye, as he would offer his salutation to his equally punctual friend and protector. How tranquil is the flow of the verse. Every epithet has a Virgilian nicety. The *punctual* thrush, how happy—*punctual* is he to the moment. His supper cooked by invisible hands under the sod, ready for his bill to the minute, a quarter before six. And after that, he knows how to give thanks for it with a song, that there may be no lack the morrow. Instinct teaches him the lesson, “No song, no supper,” and he is a diligent scholar, because a willing one, in his praise and thanksgiving. He and the poet are friends and fellow worshippers, and though they be dwelling in a lowly vale, their hymn is, “*Gloria in excelsis.*”

SONNET XXIX.

“My window's open to the evening sky,
The solemn trees are fringed with golden light,
The lawn here shadow'd lies, there kindles bright,
And cherish'd roses lift their incense high:

The *punctual* thrush, on plane-tree warbling nigh,
With loud and luscious voice calls down the night;
Dim waters, flowing on with gentle might,
Between each pause are heard to murmur by.

The book that told of wars in holy land
(Nor less than Tasso's sounded in mine ears)
Escapes unheeded from my listless hand.

Poets whom nature for her service rears,
Like priests in her great temple ministring stand,
But in her glory fade when she appears.”

The volume is open before us—and we find that we have hurried on, and that we ought to have noticed the twenty-eighth on the opposite page. For here the painter poet is again the worshipper. The aspiration after immortality and a new world wherein “Righteousness shall

reign,” engendering a momentary faith in its actual possession, not in its expectation as a future inheritance of the pure in heart, is kindled by gratitude for the ample beauties spread around, and the sense to enjoy them. But there is the due check of Christian humility.

SONNET XXVIII.

“I stood at gaze where the free hills arise
Whence rocks 'mid deepest solitudes are seen,
And glimmering through dark foliage, the blue sheen
Of ocean stained with heaven's own sapphire dyes :

Then into the deep air I raised my eyes
The steadfast dome was cloudless and serene,
Fit roof to over-arch so fair a scene,
For earth in loveliness, vied with the skies.

Enrolled, methought, among a happier race,
I felt immortal moments as I said,
Death finds no entrance here, and sin no place :

Then quick to mark where recent footsteps led,
I saw one bending o'er the furrow's trace,
And on his brow the primal sentence read.”

Many fine things have been said of the Rising Sun. He has his worshippers. But there are some trifling matters to qualify our admiration—and we confess we are in no humour to be awakened from our sleep to pay our respects to him, and would often rather hide our head than see his. In this working world he arises with a scrutinizing look of a hard task-master, and bids man go forth to his labour. Far retired and out of ken is his glorious person, he deigns but to shine upon us through the fringes of his eyelashes, superciliously, as much as to say—I see, up varlets, and be doing—and what are all the doings he sets them about?—one might well say with Milton,
“ 'Tis only daylight that makes sin.”

But in the golden age that poets dream of, morning and evening came with quite another show. “Bright Phœbus” gilded the hills under the wheels of his burnished coach, and his horses pranced, and the forests

grew green under the breath of their nostrils—and the “laughing hours” danced after him, and Aurora floated before, dropping pearls upon fruit and flower. Then would he look with pleasure upon the happy children of earth (whom the gods visited and left with many little blessings, that grew to be great) “pillowing his chin upon an orient wave.” Then even night hid her murky wings in a cave, that the stars might commune with the earth unclouded. Such visions come, when the spirit is unclogged and free, even now-a-days to poet and painter. But if they would embody them let them beware how they mix with them ought of the iron or leaden age. Guido painted the show wonderfully. Years would be too short to pass with his hours, and Astley has not an animal to compare with his dapple. But let us look to the description of a naturalist of a superior cast.

SONNET XXX.

“Oh thou, whose golden reins curb steeds of fire,
Blest be the rosy hours that onward bring
Thy glorious pomp, now Night with folded wing,
Hides in her cave, and heaven's pale host retire :

Fresh from their flowery beds the gales respire,
To rapture new awakes each living thing ;
Rivers run joyous, woods harmonious ring,
As earth unveiling, shows her green attire.

Now Ocean shines distinct, the bark unmoors ;
 Flocks to the dewy mountains from the fold
 Go forth, the springing lark above them soars ;
 And hopeful man, as on thy state is roll'd,
 Welcomes the beam that o'er the cluster pours
 A deeper dye, and ripens fruits of gold."

Here is a sonnet that should have been entitled "Elegant Extracts from Memory," not "The Pleasures of," but our author forgot to give it any title whatever. Fear not discussions, physical or metaphysical, on this unsearchable faculty. Be it spirit or a substantial ruminating animal. The living brain, his residence, will not bear probing to satisfy curiosity—break into his house, and you will find it untenanted, he being annihilated with the fright. His residence is in the brain, it is clear—he is elderly, a "laudator temporis acti"—is a known collector of curiosities—hangs his gallery with pictures, though he never designed one. He sticks about his cornices scraps from books, for lack of room for a library ; and, though no author, will dictate autobiography, like an egotist, by the hour. He is frequently more nice

than wise, and sometimes lives upon dates, and then he is but spare and thin. Some might think he occupies but the lower apartments in the intellectual palace, as purveyor to Imagination, living luxuriously above him ; and that he is not very strict in his accounts, and that "remember to forget" is among his memoranda. He is ever hanging and un-hanging his pictures, and drawing others out of dark closets where he had laid them, like a picture-dealer ; and his taste is commonly curious, for upon the pleasant he looks with regret, and on the dismal with pleasure, and often with a strange mixture of either feeling. But, since matter of fact will be better relished than foolish allegory, let us see what memory is, under classical education and taste.

SONNET XXXIII.

"How oft maturer years are charmed with store
 Of scenes from glowing pages caught in youth,
 When words, like pictures, living colours wore,
 And fiction's impress was as strong as truth.

The Red sea, when the built up waves down pour
 On Egypt's host—amid the corn sheaves, Ruth,
 Or Cadmus, portray'd in profaner lore,
 Watching the growth of men from dragon's tooth !

In my ideal gallery appear
 Two trees, which I more fondly contemplate
 Than any my own hauds have planted here ;—

The plane that shaded Tully in debate,
 And fig-tree, to returning warriors dear,
 That spread its branches near the Scæan gate."

The solemn measured flow of the sonnet, the artificial construction of its cadences, render it unfit for the free joyous interchange of unembarrassed friendship. We think our author did not well, in adopting it in his invitation to his friend, in Sonnet xxxii. ; nor will probably the two last lines be thought any improvement upon Horace's gayer lyric.

"Nor wants there some laid up for sober glee,
 When Grenville was installed our chief supreme."

The eleventh line pleases.

"Trees whose green arches often cloister me."

If not so concise as the Latin, it is yet expressive of the same idea as the sub arcta vite. Perhaps the "green arches" suit an invitation better ; the arcta vite scarcely promises room for a vis-a-vis. And certainly Horace was then playing *solitaire*—taking care of number one. "I would not accept invitations in sonnets," said Euphemia, to whom we read the poet's invitation to his

friend, "they sound so ominous—there certainly would be a break down, or we should find the window-shutters closed as we drove to the door. I like not sonnets, they are very melancholy."—"Melancholy, Euphemia; and so is pity, so is love, so is sympathy, thought, reflection, piety, purity, so is every thing good. Virtue is heightened into excellence by the slightest cast of what you call melancholy, which yet is a most civilizing and rich luxury. It shows the instrument of the human soul, the heart, is finely

tuned. And, had you not yourself put on that pensive air, that turn of the head and drooping eyelids, after the manner of the Madonna of Raphael, you so much admired—Tell the truth, now, were you not then acting the sonnet? Sympathy would be suffering, did not a heavenly spirit meet it as it breathes, bless it, and raise it on its pure wings above the dust and ashes of sorrow. The thought lifts us above selfish pleasure, and we feel a joy while we sympathize with our author in reading this affectionate sonnet:—

SONNET XXXVII.

"The tidings came—my brother was no more,
Heart-stricken to the Palatine I went,
There on a sculptur'd stone Time's hand had rent,
I sat me down my spirit to restore.

Friends there were none—they wept on Albion's shore,
Yet each grey fane, each aged monument,
Seem'd on my sorrow feelingly intent,
Such look of sympathy the ruins wore.

And men with whose high deeds the world yet rings,
Appear'd as evening gloom'd, and conquerors pass'd
With nations in their train and captive kings;

And voices from that shadowy concourse vast,
Whispering the vanity of earthly things
Were heard, as flitted by the midnight blast."

We sympathize with the author, yet see not his consolation. Grey fane, aged monument, and ruins, and captive kings, are all idle picture and pageantry that would never affect us with a particle of consolation. We always thought the letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero on the death of his daughter Tullia, a piece of studied and useless oratory. Cicero might have answered (and did, we believe, something of the kind), I have lost my child, and what is it to me that Ægina was behind you and Megara before you, Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left, and all in ruins? They do not tell me my daughter is not dead. We envy those who can find consolation in discovering the vanity of

all things, and that we need cease to grieve because "man is born to trouble!" We had rather go forth into the fields where the grass mowed down is again springing up, and the law of renovation, restoration, is written upon every green leaf and flower. That is consolation which banishes all idea of decay, and assures us that the change is but a step to purer liberty. We do not all feel nor reason alike on these occasions. We can, however, fully enter into the author's feelings on his view of these "mournful relics of the perished great," taken under other circumstances, and here in Sonnet xxxix., he has painted a richly coloured scene that reminds us of one of Wilson's best pictures.

SONNET XXXIX.

"'Twas near the walls that gird th' imperial town,
Where, from a lonely convent's still retreat,
I saw, while Tiber glow'd beneath my feet,
From Heaven's illumined vault the sun go down:

The lofty Capitol, like burnish'd crown,
Blazed on the city's brow—each hallow'd seat,
Each mournful relic of the perish'd great,
Seem'd once more brightening into old renown:

The plain in purple haze lay slumbering deep,
The giant arches that bestrode it shone
A bridge of gold to blue Albano's steep.

Man here, alas! for ages overthrown,
With no gleam kindles, sunk in death-like sleep,
His ruin, Rome, is darker than thine own."

Writers of sonnets are generally gentle, and, being such, have the nicest sense of feminine personal beauty, and the finest conception of the pure feminine mind. The little volume has many specimens that show the author is not an exception. We cannot trespass upon Maga's pages with more quotations. Beauty and virtue will read them, for to

none others than beauty and virtue should genius dedicate sonnets, and such are these really. Nominally the Earl of Harrowby stands sponsor for them by proxy. There must be a mistake in the dedicatory lines on presenting a copy, for the date of dedication is May 1835. A time little justifying

"Now England's course is smooth, and no cloud lowers,
Quit, noble Harrowby, the helm awhile,
And stoop to poesy's minuter flowers."

And in his imitation of Ariosto Mr Strong forgot that the Earl of Harrowby had quitted the helm for a

long while. Thus the Italian addresses his patron Hippolytus:—

"Se voi mi date orecchio
E i vostri alti pensier cedano un poco,
Se che tra lor miei versi abbiano loco."

Mr Strong has strictly confined himself to the Italian model, we will not say unadvisedly. The melody of the Italian is perfect, and his former publication, *Specimens of Sonnets from the most celebrated Italian Poets, with Translations*, shows how well he has felt the fascination. But we think our own less soft and blending language (not therefore the less beautiful or powerful) will admit the rhyming together of the two concluding lines with advantage.

"And why," says our Euphemia, "is the sonnet limited to fourteen lines? Is there any other reason than because it is so?"—"Why limited to fourteen lines? and why ask the question? You would not surely have every thing in this world run an *ad libitum* movement. The sun dare not run his course out of the zodiac, nor can he stop and take up at any other inns but the twelve signs. Why are the Graces three and the Muses three times three? Allow us, Euphemia, to initiate you slightly into the mysteries of the Heathen mythology, and you will see the reason as clearly as you do that of the planetary system. Under the jovial dynasty, when the world was so beautiful that the 'fair-haired deities' took residence on it, on hill and in valley—when penury and

toil were not, and all was gladness, music, and love, and the river gods' urns were musical glasses—Jupiter kept court at Olympus—concerts were every thing. The performers were divine. There is an ancient hymn (to Apollo), in which one of these assemblies is minutely described. According to this, we find the following:—The Nine Muses—the Three Graces—the Hours—Hebe and Harmonia, Venus, Apollo, Mars and Mercury, or Hermes. These had their several parts to perform. They were to sing 'alternate lines, with respondent voices.' The Hours, however, only beat time as they danced—Hebe poured out nectar—Harmonia arranged the order, and then sat between Jupiter and Juno to prevent them quarrelling. But Mars, who should have blown the trumpet, having little liking for Harmony or her daughter, slipped away by a side door, and Venus followed.

"The tale of this scandal is well known, and was made a ballad of to amuse gods and men. Well, then, Euphemia—How many performers were there? The muses, nine—the graces, three—these are twelve—Apollo, thirteen—Mercury, the God of Eloquence, the fourteenth, came last; and that is the reason the last line has the pith and marrow of the sonnet. Apollo, of course, was

leader. You see the origin. Can any one find a more probable? And are there any of those ancient pieces handed down? Orpheus, they say, caught a few which his mother Calliope sang to him in the nursery. By ancient records, the power of their incantation was astonishing. Are they extant? Where are they to be found? Amongst the unrolled Papyri."—"How very satisfactory," said Euphemia.

We hail with pleasure the publication of this elegant little work, and hope Mr Strong has been led to it by the success of his former "Translations." We shall not be surprised if it be otherwise. To those of the reading public, and they are not few, whose feverish taste requires extraordinary excitement, and who feed upon the flippant impertinences and unnatural incidents of high-life novels, we do not think this, or any other collection of sonnets, will be acceptable. The atmosphere of knowledge is not all pure; there is a floating poison in it that becomes at times more or less condensed, and breaks out into an epidemic of bad taste. The literary patient under this influenza is in a delirium of prejudice, and admires, or condemns, "rabido ore," and imagines himself authorized to Apollonize. The age is not yet quite recovered from an epidemic of this kind—an antipathy to sonnets. We were once seized with it ourselves, but are now sane, and have no longer a loathing for wholesome and delicious food. It returns periodically like the ague, and commonly about the spring. This distemper arose about half a century ago. A quantity of a certain publisher's stock of paper becoming impregnated strongly with ipecacuanha, either from some unknown accident, or from lying under a heavy weight of unsold poems, hence, perhaps, denominated Epics, was especially reserved for a press of sonnets. Being light, they went forth, like Sibyl's leaves, into the world, and made every body sick at first sight. The fact being observable, a very injurious suspicion has ever since been cast upon this species of composition. The diagnostics of the disease are, a heat in the head, and a coldness in the heart, and a numbness in the extremities. It has been known to commence in-

stantly at the reading a sonnet, with a sort of intellectual sneezing—a pish and a pshaw—and, in a more advanced stage, the very name creates a nausea; and a dose of a dozen upon compulsion, or out of politeness to a reading friend, has been known to be fatal. The fever is at its height the fourteenth day. St. Valentine's is particularly to be dreaded. Unfortunately, too many "specimens" of a deleterious quality have been handed about, that, engendering a sleepy disgust (a very dangerous state of feeling under any malaria), have much aided the original poison. But there is a remedy. "Experto crede Roberto." We have had the influenza. Take the patient into the country for pure air, banish all books, more especially Annuals, one whole month from sight. Fascinating, agreeable, sensible female society will do much, provided they have no albums. Poisons and their antidotes are often contained in the same substances. The bite of a viper is cured by viper-broth. Thus, upon the first appearance of cheerfulness, let some soft voice, such as the patient has been known to delight in, ply him with an incantation of pure Heliconian sonnets; these, with proper rhythmical and musical infusions, repeated *ad interim*, will generally effect a cure, and it is reasonable. At the touch of David's harp, the evil spirit departed from Saul. The bite of the Tarantula is cured by music, when the infected leaps out of bed instantly, unadorned, and dances off the poison in a *pas seul*. There is much, however, in the quality of the medicine—in the choice of sonnets. Milton's, Wordsworth's, and a few Italian, undiluted, are nearly infallible. We may add, the little volume before us; and, but that it would look like quackery, we should say, "Try Strong's Specific." If there be any upon whom all these have no salutary effect, they are incurables—lepers for life—generally fall into a morbid disrelish of poetry of all kinds, of the sunshine of life—delight (if the word be not too pleasurable for them) in perpetual drizzle—show evident symptoms of the ravings of the new schools of morals, politics, and literature—become Utilitarians, drinkers in secret—and finally, go off in a "delirium tremens."

MYSELF AND JULIA ARRAN.

It was so dark when I got into the Oxford coach in Piccadilly, that I could not see whether I had a fellow-traveller or not. Something or other there certainly was in the opposite corner, but the unsteady flickering of the lights did not enable me to discover whether the heap so closely huddled up contained only carpet-bags and greatcoats,—or a bundle of human nature. With a view of certifying myself on this point, I made some observations which, if the being had been human, would have elicited an answer. As no reply, however, was made, I used no further ceremony, but seizing what I now thought was only some luggage, I tried to throw it to the bottom of the coach, to make room for my legs on the opposite side. The resistance offered to this attempt showed me that I had been mistaken in my conjecture. Yet the resistance was only that of weight. There was no activity in the opposition, and as the silence continued unbroken, I began to be haunted by horrid recollections of the stories I had heard, of corpses being conveyed from place to place in the disguise of travellers. The darkness of the night, the lateness of the hour, were evidently the fittest that could be chosen for the purpose, and ere we had reached Knights-bridge Barracks (for all this had happened within a few minutes of my entering the coach) I had fully persuaded myself that I was sitting in the very closest proximity to a dead man. I fancied, in the horrid darkness, the ghastly face that was now so near to mine, and in fact I had made up my mind, cold and dreary as the night was, to take possession of an outside seat on the very first opportunity. It is all very well to laugh at such feelings as these when you hear them described by the side of a comfortable fire, your feet on the fender, and your friend just passing to you the “buz” of the first bottle; but it is a very different matter, I assure you, when fantasies of that kind take possession of you in cold and solitude at the witching hour. I would have

changed places with an icicle to have got away from my hideous companion, and it was only shame, and a fear of the world’s dread laugh (the world at that time consisting of the guard and coachman) which prevented me from stopping the coach, and changing my situation on the instant. As I sat immersed in these not very agreeable contemplations, something, by a sudden lurch of the coach, fell heavily on my knee. In the hurry of the surprise I uttered a sort of shout, and was on the point of bolting out of the window, making no doubt that my worst fears were realized, and that my dreadful fellow-traveller had partly broken loose from his fastenings, and was actually reclining on my leg. I feared to put out my hand in case of coming in contact with his ghastly skin, and might perhaps have worked myself into a state of insanity altogether, if the object of my apprehensions had not suddenly squeaked out, in a voice inexpressibly shrill and startling—“London fairly behind us at last. May I ask, sir, what the devil you meant by shaking me so ferociously a short time ago?”

“Sir!” I cried in the extremity of my surprise;—“shake, sir; what do you mean?”

“What do I mean, sir? I mean to say it is unaccountable behaviour in any gentleman to pull another gentleman nearly off his seat the moment he enters a coach. I have a theory, sir”——

“I assure you, sir, from the darkness and your obstinate silence, I wasn’t aware that I had a companion.”

“Silence, sir?—To be sure I was silent. No man ought to speak on the stones. I have a theory that any man who speaks to another till the vehicle has reached Kensington, is a man of the very feeblest understanding.”

“You are not inclined to be very polite, I perceive, sir.”

“Not much temptation to politeness, sir, when the very first thing a man does is to shake me as if I had been a carpet.”

"Why, to tell you the truth, I thought you were a carpet-bag, which is much the same thing; but as I was the aggressor, will you allow me to apologize to you for my mistake, and wish you a very good night, as I shall sleep till the coach reaches Oxford."

"By no means—by no sort of manner of means whatsoever," replied my companion; "if it weren't so confoundedly dark I would shake hands with you this moment, to show that I bear no malice; but as to the idea of sleeping, it is one of the most ridiculous fancies I ever heard of—sleep, indeed, when I am in the coach with you! I have a theory, sir"——

"Really, sir, you don't talk of my ideas with much respect."

"Why should I? Ideas—I don't believe you *have* one. What is it like? Is it blue, or green, or grey, sir? I should like very much to see a real *bona fide* idea. Has it a tail, sir?"

"No—but it has a finger and thumb, which at this moment have a strong inclination to pull an impertinent fellow's nose."

"Meaning me? Oh Plato! Oh Aristotle! that ever I should live to be called an impertinent fellow—but I am not angry; no, not in the least, so don't be alarmed; I have a theory, sir, that people can't see each other very distinctly in the dark."

"So I have heard, sir"——

"Which fully accounts for your applying any such epithet to me."

"They can hear each other in the dark though."

"Ah, that's quite another thing. Now, if you were to hear my name how you would be surprised! It almost makes me laugh to think of your confusion; but 'twould be rather too severe."

"You are very considerate," I said.

"Oh, if you brave me to it, I shall certainly mention my name, and cover you with shame and confusion of face."

"'Tis lucky for me that, according to your very original theory, the darkness will render my blushes invisible."

"Well, sir, you will remember you first of all shook me."

"Well, sir?"

"Next you threatened to pull my nose."

"Well, sir?"

"And next you called me an impertinent fellow. You remember all this, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well then, sir; know that all this has been done to Dr Oliver Olynthus Flopp, one of the senior fellows of St John's, author of the Theory of Reciprocities and Disagreements. How do you feel, sir?"

"Very comfortable indeed."

"I don't believe you, sir. I perceive from the trembling of your voice you are awestruck and astonished; but take courage, man, I shall never mention how very absurd and ridiculous you have made yourself."

"I'll tell you what it is, Dr Flopp, or whatever name you rejoice in, if you are not a little more guarded in your language, I shall most undoubtedly kick you out of this coach."

"Gracious heaven! worse and worse. Young man, you are heaping up for yourself a store of the most bitter repentance. How will it look in after ages that the author of the Theories was threatened with such unheard-of indignities by a nameless traveller in a stage-coach? you will certainly commit suicide if I mention it in the preface to the next edition. I have a theory that suicide"——

"Is not half so pleasant an amusement as murder; so I advise you to mind what you say."

"Sir! do you know who I am, sir?"

"You have just told me you are one of the fellows of St John's, and a more conceited, insolent, impertinent fellow it is impossible to imagine. I never heard your cursed name before."

"Nor my book, sir?"

"No, nor your book."

"Dear me, how foolish! just tell me your address, and Talboys shall send it you directly. Two pound twelve; you can get some friend in the university to advance the money. How I envy you the first reading!"

"I wouldn't read a word of it to save your miserable body from the gallows."

"Are you serious, sir, in saying that?"

"Quite serious, I assure you."

"Then there must be something more in this than meets the ear. There must be some secret, inscrutable instinct of antipathy, that makes your mind start in one moment into an antagonism to mine. What can it be? It will be a delightful exercise till we reach the city of palaces to find it out."

"To find out what, sir?"

"Why, the cause of your not liking me."

"It doesn't, surely, need much sagacity to discover that. You are one of the rudest, most repulsive individuals, I ever met."

"That's just the very thing; but why am I repulsive? Did your grandfather ever quarrel with any ancestor of mine, sir?"

"How should I know?"

"Or your father—do I know him, sir?"

"I don't know."

"Or your mother—perhaps I have been cruel to her in her maiden state? I may, perhaps, have led her to expect farther results—for foolish women, I have often remarked, appreciate rather too highly the slightest attentions of handsome and celebrated men."

"By Heavens, sir—I have borne your insolence long enough."

"Or, perhaps, it may be in the future? Have our genii crossed each other before, or are they doomed to meet at Philippi? Some innate sympathy of antipathy there must undoubtedly be, for, I confess to you, from the moment you entered the coach, I felt perfectly certain you would turn out a very disagreeable companion."

"Go on, sir," I said, now fairly enraged at his impertinence, "but confound me if I don't call you to an account for your excessively presumptuous and ungentlemanly behaviour."

"How, sir? What do you mean, sir? I suppose you can't follow the minute and beautifully conjoined links by which I trace the chain of our mutual disagreement; but be calm, sir, and I will lead you, step by step, through the astonishing process, and a preliminary lecture like this will be of the greatest assistance to you in the perusal of my

book. By the by, you have not given me your address yet."

"I shall send it to you by a friend."

"Oh, let him give it to Talboys."

"Who is Talboys, sir?"

"Why, the publisher, to be sure, of my Theories. He will send you as many copies as you like. But enough of this. Let us try to find out why we hate each other. Were you ever at Southampton, sir?"

"Yes—often."

"Lately, sir?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Mrs General Arran of Hetherton?"

"By sight only," I said, getting more interested in my companion's questions.

"And her two daughters, sir?"

"Very slightly."

"Aren't they lovely, sir? Which do you think the most beautiful?"

I had my own notions, as you well know, upon this subject; but, as I didn't feel myself called on to make Dr Oliver Olynthus Flopp my confidant, I answered as cavalierly as I could—

"They are both tolerably good looking. I don't know which I prefer."

"That's it—that's the secret spring, you may depend on't. No wonder I hated you the moment you came into the coach."

"How, sir?" said I, softening my tone, and anxious to pick up all the information I could—"I don't see what connexion there is between your dislike to me and the comparative beauty of two young ladies."

"But I do though. Look at my book—the chapter of Affinities, third volume, page three hundred and two—that's all."

"Well, sir, I *will* look at your book."

"Will you?—eh?—ah, let me see—I didn't say I *hated* you at first sight, did I?"

"No, not actually *hated*, but something very like it. You said you strongly disliked."

"Quite different these two, I assure you. One is active—to hate; the other is only negative—to dislike. That distinction is very clearly established in the second volume—near the middle of the volume

you will see it—about page two hundred and ”——

—“But about the ladies, sir. Do you know them?”

“To be sure I do.—I am their guardian.—The General was quite a philosopher. Pity he died before I took to metaphysics.”

That accounts, however, thought I, for his having left you the guardianship of his family.

“Are you going to Hetherton now, sir?” said I.

“Aha! what business is that of yours? I consider the question excessively impudent. Why do you wish to know?”

“Merely that I may have some idea of when I am to get rid of so pragmatical a coxcomb as Dr Oliver Olynthus Slop.”

“Slop! stop,—’tis Flopp, sir!”

“Well, I mean *you*, whatever name you rejoice in.”

“Heavens! me, sir? I’ve a theory”——

“Out with it.”

“That fate or fortune will put it in my power, some day or other, to make you bitterly repent of your irreverent conduct to a metaphysician—a gentleman—a philosopher—a—a—an”——

“Ass, sir.”

“Gracious powers! I wish I were six feet high. I would throttle you on the spot, sir!”

“Well, sir, I have the advantage of being exactly the height you mention. What is to hinder me from squeezing you into a mummy?”

“Here, guard! coachman! open the door. Thank goodness, here is High Wickham. Bring a lanthorn here.—Let me see who this inhuman monster is.”

Saying this, he took the lanthorn out of the hostler’s hand, and was going to hold it up to my face; but, by a dexterous kick, I smashed the frail utensil in pieces, sending a portion of the burning wick into the mouth of the now outrageous doctor.

“Prr—prrr—phaugh;—this to a D.C.L.!—this to a senior fellow! You rascal, I will make you smart for this. There will certainly be a blister on my lip—and Julia to be in Oxford on Tuesday.”

The very transient illumination

had given me only one glance of my companion’s appearance. He was muffled up in an indescribable number of greatcoats; and I only detected two very brisk, shining, little eyes, and a mouth of almost preternatural width, before the darkness became again so visible, that nothing else was to be seen.

His last exclamation about Julia enraged me more than all. That a fellow such as that should venture, with such lips—redolent too at that very moment of the smoke and tallow of a stable lanthorn—to profane the name of Julia Arran! I rejoiced exceedingly that I had had so many opportunities of mortifying the presumptuous wretch; and resolved to worry and tease him to the end of the journey. I also made sundry wise resolutions to keep myself strictly incog. In this I was rendered perfectly successful by the Cimmerian darkness of the night, and by the bustle that occurred on our arrival at Oxford. I sprang from the coach the moment we pulled up at the Mitre—seized my travelling case with my own hands, and had secured my bedroom almost before the bewildered metaphysician was fully aware of our arrival. As I was following the chambermaid up the second staircase, I heard the Doctor’s voice upon the landing.

“I declare to you, Mrs Peake, you have an incendiary in your house; a villain who travelled with me from London;—a murderer”——

“Sir!” said a lady’s voice in reply;—“a murderer—an incendiary. You can’t be serious, sir?”

“Oh yes; but I am though;—a rascal. Would you believe it, Mrs Peake?—He had never heard either of me or my book.”

“But why do you think him a murderer, sir?”

“Haven’t I told you, Mrs Peake;—haven’t I described to you that he was ignorant of the theories;—and even when I told him who I was, what do you think he did, ma’am?”

“I really can’t say, sir.”

“Why, he pretended to mistake my name, and called me Slop!—He did indeed. But here, Boots, take up my luggage and follow me to St

John's, Dr Flopp's rooms, number six, second stair in the inner Quad.—How I hate that infernal scoundrel!" And exchanging adieus with the landlady, and muttering curses on me, the philosopher pursued his way.

The undergraduate world is so separated by the etiquette of Oxford from the dignitaries of the University, that though I had only two years before this incident ceased to be a denizen of the place, I had never so much as heard of so distinguished a character as Dr Flopp: His person was totally unknown to me, but if I had been acquainted with him twenty years, it would have been impossible to have hated him more cordially than I did. Even so short an intercourse as was afforded by travelling with him from London was amply sufficient to prove him the most disagreeable of mankind. His vanity, his impertinence, and above all his insufferably familiar pronunciation of the name of Julia, got entirely the better of my temper, and as I reflected on all the particulars of his conduct I only regretted I had not fulfilled the threats I had held out to him, and Burked him in the corner of the coach. "But with the morning cool reflection came." As I drove four spanking greys along the Abingdon road (for my friend Dandy Ball had intrusted me with the ribbons), I began to be surprised at my vehemence of the preceding night. There is nothing so conducive to benevolence and philanthropy as driving four in hand. Drivers of two-horse stages have frequently been hanged for murder, or at any rate transported for an attempt to kill; but there is no instance on record of a regular four-horse whip being any thing but a thorough gentleman and devout Christian. The secret of such uniform perfection in individuals differing in so many other particulars is, that the box of a light fast, or even of a long heavy, is the true "fount and origin" of almost every virtue, namely, self-respect. I experienced on this occasion all the ennobling effects of my position, and long before I had guided the team up the winding steep of Illesley, I felt quite happy that I had left Dr Flopp

in the land of the living. Extinguishing such a miserable creature would have been below the dignity of a skilful charioteer. I will not deny at the same time that I hugged myself on the recollection that I had kept him in ignorance of my name, for I made no doubt that had he known it, his malice would have tempted him to have painted me to his wards in no very favourable colours.

My acquaintance with the Hether-ton family had begun a few months before this time. When I succeeded to the Halford estate, you will remember the house was in a very ruinous condition. My cousin, the last proprietor, though he resided in it till his death, had allowed it to go into such a state of disrepair, as rendered it unfit for the residence of any other person. The first thing I had to do was to make it habitable; and accordingly masons, carpenters, glaziers, and the whole tribe of house-makers and house-menders, began their tiresome and to all appearance their interminable labours. When we had finished some part of the job—I think the floor of the drawing-room—I was resting one day on one of the benches, while the workmen had retired to the kitchen, such as it was, to their dinner. I heard voices in what is now the conservatory; and not knowing very well what else to do I continued where I was, and listened to what was said.

"What a beautiful place!" said a voice so sweet and silvery, that I felt at once convinced it belonged to "a gentle maiden, fair and young."

"How I wish it were mine!"

"Fanny, my dear, you are very flip-pant, if not sinful—remember the tenth commandment, child, and hold up the skirt of your riding habit."

There was a sort of nasal whistle accompanying this, which, however, did not seem to have all the effect that was intended, for the young lady went on as gaily as before.

"I wonder when all these horrid preparations will be ended. Mr Neville is certain to live here, isn't he? He will give such a famous ball in honour of his new house, won't he, mamma?"

"Probably he will, child, for I

fear he is devoted to the vanities of this wicked world."

"Is he? Oh, I am delighted to hear that. He'll be such a nice neighbour."

"Fanny, be less volatile. He is very young."

"Better still!—Is he married, mamma?"

"No!—He has only left Oxford, where, I fear, he has left no very good reputation; as your excellent guardian informed me, he never heard of his name."

"How old is he, mamma?"

"About three or four and twenty."

"And Julia's eighteen; how delightful it would be if"—but here something prevented me from hearing the conclusion of her sentence.

"Child, why will you talk so wildly? He is a dweller in the tents of sin, and none of my daughters, I hope, would waste a thought on such a person." At this moment the lively interlocutor bounded through the folding doors into the drawing-room. "Beautiful! beautiful! mamma," she exclaimed, "see what a glorious view of the river"—but, suddenly observing me, she stopt short, blushed a whole rosary at once, and with a half curtsy, disappeared again into the conservatory. She was very lovely, with fair, animated features, and seemed little more than fourteen or fifteen. I now felt my situation rather awkward, and followed them with the intention of inviting them to see the improvements, but they had been too rapid for me, and all that I saw on getting to the door was two ladies cantering as hard as possible down the avenue, followed by a servant.

I discovered by enquiries among the work people that these were Mrs Arran and her daughter, and that they had very often ridden over to see the progress of the building. However, nothing more occurred at that time, and I returned to London to the domicile of my good old aunt in Harley Street. I had always a room in her house kept for me, and as my hours were not quite so regular as those of her sedate establishment, I used to carry a private key, admit myself quietly at any hour I returned, and steal silently to my bedroom without awakening any of

the family. The terms I lived on with the old lady were the easiest and pleasantest in the world. We never interfered with each other. Whether she was in town or not, her house was equally my home. We asked no questions, but came or went just as we pleased.

The next time I ran down to Hampshire I was more fortunate in making an acquaintance with the ladies who had interested me so much before, or at least with one of them; for Mrs Arran had almost entirely given up going out anywhere, and was particularly scrupulous, I suppose, in never turning her rides in the direction of so great a reprobate as she was pleased to consider me. One morning, at a very narrow part of a retired lane, I encountered two ladies on horseback, and as I pulled with considerable difficulty to the side of the road to make way for them, my horse became a little restive, turning round and occupying so much of the path that their farther progress was impeded. In the youngest of them I recognised the bright eyes and laughing features of Fanny Arran. As she pulled up her pony till my horse should become a little steadier, I saw that it was with the utmost difficulty she refrained from giving way to the liveliness of her spirits. I made some sort of apology, which was accepted by the gay young creature in such a way as to encourage me to go on. I therefore pretended that the only way to settle the matter quietly, was to walk old Bayard part of the way along with them, and in a very short time I found myself laughing and chatting as happily as possible with the two most beautiful creatures it had ever been my lot to encounter.

"It is of no use, Mr Neville," said the young fairy, "to pretend not to know you. I know you very well, and I must introduce myself and my sister to you in return. This is my sister, Julia—generally called Miss Arran—and I am little Fanny—generally called—what do you think I'm generally called, Mr Neville?"

"An angel, of course," I replied, putting my hand on my heart, and bowing, à la Sir Charles Grandison.

"Oh, no—but they generally knit

their brows, by way of appearing very wise—and speak very slow, by way of being very solemn—and generally call me ‘Fanny, child!—Isn’t that too bad?’”

An acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into something more. By a series of the most wonderful coincidences, we happened to direct our rides to the same points almost every day; and, at the end of a fortnight, Julia Arran appeared to me the very fittest object for dreams and rhapsodies I had ever met with. At every visit to Halford after this, and they were neither few nor far between, my admiration had increased, and I was on my way into Hampshire to make my proposals in due form, when I encountered Dr Flopp in the way I have described.

A torrent of old recollections had rushed in upon me, when the block-head informed me of his name. By some unaccountable vagary, General Arran had left him with the usual tyrannical powers intrusted to a guardian. He was to be consulted in every thing—they were not, of course, to marry without his consent; and when I heard him, during our journey to Oxford, talk so familiarly, and, as it appeared to me, so fondly of Julia, it gave point to sundry arch allusions of the playful and mischievous Miss Fanny, in which she insinuated that Julia, if she were ambitious, had a chance of being Mrs Flopp. I felt quite certain upon this point, that the discoverer of theories would rather die at once than give his ward to a fellow who had shown such a noble contempt of him as I had done; but as it was not for Julia’s fortune that I contemplated such an event, I made my mind very easy on the subject, so far as I was concerned, and resolved, all other parties consenting, to make myself happy in spite of him. All this time I had never had the happiness of seeing the mother, partly owing to her ill health, and partly, to own the truth, from a disinclination I felt to intrude myself on a lady who had not mentioned my name with the deference that I fancied it deserved.

We met—that is the two young ladies and I—in one of our accustomed haunts, and when we had met every day for about a fort-

night, my story was plainly told; and, by the mirthful glance of Fanny, as well as the silence of Julia, I saw that I had not much to fear. In answer to my proposal to ride over and discover all the circumstances to Mrs Arran, she told me that, unfortunately, on the very next day they were going for a month to town to consult the mediciners on the state of the old lady’s health, and that all such agitating incidents as a personal interview ought to be postponed till their return. It was, however, arranged that the matter should be broken to her in the mean time, and Fanny promised to let me know the result as early as possible. When the business was thus so satisfactorily arranged, I bore the separation with more composure than could have been expected. But my hopes were doomed to a miserable disappointment. A few days after they had left Hetherton for town, I received a very short note from Fanny, telling me that, on her mother’s submitting my proposition to their guardian, he had most positively objected to it; that he had restricted Julia to the house, and forbidden her to think of me for a moment! Here was a blow to my happiness; and I began to regret that I had behaved so outrageously in the coach, as there might have been a chance of mollifying the philosopher, if I had not placed myself past all hope of forgiveness. But it was of no use moping and pining down in Hampshire. To London I was resolved to go, and I had no doubt of speedily finding them out, as the note was dated Harley Street. My aunt, I knew, had gone on a sea-bathing expedition somewhere on the coast, and I was almost glad of it, as it left me more free to pursue my enquiries.

I did not reach town till about ten o’clock at night, and, as I knew I had no chance of succeeding in my object that night, I strolled into one of the theatres instead of going to the now lonely house in Harley Street. I forget what the play was, but whatever it was it had no attraction for me for more than an hour, and I adjourned to a tavern in the neighbourhood to brood over my disappointments and a grilled fowl.

There was no one in the coffeeroom when I entered, but when I had just commenced my operations my ears were saluted by a voice so absurdly pompous and shrill that I recognised it at once as belonging to the learned Dr Flopp. "Waiter," it said, "get me a grilled fowl and pint of mulled port: I've a theory that these are two very good things after a comedy." I looked at him. But you have seen him, and I need scarcely describe his appearance. Very thin legs, slightly bent outwards, supporting a body of considerable size—large stiff frills sticking out about a foot before him, and extending from immediately under his chin to the lowest button of his waistcoat—his large staring eyes and prodigious mouth formed a *tout ensemble*, as Walter Scott says of Claverhouse, "such as limners (like Cruikshank) love to paint, and ladies (who have a turn for the ridiculous) to look upon." On seeing me, he waddled up to the table with the most smiling affability, and said,

"Allow me, sir, though a stranger, to compliment you on the taste you have displayed in the selection of your viands."

"Yeth, thir," I replied, affecting a lisp, and sinking my voice to a whisper as if in the agonies of a severe cold—"tith a very nithe thing, ith a thtewed fowl, and a glath of mulled wine."

"Perhaps you will let me join you. You may have heard of me before. I am Dr Flopp of Oxford. Waiter, a knife and fork. I will join my friend, Mr—a—a—a—"

"Thnook, thir, ith my name. Thamel Thnook."

"—My friend, Mr Snook. Do you know, Mr Snook, that I have a theory that there is a great similarity between our tastes. Have you studied the subject of Reciprocities and Disagreements? Take some wine, Mr Snook."

"No; I have never thtudied it" (but I need not go on spelling my lisps), "but I have heard that some dunderheaded fool has published some stupid things he calls Theories on the subject."

"Indeed! Do you happen to remember the author's name? I have a theory you are no philosopher, Mr Snook."

"No; I'm certainly no philosopher, but I have the good sense not to be idiot enough to pretend to be any thing of the sort."

"So I perceive—you've made a mistake, Mr Snook—you have emptied my pint of porter."

"No mistake I assure you, sir. I have a theory on that subject myself."

"The devil you have! I'll thank you to theorize on your own porter next time. I am as thirsty as a desert. Why, you've finished the fowl, Mr Snook!"

"I bless Heaven I have a capital appetite—but here comes the one you have ordered—let me help you, sir."

Saying this, I seized possession of the dish, and, cutting him off the two claws and the head, helped myself very deliberately to the remainder of the chicken.

"Sir! What do you mean, sir? Do you know who I am, sir? I wrote the Theories!"

"Take some wine, sir."

"No, sir, not a drop."

"I hold you to that," I said, and emptied the decanter at a draught.

"Sir!" cried Dr Flopp, spluttering and stammering in the extremity of his passion. "You are the most impudent impostor I ever encountered. I have a theory that behaviour such as yours will conduct you to the gallows."

"Sir, you are very polite," I lisped out in reply. "My family has been hanged for many generations."

"Indeed! Well, that is wonderful. You'll not deny, Mr Snook, that my Theories are almost uniformly correct. I had a secret intuitive perception of your fate the moment you opened your mouth. You shall certainly figure in all the future editions."

"As what, sir?"

"As an example of my Theory of Disagreements. You must confess yourself that you have behaved like an ill-mannered scoundrel."

"Dr Flopp," I whispered, "I give you till I have counted sixty to leave this room. If, when that time is expired, I still find you here, I will eat a piece of your heart with my toasted cheese. One! two! three!"

"Stay, sir—horrible—ugh—waiter, what's to pay?"

"Nine! ten! eleven!"

"Sir, are you serious? Good heaven! A cannibal! My hat, waiter, be quick."

"Twenty-eight! twenty-nine! thirty!"

"I thought, sir, the most infamous villain in Europe had been a man I travelled with to Oxford, but you beat him, sir, a hundredfold."

"Fifty-four! fifty-five! fifty-six!"

"I am off, sir, but I wish to God I had the strength of Samson."

"Fifty-eight! fifty-nine!"—but before I had arrived at the fatal number, the Doctor had scuttled out of the room with the grace and animation of a hunted turtle.

You will say this was very bad taste, and very bad generalship to boot; but the temptation to spite the fellow was so great, that it was impossible to resist it. It seemed to me to be paying him in a fictitious character for his malicious opposition to me in my own. Could such an individual as that really be serious in his admiration of Julia—*my* Julia! The thought, though now that one thinks of it calmly, it seems only fit to be laughed at, was at the moment so atrociously disgusting as to justify all the insults I could heap on the entertainer of it. But after about an hour's serious cogitation over all the circumstances, I resolved to make "a bold stroke for a wife," and call on them the moment I discovered where they lived. With this magnanimous resolution I left Covent-Garden, and strolled quietly towards home. It was now, however, so late that I did not think it worth while to disturb the servants; so applying my private key, I opened the main door, and slipped silently up the stairs to my well-known dormitory on the second floor.

It was pitch dark when I entered my bedroom, and not knowing very well where to deposit my habiliments, I merely loosened my neckcloth, hung my coat on the back of a chair, and flung myself at a bound on the outside of my bed. With a scream of enormous agony some one struggled most actively under my weight, and spluttered out "Murder! murder!—ugh! ugh! What the devil! Who are you?"

The voice astonished me beyond measure. There was no mistaking it.

"Dr Flopp!" I said, in my natural

voice—"what in Heaven's name are you doing in my bed?"

"Your bed? Get off, sir. You have forced the blanket into my mouth. Your bed? Who the deuce are you?"

"Don't you remember me by my voice? We travelled together to Oxford."

"Oh, Lord! have mercy upon us! What have I done to deserve to be murdered in the flower of my age?"

"Hush, sir, and answer my questions. What are you doing in this house?"

"Doing? why, staying here with the Arrans."

"What! in this house?"

"Yes! to be sure. Mrs Allanson the owner of it has gone to the country for six weeks, and I engaged it for Mrs Arran. And now may I ask what brought you here?"

"Why, I'm engaged to marry Julia."

"You!—You that threatened to murder me in the coach, and I verily believe have followed me with that intention to this very spot. You! 'tis impossible."

"What's impossible about it? I tell you 'tis all fixed; and this I tell you also, that if you make the slightest opposition to it, I'll dog you from place to place till I get you again as completely into my power as I have you now, and then"—

"Oh, horrid! I have a theory that this is very disagreeable. What do you wish me to do, sir?"

"To withdraw your opposition to my marrying Miss Julia."

"Oh, heavens! how am I to get out of this? 'Tis impossible, sir;—and now that I recollect, she is engaged already to another gentleman."

"How? to another? Who is he?"

"To a most deserving young man—a Mr Neville of Halford. Do you know him?"

"Yes," I replied, "I know him very well; and a very excellent fellow he is, I assure you. I shall arrange matters with him, provided only that you leave us alone."

"Call him out; shoot him by all means. I've a theory"—

"Poh! curse your theories. I shall neither call him out nor shoot him; but only this I tell you, that if you interfere any farther in the matter, I'll make a vacancy in the fel-

lowships of St John's. Now I'm going to leave you—stir not, speak not. If you ever mention this interview, you die to a certainty by my hand."

"Oh gracious!—but, by the by, did you speak to Talboys about the Theories? You'll find them delightful reading. I have a new theo"—

"Hush!"

I gently opened the door; groped my way into the library, and depositing myself on a sofa, made up my plans for the morrow. Could any thing be so fortunate as the accident of their having settled themselves in the very house of all others where I myself could have wished them. The morning light found me busy in these cogitations. Julia I was resolved to see before I left the house; but how to do that without exciting alarm, required a great deal of care and circumspection. I drew my sofa behind a large screen, which I was sure was never moved, and resolved to await the chances of her coming into the library in the course of the day. Sooner than I had expected my wish was gratified. About eight o'clock Dr Flopp came into the room, and set himself down with an air of vast importance to the writing-table.

"Let me know," he said to the servant as he entered, "when Miss Julia is in the breakfast-room. In the mean time, I will write off an account of this very wonderful adventure to Sylvanus Urban; and also to the police. 'Tis miraculous."

Having watched till I was certain the door was shut, and hearing by the scratching on the paper that the doctor was hard at work, I slipped noiselessly from my hiding-place, and stood before him.

"Thir!" I said, assuming again my lisp and whisper:

"Great God! worse and worse! Mr Snook!"

"Yeth, thir; the thame. I've thomething to thay to you."

"Say on, in heaven's name."

"I am the acthepted lover of Julia Arran."

"You! Mr Snook. Why, how many accepted lovers has Miss Julia Arran?"

"Only mythelf—any other man who pretendeth to her I will thoot as I would a tiger."

"Then, for God's sake, shoot the most intolerable villain that ever walked unhung. A rascal who this very night attempted to murder me in my sleep. I have a theory that you and he are very well matched against each other."

"I don't care for him. All I can thay ith thith, that if you don't contenth to my marrying Julia, I will marry her in thpite of you; thath all."

"The deuce you will! has she consented?"

I nodded assent.

"How? when?"

"Will you not oppothe it if she doeth contenth? If you do, you shall be anthwerable for the event. I'll have your hearth blood if you hethitate a moment."

"Good God! Mr Snook—I've a theory this is the most dreadful business I ever had any thing to do with. Do you say you are engaged to Miss Julia Arran?"

"Yeth."

"Then, who the devil was the villain that terrified me last night? He swore she was engaged to him."

"And what did you thay?"

"Oh, ay—I had forgotten. Why I told him what was really the truth, Mr Snook. She is engaged, with the full consent of her friendth, to a most excellent young gentleman of the name of Neville. Now, I've a theory that she can scarcely have three husbands; you will therefore"—

"With the contenth of her friendth—with *your* contenth?"

"Eh? oh; ay: yes—certainly."

"Will you repeat that to her in my prethenth?"

"Oh—surely, Mr Snook, and here I believe she comes." I slipped back into my corner.

"Miss Julia," said the philosopher, "I wish to God we were back in Hampshire."

"Why, doctor?"

"Because—why—you see—this infernal house we have got into is haunted."

"Haunted!"

"Yes, haunted—and I suspect, Miss Julia, you know all about it."

"About what, sir?"

"Why, about certain gentlemen;—you never heard of Mr Snook, perhaps?"

"Never, sir."

"What! not a diabolical-looking—hem—I mean a tall-looking person with an abominable—I mean a considerable—lisp."

"No, sir; I never heard of him."

"Nor of another fellow, with a voice like a kettle-drum—a scoundrel who has actually twice attempted to murder me? Even last night, in this very house, he threatened to take my life."

"Oh, dreadful. Is it possible?"

"Possible? I tell you 'tis true, and at this very moment we are neither of us out of danger of instant death."

"How!—Oh! what is it you say?"

"I only wish Mr Neville were here to guard us."

"Mr Neville, sir?"

"Ay, Mr Neville, madam; your Mr Neville; the gentleman whom we all approve of. We have all consented to his proposals, you know."

"Dr Flopp," replied Julia, apparently very indignant, "I don't know what you mean by such language, or by such nodding and winking as you have now addressed me with. As to Mr Neville—after the opposition you have always made"—

"Never a bit of it. I've a theory you must have misunderstood me;

I approve highly of Mr Neville—so will your mother when I have stated to her my reasons; and as to the villain who threatens my life, and the other miscreant—hem—gentleman, I mean—Mr Snook—why, they may murder Mr Neville if they like, for I have no farther concern in the business. Mr Snook, you have heard what I have said—come forward."

"Yeth, thir—here I come; my name ith Thamel Thnook."

"Neville!" exclaimed the lady.

"Julia, dear Julia!" cried I, supporting her in my arms, "you have heard your guardian's declaration.—He will never withdraw his consent."

"Neville—horror!—the traveller in the coach!—I've a theory that this is very remarkable," squeaked out the doctor. "Well, I will have it all in a second edition. Wonderful example of reciprocal affinities!"

"But not, I hope, of perpetual disagreements," said I, shaking hands with the petrified metaphysician. "I promise to study your theories if you will only introduce us—with your full consent and approbation—to Mrs Arran."

N.B.—We were married in three weeks.

NAPLES UNDER THE BOURBONS AND BONAPARTES.

HISTORY written by contemporaries, by witnesses of, and actors in, the mighty vicissitudes, the awful scenes of political and social convulsion depicted, has for us a peculiar and potent fascination. It possesses much of the interest of the graphic and individual charm of memoirs, without their egotistic garrulity. Such histories are not, perhaps, to be as implicitly relied upon for the unbiassed and perfect veracity of all their statements, as those which the impartial diligence of a philosophic enquirer subsequently selects and compiles from the clashing authorities of contemporaneous factious partisans. But, then, every reader, endowed with common sense, is aware of the garbling, the false colouring,

not to say actual misrepresentation, arising, often unconsciously, from the party spirit of contemporaries, whence, being upon his guard against it as he reads, he is, or should be, in little danger of being led into error by such contemporaneous misstatements; whilst he yields frank credence to the professedly disinterested and impartial historian of after times. We say professedly impartial, and we say it with malice *pre-pense*; for how many really impartial historians can Clio number amongst her votaries? Consciously or unconsciously, do not, must not, our opinions, political and religious, tinge with their own hues—like a Claude Lorraine glass—the events of past ages? Does Clarendon's His-

tory of the Great Rebellion breathe a whiff more, or even as much, of the factious spirit of partisanship, as the history of those eventful days, long afterwards concocted, by the once over-lauded, and now, in compensation, utterly forgotten lady, Mrs Macaulay? Yet the most thoughtless reader is tolerably prepared to expect some misrepresentation of the sullen Puritans, the regicide Roundheads, from the loyal Cavalier, who actively and judiciously served the murdered King, suffered exile with his royal sons, and with them returned to exercise the highest office in the realm; whilst it requires some knowledge of the world, and a considerable habit of reflection, to be similarly prepared for contrary misrepresentation on the part of the petticoated Ultra-Whig, who, living upwards of a century subsequent to the whole transaction, had no common interest, save her political opinions, with the republican fanatics of that important period, in which the respective rights of monarch and people were so little defined, that either might well entertain such extravagant notions of their own claims, as would offer very considerable justification of the conduct of both conflicting parties, if not in the Civil War itself, yet in the previous violent acts which rendered that civil war inevitable. And thus, upon mature reflection, we may recall the objection we had admitted to contemporaneous history, and assert, that there exists no drawback whatever to the satisfaction with which we peruse the record of busy scenes, traced by the hand of a principal actor in the political drama.

We have fallen into this train of thought upon reading a History of Naples, during the ninety-one years ending A. D. 1825, by General Colletta, whose own life ended nearly with his history; for he outlived, only by six years, the date at which it closes—dying even before his work went to the press, to which circumstance some few inaccuracies may be ascribed. His book comprises the history of Naples—not of the Two Sicilies, for he pays but little attention to the insular, during its severance from the continental, Sicily—under the Bourbons, or, more precisely, from the conquest of Naples by the Spanish *In-*

fante Don Carlos—the eldest son of Philip V.'s second marriage with the ambitious, clever, and tolerably unscrupulous Elizabeth Farnese, which *Infante* was afterwards Charles III. of Spain—to the death of that monarch's son and successor upon the throne of the Sicilies, Ferdinand IV., or Ferdinand I., as, upon recovering his continental dominions after Murat's fall, he was designated, to denote, his being the first of the name who had been sovereign of the Two Sicilies united; a rather fantastic device of the Congress of Vienna, a body of legitimates somewhat bitten, to our fancy, with the theorizing, innovating spirit of the age. And upon the occasion in question, these philosophic monarchs and statesmen were mistaken; for though the first and second Ferdinands of Naples were not Kings of Sicily, in their time a Spanish province, Ferdinand V. of Spain, who conquered or stole Naples, was, after that flagitious achievement, King of both the Sicilies.

Of course, we mean not to affirm that, during the whole of these ninety-one years, General Colletta was an actor in, or witness of, the transactions he narrates; and accordingly the earlier portion of his work, being deficient in the peculiar charm above mentioned, is chiefly valuable, as supplying the annals of his country during a period for which we had previously no record of Neapolitan affairs, unless as they were involved in the general history of Europe. It is when the narrator reaches the important years that have elapsed since the breaking out of the French Revolution, important to the Sicilies as to the rest of the civilized world, that his History acquires the impress of his own recollections, views, and feelings; an impress of inappreciable worth in the eyes of the philosophic politician, and giving double value to the acknowledgments adverse to the author's opinions and prejudices, sometimes unconsciously escaping him, sometimes frankly and liberally made. In truth, Colletta seems to have been at once too sensible and too honest to be a thorough revolutionist; *Amercanicé*, to go the whole hog. Accordingly, while he upholds all the absurd dogmas that deform our own worshipped goddess, Liberty, under her Gallic disguise or delirium, such as

actual and perfect equality—which, it cannot be too often repeated, is all that Frenchmen understand by liberty—division of property, no established church, and the like, he is a declared enemy to insurrection and revolution. The complete change in the political condition of the world which he anticipates—his *monomania*—is to be quietly and progressively wrought by the progressive advance of the nations in civilisation, or, as he comically calls it, civility (*civiltá*); there being no such word as civilisation in the Italian language as it was before the French Revolution, as it is still shown by Baretto's Italian Dictionary, dated 1787, now before us; and modern Italian reformers having, it seems, preferred taking the smooth ready-made word *civiltá*, despite its queer double meaning, to coining a new one; and we confess that the more proper form, *civilizzazione*, might sound harsh amidst the satin-inscribed "syllables that breathe of the sweet south."

Upon the whole, Colletta's book, we think, well deserves the attention of the British public—especially sundry of the democrat's remarks upon popular power—wherefore we propose devoting some few pages to introducing it more particularly to their notice. And as much of the interest attaching to it turns upon the social and political position of the writer, as must, indeed, be manifest from what has been already said, we shall begin by giving an outline of his career.

Pietro Colletta was born in the year 1775, and enjoyed an excellent scientific education. At the age of twenty-one he entered the army as an artillery cadet, and served in the war against the French Republic, when he earned, by his valour and ability, a captain's commission. But he was disgusted by the want of talent, of *strategic* science exhibited by the generals, and at the equal want of discipline apparent amongst the troops, although he bestows high praise upon the Neapolitan cavalry, as having, solely by their steadiness, enabled the Austrian Beaulieu to effect his retreat after his defeat upon the Mincio. Hence, upon the temporary metamorphosis of the Neapolitan portion of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies

into the Parthenopean Republic, Colletta, at the fervid, but somewhat immature and unreflecting age of twenty-four, attached himself, heart and soul, to the forms and the champions of liberty and equality, one and indivisible. He took an active part in the defence of the Republic against the Royalists, and, upon the triumph of the latter, was with many of his associates, civil and military, thrown into prison, in direct violation of the terms of the capitulation signed by a British officer—a part of Neapolitan history upon which it is irksome for Britons to dwell, as it was then that illicit love and the wiles of an unprincipled woman lured a British hero to stain his laurels. Colletta saw many of his companions leave their dungeon for the scaffold, and was only saved from sharing their fate, as he had shared their dungeon, by his parents' lavish expenditure, in the way of bribery and the purchase of forged or false certificates.

When Joseph Bonaparte became King of Naples, Colletta was restored to his military rank, and commissioned to organize a Neapolitan militia, or national guard. Of this monarch, however, our author speaks slightly. By Murat, he was highly esteemed and favoured, employed in every difficult enterprise, whether civil or military, and raised to the rank of general, and of director of the civil engineering department. All that the Neapolitan provinces owe to Murat's reign of improvement in the facilities of trade and agriculture, the formation of roads and harbours, the establishment of markets, and the profitable management of royal demesnes and waste lands, is, it seems, really due to the talent, judgment, and activity of Colletta.

In 1813, when the decline of the imperial power, and Napoleon's dissatisfaction with his brother-in-law, involved King Joachim in great and perplexing difficulties, Colletta was appointed a counsellor of state and general-in-chief *del Genio*, as the Italians, like the French, pompously term that military branch, which we, dull islanders, are content to call engineers. In the latter capacity, our author fought with Murat against the Austrians in 1815; and, when

resistance became hopeless, negotiated on his behalf the capitulation of Casalanza, by which the kingdom was surrendered to its legitimate sovereign, Ferdinand.

Under the reign of the restored absolute monarch, Colletta lived in retirement, and occasionally, indeed, consulted by the ministers, when embarrassed; but his advice, as might be expected, never followed. He was wholly unconcerned in the insurrection or revolution of 1820, having carefully kept aloof from *Carbonari-ism*, in which that revolution originated; but he, of course, rejoiced at a change favourable to the principles he held; and the new constitution was no sooner accepted and proclaimed by the King and his eldest son, the Duke of Calabria, than Colletta was again actively employed. As minister of war, he formed plans of defence, which he thinks might, feeble as is Naples in comparison with Austria, have foiled the Austrian invaders; but they were disregarded by the arrogance of an ignorant general, and it is needless here to tell the result of the war. Colletta, upon the King's restoration to absolute power, was sent to Brunn in Moravia, there to be kept a close prisoner; and it was then that, to amuse the weary hours of captivity, he began the present history. But the climate of Moravia, aided probably by close confinement, proved very injurious to his health; and, upon the fact being represented to the governments of Austria and Naples, the doom of perpetual imprisonment in Germany was commuted for a more lenient exile, and Colletta was permitted to reside, still under Austrian superintendence, at Florence. He reached that fair city in March, 1823, completed his history upon the banks of the Arno, and, not recovering his health, died there in November, 1831.

If this sketch of our author's life be not calculated to awaken any very extraordinary sympathy or confidence in Conservative bosoms, it, nevertheless, assigns to the Neapolitan liberal a moral station very different from that occupied by his French brethren, whether Bonapartists, Republicans, or Louis Philippites, *alias Doctrinaires, Juste Milieu* men, or any other of the

nicknames of continental liberalism. Colletta broke no oath to the restored King, entered into no conspiracy against him, and seems, when consulted, to have always given the advice which he honestly thought best adapted to preserve the existing government, and conciliate the nation. This, in our days, is no mean praise.

But Colletta's character is not our chief care. His prejudices, as before observed, are what, in our eyes, give especial value to his book, containing, as it does, manifold admissions of liberality on the part of legitimate sovereigns, of despotism and lawless violence on that of the usurpers, whom he better loves as the representatives or promoters of modern civilisation; and, in short, proving to our entire satisfaction that, in the Two Sicilies at least, the effect of the French Revolution has been to retard by a century or two the progress of Colletta's beloved *civiltá*, or, to speak English instead of liberalism slang, the gradual progress of social happiness, of civil liberty, of constitutional, monarchical, representative government.

According to Colletta's statements, Charles III. reformed innumerable abuses in the despotic government of the Sicilies, improved the administration of justice and the financial system, gradually and quietly deprived the nobility and clergy of their most objectionable and oppressive privileges and immunities, and lessened the power of the Roman See. Ferdinand IV. trode in his father's steps with accelerated speed, his queen, Caroline of Austria, being ambitious of rivaling the fame of her two brothers, as reformers, Joseph II. in Austria, and Leopold in Tuscany. Nay, we here find an almost incredible proof of the degree in which this much vituperated royal pair kept pace with the march of intellect and the spirit of the age, until the said intellect and spirit, taking the bit between their teeth and defying the control of reason, ran off full gallop, ravaging and destroying all that lay in the way of their headlong career, and thus fairly frightened the poor King and Queen of the Sicilies out of their wits, or, as some persons may perhaps think, into them. Here

is the proof in question. In the year 1789, Ferdinand founded, near one of his villa-palaces, San Lencio, a colony, upon principles almost in advance of those of the French National Assembly, then only beginning its operations. Upon the code of laws which he promulgated for its government, Colletta observes—

“The following ordinances are worth noting:—

“‘Merit alone shall establish any distinction amongst the colonists of San Lencio; perfect equality in dress is enjoined; luxury absolutely prohibited.

“‘Marriages shall be celebrated as a civil and religious festive ceremony. The choice of the young shall be free, not contradicted by parents. Equality being the soul and spirit of the society of San Lencio, marriage-portions are abolished. I, the King, will give the house, with the furniture and supplies necessary for the new family.

“‘I forbid all wills amongst you, together with all the legal consequences resulting from wills. Natural justice alone shall govern your co-relative pecuniary concerns. Sons and daughters shall succeed, in equal shares,* to their parents, and parents to their children; then collaterals in the first degree; in their default, the wife to the usufruct. In default of heirs (and only the above named are heirs), the property of the deceased shall go to the orphan's fund.

“‘Funerals, simple, pious, and all alike, shall be performed by the parish priest, at the charge of the house. Mourning is prohibited;—only for parents, or husband, or wife, a sign of mourning may be worn on the arm, but not beyond two months.

“‘Inoculation for the small-pox is prescribed; the magistrates of the colony will see it performed without the interference of parental authority or tenderness.

“‘All boys and girls will learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and their duties, in the *normal* schools; and the arts, in other schools. The

magistrates are responsible for the execution.

“‘These magistrates, named Seniors, are to be elected annually in solemn assembly, by the heads of families, by secret ballot, and majority of votes. They shall appease or judge all small civil contests; and from their sentence there shall be no appeal. They shall punish small faults correctionally; and watch over the execution of the laws and statutes.

“‘With respect to civil causes or offences beyond the competence of the Seniors, the inhabitants of San Lencio shall be subject to the ordinary magistrates and laws of the kingdom. A colonist, accused before the ordinary tribunals, shall be first secretly stripped of the colonial dress, and forfeit all the rights and privileges of the colony, until cleared by a verdict of acquittal.

“‘Upon holidays, after mass, and the presentation of the week's work, all men fit to bear arms shall practise military exercises,—because, your first duty is to your country, which you are to defend and to honour with your blood.

“‘Citizens of San Lencio, these laws I give you. Observe them, and you will be happy.’

“Under such good laws the colony prospered and grew rich. It consisted originally of 214 colonists, and now, after the lapse of forty years, numbers 823.”

A very consolatorily moderate increase, we think, with such encouragement to marriage, and such assistance towards the support of young families.

But philanthropic speculations, and political reforms, ceased when the atrocities—when the spirit of republicanism, and of propagandism, that characterised the French Revolutionists—terrified the Neapolitan sovereigns for themselves, besides filling them with a vehement desire to avenge the wrongs—the murder—of their respective cousin and sister, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. They now looked with horror upon their own liberal improve-

* We give this to show Ferdinand's liberality, not his wisdom, or we might ask, how girls, who share the paternal inheritance with their brothers, can be unportioned wives? To say nothing of the rest of the law of inheritance, and the exclusion of nephews and nieces, and the neglect of widows.

ments, as probably conducive to the subversion of royalty, and with fond veneration upon feudalism and bigotry, however sullied by the ills connected therewith in the darkest ages, as the sole supporters of order, morals, tranquillity, and monarchy. The consequence was a recurrence to such despotic and oppressive measures as the Neapolitan Sicilians, at least, amongst whom was the seat of government, had long been unused to; and which, therefore, by provoking general dissatisfaction, paved the way for French conquest.

But we think not, in the few pages that we can allot to any one subject, especially to one which, however interesting or instructive, is not of immediately urgent British importance—unless, indeed, as affording an important lesson upon the progress and course of democratic power—to give the history of Naples under the Bourbons. We must, therefore, refer such readers as love to seek in the details of the past, lessons for the conduct of the future; and who, in these days of rapidly advancing democracy, can say what government is and can be no business of his?—We were about to add, or hers; but the addition were as yet premature, although, without aspiring to any Strulbrug degree of longevity, we may well hope to live to see the day when this form of speech will be so no longer. But to return. We refer the above-mentioned Utilitarian readers to the book itself for an account of the useful and gradual ameliorations checked and overthrown by the terrors of French Revolution; of the oddly blended cowardice and courage of the Neapolitans, who, when formed into regular armies, with a directing government, never resisted foreign invasion, but as soon as they were without means and organization, resisted individually, desperately, *guerrilla*-like, to their own destruction; of the reigns of Joseph Bonaparte and Joachim Murat, with their despotic freedom, their violations of their own laws, their radical reform, or rather subversion of all existing institutions, their French illusory forms of *pseudo* liberty and equality, and of general education,—which forms, however, though giving nothing like freedom, nothing like a constitution that could satisfy any

rational being, nothing like instruction that could fit men to live under such a constitution, yet remedied many positive evils, and are preferred by Colletta to the British constitution established in Sicily by Lord William Bentinck, in 1812, as more promotive of modern civilisation, and especially better adapted to the ignorant Neapolitans. In which last opinion, by the by, we fully concur, entertaining no manner of doubt but that the Neapolitans in 1806 were, and in 1835 still are, utterly unfit for genuine English liberty. We will go farther, and say that we think such illusory forms of liberty a good, if not the best possible preparatory school for the thing itself. Some of the minor benefits of limited monarchy being thus enjoyed, are gradually appreciated; and even such a mockery of popular representation as that one of Bonaparte's—the *Tribunat*, if we remember aright—in which the members were not allowed to open their lips, or Joseph's and Joachim's, of which the King named four-fifths of the members, and the electors who appointed the remaining fifth, is yet a germ whence a really deliberative representative legislature might develop itself, when there should be a constituency ripe for representation.

But again we must return to Colletta; and further refer the reader to his book, for a curious account of the aspirations of Murat and his counsellors after the union of continental Italy into one kingdom, of which he, Murat, should be king, independently of, and in opposition to, the Emperor Napoleon, as also of his negotiations, relative to this scheme, with Lord William Bentinck. An account by which we ourselves should set more store if Colletta had not, upon principle, decided against quoting his authorities, saying “the reader is free to believe me or not.” Of this kind permission the reader will doubtless avail himself whenever the narrative seems improbable; but to those whose object in reading is not to kill time, but to acquire information, the proof that they may believe is more desirable than permission to disbelieve.

And now, having referred for all these matters to the original source, we shall select, for the purpose of

giving a fair specimen of the work, so referred to, the relation of the Neapolitan convulsion, most interesting to us, because most recent, because appertaining to what may be called the actually existing state of things, to wit, the period that has elapsed since the fall of Napoleon, and that is still in progress. We shall alternately translate and abstract, as seems best, Colletta's narrative of the events of 1820-1821. And first, introductorily, a few words concerning the *Carbonari*, whom he always calls, startlingly to our notions, a sect and sectarians, and of whom he gives a sketch valuable from a liberal pen, although imperfect, inasmuch as he disdains to speak of such mere superficial externals as the oaths, rites, and ceremonies of *la Carboneria*, and says little, save incidentally, of its tenets. Of its power, he says—

“In the 18th century, *la Carboneria* was but a sect, because opposed by the remains of feudalism and popery; in the 19th, it was more than a sect, because aided by the genius and the passions of the times. Under Charles, men thought with the mind of their rulers; under Ferdinand they think with their own.”

La Carboneria, though long existing obscurely amongst a very few members, first acquired notoriety under Murat, when it was actually invited into the kingdom by his unwary minister of police, as a means of civilizing the ignorant and barbarous peasantry. The profounder politicians employed by Napoleon in his kingdom of Italy, warned Joachim, that all secret societies were naturally inimical to established governments, and the *Carbonari*, as especial lovers of liberty, must be enemies of monarchy. The Neapolitan ministry hereupon set about repressing their late *protégés* and allies; and the *Carbonari*, who are said to have been then sober friends of liberty, desiring only the Anglo-Sicilian constitution, now further desired the return of King Ferdinand, who had given Sicily that constitution. They were soon in correspondence with the Sicilian government, and with all the foes of the Bonaparte dynasty.

“The Neapolitan government, discovering the intrigues of the *Carbonari* with the enemy, redoubled

its vigilance and severity, proscribed the sect, and issued decrees, threatening cruel punishments.

“The great strength of *la Carboneria* lay in Calabria, whence correspondence with Sicily was easy. In this province the severity was therefore greatest. * * * Chief of the sect was one Capobianco, a powerful and daring youth, captain of the urban militia of his own town, which was built as a fortress upon a precipitous Calabrian mountain. It was thus difficult to arrest him; and the authorities affected not to think him guilty, while he cautiously shunned all secret snares. But one day, General Janelli, professing friendship, invited him to a banquet given on some public occasion at Cosenza, the capital of that Calabria, telling him that the other officers of militia, and the chief civil and ecclesiastical authorities, would be present. Capobianco, knowing he could secure his own safety on the road, and fearing no snares, either at Cosenza, where he meant not to remain a superfluous minute, or in the general's own house, in the presence of all the authorities of the province, the depositaries and guarantees of the power and the moral dignity of the government, accepted the invitation with thanks. He went, was received kindly, dined gaily, and withdrew; but, as he left the banquet hall, he was seized, thrown into prison, and the next day tried by a military commission, when, being sentenced to death, he was beheaded on the public *Piazza* of Cosenza, before the eyes of the horror-stricken inhabitants. * * * In those days *La Carboneria* was innocent, asking only for laws; afterwards, it became depraved.”

We were tempted to give this anecdote as a specimen of the administration of justice under Colletta's promoter of *civiltá*, Joachim. It need scarce be added, that the *Carbonari* were exasperated into yet fiercer enmity against him. In the year 1814, when he was recognised by the allied powers, the society made a powerful attempt to overthrow him and restore Ferdinand. The attempt failed, but it alarmed Murat, and he now again courted this formidable association, which, being thus propitiated, seems

not to have stirred during the war with Austria that sealed his ruin. Joyfully, however, did the *Carbonari* hail the return of Ferdinand, from whom they expected much. But he, if he had sought their aid—and he was seldom so scrupulous as to reject what offered—when he needed it to regain the lost and larger half of his dominions, was too old an absolute king not to dread secret societies. He immediately condemned *La Carboneria*, prohibited its observances, and took all measures for its complete extinction. Of course, he succeeded to the enmity the *Carbonari* had borne Murat.

We now turn to Ferdinand, and those parts of his conduct that could provoke the Revolution of 1820. The Congress of Vienna had enjoined moderation and clemency, and he seems to have heeded their injunctions. He, indeed, robbed the Sicilians of the constitution he had granted them in his distress, but he did it by artifice, not force, and no one seemed much to heed the loss. To the Neapolitans it would at any rate have been matter of indifference. Colletta frankly says—

“Let not the reader expect the usual causes of revolution, active tyranny, ruined finances, plundered property, lives taken or threatened; but faults rather than crimes, petty artifices, obscure hatreds, the rivulets, for five years almost imperceptible, that formed the political torrent which, in the year 1820, inundated the realm.”

The main fault of Ferdinand's restored government seems to have been weakness and mistrust. His ministers, indeed, mismanaged the administration of the kingdom generally, allowing acts of violence and treachery resembling in kind the outrage narrated as sanctioned under Murat, and mismanaged especially the police and the finances, by which last mismanagement they incurred, whether justly or unjustly, suspicions of peculation. But Ferdinand himself offended the Neapolitans wholesale by his marked preference for the Sicilians who had been ever faithful to him—the Neapolitan army, by his similar preference for the Sicilian troops—the Muratists, by his distrust of them—the *Carbonari*, by his open hostility

to them, his former partisans. The natural consequence was, that most of the Muratists, and great part of the army, although, Colletta says, “no general, unless perhaps one,” became *Carbonari*. Amidst this almost universal, but very inadequately motivated, discontent, the Spanish Revolution broke out, and the flames spread to Italy, where the *Carbonari* presently kindled into a blaze. But never sure did conflagration begin more imperceptibly.

“At dawn of the 2d of July, 1820, two sub-lieutenants, Morelli and Silvati, with 127 serjeants and privates of the regiment of Royal Bourbon Horse, aided by the priest Menichini, and twenty *Carbonari*, deserted from their quarters at Nola, and all proceeded together towards Avellino, there to unite with some more sectaries lately expelled from Salerno. From Nola to Avellino is about ten miles. The road leads amidst populous towns and villages. The soil is fertile; the air, salubrious; the inhabitants, active, industrious, and economical. Amongst all these people passed the band of fugitives, in no apparent hurry, and shouting, ‘God, the King, and the Constitution for ever!’ The sense of this political cry was not well understood by the hearers, or perhaps by the utterers, but it awoke vague hopes—in the tax-payer of diminished taxes, in the liberal of liberty, in the good of good, in the ambitious of power, in all of advantage—and the *vivas!* of the fascinated people, responded to the insare shouts of the deserters. * * * Upon reaching Mercogliano, Morelli wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel de Concili, who held the civil, as well as military authority at Avellino, of which town he was a noble, opulent, and audacious native, inviting him to earn deathless fame, by heading their enterprise. * * * De Concili hesitated whether to join Morelli, or crush his revolt.”

Mean while tidings of these seemingly contemptible disorders reached Naples, where the ministers deliberated more anxiously upon the mode of so imparting the disturbances to the King, as to shield themselves from censure, than upon the means of quelling them. One of their number, indeed, the minister at

war, General Nugent, an Irishman, and therefore perhaps more disinterestedly active, ordered General Guglielmo Pepe, commandant of *il Principato Ulteriore*, the province of which Avellino is the capital, to repair to his post and put down the rioters. But his diligence proved as injurious as his colleague's procrastination. Pepe was a Muratist, reluctantly employed. The King, who distrusted him, forbade his departure, and Pepe became in heart a *Carbonaro*. Is not Pepe the *one general* who, Colletta insinuates, might be a *Carbonaro*? The council still deliberated, and, after rejecting and offending Pepe, because a Muratist, "elected General Carrascosa, another Muratist, renowned in the army, apt to arduous enterprise, a tried instrument of monarchy, but not unacceptable to the people from his championship of liberty in youth, from his still professed desire for a freer government, and because republicanism, Napoleonism, and liberalism, seemed to the multitude congenial, if not identical opinions, seeing them professed by the same men, alike attacked by the Bourbons.

* * * * *

"The hours wasted at Naples in uncertainty and procrastination were usefully employed by Morelli—the commotion spread with the report of its impunity. In one and the same day it invaded the *Principato Ulteriore*, part of the *Principato Citeriore*, and touched upon the *Capitanata*.* Then De Concili, seeing his advantage in the revolution, determined in its favour. He deluded, terrified, or seduced, according to circumstances, the provincial authorities. He assembled troops and militia, and, under pretence of defence, encamped them over against Morelli, with whom he had a secret interview in the night, when it was resolved that next morning they should enter the town with a pompous display of the ensigns and colours of the sect and of alluring words.

"As day broke on the 3d, Morelli marched gaily from Mercogliano to Avellino, whilst Carrascosa at Naples, awaiting his promised in-

structions, was agitated by conflicting thoughts. His interest and his oath impelled him to serve the government—he wished not to fight with the liberals, his fellow-citizens, whose power and name were rising, whose triumph, sooner or later, was certain—he wished neither to betray monarchy nor show repugnance to liberty—he was hesitating and distressed. Government mean while more and more mistrusted him—feared lest the authority committed to him should prove the means of irreparable treachery, delayed, and finally, as is usual with the dilatory, took a half measure, sending the general full powers, but no soldiers.

* * * Mean while the troops sent against Morelli, the garrison of the town, other militia troops, more sectarians, more liberals, flocked to join him, who, powerfully reinforced, took post upon the heights of Monteforte fronting Naples, whilst he spread the commotion through the provinces behind him. The magistrates of Avellino, the *Intendente*, the bishop, received him ceremoniously, and in the church took the oaths to God, king, and constitution. During the ceremony Morelli asserted that his movement was not seditious, since the state, the reigning family, the laws and ordinances, remained undisturbed—he presented to the *Intendente* a paper from the Syndic of Mercogliano, certifying that the band of sub-lieutenant Morelli had in that town observed the strictest discipline, and paid for all provisions. Then, turning to De Concili, he presented him another paper, the muster-roll of his men, said, 'I, sub-lieutenant, will obey you lieutenant-colonel of the same army of his Majesty Ferdinand I., constitutional king.' And this said, he put on an air of subordination, issued no more orders, but submitted himself to De Concili, who assumed the command.

"That same day, the 3d, the *Capitanata*, the *Basilicata*, and great part of the *Principato Citeriore*, rose, for a letter from De Concili, a messenger, a sign, sufficed to excite the people to revolt. But amidst all these tumults and armed risings the laws were sacred, order was main-

* All names of provinces.

tained, life was safe, property respected, hatred repressed, and the revolution turned into a public festivity—the indication of an irresistible movement. * * * Carrascosa, who had been unable to advance beyond Nola, now conceived a hope of bribing the chiefs to quit the kingdom, and then pacifying or subduing their thus disordered followers.

* * *
 “In the night between the 3d and 4th of July, General Carrascosa received 600 men, whilst more numerous bodies were sent under General Nunziante to Nocera, and General Campana to Salerno. No one of the three columns singly was able to conquer Monteforte; the three together were more than sufficient, but from distrust of generals and soldiers, their junction was forbidden. On the morning of the 4th Campana marched unexpectedly upon Avellino. He met the enemy half way—they engaged, and the general returned to his quarters. Upon the morning of the 5th, General Nunziante moved from Nocera—his troops presently deserted in swarms—and the general, dissembling the danger, led back his diminished force to Nocera. The movement of Campana had been unsupported by Nunziante or Carrascosa, Nunziante’s by Campana or Carrascosa. Carrascosa mean while was tempting the leaders of the troubles, and the unlooked-for attacks of the other bodies gave his offers the appearance of treachery. The same government directed these disjointed and contradictory measures. The sight of such disorders encouraged contumacy. A regiment of horse, disobeying its colonel, insolently deserted from Nocera, at mid-day, with flying colours—a battalion of the royal guards, upon reaching the camp, announced a determination not to fight. * * *

“From every province came tidings of popular insurrection, of mutiny amongst the troops; and Nunziante, a known loyalist, wrote thus to the King:—

“‘Sire,—A constitution is the unanimous desire of your people—resistance is vain—I implore your Majesty to grant it.’ * * * This letter increased the dejection and alarm; but Carrascosa’s assurances that he would subdue the rebels by

force or treaty, sustained hope, and the morning of the 6th, the time prefixed for treaty or battle, was anxiously expected.

“New disasters intervened. The offended Pepe was persuaded by the arts of the sectarians and his own impetuosity that government designed to imprison him—that he had no refuge but Monteforte—he resolved on escape. He summoned General Napoletani to accompany him, and, in the middle of the night, assembling officers and soldiers at the *Ponte della Maddalina*, by commands and cajolery they induced another regiment of horse and several companies of foot to desert. The news spread through city and palace. Then five sectarians went to the royal apartments, announcing themselves as ambassadors sent to discourse with the King or some grandee in the public cause. A servant hastily carried in the message, and the Duke of Ascoli came forth, when one of the five said, ‘We are sent to inform his Majesty that quiet cannot and should not be preserved in the city unless the desired constitution be granted. Sectaries and soldiers, citizens and populace, are in arms—the sect is assembled—all await the King’s answer.’—‘I will bring it you,’ said the Duke—entered the King’s apartment, and presently returning he thus addressed the spokesman:—‘His Majesty, considering the wishes of his subjects, and having already determined to grant a constitution, is now deliberating with his ministers upon the terms in which his determination shall be published.’—‘Published when?’ rejoined the other.—‘Immediately.’—‘Meaning?’—‘In two hours.’ Another of the five then uncivilly drew the Duke’s watch from his fob, and turning the dial-plate towards him, said, ‘It is now one hour past midnight—at three o’clock, then, the constitution will be announced.’ He returned the watch, and they departed.”

The terrified ministry now advised compliance, at least for the moment, and within the time prescribed appeared the following edict:—

“The general wish of the nation of the Two Sicilies for a constitutional government having been manifested, we, of our free will, consent and promise to announce its

basis in the course of eight days. Till then the existing laws remain in force.

“Having thus satisfied the public desires, we command the troops to return to their corps, and all other persons to their ordinary occupations.

“FERDINAND.

“*Naples, 6th July, 1820.*”

“This edict was despatched in all haste to the camps of Nocera, Mugareno, and Monteforte, and was received at dawn of the 6th by Carrascosa and Nunziante, as they, despairing of peace, were preparing for battle. The royalist camps were raised; the militia returned joyfully to the town, shouting for ‘God, King, and Constitution.’ The camp of Monteforte remained unmoved. Thus, in four days, was accomplished a revolution which, under a wise government, would not have been attempted, under a spirited one would have been crushed in the bud.”

That same day the King changed his ministers, and resigned his authority to the Duke of Calabria, whom he named *Vicario*. This step, and the eight days’ delay, excited the suspicions of the liberals, headed by Pepe; new disturbances arose in the town, and now the Spanish constitution was demanded. The *Vicario* was alarmed; and towards evening assembled the new ministry, some old counsellors, and a few generals, including Colletta, to deliberate upon the means of preserving quiet during the eight days required for preparing the new constitution. Colletta, after some commonplace phrases of modesty, spoke as follows:—

“A constitution has long been the wish of the Neapolitans; it sprung up during thirty years of civil misery, and grew into hope upon the concession of constitutions by King Ferdinand to Sicily, by Louis XVIII. to France, by Joachim, though late, to ourselves, and, lastly, upon that given or taken in Spain. And now that it has become the watchword of innumerable *Carbonari*, the wish and hope have become a want, an impatience. To oppose the torrent has for three years been a vain labour; to guide it would have been easy. The last ministry was blind to danger, deaf to advice. * * *

On the 2d, Morelli and his small band might have been crushed; the following days Monteforte might have been taken, the other dangers from the sect provided against, and the revolution delayed, though not prevented without a change in the conduct of government. Up to yesterday there were remedies in force; to day none. The ready promise of a constitution, the recall of the troops, the dismissal of the ministry, the unrepressed clamours around the palace, have rendered the government weaker than the revolution; and in civil conflicts the lot of the weak is obedience or ruin. [Mark the liberalist’s opinion of the folly of precipitate concession to popular clamour.] * * * Therefore I hold that all existing desires must be satisfied, and that be conceded to the people as a gift, which would else be forcibly gained.”

“The *Vicario* interrupted the discourse, asking, ‘But is the Spanish constitution suited to the Neapolitans?’—‘The enquiry is unavailing,’ rejoined the speaker. ‘The present question is how to allay, not how to make, the revolution, for made it is. Those who most vociferously demand the Spanish constitution, understand it not; but the name has become a tenet, and no other constitution, even though freer, would satisfy.’ * * *

“Whilst one thus spoke, the others expressed their approbation. But the *Vicario* required from each a distinct opinion, and all assented to the recommendation. A single one suggested the use of equivocal words in the edict, which, when the temporary pressure should be over, might justify the re-invigorating the monarchy; but the *Vicario* indignantly replied, that deception was repugnant to his own and the King’s religious sentiments. He then went to the King, and presently returned with his assent. * * * The edict was instantly drawn up, and published that same night. It said, ‘The constitution adopted by Spain in 1812 shall be that of the Two Sicilies, save and except such modifications as the national representatives, constitutionally convoked, shall think requisite, to adapt it to the particular circumstances of these realms.

‘FRANCESCO, *Vicario.*’

* * * *

“ On the 7th of July Naples seemed a different town. Cries of joy resounded every where, redoubled, centupled around the palace. Not a stain alloyed the general satisfaction, for not a drop of blood had been shed, not an offence committed, the regular course of life had not even been interrupted. Public and private affairs had been despatched as in times of tranquillity; the tribunals, the exchange, the bank, the mall, the theatre, had remained open to business and to pleasure. * * * The common people did not indeed understand the political meaning of the word constitution; but a casual resemblance in sound led the coarse popular intellect to a sense not remote from the truth. Amidst the public joy above described, one lazzarone asked another, esteemed amongst his fellows of superior understanding, what this boasted word constitution meant? ‘ Art thou the only one that does not know?’ was the reply. ‘ It means the *cauzione* (or guarantee) that the King gives us.’ The French word *caution* had become familiar during the ten years of French domination.”

The authors of this singular revolution were now to enjoy their easy victory over the weak and strangely unqualified submission of the government. The leaders were received with the highest honours at court, and appointed to important posts; the troops and *Carbonari* paraded the streets in triumphant procession; and the soldiery’s cries of “ *Evviva Constitution and King,*” were mingled with shouts of “ *Evviva i Carbonari*” from the populace, as a body of *Carbonari*, adorned with their colours and emblems, and led by the *Abate Menichini*, appeared, following the troops.

“ No sooner was this body visible from the balconies of the palace, than the *Vicario* commanded his whole court to assume the *Carbonaro* ensign, he, and the other princes of the royal family, setting the example. For those who had not provided the three ribbons (red, black, and blue), there was store in the palace, fashioned into beautiful stars (cockades probably) by the hands of the Duchess of Calabria. Such power had fear, kingcraft, or fraud.”

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Although of the new ministers, all Muratists, Pepe alone was *Carbonarily* inclined, *la Carboneria* was now triumphant, actually intoxicated with triumph.

“ *La Carboneria* flourished; from fear or ambition, all sought admission. Every magistracy, every regiment, had its *vendita* (a whimsical and unexplained name, apparently answering to the freemason’s lodges); the chiefs, soliciting or solicited, were members, and, as juniors, were in the *vendita* inferior to the subalterns and even privates under their command. The victorious sect, no longer making a mystery of their rites, now arranged them into a sacred and public ceremony. On an appointed holiday, a multitude of *Carbonari*, profusely displaying their appropriate decorations, marching in a long procession, the front ranks of which consisted of priests and monks, bearing a cross and a dagger on the breast, repaired in profound silence, with gloomy looks and measured steps, to church; where a priest blessed the ensigns and those who bore them. General Pepe, though not in the ranks, assisted at the ceremony; and the numbers, the arms, and the mystery, terrified the city.

“ A noble duke, who, having dissipated his own property and that of others, was sentenced to prison by the tribunals, as he passed through the crowded *strada di Toledo*, drew the sectarian ensigns from his pocket, waved them on high, and claimed the aid of the *Cugini* (cousins). Instantly innumerable *Carbonari*, unsheathing their poniards, rescued their dishonest spendthrift cousin, in open defiance and contempt of law and justice.

* * * *

“ The inversion of military rank in the *vendita* confounded all duties, and destroyed the discipline of the army. * * * In nocturnal meetings the conduct and temper of the generals were discussed; some being accused of servility, some of treachery. * * * And the evils were increased, when General Pepe, openly joining the *Carbonari*, aggrandized them with the dignity of the commander-in-chief of the army.

“ Pasquale Borrelli, minister of police, now advised that *la Carbo-*

neria should not be repressed; but its practices be watched, and its disposition and actions swayed by spies.

* * * He was an able speaker, and his colleagues were persuaded.

* * * Artful men, under his direction, now became the leaders of the *Carbonari*; but these stratagems, though beneficial at first, became latterly a main cause of disaster. * * * The society gradually became so powerful, that government was obliged to request its aid, in arresting deserters, levying taxes, raising troops, and other state occasions." (With its subsequent crimes we wish not to defile our thoughts or pen).

The first interruption to the prosperity of the revolutionary government proceeded, however, not from the *Carbonari*, but from a Sicilian insurrection, more resembling an Irish repeal-riot, than any other political commotion of our acquaintance. Colletta says—

"The movement was vast, but aimless. The nobles and some others endeavoured to raise a cry for their own constitution of the year 12, but failed; the Sicilian liberalists having a presentiment of the superior sweets of the Spanish constitution. The disappointed party now propagated the cry of *independence*, and that was accepted, being grateful to all men, more so to islanders, and most of all to the Sicilians, whose old and just desire is freedom from our control."

Observe how invariably even this moderate and rational liberal prefers entire change to the remedy of specific evils, *i. e.* separation to modification of the union. "God, the King, the Spanish constitution, and Independence, became the watchword of the Palermitan revolution, and to the three colours of the sect, was added a fourth, yellow, as the Sicilian colour. The Lord Lieutenant, General Naselli, forced to act, and distracted by the difficulties of his situation, did and undid, wavered between opposite notions, and always chose the worst. He surrendered to the people, upon their demand, the only fort in the city; then, changing his mind, demanded it back; was of course refused, and ordered it to be taken by force. Three times the troops attacked it three times they were repulsed

with loss of life and reputation. The anger and audacity of the rabble increased.

* * * * *
 "To bear down all legitimate authority, disown the magistrates, trample upon the laws, imprison the soldiers, releasing the prisoners and galley slaves, to tear down the King's banner, overturn and mutilate his statues, sack the palace, ravage the gardens, and in every way offend sovereignty and outrage the sovereign—these were the rebellious acts of one day. Soon afterwards many houses were plundered, some burnt, diverse citizens in rage or suspicion massacred, including the two Princes Catolica and Jaci, whose heads, as an additional insult, were cut off, and paraded about Palermo. The sight of these atrocities dismayed the faction of the nobility. Naselli, disgraced and half naked, fled, escaping in a small boat. The populace created a sovereign junta, of which Cardinal Grevena was the head, the members a few nobles and some of the vilest rabble, and which, amidst an armed mob, governed rather as subject than as sovereign.

* * * * *
 "The government hesitated as to its course, and for the moment despatched two edicts to Palermo, enjoining the good to tranquillity, threatening the rebels, but promising pardon to all who should, without delay, return to their duty.

* * * * *
 "The insurrection had spread from Palermo to the *vallo* (valley) of the same name, and to the contiguous *vallo* of Girginti. (In Sicily *vallo* is the word for a province.)

* * * * *
 "Time passed, and the revolution gained strength. The sovereign junta sent ambassadors to Naples to treat as state with state; whilst at home it passed new laws subversive of the old, ordered levies, named magistrates, exercised all the chief attributes of sovereignty. But all was defiled by anarchical turpitude, outrages in the city, inroads upon the country, every where slaughter and rapine. The bank, where public and private money was deposited, did not escape; neither did libraries, nor the establishments of science or of charity; things divine and human were destroyed by one and the same rage.

The ambassadors sought to obtain by treaty the ends of rebellion; to wit, a separate government for Sicily, under the same King and the same Spanish constitution.

* * * * *
 "The ministry answered vaguely, neither granting nor positively refusing. Naples, as happens in really or imaginarily free states, wished to tyrannize, and rejected the terms, as a worse rebellion than the first— (meaning that the Neapolitans obliged the Government to do so).
 * * * * *

An armament of 9000 foot, 500 horse, one man-of-war, two frigates, and several smaller vessels, was equipped; 3000 foot were already quartered in Messina, Syracuse, and Trapani (all towns inimical to Palermo). The command was given to General Florestano Pepe, who, on account of his name, was a favourite with the people."

The expedition sailed; Pepe collected considerable reinforcements in the loyal provinces of Sicily; defeated the insurgents in every encounter, and at length penned them up within the walls of Palermo.

"The hopes of the rebels now sunk; the leaders, and the inferiors who had enriched themselves, were alarmed, and wished for peace, but secretly; for under plebeian rule, riotous opinions earn praise, sober ones, death. The Prince of Paterno, who was now president of the Junta, perceived the universal desire for peace. This prince, noble, wealthy, gouty, and an octogenarian, was still vigorous in soul and mind; he well knew the populace, and convoking them in the Piazza, addressed himself to manage them."

He painted strongly the distress, the inferiority of the Palermitans; then vehemently urged the desperate resolution of all the young men whom he could lead, going forth to attack the vastly superior enemy, while the aged and the women should fight upon the walls, all resolved to conquer, or die on the spot; concluding, by desiring the assembly to deliberate upon the proposal, as maturely as its importance demanded, and give their answer next morning in arms if they adopted it.

The hours of quiet family intercourse and of darkness produced

the effect anticipated by the astute prince: the morning assembly was pacific, and deputed him to treat with General Pepe. The terms he obtained could hardly have been much more favourable, had the Palermitans adopted his deceptive proposal, and been victorious.

"Peace was signed on the 5th of October. The rebels were to release the imprisoned Neapolitan soldiers, restore the city forts, deliver up their arms, obey the authority of the King, and erect anew his overthrown statues. On the other hand, a general assembly of deputies from the island towns, one for each, was to decide by a majority of votes upon the union or separation of Sicily and Naples. * * * Till this should be decided, Palermo was to be governed by a junta of Palermitans. All revolutionary offences and crimes were forgiven. Scarcely was the treaty drawn up, ere two battalions of Neapolitans entered, preceded by the Prince of Palermo, who, as he passed amidst the populace, indicated to them, by a vulgar gesture, his own victory in negotiation over the silliness of the Neapolitans."

At Naples the treaty was, of course, as offensive as it had been grateful at Palermo; and at Naples there was now an unaccustomed power to be propitiated. Whilst the Palermitan rebellion had been raging, the parliament of the Two Sicilies had been convoked in the form of the Spanish *Cortes*, and elected every where save in the *vallo* of Palermo. It consisted of ninety-six members, three parts continental, one insular; and it is observable, as showing the headlong democratic tendency fostered by French domination, despotic as it had been, that among the Neapolitan seventy-two, there were only two nobles, while of the small Sicilian portion, eight were noble, and six ecclesiastics.

The old King was required to open the parliament in person. He did so, and received his guerdon of applause. When once thus installed, the parliament set to work, tooth and nail, to remodel every thing in the kingdom, making laws, new dividing and new naming the provinces, &c. &c. &c. But their constituent or legislative labours were interrupted by the arrival of Pepe's

disapproved treaty with the nearly subdued Palermitan insurgents.

“The populace roved through the streets of Naples reprobating the treaty, execrating its author, uttering the most extravagant suspicions and demands of vengeance. * * * In the Hall of Parliament, which was crowded with the people, Colonel Pepe (of a different province, family, soul, and mind, from General Pepe) spoke against the treaty, proposing that it should be annulled, the author, whether the general or the minister, impeached, and another general, with fresh troops, be sent to Sicily to reduce the rebels to submission. This proposal was voted by the Parliament, and decreed by the *Vicario*—(of course to reduce the rebels was easy after they had delivered up their arms and strongholds.) * * * General Pepe was superseded by General Colletta, who, upon reaching Palermo, dissolved the governing junta, forbade the yellow ribbons, and cancelled all the signs of the late disorders. He soon afterwards obtained from the districts that had rebelled, oaths of allegiance to the Neapolitan constitution, and the election of deputies to parliament. Colletta had been preceded by a reputation for severity, and increased it in Sicily. He curbed the troops and the people. An ardent lover of genuine and possible liberty, he reprobated and suppressed all false liberty, saying that the impotent innovators of those days were more noxious than all the destroyers of the French Republic. * * * He was liked by few Sicilians, but obeyed by all, which, under the circumstances of the time, was all that the interests of the two realms required.”

More important events now pressed on, to embitter this domestic triumph. The European sovereigns assembled in congress at Troppau, disapproved of the Neapolitan revolution in every possible point of view as wholly democratical, as brought about neither by King nor people, but by the military and a secret association, and they summoned rather than invited King Ferdinand to meet them in the winter at Laybach, there to discuss the interests of his kingdom. This summons could not but be very offensive to

the Neapolitan parliament and liberalists; and on all parts a great deal of intriguing followed, of which we must confess that we do not, from Colletta's statements, very distinctly comprehend the drift. All that is really clear to us is, that the old King wished to go, professing his object to be the pacifying of his brother Kings, as nothing should ever tempt or force him to break his oath to the new constitution; that the *Carbonari* declared their pleasure to be that the King should go, but not a tittle of their Spanish constitution be altered or modified; and that the King accordingly went, repeating his professions in a private letter to his son, the *Vicario*, and again, when safe and free on board the English vessel that conveyed him to Trieste; even saying to one of his oldest friends and most faithful followers, the Duke of Ascoli, who asked what course his Majesty wished him to take in the existing troubles:

“Duke of Ascoli, I could forgive such a question from any one but you, who have known me from childhood. After my oath, my promises, the storms I have suffered, and my advanced age, needing repose, how can you suppose that I should desire civil war, new toils, new vicissitudes? I go to the congress to intercede for peace; I shall obtain it, and return acceptable to my subjects. You who stay at home, see to preserve internal tranquillity, and, should need be, prepare for war.”

Colletta avers that all this was dissimulation. If so, never was this Machiavelian, vulgar, and, we had hoped, obsolete branch of kingcraft, carried further. But for the credit of human nature, we must believe that Ferdinand, at his departure, was honest, really expecting to reconcile the congress to events that he felt past recall, though he was far too weak, as he had ever shown himself, to resist the admonitions of an assembly of monarchs, with no one of whom he was able to cope in the field or the cabinet.

Be this as it may, on the 9th of February, 1821, the *Vicario* received a letter from his father, stating the decision of the Congress to be against the Neapolitan revolution, and his own acquiescence in that decision. This letter the *Vicario* transmitted

to the parliament, together with a joint message from the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian ambassadors to the same effect, but farther announcing that an Austrian army, followed by a Russian army of reserve, would immediately march upon Naples,—amicably if the people returned to their duty, hostilely if they persisted in their rebellion; and, in either case, would temporarily remain in the country for the security of the king, of the laws, and of justice. The parliament instantly pronounced that the King's letter was written under constraint; and war against the greater part of the continent was declared by acclamation. In fact, popular assemblies, and the more popular the more certainly, always would, and do thus declare war—prudence, consideration of means, and the like, not being in their department. They invariably act upon the impulse of passion. At Naples, the enthusiasm was, for the minute, universal. General Guglielmo Pepe, who, deeming himself the head and author of the revolution, aimed at being a Neapolitan Lafayette, white horse and all, demanded the command of that army which, being stationed on the Abruzzo frontier, must fail to come into contact with the enemy. The King's second son, entitled Prince of Salerno, the son of the King's wife (a subject married after the death of Caroline of Austria, and never called queen) by her first husband, and the sons of many of his chief friends, and favourites, volunteered their services against the foes of Neapolitan liberty. Only a few more judicious appreciators of circumstances and of relative force, including, it should seem, Colletta, now minister at war, ever dreamt of negotiating, of trying to conciliate, the initiated and alarmed congress of Laybach by rational concession—by modifications of their absurdly democratical, and therefore practically suicidal, constitution; for whatever a democratic republic may be—and America is too young, and too peculiarly circumstanced, to pass for a practical answer—a democratic monarchy, in which the single executive king, and the multitudinous rabble, come into immediate and conflicting collision, is, as

a permanent institution, an impossibility.

By such concession and modification, Colletta thinks that Neapolitan liberty might have been saved. But such moderate counsels were disdained—preparation for war was the only thought, though somewhat thwarted by *Carbonari* insubordination. Colletta raised troops, urged every precautionary measure, and, as mentioned in the sketch of his life, devised a rational plan for a defensive campaign. But Pepe, whose weak head was turned by his share in the revolution, by the consideration that he enjoyed amongst the *Carbonari*, and who deemed himself superior to all in talent and consequence, scouted such prudent temporizing as dastardly. Hostilities had not yet begun, and might possibly still have been averted, when, on the morning of the 7th of March, without concert with the general of the other army—without provision for retreat—Pepe crossed the frontier, and rashly attacked the Austrians at Rieti. His new troops were speedily thrown into confusion, and Pepe is averred to have been amongst the first who fled. The rout was complete; unwontedly so, for it proved, in fact, the rout of all the constancy, all the revolutionary zeal, of the Two, and so recently fervent Sicilies. The parliament at once addressed its submission to Ferdinand, and, dispersing, effectively dissolved itself. Pepe fled right on end to America; the remaining army disbanded itself; the old despotism of the Sicilies, or rather that introduced upon the fall of the ephemeral Parthenopeian republic, was re-established; and within three weeks of the fatal encounter at Rieti, the Austrian army entered Naples.

Again the congress of sovereigns had recommended moderation and clemency to Ferdinand; but unfortunately he now gave his confidence to the Prince di Canosa, a man of crafty and cruel disposition, who had been minister of police (on the continent a wofully depraving office) before the revolution, and, being abhorred by the *Carbonari*, had, by the revolution, been banished. He persuaded Ferdinand that the wretched warlike demonstration

at Rieti had entirely changed the state of affairs, contemplated at Laybach, not only justifying but requiring extreme severity. And fearful indeed, according to Colletta, was the severity exercised by Canosa, yet more fearful the encouragement that, in order to supply this severity with victims, he gave to spies and informers.

But it were irksome, and is needless, to detail the usual melancholy consequences of unsuccessful rebellion. Our author's own fate has been already mentioned; and, therefore, after stating that the only permanent political result of the revolution seems to be the *repeal of the union* between the Two Sicilies, we shall content ourselves with recording, ere we lay down the pen, the only soothing circumstance in the counter-revolution. We allude to the clemency, generosity, good sense, and kindness of heart displayed by the *Vicario*, since Francis I., who, prior to the return of his father, King Ferdinand, afforded, we are assured, every facility, with abundant pecuniary assistance, to all those of the revolutionary leaders who wisely sought for safety in voluntary exile. For those whose imprudent confidence led them to re-

main, defying a continental police, he could do no more than avoid finding them.

Did we say lay down the pen? What! without one word of criticism upon aught save the spirit of the book? It were un-reviewerlike; yet in good sooth we have thought too much of the spirit or soul of Colletta's narrative to bestow a great deal of attention upon that which Pope calls a book's dress. Content thee, then, courteous reader, with a word or two upon this point. The history is written, like Hamlet's play, in very choice Italian; but the author is, for our taste, too much infected with the modern Italian antipathy to verbs. Their absence perplexes the sentences, and makes very hard reading. In fact, Colletta, we are told, studied, loved, and imbued himself with Tacitus, and Tacitus is a hazardous author to imitate, as far as style is concerned, in any modern tongue, destitute of the aids afforded by the declensions, inflexions, &c. &c. of the dead languages. The deeper and more valuable part of Tacitus, his perspicuous political views, far-reaching thought, and philosophical morality, are matters for study, not imitation.

WILLIAM PITT.

No. IX.

WE have seen the progress of the principle of Jacobinism. Its birth, not in public necessities, but popular caprice; its sustenance, not in the growing wisdom, but the growing license of the people; and its triumph, not in the reformation which corrects abuses, and atones for injuries, but in the revolution which shatters every thing. In 1793, the principle had gone through all its stages in France. The rapidity of its progress there was due to the corruption of the national mind. All the barriers which protect a kingdom against the invasion of popular change had been long left to decay. Great cities, in which the deepest profligacy of manners was the code of private life; vast tracts of country, in which the peasantry were left to the religious ignorance of

teachers, who taught them nothing but the worship of relics, and reverence for the fables of the calendar; a court, where, for the fifty years of the former reign, the most scandalous outrages on morals formed the public example; and a literary body, inflamed with jealousy of the personal indulgences of the court and courtiers, were the instruments of ruin, the wheels which took fire the moment they were set in motion, and swept the monarchy from the eyes of man. The comparative slowness of England in this race of ruin, was equally due to her having retained the great retarding causes to overthrow, which are to be found in a natural value for old institutions, in a morality countenanced by the nation, and in the religious integrity of a constitution founded on

Protestantism. Thus, in France the consummation was complete. In England, it was only threatened, and withdrawn. France, suddenly tearing off the garments that gave her the semblance of a member of the civilized community of Europe, in the midst of frantic gestures and blasphemies that were enough to startle the heart of mankind, plunged headlong into a gulf of blood, from which nothing but the shattered limbs of the monarchy could ever be withdrawn.

The foot of England was on the same perilous edge, but it was untinged. As if for the express purpose of compelling posterity to observe this memorable contrast, and to follow it to the true origin, it is remarkable that the belligerent position of France and England scarcely resembled that of any two warring powers in human experience. Though nominally at war, they scarcely ever were enabled to touch each other by hostility. The force of their contrast was almost wholly moral. In the midst of the most violent determinations of war, they were unconsciously compelled to observe towards each other almost the harmlessness of peace. From the beginning of the war, England was the abhorrence, the dread, the most eager object of conquest, the deadliest object of every infuriate desire of triumph, spoliation, and revenge to France. To England, throughout the whole contest, even when Europe was leagued against her, France was the one great antagonist; the shadow of France interposed between England and the sight of all other hostility; Russia, Spain, Germany, all lifting up their trumpets against England, were all unheard in the single roar of France. Separated only by an interval that might seem incapable of preventing the feeblest enterprise, they were virtually kept as much out of the power of each other, until the last period of the contest, as if the diameter of the earth lay between them. When the fury of France boiled forth, the eruption was invariably turned to the Continent; her armies fell upon Germany, upon Italy, upon Spain, upon Russia. England, within a cannon-shot, was inaccessible. When the power of England girded itself for battle, it swept the ocean,

or mastered some remote colonial possession of the enemy; the solid territory of France was unimpaired. Thus, the two countries had leisure to look upon each other, uninvolved in the smoke and confusion of immediate conflict. They were not, like Germany, Italy, or Spain, incapacitated from the contemplation by the agonies of war, blinded by the sanguine haze of fields of mutual slaughter, or sinking alike in moral and physical strength, until they had lost every sense but that of impending destruction. When the thunderbolt fell on the head of France, she flung it on the surrounding nations of the Continent. When the thunderbolt was grasped by the hand of Britain, she flung it across the ocean; neither wrapped the other in its flames. Thus, the two nations stood, unperplexed and undisguised to the eyes of mankind; developed in every moral lineament, with every working of civil passion instantly visible on the countenance; every tension of every moral muscle distinct upon their frames, even that fine internal machinery of impulse which, in the human frame, escapes the eye, almost palpable; every cause and effect of the general action capable of being followed by the eye. They stood, less like the great champions or warring states of antiquity, throwing their whole force into the struggle for the temporary prizes of the sword, than two great embodyings of principle, two master-spirits, contending for the dominion of the minds of mankind; France displaying all the daring and violent evil of our nature, strong in the vigour of rage, unrestrained, of wild ambition, of limitless license, and of desperate love of change. England, the illustrious representative of all the redeeming qualities of justice, loyalty, and religion, calmly waiting the time fixed by a higher than human will, and acknowledging with an uplifted heart and eye, that the victory and the life of empires was the sole arbitration of Heaven.

And in all this there is so little of an appeal to the imagination, and so much of a rigid adherence to reality, that the contrast became more palpable from hour to hour. France became more furious, inflamed, and ungovernable. England shook off more sincerely every contact with

sedition and infidelity abroad. The casual connexion that had existed between her disturbances and the factions of France, was indignantly broken off, and from being once regarded by the struggling nations of the continent as the fated and inevitable prey of revolution, she rose in the universal aspect as the almost divinely marked guide and guardian of European freedom. And this fact is so distinct, that the moment of its occurrence may be seized upon. It was from the first trials for sedition and blasphemy that the heart of England underwent that lofty restoration. Like the Apostle, she had no sooner shook off into the flames the serpent that had crept out of the flames, than the barbarian multitude, "who had thought to see her fall dead," acknowledged that a divine power was in her, and "would have worshipped her as a God."

But to have broken this spirit of sedition required an agency of the most rare and high-principled order. The man by whose hands a country infected by popular conspiracy was to be restored to soundness, must be gifted with qualities of head and heart the most unusual among statesmen. Sedition was the popular feeling; he must have a heart superior to popular sycophancy. Acquiescence with the popular impulse offered him the most complete extinction of rivalry, for the Parliamentary strength of Pitt's opponents was solely sustained by its strength in the streets. Adoption of the revolutionary cause, even in its most modified shape, would have opened the most dazzling temptation to a man of Pitt's splendid qualities for government, and of that vivid and high reaching ambition which was born with him, and which, in a greater or less degree, is innate in every man of genius. If Pitt had embarked on the revolutionary current, who shall tell to what new and brilliant regions of European supremacy it might not have borne him, before he felt the common instability of unprincipled ambition? If Fox, weighed down by personal profligacy, by the poverty of the licentious and the gamester, humiliated by the dishonoured memory of the Coalition, proverbial for Parliamentary overthrow, and never meeting

the minister but to be foiled, was yet able to float upon that surface, what must not be the triumph, in which Pitt, in the plenitude of early talent, at the height of public character, unstained by a personal vice, honoured by the confidence of his King and of every man of sense and character in the nation, strenuous youth at the prow, and matchless mind at the helm, would have rushed along the tides of glory? But if we are to regard conceptions like those, as discountenanced by the nature of the man, what higher panegyric can be offered than the acknowledgment of this discountenance? For what other eminent man then in Europe, but showed himself ready to follow the opposite course? All the individuals of France who rose to distinction, sought it by abandoning the cause of honour, truth, and loyalty, for popular favouritism. What would the early chiefs of the National Assembly have been, if instead of pampering the popular passions, and following the popular outcry, they had exerted their faculties to uphold the rights of the monarchy, and with them the peace of France? They took a more rapid road to fame; they, one and all, abandoned the profitless side of public virtue, and with their eyes open to the follies and violences of the rabble, if not to the ultimate ruin that must submerge every land overspread with rabble supremacy. From Neckar to Napoleon, all adopted the popular side, and all with the full consciousness that it was the side of disorder, national hazard, and European havoc. But it had the temptation of being the source of personal aggrandisement. It was the evil spirit, and they knew that its nature was evil, but it dazzled them with the sudden view of dominion, and they fell down and worshipped the master of the kingdoms of this world. Was he without example in England at the moment, sufficient to screen him from the ignominy of deserting the constitution? He saw the proudest names of the aristocracy, the aristocracy *par excellence*, hourly stooping to the meanest flattery of the rabble; Opposition, the haughtiest race of men that had ever demanded power by their own right in England, the humblest sycophants of the multitude; the arrogant senators,

who thought nothing gained until they had made their King a cipher, and the Government an inheritance of faction, issuing from the debates only to retail them in mob-meetings, taverns, and every low resort of the lowest populace. If he wanted an example to sanction the most utter change of principle, the most utter debasement of early habits, he had the most popular individual in the empire to smooth the way before him. He saw Fox, the son of a British minister, the early servant of the Crown, once himself a minister, and holding the royal confidence, suddenly casting off all his obligations, abjuring, without the decency of a pretext, every feeling of allegiance, insulting the crown, night after night, by the most audacious declamations, insulting the constitution by proclaiming the sovereignty of the mob, and putting the empire in hazard by unfurling the flag of revolt at the head of as reckless a band of political zealots as the world ever saw. There can now be no doubt that Pitt, by yielding, however slightly, to the popular feelings, might have relieved himself of great difficulty for the time. In all the pressures which task the strength of an English minister, the heaviest is that which is formed by adverse public opinion. In Pitt's day this weight had been aggravated to a degree which threatened to shake not merely the minister, but the state. Every wind from every quarter of the empire bore public accusation to his ears—traitor—tyrant—public robber—betrayed of the constitution—enemy of the human race—the most furious epithets of faction, stung by defeat, and of personal malignity, inflamed by the hope of national spoil, were the language heaped on the head of the noblest leader of council in the memory of man. But he bore all, and answered all, by the illustrious reply of saving his country. From the commencement of his administration all was based on the principle of resisting the frenzy of the populace, until it was sobered down into English feeling. He compromised nothing—he disguised nothing—he forced nothing. He knew the wisdom of waiting for the operation of circumstances, and he abided the natural working of the horrors of foreign revolution upon

the honest sensibilities of England. But there his forbearance stopped. No minister has left fewer marks of the exercise of power upon the general fabric of the state. No minister, possessing the extraordinary degree of power with which he was finally invested by national confidence, ever exerted a more statesmanlike caution in keeping the blows which he aimed at rebellion clear of the slightest ornaments of the constitution. But when the revolter was to be crushed, he struck with neither a hesitating heart or hand; disdaining the base honours of empirical popularity, and too sagacious to accept of the empty and transient security offered by sacrificing duty to ease he turned from the shouts of the rabble, poured the whole strength of indignant justice on the public disturbers, and had his reward in the salvation of his country. The hundred heads of conspiracy were crushed under his foot—the sinking spirit of loyalty revived when it thus found a centre to rally upon; and the hearts of the honest and religious men of England, so long insulted and vexed by the revolutionary ribaldries of Fox and his faction, were suddenly filled with a strength and confidence which already anticipated the triumph, to be yet so consummately gained in the double prostration of the external enemies, and the civil antagonists, of the British constitution. The eminent and imperishable merit of this conduct is to be judged of only in comparison with the conduct of other candidates for the honours of ambition. We have seen that the universal course of the French leaders, whether in council or in the field, was to follow the popular bias, let its hazards to the country be of what degree they might. The people, on the origin of influence in troubled times, was the universal language, and all the principles of public life were condensed into the single principle of doing the will of the rabble. Jacobinism, the final shape of that will, was the idol of every man who solicited a public name. What would Napoleon, with all his talents, have been, if, instead of submitting to the wildest impulses of that will, he had, like a man of honesty and virtue, fixed himself in opposition to it; if, instead of being a Jacobin, he had

been a Royalist; and instead of scoffing at all religion, he had abjured the horrid impieties of the Republic? He would have been a captain or colonel of artillery to the hour of his death. What would have been the condition of the long line of Republican leaders that passed in such swift but vivid sovereignty before the eyes of France? What would have been the history of Brissot?—he would have remained the drudge of obscure journalism. What of Danton?—he would have lived engrossing briefs. Of Robespierre himself?—he would have been guillotined as a provincial solicitor. And doubtless their existence in this obscure career would have left them all much happier, wiser, and more honourable men. But they saw fortune before them in the path of crime; they saw the populace ready to submit their shoulders to lift them over the barriers which they were unable to climb; they had no principle to restrain them, and they grasped at the prize. It would be useless to enquire how far the leaders of English party have followed the guilty example. The notoriety of the facts renders the task idle; and the result of all enquiry only substantiates the claim of Pitt to almost solitary virtue.

Nothing can be more important for our guidance in the times of danger, which are undoubtedly at hand, than to ascertain the exact progress of the peril from which we have already escaped. At this moment popular violence is lulled, and the spirit of loyalty seems to be raising its head. But we shall fall into the most fatal of political errors, if we therefore commit ourselves in blind security to the future. The same revival existed forty years ago; and yet if England had trusted to that revival, she must have been undone. In 1793 a London Loyal Association had been formed, for the purpose of resisting the Jacobinism of the hour; it had extended its branches through the empire, and unquestionably embodied a large portion of effective loyalty. Reeve, who had been judge in one of the West India islands, was the founder of this important association. On returning from his appointment, he had felt the sudden surprise of a stranger at the extraordinary change of public men and things, from the

peaceable demeanour which they had wore at the time of his leaving England. The effect was probably the more startling from his being absent during its progress. He was a man of honesty, intelligence, and determination; he instantly enquired into the steps which had been taken to resist what shaped itself to his eye in the most hazardous form of public ruin. He found that the loyalty of the land, though unshaken, was passive, and he summoned it into activity. He collected a few men of similar feelings, drew up a list of resolutions, and established the association. Good sense and good feeling seconded the evidence of public necessity. A great number of important names were speedily added to the members; tracts on public topics were widely spread, information of the fatal principles of democracy was put into the public hands. Loyalty now found where to look for a guide: loyal men began to know each other; and disaffection, defeated in argument, instantly exposed in every falsehood, and forced to defend the characters of leaders who were generally indefensible, shrank into comparative silence. All was now peace. Yet this was the moment of especial danger. Jacobinism is incapable of conversion. It may be extirpated by the hand of law, but it is not to be argued down. The evil spirit, once in possession of the frame, defies alike the agency of nature and the resources of art. It may fly before the presence and the power of indignant justice; but it scorns the slow dexterity of the physician, rages against the chain, and tears the frame, until convulsion and blasphemy close the scene. The Loyal Association had scarcely made the first intermission in its labours, when it saw the leaven of rebellion suddenly spreading, and threatening the country with still more direct overthrow. The hope that faction had been extinguished, merely because it was awed, was found to be totally fallacious. The London Corresponding Society, the great fount of Jacobinism, rose in fresh vigour, and openly menaced the Throne, the Church, and the Constitution. The furies of French republicanism were already the presiding deities of conspiracy in every region of Europe. The success of plunder in France,

roused the activity of every plunderer in England, and the death of the unhappy king taught every guilty lip the language of regicide. The madness of nations may be as extravagant as the madness of individuals, and more extraordinary, as it can owe nothing to the influence of disease. There were at that period thousands and ten thousands of political madmen in the British empire, as rantic as ever made the walls of Bedlam re-echo. The minds of those men had been stimulated to so high a pitch of political mania, that they saw nothing in the nobleness, power, opulence, and freedom of England, but degradation, feebleness, beggary, and chains; and nothing in the miseries and crimes of France but the advent of a new golden age. Giving a new example of old Mezentian invention, they forswore the communion of the living, and linked themselves to the morally dead, cast off the inheritance of the British subject, and abjured the feelings of their country, for the alien and precarious privileges of France. The strong affiliation of rapine and murder overcame every sentiment of nationality, turned into a dead letter the innate repulsion of the French character, and exhibited the preposterous spectacle of the Englishman gesticulating in the pantomime of French licentiousness.

The insolent speculation had been long announced, that a National Assembly should supersede the British Parliament. But Pitt's known character continued to awe the speculators in England, and in England it was reserved for a period of greater security. Still the experiment must be tried; and Scotland was rashly conceived to be far enough from the hand of authority to establish the new shape of Republicanism. The London Corresponding Society still took the lead; by its suggestion, delegates were sent from the various Jacobin clubs of the empire, and the month of October, 1793, was made memorable by the actual assemblage of a Republican Convention in Edinburgh. The intelligence, knowledge, and prudence of the Scottish character are proverbial, but the situation was not ill chosen. The principles of Hume and his fellow atheists had largely degraded

that portion of the leading classes of the Scottish metropolis, which aspired to the honours of literature. Hume had acquired a high literary name by his History; it covered the shallowness of his metaphysics; and those who could not hope to emulate him as the historian, seemed to think that an easy path to share his celebrity opened by following him as the infidel. Nothing, on a general view, can be more surprising, than that the eminently clear, forcible, and practical understanding of Scotland, should have ever wasted itself on the airy absurdities of a science essentially beyond the limits of the human mind; for until we know something of the nature of spirit, of its instruments of action, and the modes of that action, what can man determine of its laws? Thus, we find an endless succession of ingenious fantasies, evasive and thin as air—the theory of each leader demolished by his successor—from Hutcheson to Browne all refutation, nothing established—the laws of the mind still as intangible as ever, and the same fruitlessness promised to every metaphysician to come. This disappointing yet presuming science palpably rendered the Scottish philosophic school of the last century unfit for the seizure of those manlier and more substantial truths which Christianity prepares alike for minds of all ranks—simple enough for the simplest—lofty enough for the most soaring. Beattie's graceful but feeble effort to assail the cloudy strongholds of Hume, only wrapped himself in vapour; and his volume, having gone its natural and narrow round through the hands of fashion, and been rewarded with the civilities and smiles of courts and drawingrooms, sank into the oblivion for which its prettiness was made. Another source of literary disaffection was to be found in the sudden power to which the leaders of the French literary circles had risen. Republicanism showered honours on the man of speculation. Monarchy was slow to discover his merit, and slower still to reward his celebrity. In France, the men of the closet had suddenly started into the men of the council; the simple and congenial obscurity of literary life had been suddenly exchanged

for the broadest glare of public power. The miracle was hailed as the work of literature; and Republicanism threw open the gates of a treasure-house, where every man of vigour and capacity might make his choice among the jewels and coronets once kept under the rigid key of monarchy. But this fatal folly has had its day. Scotland has long since shared in the native loyalty of the empire—a succession of powerful writers have restored the true stature of the national mind. Immortal works of imagination—poetry sweet and solemn—political writings at once practical, eloquent, and principled—all breathing the manliest loyalty, and imbued with the generous and elevating influence of the purest religion, are now the offerings which the country of Hume lays on the common altar of imperial virtue, strength, and wisdom.

The Edinburgh Convention began with the audacity of triumphant faction. It instantly modelled itself on the Parisian Jacobin Club. It had thus far taken advantage of Parisian experience, stepped over the obsolete preliminary of a national assembly, and displayed its superiority to forms in the more ripened state of authentic democracy. Its Republicanism was so ardent, that it equally disdained all the slight precautions of the English Reformer, and ostentatiously pronounced itself anti-monarchical. The members abjured all other names than *citizen*—their division was by *sections*—they had their committees, and these were of *organization*, of *instruction*, of *finance*, of *secrecy*, and of *emergency*. Their meetings were *sittings*—they received the favoured to the *honours of the sitting*—and their date was *from the first year of the British Convention, one and indivisible*. After some discussions on the title by which they were to place themselves in front of the British march to perfection, they fixed on that of, “The British Convention of the delegates of the people, associated to obtain universal suffrage and annual parliaments.”

The Republicans of the present day adopt the same pretexts, unquestionably with the same purposes—the overthrow of the throne, the extinction of the national religion, and a general division of the

spoil. The Scottish rebels only had the honour of being more contemptuous of disguise. The London Corresponding Society unfortunately betrayed its fears without adding to its virtue. It sent its two delegates to the Convention, but, with an evident glance at the heavy hand of the minister, *avowedly* limited their functions to the ancient plea of “*obtaining by lawful means universal suffrage and annual parliaments.*” Yet, sure as this plea, if successful, was of throwing the empire into rapid revolt, it was felt to be too tardy for the glowing movement of the time; and the delegates were further directed to uphold, in all instances, the “*right of the people to resist any act of the Legislature contrary to the original principles of the Constitution.*” Those principles, in the reading of the new Convention, extending to the justification of any and all meetings or measures of the people for “*Reform;*” in other words, denying the right of the government to interfere on any occasion with any popular proceeding, however rash, ignorant, and hazardous to the community. But those iniquitous attempts to involve the nation in slaughter were to be tolerated no longer. The time was come for which Pitt always waited; that precise moment when the public danger had risen to a magnitude, which rendered it obvious to every eye, yet had not risen beyond the grasp of justice. Early in December, an order was despatched to Edinburgh for the seizure of the principal agents of sedition, and the dispersion of the mock parliament. It was effectually executed; the papers of the Convention were secured, some of the principal actors put under arrest; and Skirving, the secretary, and Margerot and Gerald, the London delegates, as peculiarly violent and obnoxious, were sent to trial. The three were found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. The trials of Muir, a Scottish barrister, and Fische Palmer, an Unitarian preacher, increased the number of sufferers in the righteous cause of sedition, and the whole were unhesitatingly sent to New South Wales. But the blow must be more direct, if it were to extinguish the pampered treasons of liberalism in England.

Fox stood in the way—the fate of the Edinburgh Reformers had roused him from the apathy of hopeless opposition. He had found in the adventures of those notorious criminals the interest which the tempter may feel for the tempted, and he stood forth to throw the protection of his personal influence over the embodied doctrines of his school. A succession of long debates on the subject of the traitors occupied and wearied the House. The course of justice was retarded—a violent popular outcry was raised against the government. The result was inevitable. The insolence of sedition suddenly grew more active, virulent, and daring. The clubs raised their heads again. On the very day before the meeting of Parliament, in January, 1794, the London Corresponding Society had the audacity to hold a public meeting, followed by a dinner, at which every syllable spoken teemed with treason. France, then in the highest rage of republicanism, was the acknowledged model. Their secretary was ordered to write a letter to the “Constitutional Society,” reminding them of the necessity for co-operation in the grand work of revolt. “The time is come,” said this infamous document, “for us to do something worthy of men. The brave defenders of liberty, *south of the English Channel*, are performing wonders, driving their enemies before them.” The “Constitutional Society” had anticipated the call, by publishing three days before a series of resolutions worthy of the regicides of Paris. Those resolutions substantively declared, that British law had lost its uses, and was become only an instrument of oppression—that “they called to mind, with the deepest satisfaction, the merited fate of the infamous Jeffries, once Lord Chief Justice of England, who, at the era of the glorious Revolution, for the many iniquitous sentences which he had passed, was torn to pieces by a brave and injured people.” In other words, that all the judges who tried the conspirators were but so many tools and tyrants, and that they ought to be torn to pieces by the first rabble into whose hands they fell. But to make their meaning incapable of being mistaken, it was farther “Resolved, That those who imitate his example deserve his

fate.” It was next resolved, That the conduct of the Scottish traitors “entitled them to the approbation of all wise and the support of all brave men; and, finally, That the time was at hand, when the liberties of Britons were to depend not on reason, but on their undaunted resolution to oppose tyranny by the same means by which it was executed.” In other words, that the populace were to take up arms and use them against the government. This was the language of rebellion, if that language was ever uttered—but all this was uttered as simply equivalent to the demand for “parliamentary reform;” it being declared, that “the people must have redress from *their own laws*, not the laws of their enemies, plunderers, and oppressors—as no redress could exist for a nation, circumstanced as they were, but in a fair, free, and full representation of the people.”

Is this experience to be lost on the people of England? The men who used this language were acknowledged republicans, their unequivocal object was overthrow, their declared instrument was revolt, and what was the object at which they all aimed, as preliminary to success? Parliamentary Reform! Are we not to be awakened to the motives of those who now fill the public ears with a similar outcry? Can we believe, without the sacrifice of the last fragment of our common sense, that the individuals loudest in that outcry at this moment, care more for the purity of parliament than for the dust under their feet? We speak not of the ministry. It is impossible to contemplate them but as instruments, or at best agents, whose crime is not in their inclination but in their acquiescence, not in their activity but in their passiveness. But when the Irish bigot, dipped to the brows in sedition and superstition, calls for the purification of a British Protestant Parliament!—when the Scottish missionary of sedition and atheism calls for a renovation of the public spirit in Parliament—when the characterless swindler, rejected from all professions for notorious frauds, stands forth the haranguer on Parliamentary independence and integrity! and when all their demands are couched in the common uproar for “Parliamentary Reform,” who can doubt

the meaning of the phrase in their lips—who can be blind to the purposes for which it is urged by their intrigue—or who but must feel a direct and natural dread at seeing the constitution thrown on the conscience of men, to whose honesty no man of sense would trust a shilling?

Is it to be further overlooked, that the outcry was altogether founded on fiction? If those societies were to be believed, England forty years ago had not an hour to live. Her laws were utterly corrupt and iniquitous—her throne was an open tyranny—her liberties a dead letter—her constitution not worth the parchment it was written on,—and all that follows from constitution—her wealth, wisdom, and prosperity,—beyond all hope, except by the desperate remedy of a general rising of the people in arms. Yet, what was the fact, long since acknowledged?—that England was never more prosperous than in the hour when those traders in faction were announcing her bankruptcy—that the moment when the political undertakers were equipping themselves and their followers for the ceremonial of her grave, she was in the height of vigorous existence—that while those prophets of ill were filling the popular mind with predictions of her immediate ruin, she was on the eve of a course of efforts the most stupendous, services the most magnanimous, and triumphs the most brilliant that had ever signalized an European kingdom. But if the fallacy had been taken for fact, and if the deception had lured the empire into the surrender of the representation to the populace forty years ago, what must have been the consequence? Well may we tremble at asking a question big with the fates of our own times. In theorizing on the possible effects of the political poison on the frame of England in the last century, we must feel the fearful interest belonging to the reality of the infection, in the hours that are passing over our heads. The first result of a parliamentary conquest by the populace, must have been the fixture of the popular clubs in power; the consequent national connexion with faction in France, the cessation of all that protecting vigilance against the designs of

French revolt, which had, till then, kept democracy at a distance; a rash alliance with the politics of France, a fatal adoption of her principles, and finally, when all those causes had wrought their work, a democracy, erected on the ruins of all the great institutions of the empire, a general explosion of popular licentiousness, involving in one the property, the religion, and the power of England. But fortune, or rather that high providence by which it was decreed that England should be the fortress of the public virtues of Europe, had placed at the head of her councils a man who was as little to be deceived by popular craft, as he was to be corrupted by personal ambition. Pitt, from his height, surveyed the minutest movements of faction with a steady eye, followed it through all windings, and in those moments when it thought that it escaped the view of Heaven or man, marked it for public example. Pitt smote faction with the hand of manliness and decision, and it fell before the blow. What reason have we to believe that the same outcry of public ruin is not the same fallacy? Where can any man discover the strong necessity by which national misfortune calls for national change? What practices of Government against the liberty of the subject, what falling off in the general prosperity, what pressure of war, what menace of hostility; above all, what conceivable failure of the progress of popular impression on the Legislature? Nothing of those things has happened, and yet we are called on to re-examine and rebuild the whole frame of society, as if all were rotten. At a time when the power of the throne is actually too weak to give the King the essential privilege of choosing his own ministers, we are clamorously summoned to as violent innovations, as if the prerogative were crushing the last liberties of the people. At a time when the House of Commons has been growing for the last century in power, until that growth has actually overtopped the peerage and the throne, we are as fiercely stimulated to throw into it the remaining privileges of both, as if the House were a mere assemblage of slaves, and the public voice precluded from every

channel to the public ear. With every sign of national health, we are compelled to put an empirical potion to our lips, whose violence could be rationally resorted to only as the desperate remedy of a desperate disease. With the predominance of popular influence long constituting the actual hazard of the state, we madly adopt the expedient of increasing that influence to a height which must totally overbalance the poise of the country. By reducing the qualification for voters to a sum which puts the parliamentary majority into the hands of the rabble, we have virtually put the Government, and with it the prospects, property, and liberties of the country into their hands. Or if the qualification be not already reduced so low as to give us the instant display of a Revolution, how long are we to reckon on its being kept even at its present point of dubious security? The principle of the rabble leaders is, naturally, to increase the force of their instrument; habitually this they have done, *per fas et nefas*, and the whole energy of their means will be turned on reducing the qualification, *until it includes every man who can be turned into a conspirator against the Constitution*. Those things are now beyond disguise—the revoltors are too confident in our weakness to stoop to hypocrisy. The unquestionable object of the party which pre-eminently menaces the state is not the renovation, but the ruin, of every thing English. They come to this side of the Channel, proclaiming, in their barbarous jargon, “hatred to the Sassenach;” stung by revenge for their long and necessary exclusion from power, which they had neither the right to keep, nor the virtue to deserve, they *rage* against the prosperity of England; immersed in the slough of superstition, they have neither use nor desire for power, but to drag down the Christianity of England into the same slough, and extinguish our spirit of free and pure religion in the poisonous and stagnant waters of Rome. Pitt in this instance, as in all, was found equal to the emergency. He had been thwarted by the pernicious and totally unprincipled resistance of an Opposition, who knew

as well as the Minister, that the men whom they were defending were traitors to their country; but who, in the atrocious profligacy of party, would have equally defended Satan in *propria persona*, if it could have raised them to office. Still, with that retribution which is the natural work and punishment of profligacy, they were actually doing the work of the minister. Their arts without the House were giddily inflaming rebellion into that extravagant security, and equally extravagant arrogance, which roused the universal alarm of the nation; and their harangues within only gave the more unequivocal demonstration, that there was nothing too base for faction to stoop to, nothing too desperate for it to hazard, and nothing too criminal for it to defend. The revoltors, thus swelled into a vanity which extinguished all prudence, openly declared their determination to overthrow the Government. The “Address of the London Corresponding Society to the People of Great Britain and Ireland,” of which 10,000 copies were ordered to be printed, and which was propagated with all the malignant activity of treason through every part of the empire, pronounced, that “*now* the time was come to choose between liberty and slavery for themselves and their posterity!”—that they had a *right* to assemble in National Convention—that they had a *right* to form the laws by which they were to be governed—that a committee should be forthwith appointed, whose duty it was to sit every day during the session, and watch the proceedings of Government—that on the first introduction of any bill for bringing foreign troops into the realm, for proclaiming martial law, for preventing the meetings of political associations, “or for *any other* innovation of a similar nature,” the General Committee should issue summonses to the delegates of each division, and also to the secretaries of the various societies *affiliated and corresponding* with their society, immediately to assemble a General Convention of the people, to be holden at such place, and in such manner, as should be specified by the summonses of the Committee.” The call was speedily answered

through the whole circle of disaffection. The "Society for Constitutional Information" proclaimed this daring manifesto, as expressing their full convictions — resolved, that it should be inserted in their minutes, and, in the spirit of petty contumacy, also resolved, that the King's Speech should be inserted *under* it. To establish their principles by the press, the combined societies commenced a "London Corresponding Society's Magazine," as the common receptacle for treason. They poured out numberless tracts, hand-bills, rebel songs, and Republican pamphlets, and spread them by local agencies through the kingdom. The natural fruits of Jacobinism were soon ready for every hand. Assassination was calmly discussed. The Minister's life was held up to the first hand "that would deliver his aggrieved country." The King, the Royal Family, and the Hierarchy, were openly marked for the dagger; and a Revolutionary tribunal was unhesitatingly proposed as the *only* sort of justice appropriate to "the state of a country overrun by oligarchs and tyrants." The "Society of Friends of the People" followed the example. All the union societies embarked with revolutionary eagerness on those projects of rapine, and the groundwork and the superstructure of British law seemed to be equally on the point of ruin. Open air meetings, crowded with all the vileness of the suburb population, were held in the prominent spots round the metropolis. Missions were sent to rouse the great manufacturing and trading towns, and Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, &c. witnessed harangues as furious as ever scandalized even the Palais Royal. The frenzy of revolutionary anticipation rose to the actual extent of ordering pikes to be fabricated, and giving directions for training the populace to arms. Security, insolence, and treason were urged from point to point, until the country seemed to be overawed, the government helpless, and the throne at their mercy. If the minister in those days had either the underhand views of a Neckar, or the weakness of Narbonne, England would have been covered with the flames of revolu-

tion before the year was at an end. But Pitt was made for the time. On the 12th of May, 1794, a general seizure was commenced of arms, documents, and leaders of the conspiracy in all parts of the kingdom. A depot of pikes and other weapons was found prepared in Edinburgh. The secretaries of the two chief societies in London were sent to jail, and their papers secured. Other arrests followed, and after examination by the Privy Council, the principal culprits were committed for trial. It is at once remarkable, as an evidence of the falsehood with which the republicans had represented themselves as comprehending the whole intelligence, virtue, and rank of public character, that no name of any public eminence was to be found among the delinquents; it is equally remarkable as a lesson, that a tribe so obscure, by the mere qualities of activity and malice had been able to menace the empire with results so closely approaching to national undoing. Those arrested were Hardy the shoemaker, Joyce, an Unitarian preacher, chaplain to Lord Stanhope, Thelwall, known only as an itinerant lecturer on politics; Bonney, a starving solicitor, Richter, Lovett, and Adams, names completely obscure, and John Horne Tooke, then known only as a trading political intriguer who had lost his profession and his property. On the same day Mr Dundas brought down a royal message to the House, announcing the existence of seditious practices, and the seizure of those concerned in them. On the next day their books and papers were laid on the table, and a committee, chosen by ballot, brought up the report on the 16th. Pitt opened the business by a speech worthy of his fame, an exposition of great length and luminousness, concluding by a motion for "leave to bring in a bill to empower his Majesty to secure and detain all such persons as should be suspected of conspiring against his person and government." The motion was, of course, violently opposed by Fox and his followers. A debate of two days, the last of which saw the discussion prolonged until three on a Sunday morning, ended in its being carried by the triumphant majority of 201 to 39.

A CATECHISM OF WHIST.

THE usual result of a continued and exclusive devotion to any particular pursuit involving a considerable exertion of the mental faculties, is a propensity in the student or professor to exalt above all other things human—and in some cases, it appears, even divine—that which has so much occupied his attention, and exercised his patience and ingenuity. There is no necessity just at present for stopping to enquire whether this is owing to enthusiasm or to vanity, setting up that knowledge which we ourselves possess as the most worthy of all estimation, or to jealousy of the reputation of others who excel in those things which we have neglected, or to a combination of all these three, or to something else that is quite different from any of them. The feeling exists, we know: there it is: and what then is the use of making a great bother about the causes which give rise to it? We are told that Brindley, the celebrated engineer, conceived that the sole object for which rivers were made was to feed navigable canals; and (to say nothing of Phrenology) the illustrious author or expositor of the mystery of Pantagruelism expresses a hearty wish that every man would lay aside his own business, meddle no more with his profession or trade, and throw all affairs concerning himself behind his back, to attend to this (*viz.* Pantagruelism) wholly, without distracting or troubling his mind with anything else, until he have learned all without book; that if by chance the art of printing should cease, or that in case in time to come all books should perish, every man might teach it to his children, and deliver it over to his successors and survivors, from hand to hand, as a religious cabal. It is submitted that this feeling is carried at least to the verge of amiable enthusiasm, when it induces the author of the "Catechism" to place his favourite science of Whist, in respect of its influence on society, and the claim which it possesses to the attention of philosophers, upon the same footing as Natural Theology. "Any one," he observes in his

introduction, "possessed of the smallest possible pretensions to be considered a reflecting animal, must naturally suppose that the principal object of a classification of the sciences would be to afford the means of referring each science to its proper head without difficulty or hesitation. But what is the real state of the case? Here we have a new classification, piping hot from the mint, framed, it would seem, for the express purpose of embracing Natural Theology; and yet it is more than probable that no classifying philosopher ever constructed his system with a view to the manner in which *whist* was to be disposed of." This, though said in a somewhat querulous tone, is nevertheless just. It is "more than probable" that no philosopher before our author's time ever dreamt of considering whether the science of whist was æsthetical or psychological, ontological or deontological: at all events we have not been favoured with the result of any lucubrations upon this subject. The writer next proceeds to inform us that he himself had ventured to undertake the important task so shamefully neglected by others. It is, however, no joke, but, on the contrary, productive of much dyspepsy and headach, to get involved in a labyrinth of various classifications, all differing materially from each other; and after becoming so much perplexed and bewildered as a man would be who should attempt to trace the path of Halley's comet from the accounts of its progress which have occasionally appeared in the journals and hebdomadals, he was fain to relinquish the attempt in despair, arriving at this conclusion, that the only effectual way of removing all those formidable obstacles which now exist to a satisfactory adjustment of the question, is to concoct an entirely new classification, one head of which might be made to embrace both Whist and Political Economy. Between these two sciences he professes to observe a striking analogy, as some people have discovered a resemblance between the stratagemical

art and the game of chess. "At whist your object is to secure as many tricks as you are able; and the true spring of all political economy is the acquisition for yourself and friends of as great a proportion of the loaves and fishes as you can lay your hands on." The four principal cards of each suit represent the four elementary powers or influences into which, as this writer contends, every civilized community may be resolved. These are the mobility, the aristocracy, the ladies (the importance of whom as political engines has never yet been duly appreciated, except at dinner parties, where they are invariably toasted as soon as ever the cloth is withdrawn, and before Church and State), and the public press, the immense and irresistible power of which is aptly indicated by the ace. Then, with respect to the four suits, Hearts may be supposed to represent the military, or naval force of a community: Diamonds and Spades are respectively the monied and agricultural interests: and Clubs signify political unions, societies of freemasons, and such like. But such speculations as these may perhaps be regarded rather as fanciful and curious, than as calculated to promote, in any considerable degree, the real interests and welfare of mankind.

It is a somewhat fortunate circumstance for the reputation of many a modern science, that to be recognised as such, a capacity of being comprehended in any known classification is by no means essential. This is merely a matter of convenience and arrangement: and it is most convenient, for the present, to consider whist as one of the altogether unclassifiable sciences. To set forth and explain the pleasures and advantages of this truly intellectual pursuit, the well-beloved of Crockford's, and the passion of many old maiden ladies (being such of them as do not take to religion), and of all fellows of colleges,—to detect and expose the many vulgar errors of the Hoylian System, and place the subject in such an attractive light as cannot fail to render it highly delectable to the ingenious student, is the avowed object of the present little treatise, the author of

which takes upon himself to affirm, that it is a work of as absolute perfection, and as free from error, as any book that he has known to be written of any human learning. We thank Heaven that we have lived to see that antiquated humbug Hoyle at length exploded! We have never studied in his school, and therefore owe him no allegiance: it is even a matter apocryphal, so far as we are concerned, whether his precepts are contained in a written book, or have been merely handed down from one generation to another by oral tradition. With an education shockingly neglected, both as regards the long and the short game, and with the slight experience of those who "never play," but who, notwithstanding their emphatic and reiterated protestations to this effect, are not unfrequently trepanned by the address of a wily and insinuating hostess into "just making a fourth," our knowledge on the subject may be said to be almost intuitive. But this we know, that we have never on any one occasion attempted a sublime and original stroke of finesse, for the purpose of masking our own game, and lulling our opponents into a fatal feeling of security, but we have been visited with the murmurings and reproaches of an impatient partner for not playing, forsooth, according to the rules of Hoyle. Therefore do we rejoice and are exceeding glad to see this old state of things utterly subverted and destroyed. Novelty is as the air we breathe; and we foresee that the new system will be hailed with a hearty welcome, and gratefully adopted by the clubs, and indeed by all orders of society, with the exception, perhaps, of a few bigoted, pig-headed old Hoylians, to all of whom we have a remarkable antipathy for the reason specified above. If these cannot conform to the spirit of the age, they had better throw up their hands at once; it is high time they did so, seeing that most of them are in their dotage.

It is presumed that no schoolmaster at home or abroad will hesitate for one moment to admit that the very best possible method of inculcating either general principles or particular facts, is by the modern style of catechism. When we first

heard of a Catechism of the Corn Laws, we formed a confused notion of something in the shape of simple question and answer, like the Church and other Catechisms which we committed to memory in our tender years. But the Doctor of these days wieldeth a two-edged weapon; and whilst hammering the right doctrine into the minds of his catechumens, he is at the same time exposing the ridiculous fallacies and conceits which have served to amuse and mislead past generations; nailing them down with self-evident truths, as bad money is nailed to a counter, there to remain conspicuous in all its baseness, and never again to pass current as genuine coin of the realm; and men and maidens who witness the operation, and behold the smasher borne away to his fate by the New Police, wonder how any one could be audacious enough to attempt to impose upon the world with such a contemptible counterfeit. Thus the seeker after knowledge, having the truism placed before him in juxtaposition with the fallacy, and observing the order in which they are arranged (lest perchance he might mistake the one for the other), cannot fail to have his eyes opened, and to become wiser than his forefathers. Our author, however, prefaces his Catechism with a few general propositions, the correctness of which has never been called in question.

By a very singular coincidence (shall we call it by a provision of nature?) the months which rejoice in the letter *r* are precisely those which are best adapted for the cultivation of whist: for of course no Christian who is not bedridden would be willing to be seen with a pack of cards in his hands on any evening between the beginning of May and the end of August. Therefore lemma the first is as follows: a rubber should always be succeeded by a collation of oysters, either cold or scolloped, whichever you please; we ourselves are not particular, but both are better than either alone.

The next lemma is a fitting companion for the first, and like that, as our author observes, is founded on the eternal fitness of things. Most people conform to it in practice, but

he does not recollect to have seen it noticed in any written treatise, either upon the long or the short game. It is part of the *lex non scripta*, not depending for its force or authenticity upon any written memorial, but graven indelibly on the human heart. A jorum of that celestial liquor, which gods call nectar, and men cup, should be kept in constant circulation, and supplied at every interstice of the game; John carefully screening himself ever and anon behind your chair, and the tankard being gently protruded before your aching vision, so as to seem suspended in air, and administered, like the viands in a fairy tale, by a hand belonging to an invisible body. We presume that every body who moves in decent society knows what cup is; but we have never yet had the good fortune to meet with any individual, however generally well-informed he might be, who knew the ingredients of which it is composed. We fancy we have detected particles of nutmeg reposing downily on the surface, and there are certainly large masses of toast to be seen, floating in the flood, like icebergs in the northern seas, and which, when the fluid is agitated by the suction of a potent bibber, topple over each other in awful confusion—now sinking, now rising, and now dashing against the sides of the vessel, or the proboscis of the adventurous boozer—thus presenting a vivid miniature picture (done in mezzotint) of the perils to which the gallant Captain Ross and his crew were exposed in their Arctic expedition. Beyond this we have never been able even to form a conjecture upon the subject: the whole being so well compounded and amalgamated, that the individual character of each distinct ingredient is utterly merged and lost, and the only possible mode of discovering the component parts must be by a chemical analysis.

Some people object to cup, not because it is otherwise than wholesome in itself, but on account of the dire necessity of consuming the “icebergs,” overlaid with a cloud of moist sugar, which “melts, thaws, and resolves itself into a dew,” until it becomes utterly undistinguishable from the substance on which it has been showered, and accompanied

with cheese—oh! call it not toasted, but liquified—looking like the honey of Hybla, and the fascinations of which it is in the power of few mortal men to resist; and this is food, it is said, which is apt to produce a restless night. We ourselves are very partial to the nightmare, although we never, like old Fuseli, swallowed raw beef-steaks for the purpose of producing it; our own sublime conceptions not being forced by such unnatural means, but rising spontaneous and unbidden, and without the slightest effort on our part; but undoubtedly if any whist player of delicate nerves or a weak stomach should object to horrid visions, gorgons and chimeras dire, he should endeavour to abstain from hot viands at supper, and not allow his attention to be diverted from the cold oysters.

We now proceed to give a few specimens of the catechism itself.

“The cards are dealt round, and the last is trump.

“Not always so; the venerable Bishop of N. names his own trump.”

Who is the venerable Bishop of N.? We are not ourselves a member of the episcopal bench; but if to be full of years and honours constitute a claim to this very enviable privilege, which we have often sighed to possess, then, surely, no one has a greater title to enjoy it than ourselves. Venerable and venerated as we are, let no one in future deny to our white hairs this trifling mark of deference and respect.

“Never make any observation or drop a hint from which it can be inferred whether you hold a good or a bad hand. As soon as the cards are dealt be silent.”

Mark what a sorry figure this fallacy is made to cut by the refutation which follows!

“As soon as ever you have taken up your hand, utter an exclamation as if you had received a sudden shock; and declare with an oath (or a solemn affirmation if you should happen to be a Quaker) that you are the most unlucky devil that ever lived, and that you always hold the most horrid cards.” Of course! If, after this, you should happen to win, your success must of course be attributable only to your own masterly play. On the other hand, if you

should lose, you are thus made to present the sublime spectacle of a virtuous man continually struggling with adverse fate, which will awe your opponents into admiration and wonder, and excite the sympathy of the lookers on (if there should be any), especially of John, who, in commiseration of your case, acting upon the vulgar but not altogether unfounded notion, that sorrow is dry, will be continually plying you with the cup.

“Hold your cards so that they may not be seen by your adversary.

“And take every opportunity of reconnoitring the hands of your opponents.”

It will be observed here, that the only defect in the old rule is that it does not go quite far enough; and, in fact, the omission is generally remedied in practice. Some people who squint are able to survey the hands on either side of them at once, and yet shall at the same time appear to be minutely examining their own cards, or ogling the cup; but few individuals are gifted with this extraordinary and enviable faculty.

“Always lead from your strongest suit.

“This is clearly the very way to weaken yourself. First get rid of all those cards that are good for nothing, and which, remaining in your hand, are a continual eyesore. By adopting this course, if you should have many trumps or court cards, your adversaries will be completely puzzled to know what has become of them.”

We ourselves are fond of cherishing our kings and aces, and keeping them *in petto*, as Napoleon always reserved his imperial guard and other veteran troops for his final *coup-de-main*. Then, towards the end of the fight, when our ally is in the very depths of despair, and the enemy already exulting in the anticipation of a complete victory, down come our chosen forces, *pêle-mêle*, slashing and slaughtering promiscuously without distinction of friend or foe; and we are hailed on all sides with the question, indicative at once of the surprise and wonder of the interrogators, and of the triumphant success of our manœuvre, “Whatever could have induced us not to play those cards before?”

“When in doubt, take the trick.”

“When in doubt, lay your cards deliberately on the table, seize the cup in both hands, and take a hearty swig, keeping your lips steeped in the liquor whilst a person who stutters a little might count twenty; then play any thing! A man who acts from the inspiration of such a Helicon is like the King, and can do no wrong.”

This precept requires no observation.

In case of a revoke, the revoker forfeits three tricks to his adversaries.

“The evident tendency of this statement is to deter people from revoking, by holding out the penalty *in terrorem*. The penalty is heavy because the advantages to be derived from a revoke are considerable; and, therefore, revoke as often as you think you are not likely to be detected.”

It will be the safest course, perhaps, not to hazard a revoke, unless either at an after dinner rubber, the bottle having circulated pretty freely before the adjournment to the drawing-room, or you happen to have for opponents some such persons as are mentioned in the following rule of our catechiser.

“If honours are claimed when they have not been held by the parties claiming, the adverse party will be entitled to score them.

“Always claim honours, notwithstanding; especially when playing against simpletons, who, repudiating the cup, are sippers of sherry, and munchers of macaroons; as the chances will be considerably in favour of your escaping without detection.”

These examples will suffice to show the nature and value of the work, which, it must be admitted, is the most stringently convincing of all the catechisms of the modern school. The author has succeeded in establishing three very important points; first, that whist is not a science capable of being included in any known classification; secondly, that all the world down to the present period has been playing this intellectual and delectable game the wrong way; and, thirdly, that the catechistical method with a double aspect (as it may be technically termed), at the same time de-

veloping truth, and convicting error, is the most powerful conceivable engine of demonstration; since, “by means of it,” he observes, “you may easily prove any thing; and, therefore, it may be aptly compared to that power, in mechanics called a screw.” A catechism like a screw! The comparison is at least original; and he who seeks for favour in the eyes of the present generation must not find fault with any thing that is new. Let the old customs and institutions which we have cherished as familiar friends with an almost domestic feeling of attachment be sacrificed without scruple or compunction. Let no sigh escape us as the wave settles over the wreck of all that we have been wont to associate and identify with the name of England and home. Welcome the strange fashion, and the strange law, and all those dark and portentous novelties which overshadow the hearth and the altar, and cause every true-hearted Englishman, remembering what he has lost, almost to feel like an alien on his native soil! A catechism proves that all this is as it should be; and, therefore, we must fain submit!

It is remarkable, that in this work, professing to be a complete exposition of the principles of whist, there is no discussion of a question which agitates society to its centre, and which, pervading even the most sacred recesses of private and domestic life, sets friend against friend, the brother against his brother, and the father against his son—we allude to the comparative merits of the long and the short game. The reason of this omission may be, that the system here developed is indifferently applicable to either branch of the science; for, as the author expresses it, “the Longite and the Shortite equally may have their thirst for knowledge slaked at this fountain (a metaphorical allusion, probably, to the cup). But such a question as this, can scarcely, it is submitted, be settled by an appeal to reason. What system, for instance, can be devised capable of reconciling the very opposite sentiments, on this point, of two of our own dearest and most intimate friends, one of whom favours the long game because it lasts longest,

and the other gives in his adhesion to shorts, because they are soonest over? We will suggest a consideration that is home to the feelings of every human being, and will probably have the effect of putting an end, at once and for ever, to the dispute in question. Put the case that supper is announced in the very middle—nay, at the commencement of a rubber on the long system; that honours are never counted; and each party scores one—and one only—in every alternate deal; that one of the players (a barbarian who, having the stomach of a camel, has devoured enough at dinner to satisfy the cravings of nature for many successive days, and whose temper, at no time of the best, has been wrought up to a pitch of absolute savageness by a run of ill luck, as he chooses to designate it, though his losses are, in fact, solely the result of his own abominable play), insists upon fighting it out, what must be the situation of the other members of the party? We have not drawn this picture with the absurd and puerile object of lacerating the feelings by a case of imaginary distress, or of exciting sympathy for sufferings which have had no real existence. Every circumstance here supposed has actually occurred, and we, ourselves, were the victim! There is no necessity to dwell upon the anxious impatience with which we beheld the tedious game drag its slow length along—the anguish and vexation we experienced when feeling

that the crisis of our appetite was passing away—or the bitterness of spirit with which we received the compliments of our partner (not ironical, but, as we have since assured ourselves, perfectly sincere), upon the capital play by means of which, though holding the most miserable hands, we contrived to protract the game, when, in fact, we were throwing out card after card with the most reckless abandonment, or with the design (if design there could be in such a state of mind as ours), of assisting our opponents in obtaining as speedy a victory as possible. All this may readily be conceived. Since that period, we have abjured the long game; and every humane and considerate person will, of course, follow our example.

The enlightened world will now proceed forthwith to play at whist on the improved system. But let not either clubs or private coteries, in their admiration for the new order of things, address themselves to this science with too entire and exclusive a devotion, every man (as our Pan-tagruelist hath it) laying aside his own business, meddling no more with his profession or trade, and throwing all affairs concerning himself behind his back, to attend to this wholly. Whatever other pursuits may be properly cultivated, *nocturna et diurna manu*, it should be borne in mind that the “nightly hand” is the only orthodox and legitimate one at whist.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

(MELEAGER.)

SPRING AN IDYL.

Χιμῆρας ἡνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος—κ.τ.λ.

1.

COLD winter now hath left the sky,
The storms have taken wing,
And blithely smile the purple hours—
Of flower-producing spring.

2.

The plant-sustaining, tender dew
Of morning,—while they quaff
Well-pleased the opening roses glow,
The gladdened meadows laugh.

3.
The shepherd on the mountain's side
Pours out his jocund lay ;
The goat-herd tends his hoary kids,
And happy is, as they.

4.
The broad-ridged billows bear along
The ships across the seas,—
Whose sails with heaving bosoms
swell,
Before the harmless breeze.

5.
Laden with grapes, lo ! Bacchus
comes,
Then raise the shout,—hurra !
While on our temples, ivy-wreathed,
The rattling berries play.

6.
The freshly-flowing plastic wax
The bees, with wondrous skill,
Mould into cells so beautiful,
And fashion at their will :

While all around the painted birds
Their liquid carols trill.

7.
The Halcyon seeks the swelling wave ;
The roof,—the swallows love :
The swan,—the babbling river's
banks :
The nightingale—the grove.

8.
Since, then, the leaves of every tree
Are glad,—and all the earth
Is blooming—while the shepherd
plays
To sheep so full of mirth :

9.
And Bacchus dancing—sailors
bounding
Merrily o'er the seas ;
And birds are piping loud and long
To cheer the toiling bees—
Oh ! how can bard withhold from
Spring
His mirthful melodies ?

II.

(ARCHIAS ; SOME SAY, LUCIANUS.)

Ἡχὸν πετρῆισσαι ὄρας—κ.τ.λ.

ON A STATUE OF ECHO.

Rock-loving Echo, antitype of sound,
Pan's mistress that lisps back his jocund strain,
The speaking image of all mouths around,
The favourite play-thing of the happy swain,
Lives there in stone : speak, stranger, while you gaze,
It, too, will speak : hark !—now go on your ways.

III.

(GLAUCUS.)

Νύμφαι, κυνομένη φράσαι—κ.τ.λ.

PAN.

Come tell me, Nymphs, and let the truth appear,
Did Daphnis stop her goats when travelling here ?

NYMPHS.

Yea, piper Pan, and on that poplar-tree
Thou'lt find some words she wrote, and meant for thee.

[Reads.

To Melea and to Psophis, Pan, come on,
I'll soon be there.

PAN.

Thanks, Nymphs, adieu, I'm gone.

IV.

(THEOCRITUS.)

δῖλαι τὸ Θύρσι—κ.τ.λ.

wretched Thyrsis, what avail thy sighs,
what avail thy twin tear-moistened eyes—

Thy kid—dear kid—hath entered Orcus' jaws,
 For the fierce wolf has grasped her in his claws—
 While the dogs bark: ah! nought avail thy groans,
 Ne'er shalt thou see the ashes of her bones.

V.

(CRINAGORAS.)

Αἴγα μὲ τὴν εὐθηλον—κ.τ.λ.

CÆSAR'S KID.

Me, whose o'erflowing udder yielded more
 Than other kids that seek the milking-pail,
 Cæsar, delighted with my honied store,
 Has taken with him when his ship set sail.
 * I too shall reach the starry heavens above,
 Since nursling mine is little less than Jove.

VI.

(MELEAGER.)

TO ZENOPHILE PLAYING ON THE LYRE.

Ἀδὺ μέλος, καὶ Πᾶνα τὸν Ἀρκάδα.—κ.τ.λ.

'Tis a sweet strain,—by Pan of Arcady!
 Which warbles from thy lyre with thrilling sound:
 Zenophile, oh! how can I be free,
 Since Loves on every side enclose me round,
 Forbidding me to breathe a single hour
 In peace,—since first thy beauty, then thy lyre,
 Thy grace, and then . . . Oh! words of feeble power,
 Thy perfect *all* has set me all on fire.

VII.

(PHILODEMUS.)

Κύπρι γαληνίε, Φιλονύμφιε.—κ.τ.λ.

PRAYER TO VENUS.

1.

Placid Cythera, friend of marriage vows,
 Cythera, mother of storm-footed love,
 Cythera, ever ready to espouse
 The just man's cause,—regard me from above,—
 Forced among blasts,—that howl around my head,—
 From saffron odours of a bridal bed.

2.

Save me, Cythera, save a man of peace,
 † Who would not rashly breathe a prayer to thee;

* Alluding to the fable of Amalthæa, and imitated by Dr Johnson, in an inscription on the collar of a kid belonging to Sir Joseph Banks—

Perpetui ambita bis terra præmia lactis
 Hæc habet altrici capra secunda Jovis.

Vide MURPHY'S Edition of JOHNSON'S Works, l. i. p. 185.

† Vide Tibull. i. El. ii. 79.

Num Veneris magnæ violavi prædina verbo,
 Et mea nunc pœnas impia lingua luit.

Cythera, bid the tortured waters cease,
 —The purple billows of thy parent sea :
 Friend of the sailor, mystic mistress, land
 Thy suppliant safely on the Latian strand.

VIII.

(JULIAN THE EGYPTIAN.)

Δυστήνου Νιόβης ὀράας.—κ.τ.λ.

ON A STATUE OF NIOBE.

See how these tears, wrung from the broken heart
 Of Niobe, her children's doom bemoan :
 No life is there : *no*,—'twas the sculptor's art,
 To form in stone a woman changed to stone.

IX.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Δισσῶν ἐκ βρόχιδων ἅ μὲν μία.—κ.τ.λ.

THE MERLE AND THRUSH. (PARAPHRASE.)

1.

Two nooses, formed of woven horse's-hair,
 A cunning snare,
 Had made a merle and thrush the fowler's prey,
 And there they lay :
 In vain the blooming thrush besought with prayer
 The obdurate snare ;
 Oh ! never more she sunned her gladsome flight
 In the pure brightness of heaven's sacred light.

2.

But *she*—the merle—the holy bird of song,
 In music strong,
 Poured on her jailor such a gush of wo
 To let her go,
 And warbled forth her sweet melodious plaint
 'Gainst her restraint,
 That senseless things even owned, in that bright hour,
 The proudest triumph of a minstrel's power.

X.

(ASCLEPIADAS.)

Αὐτοῦ μοι στέφανοι.—κ.τ.λ.

Hang there and linger on that folding door,
 Ye garlands, nor your foliage rashly shed ;
 For you with many tears are sprinkled o'er—
 Love often times, with tears, alas ! is fed,—
 That when the door is opened, and when she,
 My beautiful, with every grace, appears,
 Her auburn tresses then bedewed may be
 With the large bounty of her lover's tears.

XI.

(POSIDIPPUS.)

Τίς, πόθεν ὁ πλάστης—κ.τ.λ.

O. A STATUE OF OPPORTUNITY.

"Hence did he come, and what thy sculptor's name?"
 "Sippus, and from Sicyon he came."

"Thy name?"—"All-potent Opportunity."
 "On tiptoe why?"—"I'm ready aye to flee."
 "But why that twainfold nature, winged feet?"
 "Than heaven's own blasts my movements are more fleet."
 "* That razor in thy right hand tell me why?"
 "Sharp is its edge, but sharper still am I."
 "Why hair on front?"—"That he who meets me may
 Hold fast, by Jove."—"Why bald behind, now say?"
 "When once my winged feet have borne me past,
 Man tries in vain behind to hold me fast."
 "Sculptured on whose account?"—"Thine, friend, and see
 My site this temple's porch, that all may learn of me."

XII.

(LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.)

† Πάρμις ὁ Καλλιγνώτου ἑπακταῖος—κ.τ.λ.

EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER.

Parmis, the son of Callignotus, he
 Who troll'd for fish the margin of the sea,
 Chief of his craft, whose keen, perceptive search,
 The kichlé, scarus, bait-devouring perch,
 And such as love the hollow clefts, and those
 That in the caverns of the deep repose,
 Could not escape, is dead.

Parmis had lured
 A julis from its rocky haunts, secured
 Between his teeth the slippery pest, when, lo!
 It jerk'd into the gullet of its foe,
 Who fell beside his lines, and hooks, and rod,
 And the choked fisher sought his last abode.
 His dust lies here. Stranger, this humble grave
 An angler to a brother angler gave.

* The sculptor seems to have taken this idea from the proverbial expression ἰσὶ ξυροῦ ἀκμῆς—in most critical circumstances—literally, on the edge of a razor.

† There is an epigram, by Apollonidas, on a fisherman, named Menestratus, who died under similar circumstances. The slayer, in this case, however, was a fish called the *phycis*. Vide Jacobs, vol. ii. p. 138. Ἰχθυοθρηνητῆρα Μενίστρατου—κ.τ.λ. In the *St James's Chronicle*, August 16, 1823, a like fatal occurrence is given. "On Friday morning last (18th instant), a young man, named Thomas Clements, lost his life in a manner as dreadful as it was extraordinary. He was fishing with a draw-net, with some of his friends, near Elizabeth Castle; and, taking a little sole out of the net, he put it between his teeth, to kill it,—when the fish, with a sudden spring (ἀλμασι λάβρον), forced itself into his throat, and choked him. The unfortunate man had just time to call for assistance, but it came too late. He expired in dreadful agony." Vide *Museum Criticum*, vol. ii. p. 593. Dalzell, in a note on this epigram, makes mention of a sole, preserved, in his day, in Monro's Anatomical Museum, in the University of Edinburgh, which was the cause of a similar calamity. Jacobs also quotes other instances.

For the substance of what follows of this note, the translator is indebted to that eminent naturalist, James Wilson, Esq.

The *σάργος* of the Greeks (Aristotle, Athenæus, &c.) is not the *scarus* of Linnæus, but the *scarus Creticus* of Aldrovandus, a fish of great rarity among the ancients, and in much request as food. In the reign of Claudius, the *scari* were brought alive from the seas of the Grecian Archipelago, and distributed along the coast of Campania. There they multiplied rapidly, because, for five ensuing seasons, when any were taken in the nets of the fishermen, they were immediately thrown back into the sea. The *scarus* (we have no other or more proper English name) was regarded as a delicacy on the tables of the most sumptuous, and formed

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING THE POPULAR AIR OF MARLBROUK.

SWEET as those airy symphonies can be,
 To such as, wandering o'er the starlit sea,
 Hear, in the night wind's murmurs round the mast,
 Words breathed with power to charm in seasons past,
 Thy plaintive notes, oh, gently soothing strain,
 Fall on the heart where thoughtful fancies reign.
 Light slumbers memory—roused by shapes which seem
 Less palpable than summer's moted beam,
 But most, when music wakes some welcome string,
 Soars o'er departed scenes her outstretch'd wing.
 So, while amidst the mists, whose volumes dun
 Distend with redden'd disk the sinking sun,
 Which dimly lights the city's wintry hour,
 And gleams along its haunts of pride and power,
 Some wandering minstrel, cheerless and alone,
 Excites with wearied hand the oft-heard tone,
 Which courts applauded on a long spent day,
 To hurrying thousands heedless of the lay ;
 How gracefully before the dreaming sight
 Imagination leads her pageants bright,
 And, like an olden Evocator, rears
 The gorgeous phantoms of forgotten years !

Where rests the vision, thus her willing thrall ?
 On terrace marble-paved, and gilded hall,
 And courts, where, flashing in the beam of day,
 The sculptured fountain flings its silvery spray.
 On many a grove, amidst whose dim retreats
 Breathes the pale orange-flower its treasured sweets,
 And long parterres, and well-trimm'd alleys green,
 With lilled pools, and statued walks between—
 Thy pride, Versailles ! The lordly and the fair
 Glide, high of port, in stately concourse there ;

an ingredient of those famous viands, consisting of a union of the rarest articles, served up to Vitellius, in that celebrated dish named *the Shield of Minerva*. The entrails, according to old Rondelet, have a strong odour of violets, and these were the portions which were in such request among the ancient epicures, who, according to Athenæus, regarded them even as divine.

" Hic scarus, æquoreis qui venit obesus ab undis,
 Visceribus bonus est : cætera vile sapit."
 MARTIAL, Ep. lib. xiii. 84.

The *αίχλη*, there can be no doubt, is the *labrus turdus* of Linnæus, as both the Greek and Latin names signify *thrush*, and refer to the *spotted* aspect of the species. There is no English name of ordinary acceptation for this *labrus*, to which, however, Pennant and others have applied the term *wrasse*.

The *πίεση* of the Greeks may be either the common fresh water perch (*perca fluviatilis*, Linn.), or the sea perch (*perca marina*, or rather *perca scriba*, Linn.), so named from certain marks upon the head, bearing a fancied resemblance to written characters. It is a Mediterranean fish, now known under the systematic name of *serranus scriba*, Cuvier.

The *ιούλις* of the Greeks is a small and extremely beautiful fish of the Mediterranean, the *labrus julis* of Linnæus. It now forms, with certain other species, the genus *julis* of Cuvier, and has no English name.

The name *φυκίς* appears to have been anciently given to a small fish allied to what we call in English *goby* ; but the term is now bestowed upon a certain species allied to the haddock—for example, to the *forked hake* of Pennant, which is the *phycis furcata* of Cuvier.

Famed Mertemar, with her whose gentler art
 More surely fixed her regal vassal's heart;
 The princely hope of nations and his bride,
 As one in life, so even in death allied;
 And he, the centre of the glittering ring,
 Whose lineaments of pride bespeak the king.
 Light issuing from the screen of waving trees,
 The sounds of laughter float upon the breeze;
 And many a warbled song from lips whose hue
 Speaks the rich hope which gilds life's morning new,
 Joined to the lute, in sheltered glade and bower,
 Swells through the radiance of the noontide hour.

Fast fades the picture—for a sterner scene
 The changeful fantasy bids intervene.
 Beside the willowy Maese and turbid Rhine
 The bristling arms of hosts embattled shine.
 Again, the red artillery's ceaseless blaze,
 Beleaguered Lisle, above thy ramparts plays,
 And harshly wailing floats the trumpet's breath,
 Dark Ramillies, along that moor of death.
 On pour, with spur of fire and slacken'd rein,
 Gaul's charging horse across the shaken plain;
 And o'er the eddied tumult fluttering bright,
 Batavia's mounting lion stems the fight:
 Eugene—Villars—Vendome—our *second* name,
 On fields, which history sighs to call of fame;
 Again their dark battalions close, or wheel
 Their squadrons, glittering in the light of steel;
 As when, while burst the volleyed tempest round
 From yawning embrasure, or bastioned mound,
 They earned the wreaths, which Time in mockery spares
 To shade the buried dust, which once was theirs.

One prospect yet—through panes of iris dyes
 Streams the mild glow of Evening's softened skies,
 Where graven flowers enwreath the cornice tall,
 And arras tapestries the antique wall.
 High hung above the chimney's dusky space,
 From the rude trophies of the headlong chase,
 With burnished corslets dimly shining near,
 And forked bannerol, and ashen spear;
 Wrecks of the field, where gallant Falkland died,
 Or Marston's waste, or Roundway's chalky side.
 The feast is spread, from many a careless breast
 Breaks the loud song or laughter-moving jest.
 And Harley's unadorned and winning sense,
 And St John's flow of loftier eloquence,
 And Prior's mirth, in brief and jocund fit,
 And Gay's refined simplicity of wit,
 And Harcourt's tuneful reasoning, just and clear,
 Succeed in turns to charm the listening ear.
 Anon the sounds of rising music call,
 With countless tapers shines the crowded hall;
 The dance proceeds; full solemnly and staid,
 In fair embroidery drest and rich brocade,
 The high born dame, a courtly circle's gaze,
 Majestic treads the stately galliard's maze.
 More grave apart, with ordered tables set,
 The sober votaries of chance are met
 O'er mystic Basset, or, more mystic still,
 The strife of song-immortalized Quadrille.

And thus the revel speeds, while, throned on high,
 Pale midnight traverses the shadowy sky,
 And rains her dewdrops, where the forest leaves
 Its multitudinous and fluttering leaves,
 Tinged by the light, from court and tower which streams,
 And gilds the umbered waste with level beams.
 Ah, vanity of splendour—valour—birth,
 The monarch moulders with his kindred earth;
 The warrior's steel is dust; the lip of bloom
 And winning tongue are silent in the tomb—
 While thou, sweet strain, still lingerest—years which flee,
 And death which smites, have had no power for thee!
 So, when the tempest's desolating sweep
 Falls, armed with fury, on the wooded steep,
 When trunk and branch of knotty strength are cast
 As rottenness and stubble on the blast;
 The flower, which laid its tender buds beside
 The humble moss, which clothed those roots of pride,
 Still cheerfully, to meet the spring tide ray,
 Smiles with spread petals, glinting o'er decay,
 And draws the traveller's blessing, as he views,
 Gladdening the waste, its yet unaltered hues.

J. F. HOLLINGS.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

A ROMANCE FROM SCHILLER.

NOTE.

WE hope we require no excuse with our readers for introducing into our pages another of Schiller's beautiful ballads. They are among the purest gems of German literature; and though some of them have been often and well translated, and a few made yet more familiar to the British imagination by Retsch's graphic illustrations, there are others that may still boast the charm of novelty to the English reader, or are, from their peculiar merit, worthy of being more particularly held forth to his attention. There are no compositions of a similar kind in any language, that unite the simplicity of the ancient ballad style, with a greater depth, purity, and warmth of poetical feeling. With his own compatriots who have laboured in the same field,—of whom the most distinguished are, Bürger, Goethe, *Uhland*, and *Easter Schwab*—Schiller certainly has no occasion to fear the most rigid comparison. *Uhland* has perhaps the highest pretensions of any German poet to lead as the

Coryphæus of modern minstrels (and we may perhaps take an early opportunity of bringing more prominently before the public the merits of this Swabian Romancer), but he wants the fire and the strength of Schiller, and has allowed his exclusive devotion to the school of Tieck and Novalis, to degenerate too much into a sickly and effeminate mannerism. As to Goethe, though a perfect master of the ease and simplicity necessary to make the *manner* of his ballads true, he wanted that glow and depth of feeling which was indispensably requisite to make their *matter* interesting. This, of course, *pace tanti nominis*; but a word in favour of Schiller may not at present be altogether uncalled for, to neutralize the superabundant *Faustism* of the times. We mean no offence to Messrs Anster, Talbot, &c. but

“Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines,
 Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.”

WHY stirs the town, why rolls along
From street to street the billowy
throng?

Is Rhodes on flame, that they should
come
Like crowds wak'd by the midnight
drum?

A gallant knight, and mounted high,
Amid the shouting throngs I spy;
Behind, a shape of aspect dread,
Upon a slow-dragged wain is led;
A dragon, by its scaly hide,
I know it, and its jaws so wide,
And all behold with wondering sight,
The dragon now, and now the knight.
A thousand voices shout with glee,
"This is the dragon, come and see!
That swallow'd all with sateless
greed.

This is the hero that hath us freed!
Full many a knight before him went,
To slay the bloody dragon bent,
But never a knight came from the
fight,

Praise to this bold, this noble knight!"
And to the cloister hied they on,
Where sate the brave Knights of St
John,

Where sate the Knights of Jerusalem,
In solemn council met, they came.

Before the throne the young knight
stands,

And bares his head, and folds his
hands,

The pressing crowds impatient tread
Upon the circling balustrade:

"My knightly duty I have done,"
Exclaim'd the youth, "the fight is
won;

The dragon that laid waste the land,
I slew it with my sword in hand;

The wanderer now may wend his way,
The shepherd on his reed may play,
The pilgrim now, from terror free,
At holy shrine may bend the knee!"

But sternly looks the chief, and says,
"Well hast thou earn'd a hero's
praise,

For valour most adorns the knight,
And thou hast fought a valiant fight.
But speak! what is the first of laws
For him who fights in Jesus' cause,
The sacred sign upon his mail?"

—And all that hear the words turn
pale.

But he with noble firmness speaks,
A manly blush upon his cheeks,
"Obedience is the law divine
That makes him worthy of the sign."
"This law divine," the master said,
"Thy foot hath stamp'd with reck-
less tread;

A fight forbidden thou hast fought,
And held thy knightly faith at nought."

"Judge, master, when thou know'st
the whole,"

Spake he, with calm untroubled soul.
"The Order's law, the Master's will,

Deem'd I most truly to fulfil;
Not rash and thoughtless did I go
To lay the fearful monster low,
But ponder'd well was my intent,
And more of wiles than blows were
spent.

"Five noble knights had fallen low,
The victims of the dragon foe;
Then came thy mandate to abstain
From hopeless fight, from contest
vain.

Ill might I brook the stern command,
That fettered my impatient brand,—
By busy day, by silent night,
I wrestled in the bloody fight;
And when with morning's early dawn
New cries of terror crossed the lawn,
My boiling blood I might not tame,
And vowed to wipe away our shame.

"And to myself I spake—what deed
Is youth's reward, is manhood's
meed?

What did the sons of mighty name,
Whose praise heroic songs proclaim,
Who to the rank of deity
Were raised by blind idolatry?
Did they not purify the earth
From fearful things of monstrous
birth?

Did they not face the lion's roar,
And wrestle with the Minotaur,
Bidding their blood in streams to
flow,

That free the prisoned souls might
go?

"Deserves alone the Moorish head
To fall beneath a Christian blade?
Fight we the idol-gods alone?

No! every sigh and every groan
Sent up from every anguished breast
Calls on the knight, with loud behest,
Courage with wisdom to unite,

And mingle cunning with his might—
Thus spake I oft, and wandering then,
Tracked out the dragon's bloody den;
Of many plans God showed me one,
I cried, rejoicing,—'It is done!'

"And came to thee, and asked thy
leave

To visit home, a short reprieve;
Thou, sire, didst not refuse my prayer,
And fleet o'er the wide seas I fare.
Scarce had I reached my native
strand,

When, by an artist's cunning hand,

A dragon shape I made, and knew,
Well marked, each ugly feature true.
On stunted feet its monstrous weight
Climbs like a tower, in awkward
height,

And round and round, a scaly mail
Scoffs every effort to assail.

“ Its huge neck stretches many an
ell,

And, like the yawning gates of hell,
Sucking their prey from every side,
Its jaws are open'd long and wide;
Fierce in its swarthy mouth it shows
Sharp teeth in triple bristling rows;
Its tongue is like a pointed blade,
Its little eyes shoot lightnings dread,
Its grated spine, both broad and long,
Ends in a tale of serpent strong,
Whose bloody knots have often
bound

Both man and beast in scapeless
round.

“ Thus shape I each minutest trait,
And clothe it in a dingy grey,
Seem'd dragon half, and half a snake,
Born of the black infernal lake;
And when the shape was finish'd
quite,

Two dogs I chose me, strong and
wight,
Well train'd, I wis, by huntsmen
good,

To chase the wild-bull through the
wood;

I drive them on, I chafe their ire,
They seize the scaly monster dire
With angry tooth, while standing
nigh

I urge them onwards with my cry.

“ And when the belly's softer parts
Are open laid to hostile arts,
I made them seize the monster there,
And with their pointed fangs it tear,
Myself upon my Arab steed,
Of mettle proved, of noble breed;
Armed as for fiercest combat, storm
Against the hideous dragon-form,
With loud halloo for battle cry

I spur him on to victory;
And throw my darts with aim so
true,
As might I pierce the dragon through.

“ And though my proud steed rears
him high,
And champs his bit impatiently,
And though my trim curs howl and
moan,

Without remit I urge them on.
Thus are they train'd from day to day,
Till thrice the moon renews her ray;
And when they are in finish'd train
On winged ship I cross the main,

Three days have pass'd, have pass'd
no more,

Since first I landed on this shore;
My weary limbs I might not rest
Till I fulfill'd my high behest.

“ For it did pierce me through and
through

To hear the boors their cries renew,
And tell of shepherds gor'd and torn,
That in the foggy fens were lorn;
My heart commands, and I obey,
I gird me to the work straightway,
I mount my trusty Arab steed,
My trusty squires attend my need,
My faithful curs my voice obey,
And wend with me on secret way,
Where none might know our travel's
bent,

Or interrupt our bold intent.

“ Thou know'st the chapel, sire: it
stands

Upon a rock, whose height com-
mands

The smiling island far and near;
No vulgar handsuch work might rear.
And though without it seem but
small,

Within its treasure passeth all,
The mother and the babe divine,
And the three kings that saw the
sign.

Three times thirty steps ascends
The pilgrim, ere his labour ends,
But soon forgets the giddy road
When near to Christ, and near to
God.

“ Deep in the rock there is a grot,
Where light of glad day cometh not,
A noisome and empouison'd den,
Dank with thick vapours of the fen.
Within this den the dragon lay,
His victims watching night and day,
A hellish watchman at the gate
Of God's own house, the monster
sate;

And when the pilgrim passed before
The spot oft stained with human
gore,

From ambushade the dragon came,
And swallowed up his weary frame.

“ Before the doubtful fight I try,
The sacred rock I mounted high,
And knelt before the babe, to cleanse
My soul from sin, by penitence.
There, when the wondrous image
shone,

My glittering gear I girded on,
And with my good spear in the right,
Descend well-omen'd to the fight.
I leave behind my faithful band
Of squires, and give my last com-
mand;

And mounting light my faithful steed,
Pray God to help me in my need.

“Scarce had I reach’d the open spot
That lies before the noisome grot,
When bark my curs, and snorts my
steed,

And rears him high, and checks his
speed;

For, lo! wound up in fearful clue,
Exposed the monster lies to view,
And basks him in the sultry sun;
My ready curs against him run,
But, rising quick, he gives them
pause,

And wide he opes his pond’rous
jaws,

And sends his breath forth like a
blight,

And howls like jackall in the night.

“But quickly I revive their rage,
And with new fury they engage,
While I my spear, my strongest,
throw

With might against the scaly foe;
But powerless as a stone it falls
Thrown back from triple granite
walls,

And ere I could renew my throw
My steed shies from the hideous foe;
He fears that eye of serpent glare,
He fears that breath that chokes the
air,

And startles back—and now the strife
Wellnigh had ended with my life.

“Quick from my steed I spring, and
bear

My ready brand with threatful air,
But all my blows fall dintless on
That harness harder than the stone,
And with its tail, wide lashing round,
It brings me powerless to the ground.
Already seem’d its yawning jaws
Before the mighty gulp to pause,
When rush my curs, a faithful pair,
Upon the softer parts laid bare,
And bite, and tear, and pinch it so,
It stands and howls for very wo.

“And while it howls in agony,
With sudden spring I shake me free,
Deep to the hilt my sword I bury
Within the monster’s mesentery,
Where scales protect not from his
foes,

And from the wound the black blood
flows.

He sinks, and buries in his fall
Me with his body’s weighty ball.

My senses leave me. In a swoond
I lay; and, when I look’d around,
My faithful squires beside me stood,
And lies the Dragon in his blood.”

Scarce had the noble youth made
pause,

When loud arose the free applause:
Too long restrained the mingled tide
Of rival plaudits, multiplied,
Came from the echoing roof tenfold,
As swelling wave on wave is roll’d.
His brother knights with one acclaim
Might crown him with a wreath of
fame,

From street to street in triumph
proud

Might bear him on the grateful crowd.
The master folds his brow severe,
And bids the throngs in silence hear.

And speaks: “Thy valiant hand
hath slain

The foe that many fought in vain;
The grateful people’s Delty,
Thou art thine order’s enemy;
Thy heart hath born a serpent, know,
Worse than the bloody dragon-foe.

That snake, the venom of thy breast,
A will it is by pride possess’d,
Whose stubborn bent may not incline
To order and to discipline,
That man from man asunder tears,
And with itself to ruin bears.

“Wild courage may the mood display,
A Christian’s boast is to obey;
For where the Lord of earth and skies
Walked in a servant’s humble guise,
The fathers of our order there
The vow of holy knighthood sware,
The hardest duty to fulfil,
To curb our own rebellious will!
Thee hath vainglory led astray,
Go, take thee from my sight away!
Who scorns his master’s yoke divine,
Not worthy is to wear his sign.”

Breaks out the crowd with angry roar,
His brother-knights for grace implore,
And shakes the pillar’d dome around
But silent looks upon the ground
The youth, and doffs his knightly gear,
Kisses the master’s hand severe,
And goes. He follows with his eye,
And back he calls him lovingly,
And speaks.—“Embrace me, noble
son,

The harder fight thy faith hath won!
This cross receive. It is the meed
Of humble heart, and noble deed.”

EIGHT DAYS IN THE ABRUZZI.

BEING in Naples in the spring of 1834, I resolved to travel northward to Ancona as straight as the crow flies; and the execution of this plan led me through the most mountainous parts of the Abruzzi.

In late years this secluded and romantic region has been by no means unexplored. Many Germans make a pilgrimage to the battle-field of Tagliacozzo; some English inspect the lake of Celano and the subterranean canal; and a few take up shooting-quarters at Aquila. Still the country remains undescribed. I am in no situation to describe it. I was able to catch only a fleeting glance at its scenery and its inhabitants; and I now set down my recollections, not with the hope of giving any important information, but from the wish to revive in my own mind the thoughts and images of a few days, which were amongst the happiest of the very happy days I spent in Italy. My time was limited, and the season was far too early for so hilly a province; for I entered the mountains on the 7th of March. The weather had indeed been singularly mild; but even Italian scenery, with all its evergreen leaves, is injured by winter; and after a season ordinarily severe, the roads in most parts of my journey would be difficult till at least as late as May.

As to the antiquities of the Abruzzi, little need be said; the classical interest of the country is chiefly confined to a few narratives of Livy, with Virgil's descriptions of the fierce Sabines, the marauding Æqui, and the Marsian enchanters. To those who wish to study minutely the ancient geography of the Abruzzi, the book of Cluverius will furnish an account of what was known in his time; and if the antiquaries of the present day know any thing farther of the matter (which, except as to Dodwell's inspection of the country above Rieti, may be doubted), Nibby's book is in print to testify it. The spell which lures us into the provinces of the Abruzzi lies in the face with which nature there looks on us, in their forests, their mountains, their

precipices, their dashing streams, and their robber stories.

Sora, a dirty little town, lies close on the bank of the river Liris or Garigliano, in a kind of nook at the foot of the steep mountains which separate the Ulterior Abruzzo from the Terra di Lavoro. An old castle is perched on a precipitous rock overhanging the town, and, immediately on emerging from among the houses, we enter a little labyrinth of vineyards and pollarded trees, with flat-roofed mill-houses, water-courses crossed by planks, and water plashing and mill-wheels humming,—a pretty rural picture, enlivened occasionally by a peasant toiling through with his loaded mules. To carriage-roads we have here bid adieu for a week. We have crossed to the left bank of the stream, and in a quarter of an hour we are in the Abruzzo, and are climbing through a deep tortuous ravine, with cliffs all about us, clothed with trees and brushwood, and the river leaping and sparkling cheerfully beneath. The flowers are opening to drink the first breathings of spring, and the grass and creeping plants which mantle richly over rock and soil, are glittering with the morning dew and rising sun; all is awakening fragrance, brightness, and life.

Among the ruined palaces and temples of Rome, and in the vineyards and orange groves beside the blue sea of Naples, I had warmed my imagination with that inspiration which, once breathed on the heart, never again grows cold. It did not desert me now as I entered this upper valley of the Apennines, to seek a new colour and form of Italian landscape; happy and elevating recollections thronged in upon me, and blended with the pure sunshine which slept on the green undulating hills. I had to trace upwards, for more than twenty miles—nearly indeed to the source of the river—the valley watered by the Liris, and called, above Sora, the Val di Roveto. I had soon issued from the pass of Sora; the path winded along the hills,

high up on the left side of the stream, and the valley for several miles lay open before me. It is deeper and narrower than beneath Sora, never perhaps more than two miles wide, and often less. The river, in most places, flows silently and swiftly between low sandy or pebbly shores; but in some spots the banks rise and approach each other, forming deep rocky ravines. The outlines of the landscape are soft, waving, and varied. At one time the whole breadth of the valley is spread out in a flat green plain, sometimes the hills shoot down long arms into the hollow, or round grassy eminences are scattered about; and in one or two spots the hills are cleft into steep gulleys, running up sideways into the bosom of the mountains.

The Tuscan Apennines—I have especially in view the mountains of the Casentino—are chiefly lumpish heaps, presenting abrupt outlines only among the glens about their roots; standing on the heights, and looking far abroad, one sees only indications of fine forms: we could believe that the mountains had been suddenly stopped in their growth. In the Roman Apennines, and yet more in those of Naples, we see far bolder shapes and more sudden elevations: many of the Abruzzi mountains are magnificent in contour, very many are beautiful in their prolonged undulations. But even amongst these we recognise only detached fragments of the Salvator landscape. Every where the Apennine has a character distinctly different from the steepled, castellated Alpine landscape; it is smoother, more waving in lines, composed of parts which flow imperceptibly into each other. The Alpine chain is a fortress built for the genius of Italy, with stupendous towers and moats, ramparts and bridges: the Apennine is the summer palace in which she reposes, looking down on her gardens from long airy terraces, and descending into them by winding staircases.

In the whole Val di Roveto, we scarcely find, either in the kind of vegetation or in its abundance, any token of our having left the fortunate fields of the Campagna. The mountains are grassy to their summits, scattered woods wave far up their sides, and in the hollow of the val-

ley, corn-fields, vineyards, and olive plantations bloom every where; large beech-trees are frequent near the stream, and several thickets are formed by old oaks, splendid in shape and size, some of the finest indeed I have seen in Italy. When I passed up the valley, these trees had stood out the winter cold, and yet their foliage, though brown and dead, remained hanging on the boughs, often embowering one as thickly as in the verdant glow of their summer. They bore witness to the mildness with which winter visits Italy; the old robber is softened by the beauty of his victim, and the touch which he lays on her is as gentle as a lover's.

The valley is chiefly under tillage, and by no means thinly inhabited. It contains scarcely any solitary houses, but a good many little hamlets, and several villages. The lowest of these, Balzorano, is also the largest, containing, as I was told, about a thousand souls; as seen from the road which passes under it, its situation is remarkably picturesque—upon and among broken rocks and thick beech woods, a black gloomy castle overhanging the town and its ravine. Another village, called Morino or Morrea, is placed in a beautiful nook, among turfy hillocks, at the entrance of a gorge among the mountains. The government had had a survey made and a track marked out for a carriage road; but I found the road still unmade, and the old path quite impassable for any wheeled vehicle.

During the whole day I did not encounter a dozen travellers. One roguish old fellow carried me to a wooden hut, open as a kind of tavern, where he received the lion's share of my refreshment. Afterwards, while I lay and rested at the foot of an oak, an old woman and young man came up; the female hailed me with the unceremonious "Thou," and bade me rise and come along with them. I accepted the invitation, and walked on with these people for three or four hours. Both mother and son belonged to Balzorano; and both were frank, rude, independent folks. The mother said she had another son, but on my asking where he lived, she laughed, and replied that she must not tell me—he was under a cloud (in *disgrazia della giustizia*). As she seem-

ed disposed to take the matter easily, I pressed to know his offence, but this question she constantly evaded, saying it was a bit of a misdemeanor, a "facecendetta," which just means that it was not murder. I liked the people in spite of the facecendetta, and as the youth and I were both bound for the city of Aquila, I would willingly have accompanied him, if he had travelled at a slower rate. I wished, however, to look about me, and was wearied by the heat; and when about three in the afternoon we approached the village of Civitella di Roveto, I resolved to stop there for the night, my female friend offering to introduce me in a house where I should have good and hospitable reception, not the house of an innkeeper, but that of an honest man (*un galantuomo*), a significant distinction, if we take it literally, which the speaker did not. She had over-calculated her influence, or my appearance was against me; the hostess of the honest man's house expressed scruples, and I made for the wretched wine-house of the village.

The village is seated on a rocky uneven eminence, rising close from the right side of the stream; we must thread our way upwards through the steep narrow lanes till we reach a little open platform at the head of the place. Turning our backs on the village and the valley, we have our first picture—the little square, with its low parapet and its one old buttressed house, in the foreground; beneath it the green hollow, covered with olive-trees, dotted with flat-roofed garden-houses, and rising into verdant knolls about the roots of the mountain; and then, beyond all, the mountain itself, dipping in one long perpendicular precipice, with pine-trees springing out of the snow at its edges, and clinging to chinks in its sides; a smooth conical peak retiring above the cliffs, and leading the eye downwards again on the left by a gentle curve into a thick beech wood, which nestles warmly about the mountain's feet. Looking down the valley we have a landscape which at this moment is singularly lovely; but its beauty is created by the tender light and broad mellow shadowing of the sinking sun. The pencil

could not represent the clear mirrored stream, the wooded mounds, nor the soft slopes of the turfy mountain. Far up the mountain, on the left side of the river, stand a church, tower, and group of houses among trees, indicating *Cività d'Antina*, a village said to possess some antiquities, and to be the site of an ancient Marsian town, remarkable, like the common run of thieves, for nothing but the number of its aliases. If we turn round on the village beneath us, and look across the river, we might make a pleasing composition by grouping in the foreground one or two of those blind house-walls with their rafters projecting like a pent-house; in the centre would stand the high square-built belfry of the little church, rising over the myrtle bushes and broken garden wall; and on the other side of the stream rise the hills, speckled far up with scattered copse, and ending in a gently waving line, one point of which is marked on the horizon by something which looks like a cross, denoting the spot where a missionary priest was murdered.

Our lodging for the night is, in the very worst style, a specimen of those hedge taverns in which I have housed a hundred times in foot-journeys in Italy. It is a house of one story, and excepting two little sleeping apartments, its whole space is taken up by one large lofty room, serving all imaginable purposes. A flight of steps outside leads up from the lane to the door, which stands always open, for the egress of the smoke, and the ingress of a group which just now occupies the space beside it,—two half-naked children stealing bran out of a wooden trough, and two pigs, the rightful owners, grunting indignation at them. The floor is of clay, which, if the roof be no better than is usual, may become mud; the movable furniture consists of two begrimed wooden tables, a few stools, and some chairs which once were straw-bottomed; but besides these movable seats, a stone bench, having the wall of the projecting chimney for its back, is built on each side of the hearth: on this settle we shall sit now, and lie down to sleep in an hour or two. In a few minutes we see the swine banished, and the children imprisoned; the

door is shut for the first time since morning; the one window, which of course has no glass, is closed by a shutter; the lamp is lighted, and hung in the chimney; fresh wood is thrown on the hearth, and its acrid fumes blow a little supererogatory blackness on the rafters, and make our unaccustomed eyes drop tears as fast as the Arabian tree its medicinal gums. Our host and a friend have been out bird-shooting, and sit before the fire cleaning their guns, fine muscular well-featured men, just such figures and dress as you see in Eastlake's pictures; for I have not remarked (although there may be) any district except this valley, in which the ordinary dress unites all parts of the so-called brigand costume. The felt hat, worn indoors as well as abroad, is peaked, and a bunch of wild flowers stuck in its band; the short jacket was once embroidered, the vest is of some showy colour, as purple or scarlet, and a coloured handkerchief is wound scarf-wise round the waist; the deeds without a name descend no lower than the knees; round the feet and calves, over the stockings, or instead of them, are wrapped rollers of coarse linen, a remnant of the Roman dress; and on the foot is worn no shoe, but a genuine classical sandal, a wooden or thick leather sole, braced with cords round the ankle and instep. The sandal seems to be peculiar to the Rovetesi, and their neighbours, as near as Avezzano, give them a nickname (*Ciucciari*), which apparently has allusion to it. The plain-looking, red-haired hostess finds employment enough in cooking the supper and scolding her offspring; and two female visitors of hers sit on the stone-bench opposite to us. The younger, a girl about fourteen, can neither work, nor talk, for staring at the odd-looking foreigners; the other, a woman of eighteen, is busily and modestly occupied with her distaff. Both are fine women, but the elder is a goddess,—a Juno in disguise of a mountain maiden,—a genuine Juno, for Gaisford himself cannot prove from Homer that the goddess, except on one great occasion, ever washed her face. These mountaineers, indeed, of both sexes, struck me every where as unusually handsome, taller, if I

mistake not, than the Neapolitans of the low country, certainly fairer both in complexion and in eyes and hair; and this girl's head, with its fine shape, its straight noble features, its full warm chestnut eyes, and its dark brown hair, rich as the tresses of the weeping birch, is the perfection of animal beauty. Her head is covered with a white handkerchief, folded square, in a fashion common elsewhere; and her round tall form is certainly disfigured by the species of defensive armour called, I think, stays, or corset, which this Marsian nymph wears above the rest of her dress, and has ornamented beyond all the rest, patching it with gaudy reds and greens, and fastening it in front with yellow cords, elaborately crossed.

Next morning I was off at sunrise, and followed the stream farther upwards. After some miles the valley seemed about to end in front of me, the mountain sinking at its sides, and large shapeless hillocks looking as if shaken down at random into the hollow. At last I reached a spot which allowed me to see what I had to expect. Directly in front, at a little distance, the river purled out from beneath an old stone bridge, beside which stood a mill in a thicket; on the right rose immediately from the bridge a rugged sandy scaur, sprinkled with bushes; and behind the bridge, right across from side to side of the glen, stretched a wall of rock two or three hundred feet high, with a village (*Peschio Canale*) perched on its edge, some of the houses hanging over the precipice, and a kind of little fortress presenting its bastions above these. The stream looks here as if it were issuing from its source; but this spot is only the entrance to a profound and narrow defile, which extends about a mile in length, particularly formidable as a military position, and striking as a piece of scenery. From the bridge the road winds up the hill to the right, and leaving on the left the stream far beneath it, and the high grassy rock on which the village stands, proceeds with little change of level about half way up a winding line of precipices, being sometimes cut in the rock, and sometimes built on its acclivi-

ties; the rocks beneath it go almost everywhere sheer down to the water's edge, and beetle overhead through scattered trees, while through an occasional opening we catch a glimpse of round wooded hills beyond. The pass grows steeper and narrower, till it is locked by the rock on which is built the village of Capistrello.

Close at the foot of this rock, in a deep dark dell, through which the river leaps in rapids, the remarkable subterranean canal, from the great lake of Celano, or Fucine lake, discharges itself into the Liris. We turn to the east, out of the Val di Roveto, leave behind us the village of Capistrello and the mountains, which on the west side of the valley form here the Roman frontier, and find ourselves on a bare plain, perhaps a mile and a half each way, shut in by sloping and not lofty hills before and on each side of us. The hills in front conceal the lake from us, and the canal, commencing at its edge, pierces for three miles through the bowels of the mountain and of the plain on which we stand. The purpose of it was to carry off the overflowing waters of the lake: it was executed by the Emperor Claudius, and repaired by Adrian, was long lost sight of, and has been lately cleared out by the Neapolitan Government. When I visited it, the work had gone on for ten years; and with the labour of the hundred men then employed, it was expected that a few months more would finish it. In the original execution of the work, thirty thousand Roman slaves laboured for eleven years; and, to allow this vast number to work at once, the level was first taken, and pits sunk from the surface of the ground to the necessary depths, the detachment at each shaft thence proceeding to cut horizontally till it met the next. The depth at which the tunnel runs under ground is very great, some of the perpendicular shafts in the plain being nearly four hundred English feet in depth. Other sloping shafts lead down into the canal from the sides of the mountain; and most of these shafts, and the greater part of the main water-course, had been cleared when I saw them.

Finding one of the workmen going

to his labour, I requested him to take me down with him. He lighted his lamp, and we entered one of the sloping passages about the foot of the hill. The shaft winded, and daylight immediately deserted us: the passage was wide enough to make the walk easy, but the steps hewn in the rock were much broken, and all was damp and very soon fetid. The descent may have lasted less than a quarter of an hour. As we came near the bottom, we began to hear the rumbling of the cars, and cries of the labourers echoing hollow through the galleries; and at last, reaching the level of the canal, we stood in a busy subterranean world. Lamps twinkled from the walls, shedding lines of light into the field of shadow about them; the strokes of the pickaxe resounded on the rock, and the workmen sung and shouted to each other. The height of the great gallery does not seem to be anywhere less than twenty feet, and the width allows two cars to pass. The paving of the bottom has been destroyed in the new excavations; overhead the arch does not appear to have been faced where it passes through the solid rock; water runs under foot, and drops from the roof, forming many massive and beautiful petrifications, one of which, a thick pillar, crossed with rings, like those of the Tuscan rustic, was pointed out by the workmen with peculiar admiration. We walked through the horizontal gallery towards the lake, entered an ascending staircase, and in about half an hour after descending into the darkness, we saw daylight from the other side of the mountain twinkling above us, like a clear, white star. My guide blew out his lamp; the spot of pure sky grew larger, and the light fell faintly about us; and then we stepped out at once from the glimmer and gloom of Hades into the broad open light of upper earth and day.

The transition and the spectacle were overpowering; it was as when the adventurer, in a midnight cavern, had touched a talisman; and, lo! a fairy land lay around him, glowing in enchanted sunshine. The picture was the blue, smooth lake—a picture six-and-thirty miles in circumference; the chasing in which it was set was plain, and wood, and icy

mountains. It was about mid-day; the sun was high and bright, the sky deep and cloudless; and the landscape, which melted into the light, was a wide pageant, which nature had adorned with her richest magnificence. Round and round soared vast rocky mountains, some of the loftiest of the Apennines; the never-melting snows crowned their kingly heads, forests wrapped their feet, and human dwellings slumbered white and peaceful beneath their shadow. The outlines of the scenery were varied as well as bold. We stood a good way above the level of the water, on the side of a flatish, moory range of hills, the only inconsiderable heights about the lake; and about half a mile beneath us, beyond a sandy plain, the inland sea rippled against its shore. To the left rose a very fine and lofty mountain, steep and bare, with two conical summits, and snow lying in the gulleys far down its face. This was the Mount Velino; and on a rugged hill, among its roots, a tuft of cypresses marked the site of the ancient prison-town of Alba. At the foot of the mountain, a beautiful wooded plain, verdant like an orchard, came forward to meet the lake; and through its bawers twinkled the roofs, church-towers, and castle of Avezzano. When the eye moved thence, still along the brink of the lake, the garden-plain between hill and water appeared to narrow; white dwellings shone among the trees, a huge misformed rock strode down like a promontory from the great mountain-chain nearly to the lake, and beneath it stood the town of Celano, the largest on the lake. Round this left, or north side of the lake, as far as the sight could distinguish, ran a girdle of woods gemmed with habitations; and over the rock of Celano were piled prolonged mountain-ridges, line behind line, a perspective along leagues of snows, the border of an inaccessible icy wilderness. On the right side of the lake the heights were less remarkable; some headlands dipped right down into the water, and gloomy pine-woods darkened the northern sides of the sloping hills. Directly in front, beyond the east side of the lake, the view was bounded by a long, distant mountain-range, the celebra-

ted Majella, which, seen from so remote a point, presented a more gradual elevation than the other mountains: fields of snow clothed it wide and deep, and from its flat head two immense black rocks projected into the sky, the temples where old devotion worshipped the mountain-spirits, or the castles in which the genii might have dwelt.

The borders of the lake contain certainly not fewer than twelve or fifteen towns or villages, of which the largest is Celano, a town of considerable antiquity and note in the middle ages. The lake is now much contracted from its ancient limits; but no natural outlet is known for its waters, and the inhabitants seem to speak of this fact with something like a superstitious feeling. If the books are to be believed, Roman or aboriginal ruins exist in several spots on the banks. I had no time to search for these, and besides Alba, I heard of only two places of the kind. The one is Paterno, a village between Avezzano and Celano; the other is Luco, a hamlet, seemingly about a mile to the southward of the mouth of the canal, where have been found inscriptions, and remains of columns and polygonal walls. Over Luco we may believe still hang the shades of Virgil's "Grove of Angitia," where the Oriental sorceress taught magic to the aboriginal hunters, and where the nymphs of the woods and of the glassy waters wept for the death of Umbro, the enchanter, soldier, and priest. On the east side of the lake lies the country of the ancient Pelignians; behind the Majella, ten miles from the mountain, stands the town of Sulmona, the ancient Sulmo; and at Sulmo was born the luxurious legendary Ovid, whose cradle we could rather fancy placed among the clustering vineyards and rose-gardens of Naples.

When I awoke the following morning, and threw back the shutter of my unglazed window, the cool morning wind rustled among the orange-trees of the garden; and on their glossy foliage, and on the lake beyond, the sun shone warmly and brightly, inspiring me for the long mountain walk which was to carry me up to Aquila. I drank coffee on the shop-board of my host, an honest

tailor, and set off in company with his son Paolo, a youth of fifteen, by profession a violin player, who was to guide me to the ruins of Alba.

Alba stood on a steep isolated hill, near the foot of the majestic Mount Velino; and our road to it led us for some three miles among green lanes between gardens and vineyards, and then up the grassy rocks of the eminence, amidst scattered ruins of brick edifices, and along considerable remains of the rudest kind of polygonal walls. From the summits of the irregular hill the view is very fine; behind it a deep hollow sunk down, paring it from the mountain, whose craggy face, rent into ravines, frowned down on us from the north. In front lay the verdant gardens of Avezzano, the blue lake and the mountains beyond. On one side a bare but very grand pass led eastwards towards the bridle-path from Celano to Aquila; and on the other hand rose a long slope of uneven ground, a kind of shallow valley, several miles in length, dotted with one or two little towns, the most distant being Tagliacozzo.

Alba has witnessed tragic scenes. It was the St Helena of republican Rome, recommended for that service by its retired situation among the mountains, by its insulated position on its rock, and by the strength of its fortifications. Of the vanquished kings and generals who were there imprisoned, Syphax, Prince of Numidia, the husband of the beautiful Sophonisba, was one; but the climate of the Apennines was insupportable to the Moor, and the Senate graciously allowed him to die at Tivoli. At a later period of the republic, this mountain-castle was the dungeon and tomb of Perseus, the proud, cruel, and superstitious King of Macedon. His deeds gave him fair themes for reflection in his prison—fratricide—parricide—and a crime which has no name—the having successfully tempted his own father to murder. He died there after an imprisonment of some years. He died of hunger; either that his guards neglected to bring him food, or that he at last remembered a taunting advice of the consul who made him captive, and starved him self to death. The Se-

nate buried him with pomp; and his tomb may lie undistinguishable among the heaped fragments about us, or may be beneath yonder circular ruin, which we shall soon pass beneath the hill. It is no matter where it be; every day, in Italy and elsewhere, we tread unknowingly upon graves.

The people of the country are ignorant of these events; but some questions asked with another purpose brought under my view their knowledge of a more modern chapter of history, a sad and bloody one, the scene of which lay not far from hence.

“Do you know,” said I to Paolo, “that in old times the people of this country were conjurers, and dealt with evil spirits? They had the power of charming serpents, and played with them as if they had been earthworms. Can your people now do that?”

The boy smiled, but not quite heartily. “I wish they could,” said he. “Not that the serpents are dangerous to us; but there are plenty of vipers among the low grounds about the lake; and the old men tell us that there is a tract of land beside Luco yonder, now quite untilled, that was once a blooming vineyard, till the snakes came up into it, and drove the vinedressers away.”

“Ay, but, my good friend, it was by magic that your ancestors subdued the serpents; and perhaps you have something of the sort still.—You have magic, have you not? You have the *gettatura*?”

Poor Paolo looked frightened, and tried to cross himself, without my seeing it. About the prevalent superstition of the *gettatura* he did not choose to speak. “The Holy Virgin protects us, and since her birth we know nothing of magic in this country: but long, long ago, there were many wicked deeds done here by magic. If you had asked me, when we were near the town, I could have shown you at a distance the place on the lake where was once a grand and beautiful city called Marsiglia. I do not know the story well, and nobody does; but sure it is that by magic that city was sunk into the lake: and when the fishermen sail by the place, they can

look over the edge of the boat, and see the castles and churches lying deep down beneath the water. And for that matter," continued he, gaining courage from the sound of his own voice, "in the spot we stand on, all is not as it should be: it is all owing to a great treasure that is hid in the earth, but if we do not meddle with the hoard, nothing can harm us."

"Indeed!" replied I, "that must be a pretty story. Let me hear how the treasure came here, and I promise you not to dig one stroke for it."

"It is an old story," resumed the little fiddler, "and you would hear it better from Nicholas the Barber, who has studied surgery at Padua, and spoke Latin to you yesterday in the church. You must know, that when Charles of Anjou, an old King of Naples, first came into the country, the Abruzzesi would not take him for their king, and a great battle was fought near Tagliacozzo, eight miles up among the hills beyond Magliano yonder, and after he had gained the battle King Charles came down and besieged Alba. It is a poor place now, but then it was a large town, with churches, and convents, and soldiers. The people defended it for many months, and the cruel King swore that he would not leave a living soul in it. So when the Albese people saw that the King would soon take the place, they gathered together their gold and jewels, and all their riches, and dug a well in the city, the deepest that ever was made, and threw all their treasure into it, and then filled it up again, and tore down houses, and piled them above it, that the spot might not be known. Then they set fire to the town at the four corners, and burnt themselves, and their wives, and their children, to death in the houses; and when Charles of Anjou marched into the town it was as desolate as the grave. He never found the treasure, and it lies there at this day. The well in which it is, is called the Well of Satarn (Pozzo di Saturno,) but no man has ever been able to find the exact spot. There is a guard over it; and no one has ever searched for it but some dreadful misfortune has happened to him. Some people say it is be-

neath that old brick house filled up with stones and rubbish, half way up the south face of the hill. We call the ruin the Pettorino."

Parting from my good little violinist, I had next to get upon the road to the city of Aquila. I crossed the plain to the east of Alba, and at its extremity found a little hamlet called Le Forme, where I stopped to get some refreshment, and a man to carry my knapsack up the villanously steep ascent. The sensation excited by my avatar in Le Forme was quite flattering. In the single guest-chamber of the wine-house, the smoke compelled me to place myself just within the door, sitting on one overturned trough, and making my wine and bread be set on another. The door being, as every where else, always wide open, and the floor far elevated above the ground outside, I sat at the top of the stair fully exposed to view. It was holiday, and in ten minutes the whole village population, of each sex and all ages, was assembled in the lane, looking up at the phenomenon. There was not opportunity for satisfying all the doubts suggested and expressed regarding me; but when two fellows came round among us with a box, making the usual demand for money for masses in behalf of the souls in "purgatorio," the spectators were greatly relieved at seeing that I gave twopence for the repose of the dead, just as if I had been a Christian like themselves.

A goatherd shouldered my bag, and we climbed the hill stoutly. The pass was called by the country people the Magliona; is from two to three miles long, and formed between the skirts of the Mount Velino on the one hand, and the isolated mountain of Celano on the other. It is bare of wood, excepting furze and brushwood; is wide, but steep on both sides, and the path, high up on the north side, is very rough. We ascend continually until, near the end of the defile, we have reached a point at a great elevation, commanding a wide prospect: The pass is picturesque, the ground precipitous beneath the paths, and a cluster of rocks, prettily overgrown with shrubs, through which the track passes, marks the spot where a poor female perished in the snow. My

companion named it also as having been eight years before the encampment for several weeks of a troop of forty robbers; they had levied contributions on all the villages about, and, the man assured me, had caught him, and stripped him of the little he had.

Here my guide moved back, and in a few minutes I had before me a long stretch of the valley into which I was next to turn, and a landscape which was very wild and striking. I stood high up on the mountains forming the west side of the valley which runs north from Celano; about me, above, and beneath, lay wide fields of snows partially thawing, and making my path a little rivulet. On the right frowned the dark mountain of Celano, a bare calcareous mastiff-headed mass; and through a deep opening between it and the fine mountain next to the coast, appeared a glimpse of the town, the garden-like plain of a couple of miles beyond it, and, further still, a portion of the lake and its opposite bank. Except this little blooming segment, the whole landscape was desolate and grand.

We have now travelled two days and a half in the Abruzzo, and have met with no adventure. We appear to be at last entering a wilder tract of country, but there likewise we shall meet with no adventure. And yet we are in the heart of those mountains which have been described to us as haunted by those bands of robbers that often form the most prominent image in the mind of a traveller about to enter Italy. The natives themselves are to this day cowardly to excess where any risk of robbery may be contemplated; the frontier mountains, among which we are, have unquestionably been the most usual retreat of the banditti when they have existed, and the bad name which they once deserved has never ceased to cling to them.

What is then the real character and situation of the people in these provinces?

In the first place, standing on the mountain which overhangs Ovindoli, we may look about us. The landscape before us is a picture of the country (now and elsewhere I speak of the ulterior or mountainous Abruzzo). Part of it is blooming

like paradise; part of it a wilderness, where scarcely even grass grows. Even from the valleys, I believe, there is little or no export; the corn, wines, and perhaps the olives, seem to be mainly consumed by the inhabitants. From the country about Aquila, saffron used to be largely carried out; but if I recollect rightly what was told me, the growing of it has nearly ceased. A large proportion of the country is pasturage, where game abounds, and where kine, sheep, goats, and swine are kept to be driven down to the markets in the large towns like Aquila or Teramo, or into the low country. In the wooded districts the manufacture of charcoal goes on; and every one knows, that from the name of the charcoal-burners, the noted sect of the Carbonari took their appellation, originating here and in Calabria. Altogether the country does not support its inhabitants; they emigrate into the low country in all directions. In the cities we find them as street-porters and labourers of different sorts; and in the country they are frequent as shepherds and farm-servants. Many of them go down into the plains only at particular seasons to assist in the cultivation, and return to their families with their earnings. In some of those pestilential plains, of which the Campagna of Rome is the most remarkable example, the agricultural labour is performed almost entirely by the poor peasants coming thus down temporarily from the mountains, most frequently from these very districts. Every one who has been in Rome at Christmas has seen them exercising another temporary and miserable trade. The Neapolitan pipers (*pifferari*) are from this country; we see one man blowing a bagpipe, usually attended by another who plays a little flagelet; for two or three weeks crowds of these poor men parade the streets, dependent on the generosity of the inhabitants, looking dolefully, and making doleful music; and then they disappear, no soul in Rome knowing or caring how long the few pence they have gained will suffice to buy food for their children.

Such is the situation of those men whom we hear stigmatized as robbers to a man. God knows, they

have temptation. It would be rash in me to pronounce a positive judgment on a whole race without fuller opportunity than I have had of knowing them. My opinion of them is derived from having gone about among the peasants as a pedestrian; whose wallet and sketch-book certainly were little calculated to excite cupidity,—from mixing with them freely, and in every way, completely unarmed, without the smallest caution on my part, more than I should have used at home, and without the smallest protection from police, who, except in the towns, are invisible,—and from occasional conversations with two or three officers of their local governments, and one or two persons in the upper ranks in Aquila. Judging from these sources of knowledge, I should call these mountaineers strictly honest in regard to property, faithful in their engagements, hospitable and obliging to strangers, and in their manners rough and sometimes wild, but most manly and independent. To strangers, I think, they cannot be dangerous; but they may be so, both to themselves and to their rulers—among themselves, by their fieriness and ready use of the knife—to the government, by their seeming to be still as fickle as in old times, and equally subject to the influence of those men who enjoy among them, at the same time, property and personal reputation. About Aquila, the Marquis Dragonetti seems to be a much greater man than the King of Naples, Ferdinandino, as they call him.

I should have no great stomach for putting to experiment, among so needy a race, the challenge given me by one of the poorest-looking among them, who told me, with great energy, that I might walk from one end of their mountains to the other with my hand open, and uncounted gold in it. Still I have great faith in these rough fellows, and should travel again in their country with far greater confidence than on the post-roads, either in the Papal state or the kingdom of Naples.

Indeed, while the robber-troops were out, these wild mountains were not to any extent the scene of their depredations, but only their haunts in intervals of repose, and their retreat when pursued. The Abruzzi peasants, indeed, will have it, that of late years the robbers were almost entirely Romans; and one of them, in conversation with me, confirmed this assertion by stating it as a fact, that it is by burnings of houses, imprisonments, and executions within the Roman state that the robbers have been extirpated, and that in the Abruzzi no such proceedings have taken place. Be that as it may, the bandits are, in the mean time, quite as imaginary beings as English highwaymen; and robbery is regarded by the Abruzzi generally in quite as heinous a light as by the peasantry of England. Ill-livers (*malviventi*) there will always be among these people, as among every other race; and robberies will occasionally take place, just as among ourselves.*

* I had not been two months out of the country, when (according to the German newspapers) a Neapolitan judge, on his way from Celano in a carriage, was attacked near Isernia, in the plains south of the Abruzzi. His son was shot dead.

It may not be uninteresting to mention a fact supplementary to the anecdotes of the Roman robbers as in 1819, given by Mrs Grahame. To her lively and faithful account the authoress annexes a frightful proclamation of the Roman government, condemning the whole town of Sonnino, on the mountains between Frusinone and Piperno, to be burnt to the ground. This notorious town is still standing and inhabited, and has never been destroyed. I have passed not far from it, and seen it perched above me like a kite's nest; and I have conversed with some of the inhabitants, first on taking up my night's quarters at Prassede, a village near it, where the soldiers are said to have butchered De Cæsar's wife and family; and afterwards, in the romantically beautiful wood, in which, among the roots of the Sonnino hills, and by the edge of the classical river Amasenus, stand the interesting Gothic ruins of the Carthusian convent of Fossa Nuova, the scene of the murder of Thomas Aquinas. These men concurred in what had been previously told me by an English

During the occupation of Italy by the French, these invaders gave the name of brigands to the whole population of the Abruzzi, as well as of Calabria. They had given the same title, and for the same reasons, to the peasants who fought them in Spain. There is no doubt, that both in Calabria and in the Abruzzi, the name of King Ferdinand was used as a cover for much atrocity; but, to a great degree, the war here, as in Spain, was just an irregular guerilla struggle against the intruders, in which the Italian sharpshooters thought as little of giving their enemies fair play as a farmer's wife does of giving law to the weasel whom she has caught in her hen-roost. The hangman General Manhes, aid-de-camp to Murat, quieted (or depopulated) first the Abruzzi and then Calabria.

While we have been thus engaged in considering the Abruzzese character, we have wound along the mountain side, descended into the hollow, crossed the deep wild torrent beds, and reached the little hill town of Rovero, from which two peasants were my companions all the way to Aquila.

No travelling companions could have been franker, more accommodating, or more independent than these two men, especially the elder. They seemed unaffectedly glad of the opportunity of serving a stranger. They offered to stop, if I wished it, earlier in the evening than they had intended; Alessandro, the younger, insisted on carrying my knapsack half-way for me; at night our tavern bill was equally divided among the three, and a proportion of the price of some wine which I had paid for on the road peremptorily placed at my credit; and when we parted in the city, a trifle which I offered to the younger man was rudely and steadily refused.

At Rovero the hills shut out from us the valley to the south, and we entered on a long narrow plain, equally bare and dreary. The snow lay on most of the hills close down

to the road; high moory hills were on the left, lower heights on the right, and the steep rocky head of the Gran Sasso peered over the woody eminences which extended on the horizon right before us. The cultivation was infrequent, the landscape desolate without being grand, and the whole aspect of it reminded me of no place so much as the weary moor of Rannoch. The first village we reached after Rovero, was Rocca di Mezzo, seated on a bare eminence, jutting into the plain; afterwards we passed to the right of Rocca di Gambio, lying on the slope, and entered among woods of oak, covering a long labyrinth of hills, which form the northern end of the line of valley through which we had come. The road led us gradually among loftier hills; we came on the skirts of the forest mountain which had risen on our left; we clambered out of one little deep jungle, over hillocks, into the next; and the scene, always confined, was often very romantic.

Just as the sun had set we emerged from among the hills, far enough to see beneath us a part of the fertile valley of the Aterno, the full front of the Gran Sasso, and, proudly seated on an eminence at its feet, the city of Aquila, or, as the country people always call it, *the Aquila*—the eagle. We descended abruptly through ravines matted with trees and underwood, and swept by dashing torrents. It soon became dark, there was no moon, and without the older man's guidance neither his friend nor I could have found the track to the village of Bagno, which lies at the foot of the hills, three miles from the city. My comrades wished to stop here for the night: we, and three or four other country people, supped *da magro* out of the same dish, in the kitchen of the tavern; then the ostler appeared, counted the guests, went out, and returned with a sack of straw for each man; the table was cleared, and a bucket of water thrown on the fire; we disposed our sacks in half circle round the

painter, who had spent two or three weeks in Sonnino,—that the proclamation was put into effect only to the extent of burning two or three ill-reputed houses at the head of the town, and fixing up, in the common fashion, in iron cages, on the gates, the heads of some of the executed robbers.

hearth; and each man laid himself to sleep on his sack, laying his feet as near as possible to the dying embers.

I reached Aquila early in the morning, and remained there all that day, and till nearly sunset the next evening. To you, kind reader, I may show all the lions of the city in half an hour. I made here one or two acquaintances of a rank superior to those I have lately introduced you to; but you are to expect no personal anecdotes. One history I could relate, which is by turns comic and sorrowful, and the character of its hero highly original. But no;—I was a stranger, and the old man was kind to me; it shall not be by my means that a smile is raised at his expense. Besides the sacredness of private character, which is to be respected even where the object may never hear what has been said of him, there is considerable ground for expecting, that what I should write regarding any gentleman in Aquila might, by this day three months, be coolly read off and translated to him. The Apennines are not so wholly unenlightened as we at home believe. A friend of mine visited Aquila the year before I did, and carried an introduction to a nobleman there, the Marquis Dragonetti (who is a public character, and may be spoken of freely). He found this gentleman in his study, translating Dugald Stewart into Italian. In 1820, the Marquis, then a very young man, was actively constitutional. He is said to have proved his repentance, by transmitting to the absolutist government thirty thousand arguments (the Italian copy reads *ducats*); and he now occupies himself with philosophy and literature, is an excellent and multifarious linguist, and possesses a highly complete English library. There is an academy or college at Aquila, of which I can only report, that the students are said to be very numerous, and that the establishment bears a high character in its own country.

Aquila has no claim to classical antiquity, but the exact date of its foundation has been questioned. At any rate, whether the Lombards built here any small town or not,

Aquila became a city under the plans of the Emperor Frederick II., who perceived the importance of fortifying his frontier towards Rome. He surveyed the valley, and ordered a fortified city to be built on this hill: about 1252 his son Conrad executed the plan. Troops were sent up into the country, who drove the inhabitants out of the towns of Amiterno and Forcone, and pointing to the steep hill between those two towns, gave the word of command to build on it a new city. The spearmen were nearly as good master-masons as Aladdin's genii; and Aquila rose out of the earth as if by enchantment.

The Abruzzesi are great lovers of mystical numbers. The number for Teramo is thirty-three, and for Aquila ninety-nine. Aquila, we are told, has ninety-nine noble families; ninety-nine churches; ninety-nine squares; ninety-nine fountains (one of which has ninety-nine mouths); a clock which, at two hours after sunset, strikes ninety-nine strokes; and its county (or diocese, I forget which) contains ninety-nine castles and ninety-nine villages. I did not verify any of these numbers; but the number of churches and of squares (*piazze*), large or small, is quite wearisome—fountains, some of them handsome, are pouring in every street—and the clock in the town-hall, beside the market-place, does hold on striking in the evening as if it meant to awaken the dead. The remarkable fountain, which I had heard of in Rome, I visited, and have found its mouths stated in the Aquilan chronicle (Muratori) at ninety-three—it was built in 1272. This fountain, Della Riviera, is really a pretty object. It is built in a retired corner close by the city-gate, called after it, and at the foot of a rock, in the side of which a hollow square is cut out for it. Three walls line three sides of this square, and along the walls are set two lines of stone-basins, one above another, into which the water gushes from the ninety-nine mouths, formed into heads of lions and other fearful wild-fowl. When I saw it in the afternoon, the scene was very lively and interesting—thirty or forty women, in bright showy costumes, washed clothes at the basins, and some young men

sauntered about and jested with them.

Aquila has within the walls a circumference of more than three miles, but its population is said not to exceed 15,000. Many houses are uninhabited, many more are both uninhabited and in ruins, and the whole place wears a miserable look of inactivity and decay. It is remarkable for the width of its streets; the narrowest lane in it is, as the people assert, wide enough for a carriage. The cleanliness under foot is, for an Italian town, no less unusual. Its market-place is large but not handsome, and contains two churches, one of them the cathedral, dedicated to St Maximus and St George, both martyrs of Amiternum. The only circumstance about Aquila that indicates prosperity is the increase of accommodation for strangers. It now contains several decent hotels (so called), with eating-houses and coffee-rooms.* A friend who visited the place fifteen or sixteen years ago, tells me he found one miserable inn, and slept on straw. In walking through the town, one meets, after all the burnings and earthquakes, traces of its German origin at every corner. Even in private houses, when these are old, while we still see the low light roofs and open airy galleries of Italy, we have also windows with pointed Gothic arches, and elaborate and often beautifully finished fancy mouldings and fleurets, that look as if imported ready-made from Nuremberg. Some such bits of architecture are very picturesque. The older churches, though chiefly renewed inside in the Italian taste, present outside a principal front, of which any one is pretty nearly the model of all the rest: A huge, heavy, unornamented gable, with a florid Gothic doorway, in some churches very richly carved, and above the door a circular window, with more or less carved work in stone. Several are handsome inside, and most are filled with pictures. There are Guidos and Guercinos in abundance. Names cost nothing—some may be genuine, and one or two called

Guidos were, I recollect, quite careless enough to be his. But I had got a surfeit of paintings, from which I had scarcely recovered, even when I reached Bologna. Of these in Aquila I kept no note, and recollect little more about them than that some pleased me.

In the afternoon of my second day at Aquila, in preparing to leave it, I walked up to see the castle, built by Charles V.,—a sombre, very imposing, and strong-looking fortification, placed at an angle on the upper side of the city, and separated from it by an esplanade and moat. The commandant was not at hand, and the officer on guard refused me admittance. I took my revenge only by asking the gentleman who was with me, whether to-day were not the 11th of March. On the 11th of March, 1821, the commandant took care to be at hand: he had to surrender the fortress at the first summons of the Austrians. From me, inquisitive reader, you shall learn nothing regarding the Neapolitan revolution of 1820–21; you shall not even learn that a numerous army of Neapolitans, all burning for freedom, occupied their whole splendid line of frontier-passes from Ascoli to Tagliacozzo; that a handful of Austrians came toiling up from Rieti, speculating wofully on the chances they had of getting back to eat *sauer-kraut* on the banks of the Wien; that the Neapolitans drew all together, and huddled under the walls of Aquila; that at one bridge, which the Austrians had to pass, a little skirmish was fought, and a colonel wounded and taken prisoner; that not another blow was struck; and that the Neapolitans, saving General Pépe the trouble of disbanding them, made for the low country like a flock of sheep who have the dog behind them. These things make me angry, reader; and so I leave you, and set off to climb the mountains.

For reaching Teramo, I had my choice between an immensely circuitous carriage-road, leading round

* I recommend the hotel or lodging-house of the tailor, Croce Villacroce, in the Piazza St Agostino, and the coffee-room Del Greco, in the market square, kept by Demetrio Costa, an Albanian.

by Popoli, and thence through the plains, and a hill-path through the defiles of the Gran Sasso, described as very difficult and very wild. The weather was still unbroken, little snow had fallen in the winter, and I determined on the short road. Its wildness was an attraction, and wild enough I found it. I have seen much mountain scenery, but scarcely any region so solitarily and savagely grand as this. The route is usually called that of the Tibia, from the name of the most remarkable pass in it. It leaves the heights of the Gran Sasso to the right, winding about on a jutting shoulder of it. It then descends among the mountains about its base, clothed with forests, and broken into ravines by roaring streams, and thence it enters the rich and beautiful plain of Teramo. I could find no one who would accompany me as guide the whole way to Teramo; but a young peasant, who was to start with his mule in the morning for a hamlet among the hills not far off my path, agreed to conduct me to a point, thirteen or fourteen miles on, from whence I was to find my way alone, or lose it, as it might chance.

We started at dawn, and immediately on getting clear of the houses of Pizzoli, began to climb the steep mountain. Our way lay at first upwards along the brink of a large quarry of limestone. The sun rose clear and bright as we wound through among its cliffs, and the black gulfs, still lying in shadow, relieved the radiance which illuminated the beautiful valley on which we were casting our last look. The round green mountain and woods of Rojo and its high-lying plain, swelled on the opposite bank; in the valley flowed and glittered the Aterno, fresh from its fountains; and to the westward glanced out from thickets the white houses of St Vittorino. The ascent was long and very steep, leading us into a bare, narrow valley, where the hills soon shut us completely in, and then opened out into a vast, uneven, meadowy tract, an arm of the Gran Sasso stretching close down to us on the right, and more distant snowy mountains bounding the plain on other sides. Coasting along the hill-side, we descended into a lower

range of meadow-land, more level, extremely extensive, and watered by a little, pebbly stream. My companion, himself porkish, called this tract of pasturage the Porcinaro. We crossed rivulet and plain, and began, among rocks and bushes, to ascend the high steep hills, which closed the further side of the hollow. The hill was long, and the ascent nearly impracticable, from chasms rent, and huge stones swept down by the streams. It was full two hours before we stood on the highest point of the rocks; but the exertion put to flight the piercing cold which had benumbed me previously. From this point to the dip of the mountains into the valley of the Tordino at Teramo, I passed through a succession of the wildest landscapes I had seen in the Abruzzi. To the right, immediately beyond the deep bed of the streamlet of the Porcinaro, rose up swiftly the cliffs which were the basement of the Gran Sasso, and a part of its body showed itself white with snow; while, following the wall of cliff downwards along the stream in the direction of my journey, I saw dark churchyard-like firs taking lodgment among the icy crevices of the rocks, and crowding more thickly and more gloomily, till stream and forest were hidden in a dark deep pass. Before me, beyond the narrow plain on which I sat, soared the beautiful conical mountain of Tottega, imperviously tangled with beech-trees and underwood to its very crest; it formed the left side of the pass, into which dashed the Porcinaro rivulet, and on its other side, it skirted another forest-pass, through which my road was to lie. To the left (or north) the view was wide, and it was desolate and savage even to horror—nothing was there that had life—nothing that could support life—all silent and all motionless, except the tempest-clouds which held their heavy march along the heights. A bare stony plain, not broad, but miles in length, level like a lake, was partially covered with snow, gemmed with frozen little lakes, and guarded on all sides, except the nearest, by rocky mountains, of which the one next to me (called by the people, I think, the Colle Secco) was rugged, cliffy, and

of great elevation. A shoulder of it formed the north side of the pass through which I was to penetrate.

I pushed on to reach the hut where my muleteer waited for his breakfast and drink-money, and found the solitary cabin open to the public as a kind of tavern, and now occupied by my guide and the host, a sulky old shepherd, dressed in goat or sheepskins, who entertained us for a moderate price, on mouldy uneatable bread, good eggs, and a liquor which he called wine, and which we in this country should call bad vinegar. A little to the south of this hut, on the descent towards the stream, lay a hamlet called Fucino, of six houses at most. About it was somewhat of cultivation; a mile or two farther up we had found some peasants preparing two or three fields for seed; not very far from Pizzoli we had passed another solitary house, and this was all of life that we had found in fourteen miles.

I questioned the shepherd about the road to Teramo, and if a guide could be found. The old man shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, after the model of Dominichino's Adam in the Barberini palace; he said, that till gaining the next village, an hour distant, I should have "a bad step," but that there was no one to guide me; he could not, and would not if he could. His manner was odd, and seemed to indicate danger on the road. I have no confidence in my own courage (this I mention in confidence); therefore I asked no further explanations, in case I might get frightened and turn back, and as soon as possible I started alone. The hut stood close on the wood-edge; and I immediately found myself entangled in the ravine, and in a situation at once picturesque, annoying, and whimsical. I was far, far up the hill forming the right side of the pass; all around was a forest of large and beautiful beech-trees, whose leaves were brown and dead, but not all fallen; the hills at each side of the pass retired from each other as they rose, leaving the glen wide at top; but deep down among cliffs brawled a considerable stream, heard through the silence oftener than seen through the trees. The snow lay every where on my side of the pass, sometimes several

feet deep; previous footsteps had marked out the track rather than made it passable, and I sometimes waded through the snow, sometimes leaped from block to block of ice, and once on the edge of a gully, rested myself among the lower branches of a pretty large tree, about whose trunk the snow was piled up and trodden hard down. In about an hour the defile widened out; the stream swept round to the right, now a strong little river, tearing and roaring along in a wide rocky bed, and on the slope between me and it stood the village of Tottega, of perhaps thirty or forty houses. Beyond the river I beheld a wilderness of rocks, defiles, and forests, without having the most remote idea how to find my road through them. By the way, Tottega is stated (although I do not perceive the purpose) to have been one of the points against which the Austrians were to have marched in 1821, if resistance were offered. God pity an army, though it were ten thousand strong, if on any path leading to Tottega ten boors stood to stop them, with stout hearts and good muskets!

On reaching the village I searched for the wine-house, as the most likely place for finding a guide. When I saluted the hostess, and told her the road I had come, she clasped her hands, and bade me thank the Virgin that the wolves had not eaten me; that a troop of them were certainly about the pass, and had carried off two sheep from the village only the night before. The fear was a woman's; but I was pleased and thankful for not having had to furnish incidents for a new second part of Robinson Crusoe. The poor hostess, a mild elderly woman, with a very fine countenance that must have been once a Madonna's, was dying of a slow fever, and knew it. Her resignation was touching; she thanked the good God for having given her much happiness, kissed her crucifix, and hoped soon to be in Paradise. Ill as she was, she insisted on going out to seek a guide for me, and speedily returned with a man who was willing to go, almost the only man of the village who was not out commencing the cultivation of the fields along the side of the hill. Atanasio de Juliis was not

himself aware whether he was descended from the Roman Emperors or not. He was a very dark muscular man of forty-five, silent and saturnine, but civil, and well acquainted with the country. We commended the sick Mariana to the favour of the saints, and set out with the purpose of making out that evening as much as possible of the twenty miles which lay between us and Teramo. The road was to be rough; it was already past noon, the clouds were very threatening, and till within six miles of Teramo we were to pass only two villages on the way.

We crossed the stream on a plank bridge, and climbed up the high bank. From this position the view was inconceivably grand, and rich likewise in the foreground. Beneath us the stream boiled and foamed; the gently undulating hill of Tottega sloped upwards from it on the right, its village lying at its feet, and the forest clothing it to its steep bluff summit; to the left of us and the stream, jagged cliffs rose from the water-edge and joined wooded hills behind them: and the whole centre of the picture was filled by the mountain of the Gran Sasso, the highest in Italy, here visible from its root to its peaks.

We turned to the left from the valley, and diving into the woods, soon lost sight of the great mountain, entering speedily into the narrow cliffy valley of another little river, which we followed upwards a long way. This river Atanasio called the Zingani, deriving its name from a village farther up among the hills, which long ago was attacked and burnt by its neighbours in a feud. We have in front of us a bare mountain of considerable height, up which winds a spiral road nearly to its top. We have to climb this devil's staircase. The mountain is the Tibia, which gives name to the whole chain of passes. The mule-track up the mountain is long but easy: less than half an hour brings us to the summit; and there, looking back on a confusion of snowy mountains rising peak over peak to the north, we turn to the left, and have before us the remarkable part of this pass of the Tibia. In ascending the face of the hill we have wound gradually to

the right, and now stand near the top, looking to the left along the back of the hill. The back is a perpendicular precipice of great height; and not far from its summit a bridle-path is cut horizontally along it, very narrow, and overhung by ponderous jutting rocks. Long, long ago, as a great lord traversed this hazardous track, mounted on his mule, the beast stumbled, and fell with its rider over the edge of the cliff. The depth is frightful, and both fell to the bottom; the mule was dashed to pieces, but his master, caught by bushes, came lightly to the ground, and received no hurt except fracturing his ankle-bone. Animated by pious thankfulness, he built at the western entrance of the pass a chapel, dedicated to Our Lady of the Ankle-bone (*La Madonna della Tibia*); and to this day the name of the pass, and the poor little chapel with its smoky image, perpetuate the memory of the providential deliverance. As travellers must say an *Ora pro nobis*, one or more, before the altar, and as false devotion is the mother of thirst, a paltry tavern close to the chapel furnishes wine, proverbially the worst in the country. The dizzy part of the pass is a walk of less than five minutes, and about half way along it the path is laboriously cut between the living rock and a massive fragment, which fell from above and crushed a poor donkey, whose bones it still covers.

Having passed this rock bridge, we found ourselves on the high lying bare plain of Rosetto, and passed the demolished fortress of Rocca di Rosetto, and a village called S. Georgio. We continued for a couple of hours at a considerable elevation, the hills and country becoming quite uninteresting; and at last we came among thickets, and began to descend a long bushy scaur, seeing at our feet the village of Val San Giovanni prettily embosomed among trees, in the valley of the Tordino, which flows past it. Shelter was heartily welcome; the sun was set, snow flakes were beginning to whirl in the air, and before we reached the village, a sharp snow-storm had set in. The village contained no public house, and a little time elapsed before Atanasio effected a lodgement in one of

the most tolerable houses, the son of the family not opening to us either his heart or his doors, till the descendant of the Julii, provoked into liveliness, had sworn high and dear that we could and would pay. Once admitted, we were treated like brothers. The huge wood fire in the chimney was reinforced, the fine frank old Carbonaro of a host, and his fat comely lipping daughter, seated themselves with us at the hearth, and the son cooked our supper. This being a two-storied house, the family part was, as usual, on the upper floor; and soon we heard footsteps on the stone stair. A man entered, of superior dress and appearance to the rest; and behind him bustled up a little wretch in the government indirect-tax livery, who, never saying by your leave, pushed a chair to the fire for his master. The gentleman popped down, and, turning to me, "I am the podestà," said he. I made my bow to the chief magistrate of the place. "I am the podestà," said he again; and the little squinting spy repeated reproachfully, "His excellency is the podestà." I was resolved not to understand what they would be at, and the dignitary explained it to me, with a copious use of circumlocution. He said he had no salary from the government; this did not concern me; that he had it in charge to apprehend all vagabonds: this, he seemed to think, might concern me. He asked for my passport, which was exhibited, and found right; and the podestà proved the finest fellow possible. These villagers then became curious to know what object I had in travelling about among their mountains. My reader will by this time believe me, when I say that the question puzzled me. My Atanasio felt that it touched his honour to be suspected of guiding a traveller who could not tell what he travelled for; and he took on him the task of reply. Premising that I was a foreigner, and perhaps did not know how to express myself, he explained that I was one of those meritorious individuals who travel about discovering all the countries and the unknown mountains, and putting all down on paper; and that these individuals always ask likewise why there are no mendicant friars in the

country, and which the peasants eat oftenest, mutton or macaroni. He added, with his characteristic determined solemnity, that he had known several such inquisitive travellers. The clear definition gave universal satisfaction, and for a little every one was silent. Then the podestà asked me, how much money my government gave me for making my discoveries?

At daybreak next morning I was awakened to have the sleet showered in my face as I opened the shutter, and to see the snow lying a yard deep in the orchard beneath. My hosts were loading their mules with charcoal, which they had burnt in the copses, and were to sell in Teramo: and we were speedily driving through the storm, sleet around and overhead, and deep clay and melting snow under foot. It was no favourable situation for observations, moral, picturesque, or astronomical. I recollect our toiling in many lanes among hedgerows, then descending among cliffs and mill-wheels to the water's edge, trying several fords on the swollen Tronto, and crossing knee-deep. The distance to Teramo is only five miles, and occupied us three to four hours. The valley is well inhabited, and must be beautiful if one could have seen it, full of green fields and vineyards, the banks high and sandy, and rapidly washing away by the stream, which is swift and clear, and about the size of the Dee — At Chester did you say? — Not at all, but above Aberdeen.

Teramo is a considerable town of a few thousand souls, and the seat of a provincial government and a bishopric; its patron, St Berardi, has performed many miracles, besides striking one of his successors stone-blind. Its buildings did not seem to me remarkable, and its situation is pretty, but not striking. The snow-storm had turned into incessant rain; and I spent a good part of the day in the fashionable coffee-room, where I seemed to have got among a knot of the buffoons of the Campagna Felice. I made my desire to obtain a copy of a certain memoir on the Gran Sasso a pretext for seeing the venerable Marquis Delfico, the philosopher and man of science. But the curiosity of the place was the

cook in the inn. The moment he heard what countryman I was, he cleaned his fingers, came forward, and requested me to describe to him the prison of the Capitano Porzio in Edinburgo, and the pasturages sacred to Saint Leonardo. The man had read and re-read the translations of the Waverley Novels, and, using the knowledge he had gained from them, fairly gravelled me on some questions of Scottish history.

Teramo is very near the frontier, and a post-road by Giulianuova is the shortest into the Roman state. I had designs, however, on the Mountain of the Sibyl. The weather cleared up a little towards evening, and I hired a horse and man for Ascoli, a frontier town in the Roman state, about fifteen miles off. The following morning it did not rain, it snowed; but the showers were slight. The path led among cliffs and thickets and torrents, which I certainly did not cross fewer than twenty times. In many places the scenery was interesting, but appeared petty after what I had left.

The only town on the way (if it deserves the name of town) is Civitella del Tronto, close on the frontier; it is fortified, and very commandingly and finely placed. It valiantly repulsed the Duke of Guise in 1557; and on Napoleon's invasion, it and Gaeta were the two last forts to surrender. Near it I enjoyed a very lovely prospect over a rich plain, watered by the Salinello and one or two smaller rivers. One of these may be the stream where the Pope cast out, as relics of an excommunicated sinner, the corpse of the brave and ambitious King Manfred, the patron of poetry and art, who fell, in 1265, in battle with Charles of Anjou.

“ My bones had lain
Near Benevento, by the heavy mole
Protected; but the rain now drenches
them,

And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds,
Far as the stream of Verde, where, with lights
Extinguished, he removed them from
their bed.”

Purgat. c. iii.

Ascoli (anciently Asculum Piceni) is placed in a situation romantically beautiful. It stands on a detached rock, between the two rivers Tronto and Castiglione, surrounded by deep river-pools and woody cliffs. Considerable mountains shut in the valley in a half-moon, one of which, called the Assumption, or Ascension, is capped with some very singular jagged peaks. From the height within the city, where stand the Convent of the Annunziata and some insignificant ancient ruins, the look-out on the city, the cultivated hollow, and these mountains, is lovely. The principal square of the town, colonnaded on two sides, and containing the sombre Gothic church of St Francis, is antiquely odd. Another square, the Piazza del' Arringa, contains the cathedral church of St Emidio, and must once have been princely. The place has altogether an aspect of antiquity, and air of decaying, gloomy dignity. Francesco Stabili, who wrote a poem in which he satirized Dante, was a native of this place, and world-renowned as an astrologer and necromancer, under the name of Cecco d'Ascoli. He was burned alive in 1327. I found the town garrisoned by foreign troops—the inhabitants appeared taciturn and fretful—and the very reverend the governor, who had a scarf and every thing handsome about him, suspected me, by virtue of his office, to be no true man, and held my examination in person.

Reader! from Ascoli I proceed on foot to get a little acquainted with the sulky boors of the Marca. You may take post-horses to Ancona.—
Health and happiness!

SACRED POETRY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE Sacred Classics, or Cabinet of Divinity, now publishing in monthly numbers, is, in our estimation, by far the most valuable of all the periodical collections that of late years have been issuing so numerously from the press; and it is highly satisfactory to know that it has prospered and continues to prosper. We were told on its announcement, that it was intended the series should comprise Treatises on the Doctrines, Morality, and Evidences of Christianity, which had received the permanent stamp of general approbation; select sermons of the most eminent divines; the most interesting specimens of religious biography; and the choicest examples of devotional and sacred poetry; with introductory essays pointing out the characteristic excellences, and in some instances, comprehending biographical sketches of the authors, with remarks on the state of religion in their times. The editors have shown great judgment in their selections; their own introductory essays are excellent; and they have received assistance in the good work from coadjutors of established reputation, or of highest name. The richest treasures of wisdom are here made accessible to all, in such works as Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophecy*, his *Select Sermons*, his *Life of Christ*—Hall's *Treatises*, *Devotional and Practical*—Butler's *Analogy*—Leighton's *Expositions*—Howe's *Select Treatises*—Bates's *Spiritual Perfection*—Beveridge's *Private Thoughts*—Baxter's *Dying Thoughts*—Cave's *Primitive Christianity*, and *Lives of the Apostles*.

We hope ere long to speak of some of those inspired works—for they are no less. Mean while, we desire to direct attention to the volume which contains the whole of Giles Fletcher's "*Christ's Victory and Triumph*," and copious selections from the poets who, during the seventeenth century, kindled the

fire of their genius on the altar of religion—Spenser, Davies, Sandys, P. Fletcher, Wither, Bishop King, Quarles, Herbert, Crashaw, and Milton. It would, indeed, be difficult to point out, as Mr Cattermole well says, "in what works, of a wholly secular character, greater warmth and tenderness of feeling, superior boldness and brilliancy of style, more exuberant wealth of poetry, or a more manly and vigorous exercise of intellectual power, are to be found, than in the publications that have furnished the present volume, and those of the same nature by which it will be at intervals succeeded. Unequal, and even strangely heterogeneous, as the contents of some of these publications are, so richly fraught are many of them with solemn Christian thoughts, expressed in numbers such as genuine poetic genius alone could have uttered, that the editor is fully aware how little credit he can assume to himself in the boast that he deems the result of his labours worthy alike of a place in the library of the man of piety, or the man of taste, or the poet, or the divine." The less credit he assumes to himself, the more will be given to him by all competent judges. His selections have been made in a fine spirit of discrimination, and the character of the volume is altogether such as he describes it—"that of aids and supports to pious thought and devotional feeling. Few moods of the Christian mind will be found to have been passed over in silence. In these diversified, but mutually concordant pages, the devout soul is supplied with the language of praise and adoration; the penitent with the utterances of a contrite heart; the doubting will find the means of conviction; the sinner will be mildly but solemnly warned of his danger; the worldly and the hypocrite reproved; the proud humbled; the humble raised and cheered; while he that takes up

the book only for amusement, and the delight which true poetry ever imparts, will assuredly find all he seeks, and haply, by the divine blessing, a far more precious and enduring profit."

The most useless and worthless of all imaginable "Collections" or "Specimens" of Poetry, sacred or profane, are those in which we find two or three entire compositions, at the most, of celebrated writers, and bits of all the rest who have any name at all—bits and no more, cruelly cut out, gasping or dead. Not a few such have been printed of late years; and it is agreeable to know that they have been rejected with contempt and disgust. In some cases the editors who knew better, were constrained to act thus irrationally and inhumanly, by the command of senseless and sordid publishers; in others, they followed their own folly, and hacked, and hewed, and mangled, and murdered the objects of their admiration and love, without pity and without remorse. But the editors with whom we have now to do, understand the injunction of Wordsworth,

"With gentle hand

Touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves;" and in this volume that spirit lives in every leaf, and every leaf is bright and fragrant as when to the breath of genius it first expanded its petals into the gracious light. The specimens of each poet are numerous and entire; so that from them, without any farther acquaintance with their works, the peculiar genius of each can be comprehended and felt; and it is not to be thought that they who have derived such delight from the specimens here given, will not desire to go to the fountain-heads from which such pure streams have been conducted.

The Introductory Essay is of great merit. In it the editor goes over ground which we ourselves have often gone over; but though he strengthens his own opinions by the authority of Coleridge, and Montgomery, and the Quarterly Review, he makes no allusion to us, and therefore we suppose that he has not read our Articles on Pollock's Course of Time, Heber's Hymns, Keebles' Christian

Year, the Moral of Flowers,—and a paper on Sacred Poetry, in which we considered that subject in all its bearings, and showed the futility of all Dr Johnson's arguments against it. Having written so much on that topic, we shall not now resume the discussion, but give a few extracts from the Essay before us. "The end of the poet's labours," says Mr Cattermole, "often as the assertion has been made, and by high critical authorities too, is not merely to impart delight. To gifts so rare and excellent, a nobler office is assigned by the Creator. His method differs from that of the historian, the philosopher, and the divine; but if true to his high calling, he is no less a teacher than they. He does not lead the mind right on, towards the temple of wisdom, along a rough and thorny, or at least an unadorned, road; but, with equal certainty, he conducts it to the end of its researches, by many winding paths, among recesses of shadowy, mysterious beauty, and through prospects of ravishing splendour. Pursuing truth—not so much by fixing a steady eye upon its centre, as by yielding himself up without reserve to the guidance of that enlightened sensibility, which, in connexion with, and exalted by imagination, constitutes genius, he instructs by first moving and humanizing; he informs by enlarging the conceptions and ennobling the fancy; he improves the character by deepening and extending the emotions of the heart. By that instinctive insight which is a constituent of genius, he knows—and he avails himself of the knowledge—the thousand fine links and hidden associations which connect the mind with the outer world, through the senses; man with his kind, by the varied sympathies of our common nature, feeling with thought, and thought, in turn, with action and conduct. He employs sensible imagery, but with a design to raise the soul above the slavery of sense; he rouses the passions, yet not so as to render them the masters and tyrants of the will, but its ready ministers." All that is finely said, and it is truth. He then goes on to confirm these views by the coincident opinions of

great writers, and quotes noble passages from Coleridge and Milton. Shall we be pardoned for reprinting from our June Number, 1827, a few sentences in which we impugned the same dogma? "The distinctive character of poetry, it has been said, and credited, almost universally, is to please. That they who have studied the laws of thought and passion, should have suffered themselves to be deluded by an unmeaning word is mortifying enough; but it is more than mortifying—it perplexes and confounds—to think that poets themselves, and poets, too, of the highest order, have declared the same degrading belief of what is the scope and tendency, the aim and end of their own divine art—forsooth, *to please!* Pleasure is no more the end of poetry, than it is the end of knowledge, or of virtue, or of religion, or of this world. The end of poetry is pleasure, delight, instruction, expansion, elevation, honour, glory, happiness here and hereafter, or it is nothing. Is the end of *Paradise Lost* to please? Is the end of Dante's *Divine Comedy* to please? Is the end of the *Psalms of David* to please? Or of the songs of *Isaiah*? Yet it is probable that poetry has often been injured or vitiated by having been written in the spirit of this creed. It relieved poets from the burden of their duty—from the responsibility of their endowments—from the conscience that is in genius. We suspect that this doctrine has borne especially hard on all sacred poetry, disinclined poets to devoting their genius to it—and consigned, if not to oblivion, to neglect, much of what is great in that magnificent walk. For if the masters of the Holy Harp are to strike it but to please—if their high inspirations are to be deadened and dragged down by the prevalent power of such a mean and unworthy aim—they will either be contented to awaken a few touching tones of 'those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide'—unwilling to prolong and deepen them into the diapason of praise—or they will deposit their lyre within the gloom of the sanctuary, and leave unawakened 'the soul of music sleeping on its strings.'"

The sentiments advanced in that passage were, we have reason to

know, called paradoxical by one whose exquisite genius is much admired and loved; and it gives us great pleasure to see them adopted and illustrated by the editor of the *Sacred Classics*. The mistake which we have so often sought to expose, he rightly calls "fatal to the just influence of the noblest efforts of the human mind;" and shows, with a fine insight, why we must expect to find it prevailing in an age distinguished at once by the love of pleasure, and an eager devotion to the affairs of life. For the delicate slaves of luxury, who long for stimulants to their imaginations and sensibilities, will be satisfied with such poetry as affords these, and will rest in such low appreciation of its worth; while the active worldly men, who bound their aims and desires to the acquisition of wealth and power, will despise the Muses. By such considerations he thinks we may account for the diminished esteem in which the noblest and most intellectual of the Fine Arts is held, in an age which puts forth peculiar claims to intelligence and philosophy, and "for the measure of encouragement it continues to receive, being lavished chiefly upon the least worthy of its productions."

There is much truth in all this; but Mr Cattermole has here spoken too strongly, and we do not doubt, unadvisedly, at the close. There are many who admire all manner of miserable nonsense, and worse than nonsense; and many a paltry versifier has had his day, within these dozen or twenty years. But literature, in all ages, has had its glittering ephemerals. Undue admiration has been heaped on many poems, false and unnatural both in conception and execution, yet possessing power—even the power of genius. But much true poetry has been warmly admired too; and the best and greatest has found worshippers and adorers—heralds, let us hope, "of a mighty band ensuing" of fervent and devoted disciples, to whom such poetry is a revelation and a religion. Mr Cattermole himself will, we are assured, on reflection, allow that he has spoken too strongly; but nothing can be better than what follows:—"Whatever is essentially evil or

worthless, cannot maintain a permanent place in the general esteem of mankind. Those poets whose names are familiar to every one as 'household words,' have been, upon the whole, teachers of virtue—many of them highly distinguished as such. Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Dante, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton—such are the names which every succeeding age has cherished, and had in honour. What, in the mean time, is become of the many fulsome laureats of the madness and folly of their times, 'with their prodigious issues of tumerous heats and flashes of their adulterate brains,' who successively found listeners in the long interval between the first and last of these illustrious men? They have been silently left to merited oblivion; the most brilliant of them surviving only in the partial admiration of a few studious and retired minds, who have sufficient leisure and taste, to separate the gold from the alloy. The true poet, however, will survive in the hearts of the people—not at all times in equal estimation, but always in a degree somewhat proportioned to his worth; for he is a master in the school of truth, and therefore of virtue; and the generations of *mankind* form too just an estimate of their own interests, not to value his lessons, however numerous may be the individual *men*, in each generation, who disregard them."

Among the causes, he well says, of the comparative neglect into which the higher kinds of poetry, and with them of philosophy, seem to have fallen, may likewise be mentioned the absorbing interest attached, in our days, to all questions that relate to political rights and the proceedings of government. Comparative neglect? Was it ever otherwise? Mention the age in which the highest poetry, and the highest philosophy, found highest favour with the People. They were never *studied* but by the chosen few—few, we mean, looking at the many—and we should be sorry to believe that the comparative number of the enlightened, and elevated, and purified in heart and soul, is smaller now than it was even in the noblest era—whatever that may have been—of our history. A loud and inces-

sant noise is now heard, indeed, all over the land, in cities, towns, and "pelting villages and farms," from the mouths and feet of the March of Intellect. The ill-educated are obstreperous, the most unhappy of the ignorant; and even among the well-educated in some departments of knowledge and science, many are deplorably blind to the light in which the noblest subjects appertaining to "man and nature and to human life," lie at once enveloped and developed before those eyes, whose "visual nerve has been purged," and that see intuitively into paramount and eternal truths. But it is not credible, for opposed to all the laws of mind, that the same age which has produced such poetry, ay, and such philosophy too, as ours has done, should be deaf and blind and insensible to the products of its own loftiest spirits. Judging from our own experience, neither very wide nor very narrow, we should say that the Flower of the English Youth are now superior to what they ever were before; not in common accomplishments merely, but in elevation of sentiment, and in meditative power. Creative genius of the highest order is not rarer now than of old; its works are duly appreciated, because deeply understood by thousands and tens of thousands—and from them we judge of the character of the national mind, not from the shallow multitude, of whom we have here a well-depicted specimen and representative. "The politician—he who is such by taste and temper, not from duty and the necessity of his social position, is a worldly unimaginate being. What is denoted in those brawling clamours for extended civil rights, which stun us on all sides,—in those restless suspicions of existing authority, which agitate the popular mind,—in the zealous attempts going on to cast into the crucible, and try by the vilest tests, those majestic but indefinable ideas, those venerable principles, which have hitherto benignantly awed mankind into a happy contentedness—to be minted into the petty coinage of legislative enactments—unless a growing disposition to overvalue the world of sense, and 'the things that are in the world?' Carried to its present ex-

treme, this tendency of the time runs counter, not only to religion—whose office is to withdraw mankind from the visible and present to the unseen and the eternal; but to all those thoughts, feelings, and pursuits, which are the best allies of religion, by teaching the soul to expand itself amid the grandeur of its own conceptions, the melancholy dignity of the past, and the sublime promises of the future.”

We are sure that our readers must have been so much pleased with what we have quoted from Mr Cattermole's excellent Introductory Essay, that they will thank us for giving them a much longer extract. It will of itself declare the character of the Editorship of the Sacred Classics far better than any praise of ours, and induce many to procure the whole series.

“But, more strikingly still, and more inrefragably, to the Christian mind, are the high origin and sacred destination of poesy evinced, by the frequent employment of this form of composition in the inspired volume. Our great religious poet, with, we may be sure, no irreverent carelessness regarding the use of solemn terms, has styled the endowments of the poet ‘the inspired gift of God;’ and, although the supernatural afflatus which enabled the prophets to reveal, in their exalted style, the secret counsels of God, was undoubtedly different in kind as well as degree, from the loftiest and most far-sighted poetical genius,—yet the employment of numbers, in communicating the most affecting of the divine messages to mankind, on the one hand, and on the other, in those heaven-born aspirations of holy men towards God, which also contain their own evidence of an impulse from above, would seem to imply an *analogy* between the gifts of the prophet and the poet. We feel, in reading the songs of Moses, the Psalms of David, and the magnificent prophetic lyrics of Isaiah, that those extraordinary men would still have been poets of a high order, had they not been among the prophets. We feel also that their fitness for the latter character was promoted by their possession of the former. The sober inference would appear to be, that between immediate inspiration and poetic susceptibility and energy, when worthily directed, there is some cognateness—some proportion—like that, for example, between human and divine love; that not in vain, in remote periods,

‘The hallowed name
Of poet and of prophet were the same.’

Be this as it may, thus much is certain—that the use of rhythm and poetic imagery, in the loftiest passages of the Bible, imparts a sacredness to verse, in the estimation of the pious; and supplies an argument, in addition to all others, against the desecration or misapplication of the highest of the Creator's intellectual gifts, which men of genius would do well seriously to ponder.

Christianity, which progressively admitted into her service all the liberal arts, made poetry peculiarly her own, from an early period. To have rejected it, indeed, would have been to place a painful and unnatural restraint upon the powers and tendencies of the human mind. Songs of praise and adoration are the form which the irrepressible utterances of a heart overflowing with a sense of the goodness and the majesty of God, will insensibly assume: penitential and precatory hymns offer a no less easy and natural medium of expression for the deep sorrows of the contrite, and the affectionate yearnings of the sad and forsaken soul. Nor was the highest authority wanting for the use of such lyric effusions, whether in the assemblies of the faithful, or in the solitary exercises of devotion. Our blessed Lord himself sanctioned the custom, by singing the usual hymn of the Jews, in celebrating the Passover. It was continued and extended by the apostles; who earnestly enjoined the practice upon their converts. At a very early period, the use of music and verse in their religious meetings attracted the notice of the heathen, as particularly characteristic of the Christians. Not only did it become an important part of both public and private worship, but the sacred compositions, either of the early Christian bards, or of the Jewish canonical writers in Latin and Greek metrical versions, became so numerous and so popular, as wholly to banish those wanton songs, which are commonly the delight of the people, from the field, the workshop, and the festive circle. Nothing can be more interesting than the account given by one of the fathers, of the general employment of pious verse, as the medium of every joyful emotion: ‘So that,’ says he, ‘you could not go into the country, but you might hear the ploughman at his hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the vine-dresser singing David's Psalms.’ By degrees these emotions would be wrought into a higher strain. Skill would come to the aid of piety; and the bold yet trembling hand of genius, too long accus-

tomed to Apollo's lyre, would reverently take down the harp of the true Urania, suspended by the altar. The Christian poets, previous to the revival of learning, do not, indeed, appear to have been aware of the greatness and interest of the subjects which the religion of the gospel had laid open to them; they lived in times and under circumstances little favourable to the development and discipline of their peculiar faculty. Yet there is much, in their remains, which taste as well as piety might suggest the wish to have better known. A sacred anthology collected and translated from the works of Gregory, Ambrose, Prudentius, Prosper, Sedulius, Fortunatus, Cosmos, and many others, some of whose names are unknown, but whose fragments are preserved in the collections, would be no unworthy or undesirable addition to the poetic wreath of English literature.

“Rich in almost every department of poetry, the literature of England may be considered particularly distinguished by the number and excellence of its volumes of sacred verse;—more especially, if we include under this character a great part of many works, which, though not expressly upon Christian subjects, are more or less entitled to it by their occasional solemn views of the most important subjects of human reflection and enquiry. The general thoughtfulness of the national character may, perhaps, sufficiently account for this fact; to which, however, other concurrent circumstances should be added. Among these we may regard as the most influential the early publication of our vernacular Scriptures. It is impossible to reflect upon the incalculable influence which the free use of this noble version, by a great nation, in an affectionate and thankful spirit, for centuries, must have had upon the character of both people and literature; and, further, upon what would have been the diminished value of the boon, even for those who might have enjoyed it, had it been delayed to a much later period; without acknowledging a providence in the choice of the time when, and the instruments by whose means, this benefit was conferred. As yet, the language was in a gradual process of formation. Ductile, various, and manly—confined within no acknowledged rules, and checked by no fear of criticism—it was in a state admirably fitted to become the faithful mirror of the national character, which the publication of that great work was calculated so deeply to affect. The English Bible long supplied the chief intellectual as well as spiritual food of Englishmen. The sublime thoughts and

ma jestic style of the Hebrew prophets and historians sank deep into the popular mind; the language of the Scriptures became the basis of both poetry and prose; with many, it was the familiar vehicle of common discourse. A more admirable school could not be, for training the poetic energies of a people; and though all the benefits which might have resulted did not follow, yet the distinctive character of English poetry, down to the present day, sufficiently evinces that they were not lost. During the century and half which followed the translation of the Scriptures, the effect is obvious. In spite of the frivolity of courts (in those times the only patrons of literature), of the increasing study of Pagan authors, and of the fashions derived from Italy and Spain, the muse of England still haunted ‘Zion’s Hill,’—still loved the murmur of

‘Siloe’s brook, that flow’d
Fast by the oracle of God.’

“Nearly all the best poets of that period were sacred poets. Not that they all chose exclusively religious or moral subjects. Many did so: Spenser, Gascoigne, Drayton, Davies, the Fletchers, Quarles, and others, had established the reputation of English literature, in this department, before the publication of the *Paradise Lost* indelibly stamped the religious upon it, as its leading characteristic. But in spite of the indulgence of puerile fancy, of occasional coarse painting, and frequent licentiousness of language, we meet, in the works of nearly all the true poets of the seventeenth century, with more than implied and indirect acknowledgments of the serious, the responsible nature of their gifts and calling. We meet, not merely with moral reflections and references to subjects of imperishable interest, such as abound in the works of the Pagan poets, and necessarily force themselves at times upon every thoughtful mind; but with an unaffected admission of the Christian doctrines, and the peculiar hopes and prospects founded upon them. That such topics sometimes only take their turn with others, with which they have nothing in common, and even their juxtaposition with which is sufficiently harsh and unbecoming, favours the view now taken. The careless and incongruous mixture of the sacred and the secular—the former, however, mostly appearing as the real substratum of the character—indicates at least the sincerity and honest faith of the writer, whatever opinion it may oblige us to form of his taste.”

“The religious disputes which disturbed the reigns of Elizabeth and her immediate successors, great as were the

evils that accompanied them, were attended with this, among other advantages, that they fixed religion more rootedly than ever in the general mind, as the object of profound and engrossing interest. The character both of the language and of the nation, had now attained the point most favourable for the production of a great poetical work, which might be expected to survive, both as a monument of its present condition, and a measure and model for the future. Our national epic bears the impress of these circumstances. Happily for English literature, its greatest, and still most popular poem, is eminently a religious work. The central orb of our poetic system shines with a direct 'light from heaven;' and as long as the mind of England remains capable of duly appreciating the merit of the *Paradise Lost*, no fears need be entertained, lest the unchastised extravagances of passion, and the meretricious charms of overwrought description, should win that permanent favour for vicious principles of composition, and the abandonment of all principle in more important matters, which has hitherto been accorded to serious, if not sacred, verse."

Let us now give such account of the lives of the Poet most conspicuous in this volume, and of his brother, and their father, as may be gleaned from the scanty materials collected by Dr Anderson; for nothing more is to be found in Ellis, Chalmers, or Campbell, who have all availed themselves of his prefaces; and Headley confined himself almost wholly to critical remarks. There can be no doubt that a sentence in one of his notes suggested to Dr Anderson the propriety of including Giles and Phineas Fletcher in his edition of the British poets. "A neat republication of all Giles and Phineas Fletcher's poetry from the old editions, and faithfully printed, is much wanted." The Doctor had not only sedulously read Headley's *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry*, but he plundered him, without stint or acknowledgiment—as indeed he did every body else—and often after a ludicrous fashion peculiar to himself, applying ready made encomiums and panegyrics to persons for whom they were never intended, and inapposite beyond the reach of fancy. All his eloquent indignation at the unwarrantable liberties taken with the text

in the Edinburgh edition of Giles and Phineas Fletcher is stolen *verbatim* from Headley. Headley has a pretty long note on R. Niccol's *Bower of Bliss*, referring to many other Bowers of Bliss, and to Mickle's Dissertation prefixed to his translation of the *Lusiad*, for "minute and discriminate information on the subject." The Doctor transcribes the whole note, and as much of Mickle as he can conveniently cram in, and passes the whole off as his own. That was all in the ordinary way of business; but here is an amusing plagiarism—quite Andersonian. Headley, on printing, in his notes, an imitation of "The well-known beautiful lines of Moschus" *Αι, Αι ται μαλαχαι, &c.* says, "I never saw the spirit of these verses better transfused, than in the following extract from the very early production of a friend whose poetry is among the least of his many elegant attainments." And the Doctor concludes his stolen passage about the *Bowers of Bliss*, thus—"The list might be augmented by the '*Paradise of Taste*,' a beautiful allegorical poem, which the writer of these biographical prefaces has the satisfaction to announce as the production of a friend whose poetry is among the least of his many elegant accomplishments." Headley, we conjecture, alluded to his friend Benwell of Trinity, a most accomplished man, who died young; Anderson to one Thomson of Auld Reekie, the dullest dunce that ever drivelled on to middle age. To steal from him who stole from all cannot be objectionable; but while we acknowledge our obligations in what follows to the honest Doctor, we may perhaps set in a new light some of the few circumstances now known in the personal history of the poets of Christ's Victory and of the Purple Island.

Their father, Giles Fletcher, was a native of Kent, educated at Eton, and in 1566 elected Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, where, in 1569, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts in 1573, and Doctor of Laws in 1581. According to Anthony Wood, he "was an excellent poet," but was chiefly distinguished by his skill in political negotiation, having, after overcoming great diffi-

culties, concluded in 1588 (the memorable year of the Armada), with Russia, a treaty of commerce highly advantageous to England. Soon after his return, he was made secretary to the city of London, and one of the masters of the Court of Requests. Ten years afterwards he was made treasurer of St Paul's. He died in the parish of St Catharine Colman, Fenchurch Street, and was probably buried in that church.

Chalmers, probably following Headley, who always puts Giles before Phineas, without speaking of seniority—calls Giles "the eldest," in the same paragraph in which he adopts the conjecture of Ellis, that he was born in 1588, and his brother Phineas in 1584; and Campbell, in correcting that mistake, while he does not appear to have noticed the blundness in which it was committed, alludes to a stanza in which Giles speaks of his own "green muse hiding her younger head," with reference to his senior brother. But there is a difficulty here, of which Campbell was not aware, though it does not indeed unsettle the point of seniority. Towards the end of the First Canto of the Purple Island, Phineas writes thus:—

"My callow wing, that newly left the nest,
How can it make so high a towering flight?
O, depth without a depth! in humble breast
With praises I admire so wond'rous height;
But thou, MY SISTER MUSE, mayst well go higher,
And end thy flight; ne'er may thy pinions tire:
Thereto may he his grace and gentle heat aspire."

In the margin of the first edition of his Purple Island, 1633, there is this note, explanatory of the above stanza—"A book called Christ's Victorie and Triumph." Now, that book was published in 1610, when Giles was but in his twenty-third year; and we know from one of his concluding stanzas, that the Purple Island had been then written.

"But let the Kentish lad, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young Thyrshiles; and for his music brought

The willing spheres from Heaven, to lead around
The dancing nymphs and swains, that sang and crown'd
Eclecta's Hymen with ten thousand flowers
Of choicest praise, and hung her heavenly bowers
With saffron garland, dress'd for nuptial paramours."

In the dedication of the Purple Island to Edward Benlowes, dated Hilgay, May 1, 1633, Phineas says, "Pardon me, sir, for speaking plain truth; such is that eye whereby you have viewed these raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost childhood. How unseasonable are blossoms in autumn! unless perhaps in this age, where are more flowers than fruit. I am entering upon my winter, and yet these blooms of my first spring must now show themselves to our ripe wits, which certainly will give them no other entertainment but derision."

From all this we know not well how to extricate the truth. For each poet writes as if his brother's poem had been written before his own! In Christ's Victory there is a loving allusion to the author of the Purple Island, and in the Purple Island a loving allusion to the author of Christ's Victory! Giles speaks of Phineas as having "lately taught his oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound," and he was then—if born in 1588—in his twenty-third year—his poem having been first published in 1610; but Phineas, as we have seen, speaks of "the raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost boyhood." From all this we might conclude that he was the younger of the two; yet we cannot do so with the stanza before us, in which Giles calls himself the "younger," and goes on to say,

"Hiding her younger head
Under Old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own watery shadows wanton play:
Dares not those high amours, and love-slick songs assay;"

from which it would seem that Phineas had then left "Camus' flaggy banks," and he probably had done so, for he took his master's degree in 1608, two years previous to the

publication of "Christ's Victory." That he was the elder brother there can be no doubt; but it would be difficult, nay impossible, to prove it from their poems; and this seems certain, that though Phineas speaks of the Purple Island as "a raw essay of his almost childhood," he must have been at least as old when he wrote it as Giles was when he wrote Christ's Victory.

How may we account, then, for each brother speaking of the other's poem, in his own? It will not do to suppose that Phineas, who did not publish the Purple Island till 1633, introduced the stanza about Giles after his death, which occurred in 1623; for he speaks of him as alive. And it is equally strange that he did not omit that stanza, and supply its place with one dedicated to the memory of a brother whom in life he so dearly loved. We perceive that among the recommendatory poems attached to "Christ's Victory," Chalmers has placed one by Phineas, "Defuncto Fratri,"

"Think (if thou canst) how, mounted on
his sphere,
In Heaven now he sings; thus sang he
here."

And these lines precede some Latin verses on "Christ's Victory," manifestly written by Phineas for the first edition. The English lines must have been for the edition of 1640, though we never saw it, and they startle us where they stand in Chalmers. Perhaps it may be thought we have dwelt too long on these apparent difficulties, and there may even be an easy solution of them which we have overlooked. If so, we confess we have been blind.

Phineas, in 1621, was presented to the benefice of Hilgay, in Norfolk, which, says Ellis, he seems to have held for twenty-nine years; and as he was probably sixteen in the 1600, when he entered King's College, as a scholar from Eton, he must have been in his 66th or 67th year at his death.

Giles died at his living of Alderton, in Suffolk—to which it does not appear when he was presented—in 1623, at the early age of thirty-five; "equally beloved of the Muses and the Graces"—the words of Wood, which, says Dr Anderson, "characterise Giles Fletcher more happily

than the most ample and elaborate eulogy." Dr Anderson remarks, "of his fraternal affection, which appears to have been reciprocal, he has left indubitable proofs." The allusion here is to the stanza quoted from Christ's Victory; and we presume that the stanza quoted from the Purple Island is the proof that the fraternal affection was reciprocal; but that it was so is proved by other passages, and by none more beautifully than in the opening of that Poem.

"The shepherd-boys, who with the Muses
dwelt,
Met in the plain their May-lords new to
choose
(For two they yearly choose), to order
well
Their rural sports, and year that next
ensues:
Now were they sat where by the orchard
walls
The learned Chaie with stealing water
crawls,
And lowly down before that royal tem-
ple falls.
Among the rout they take two gentle
swains,
Whose sprouting youth did now but
greenly bud:
Well could they pipe and sing, but yet
their strains
Were only known unto the silent wood:
Their nearest blood from self-same foun-
tains flow,
Their souls self-same in nearer love did
grow:
So seem'd two joined in one, or one dis-
joined in two."

In Phineas's miscellanies there are two very touching little poems about his brother. In the one "Upon my brother Mr G. F., his Book entitled Christ's Victory and Triumph," he says,

'But thou (most near, most dear), in
this of thine
Hast proved the Muses not to Venus
bound;
Such as thy Matter, such thy Muse,
divine:
Or thou such grace with Mercy's self
hast found,
That she herself deigns on thy leaves to
shine;
Or stolen from Heaven, thou broughtest
this verse to ground,
Which frights the numbed soul with
fearful thunder,
And soon with honey'd dews thaws it
'twixt joy and wonder.

“ Then do not thou malicious tongues
 esteem
 (The glass, through which an envious
 eye doth gaze,
 Can easily make a molehill mountain
 seem) ;
 His praise dispraises ; his dispraises
 praise ;
 Enough, if best men best thy labours
 deem,
 And to the highest pitch thy merit raise ;
 While all the muses to thy song decree
 Victorious triumph, triumphant victory.’

The other set of verses are far more interesting, for they relate to a work not now in existence—which must, we think, have been in prose—

“ Upon my brother’s book, called
 the Ground, Labour, and Reward of
 Faith,”—

“ This lamp filled up and fired by that
 blest spirit,
 Spent his lost oil in this pure heav’nly
 flame ;
 Laying the grounds, walls, roof of faith ;
 this frame
 With life he ends, and now doth these
 inherit
 What here he built, crowned with his
 laurel merit.
 Whose palms and triumphs once he
 loudly rang,
 There now enjoys what here he sweet-
 ly sang.

“ This is his monument, on which he
 drew
 His spirit’s image, that can never die ;
 But breathes in these live words, and
 speaks to th’ eye ;
 In these his winding-sheets he, dead, doth
 shew
 To buried souls the way to live anew,
 And in his grave more powerfully now
 preacheth :
 Who will not learn when that a dead
 man teacheth ?”

And here we cannot help referring to one of the notes to Phineas Fletcher’s *Piscatory Eclogues*, Edinburgh edition, in which the anonymous annotator writes : “ I find the following anecdote in a small duodecimo, entitled, ‘ A Historical Dictionary of England and Wales,’ printed 1692. After enumerating some particulars of the life of Doctor Giles Fletcher, it is there added, ‘ he was a man equally beloved of the Muses and the Graces. In the end of his life, having commenced doctor of divinity, and being slighted by his clownish parishioners, he fell into deep me-

lancholy, and in a short time died.” We know not that there is any other authority for this statement, which is in direct contradiction to Anthony Wood, whose words are, “ This Dr Giles Fletcher (the father) died in the parish of St Catherine’s, in Coleman Street, London, in the month of February, 1610, and was buried, I presume, in the church of St Catherine’s there ; leaving behind him a son of both his names, bachelor of divinity of Trinity College, Cambridge, equally beloved of the Muses and the Graces, who died at Alderton in Suffolk, 1623.” We are almost inclined to think that the anonymous annotator supposed that the statement in the “ Dictionary” (a book unknown to us) referred to Doctor Giles Fletcher the father, for of him he has been speaking in the former part of the note ; and indeed the words, “ in the end of his life having commenced doctor of divinity,” have no sense, applied to the son, who died in his thirty-fourth or fifth year. But Wood himself is inaccurate, for Giles Fletcher the son, could not have been a bachelor of divinity at the time of his father’s death. That Giles Fletcher LL.D., the father, “ in the end of his life commenced doctor of divinity,” would seem to have been the interpretation put by the anonymous annotator on the passage from the “ Dictionary,”—but we know that he did not ; so there can be no doubt, we think, that there is no truth at all in the story of either of the Giles Fetters “ being slighted by his clownish parishioners, falling into deep melancholy, and in a short time dying.”

Winstanley, again, says that “ Phineas was also brother to two worthy poets, viz. George Fletcher, the author of a poem entitled ‘ Christ’s Victory and Triumph over and after Death,’ and Giles Fletcher, who wrote a worthy poem, entitled ‘ Christ’s Victory,’ made by him, being but bachelor of arts, discovering the piety of a Saint and the divinity of a Doctor.” This gross blunder, Dr Anderson remarks, is copied by Jacob, though he might easily have obtained a more correct account of this poetical family from the Oxford antiquary ; and Chalmers says “ Winstanley and Jacob, who in this case have robbed one another

instead of better authorities, divide the two brothers into three, and assign Giles' poem of Christ's Victory to two authors." But that is not altogether correct, for they do not rob each other, Jacob merely following Winstanley; and he assigns the poem to two authors, because it had undergone a change of name on the third edition, 1640, and the honest man believed there were two poems.

It is not unamusing to observe how good old Doctor Anderson, with his eyes wide open to the blunder of Winstanley in making two poems out of one, falls into the same in the very next paragraph. He is speaking in borrowed terms, with all due indignation, of the most unwarrantable liberties taken with the text of the edition of 1640 by the Edinburgh editor, 1783, which were indeed murderous; and he says, "in this edition, besides innumerable alterations, which display more evangelical piety than poetical taste, eight stanzas are omitted in the first part of 'Christ's Victory,' four in the second part; two in the first part of 'Christ's Triumph,' and seven in the second part"—as if there were two poems, each in two parts, and not one in four.

It is remarkable that Edward Benlowes, in his recommendatory verses, printed with the "Purple Island," makes no allusion to John Fletcher, the greatest of them all, and cousin to Phineas and Giles. He was the son of Dr R. Fletcher, successively

Bishop of Bristol, Worcester, and London; "the officious priest," says Headley, "who had the irreverence to embitter the last minutes of the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots—was born in 1576, educated in Cambridge, and died in 1625 of the plague." Strange, too, that such relationship is not mentioned either by Anderson or Chalmers.

Benlowes' verses are entitled, "To the learned author, son and brother to two judicious poets, himself the third, not second to either;" and the last stanza runs thus—

"O but thou fear'st 'twill stain the re-
verend gown
Thou wearest now; nay then fear not to
show it;
For were't a stain, 'twere Nature's, not
thine own;
For thou art poet-born; who know'st
thee know it;
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a
poet.
Thy very name will make these poems
take,
These very poems else thy name will
make."

The anonymous Editor of the Edinburgh edition of the Piscatory Eclogues directs attention to some stanzas in the first, in which Phineas certainly shadows out some of his father's fortunes. As the stanzas are very beautiful, we shall quote a few of them—merely mentioning that Dr Giles Fletcher, the father, speaks in the character of "Hapless Thelgon, a poor fisher swaine."

"When the raw blossom of my youth was yet
In my first childhood's green enclosure bound,
Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,
And spread the sail, and beat the river sound,
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,
And guide my boat where Thame and Isis heire
By lowly Æton slides, and Windsor proudly faire.

There, while our thinne nets dangle in the winde,
Hung on our oarces' tops, I learnt to sing
Among my peers, apt words to fitly binde
In numerous verse; witnesse thou crystal spring,
Where all the lads were pebles apt to finde,
And you, thick hazles, that on Thames' brinke
Did oft with dallying bows his silver waters drink.

"But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,
I changed large Thames for Chamus' narrower seas:
There, as my years, so skill with years did grow;
And now my pipe the better sort did please;
So that with Linnus and with Belgio,
I durst to challenge all my fisher peers,
That by learned Chamus' banks did spend their youthful years.

“ And Janus’ self, that oft with me compared,
 With his oft losses raised my victory,
 That afterwards in song he never dared
 Provoke my conquering pipe, but enviously
 Deprave the songs which first his songs had marred,
 And closely bite when now he durst not bark,
 Hating all other’s light, because himself was dark.

“ And whether nature, join’d with art, had wrought me,
 Or I too much believed the fisher’s praise;
 Or whether Phœbus’ self, or Muses, taught me,
 Too much inclined to verse, and musick plays;
 So farre credulitie and youth had brought me,
 I sang sad Telethusa’s frustrate plainte,
 And rustic Daphnis’ wrong, and Magic’s vain restraints.

“ And then appeared young Myrtilus, repining
 At general contempt of shepherd’s life;
 And raised my rime to sing of Richard’s climbing;
 And taught our Chame to end the old-bred strife,
 Mythicus’ claim to Nicia’s resigning:
 The while his goodly nymphs with song delighted,
 My notes with choicest flowers and garlands sweet requited.

“ From thence a shepherd great, pleased with my song,
 Drew me to Basilissa’s courtly place;
 Fair Basilissa, fairest maid among
 The nymphs that white-cliff Albion forests grace.
 Her errand drove my slender bark along
 The seas which wash the fruitful German’s land
 And swelling Rhine, whose wines run swiftly o’er the sand.

“ But after, bolden’d with my first successe,
 I durst essay the new-found paths that led
 To slavish Mosco’s dullard sluggishnesse;
 Whose slotheful Sunne all winter keeps his bed,
 But never sleeps in summer’s wakefulnesse;
 Yet, all for nought: another took the gain:
 Faitour, that reapt the pleasure of another’s pain!

“ And travelling along the northern plains,
 At her command I pass’d the bounding Twede,
 And liv’d awhile with Caledonian swains:
 My life with fair Amyntas there I led:
 Amyntas fair, whom still my sore heart plains.
 Yet seem’d he then to love as he was lov’d
 But (ah!) I fear, true love his high heart never prov’d.”

Here we have all the facts in the personal history of the father elsewhere recorded, and other hints—his education at Eton—his election to Cambridge—his successful devotion to poetry—(Wood says he became an excellent poet)—the subjects of his muse—his strifes with envious rivals—his entering, under powerful patronage, the service of Queen Elizabeth—his errand to Germany—his mission to Russia—the disappointment of his hopes of preferment on his return;

“ Yet, all for nought: another took the gain;
 Faitour, that reapt the pleasure of another’s pain; ”

And, finally, his visit to Scotland—

“ And travelling along the northern plains,
 At her command I pass’d the bounding Twede,
 And liv’d awhile with Caledonian swains.”

We know not who was Amyntas; nor aught, indeed, of the meaning of the subsequent complaints; but others, better versed in the affairs of the times, might be able, were they to try, to discover it all. But that was not to be expected from Anderson or Chalmers, though it might have been from Headley and Ellis.

From these allusions, and others of the same kind, written within a

few years of their father's death, we might almost suppose, in spite of the office he appears to have held—the value of which at that time we do not know—that he was not in a very prosperous condition; and Giles tells us in the Dedication of his Poem to Dr Neville, Master of Trinity, that he owed every thing in the world to his kindness. According to Wood, his father died in the February of the year in which “Christ's Victory” was published; yet in that dedication there is no allusion to his death. It is very beautiful, and shows the character of the poet in the most pleasing light.

“As I have always thought the place wherein I live, after heaven, principally to be desired, both because I most want, and it most abounds with wisdom, which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all; so I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myself most bound unto the hand of God (I mean yourself), that reached down, as it were, out of heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature and price, than which I could wish none (only heaven itself excepted) either more fruitful and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable and encouraging for the time that is already past, or more hopeful and promising for the time that is yet to come.

“For, as in all men's judgments (that have any judgment), Europe is worthily deemed the queen of the world, that garland both of learning and pure religion being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since lain withered in Greece and Palestine; so my opinion of this island hath always been, that it is the very face and beauty of all Europe; in which both true religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on earth) true learning sweetly flourishes without ostentation. And what are the two eyes of this land, but the two universities? which cannot but prosper in the time of such a prince, that is, a prince of learning, as well as of people. And truly I should forget myself, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye; and I think (King Henry VIII. being the uniter, Edward III. the founder, and yourself the repairer of this college wherein I live) none will blame me, if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the fairest sight in Cambridge; in which being placed by your only favour, most freely, without

either any means from other, or any desert in myself; being not able to do more, I could do no less than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay, and with old Silenus in the poet (upon whom the boys—*injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis*, making his garland his fetters), finding myself bound unto you by so many benefits, that were given by yourself for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden chains to hold me fast in a kind of desired bondage, seek (as he doth) my freedom with a song; the matter whereof is as worthy the sweetest singer as myself, the miserable singer, unworthy so divine a subject; but the same favour that before rewarded no desert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; than which indulgence, when I regard myself, I can wish no more; when I remember you I can hope no less.”

The brothers, like all other good children, loved their Alma Mater to the last. The poetry of Phineas is full of the most affectionate and grateful overflowings of the heart towards her; and when he had been many years a parish minister, he published an account of the lives of the founders and other learned men of the University. They seem to have foresworn the Muses, on taking on themselves the holiest of all duties; for there is no record to show that Giles ever wrote a line of poetry after “Christ's Victory;” and though Phineas lived to a good old age, a few only of his miscellanies were written after the “Purple Island,” of which by far the finest, and the only one of any great length, is “Eliza, or an Elegy upon the Unripe Decease of Sir Antony Irby—composed at the request—and for a monument—of his surviving Lady.” We ought never to forget in reading them, that “Christ's Victory,” and the “Purple Island,” which give their author's rank in the highest order of poets, were juvenile productions; as such they are most wonderful; for the “Purple Island”—of which we may some day try to give some account—displays throughout great learning, unequalled ingenuity, and a boundless fancy—and “Christ's Victory,” as we shall now see—“sublimity of sentiment, opulence of description, and harmony of numbers,” surpassed only by Spenser and Milton.

We have been carried away into

details not usual with us, but surely not uninteresting, from the Poem itself, which it is the main design of this article to present, as far as may be, in its fair proportions, and with as little injury as possible to its pervading spirit of life. We shall endeavour to effect this by many and long extracts; and how, indeed, by any other means can any adequate idea be given of a great work, to them who have not read the Whole? To Dr Anderson belongs the merit of having first included it in a Collection of English Poetry—Chalmers had the sense to follow his example—but their ponderous tomes are laid on the shelf—and it is not altogether safe to attempt bringing one of them down from its accumulated dust. It is now accessible to all, and at a small price, in the “Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century;” and it will please us to hear that our article has promoted the circulation of this very Delightful Volume.

The opening of the poem, though the style—that of the age—is too antithetical—is very grand; and after the poet has proposed his subject,

“The birth of Him who no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born,

* * * *

and how bliss

Descended from the bosom of the sky
To clothe himself in naked misery,
Sailing at length to Heaven, in earth,
triumphantly,”

he says that this

“Is the first flame wherewith my
whiter muse
Doth burn in heavenly love, such love to
tell.
O Thou that didst this holy fire infuse,
And taught'st this breast, but late the
grave of hell,
Wherein a blind and dead heart lived, to
swell
With better thoughts, send down those
lights that lend
Knowledge how to begin, and how to
end
The love that never was, and never can
be penned.

“Ye sacred writings! in whose antique
leaves
The memories of Heaven entreaured
lie,
Say, what might be the cause that Mercy
heaves

The dust of sin above the industrious
sky,
And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?
Could Justice be of sin so overwoo'd,
Or so great ill be because of so great good,
That bloody man to save, man's Saviour
shed his blood?”

We feel the deep sincerity of his conversion—and that he is about to sing of a great mystery which he devoutly believes in his awakened and kindled spirit. Nothing can be so shocking as the Sacred Poetry of the unsanctified; to see

“Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;”

but here the Poet is privileged by his piety, pure and profound, to sing of the Holy Source from which we see it flow. We have perfect faith in the confession of his former darkling state of soul, so solemnly deplored, and in the avowal of the illumination that grew upon it, till all was bright as day. We are prepared to listen to a man whose lips have been touched with fire, and who is about to speak reverentially and awfully of the decrees of Heaven. Inspired by the

“Sacred writings, in whose antique
leaves
The memories of Heaven entreaured
lie,

he fears not to shadow them forth by images his own genius creates—images accordant with scripture, though not all found in it—and such as we creatures, whose souls are enclosed in dust, are necessitated to use, because of our infirmity, when seeking to express or awaken “the multitude of thoughts within us” in songs of adoration, thanksgiving, or praise. He thus pictures Heaven:

“There is a place beyond that flaming
hill
From whence the stars their thin appearance
slied,
A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
Nor impure thought was ever harboured;
But saintly heroes are for ever sued
To keep an everlasting Sabbath rest;
Still wishing that, of what they're still
possesst;
Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys
best.”

It is the hour when incensed Nemesis beseeches Heaven to condemn

“the rebels that from God were
flown.” That thunder rolls in hear-
ing of Mercy and Justice—Divine At-
tributes personified; for no where
does the poet dare to give words to
the Voice of God. And

“ Mercy, rememb’ring peace in midst of
war,
Lifts up the music of her voice, to bar
Eternal fate.”

The sudden rising up of Justice is
almost as sublime as any thing in
Milton.

“ But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen,
Smoothing the wrinkles of her Father’s brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between :
As when a vapour, from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eous, that but now
Open’d the world, which all in darkness lay,
Doth heaven’s bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

“ She was a virgin of austere regard ;
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind ;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar’d
Her eye with Heaven’s, so, and more brightly shin’d
Her lamping sight ; for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her ears
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

“ No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept
Securely, without tempest—no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong’d poverty,
Sending his eyes to heav’n, swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

“ The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound :
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with his kercher’d head upwound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round ;
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
And airy mountains shake, and frighted shadows howl.

“ Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody war,
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His winged steps ; for who would not refuse
Grief’s company, a dull and rawbon’d spright,
That lanks the cheeks and pales the freshest sight,
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight.

“ Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,
That needs will lead the way he cannot see :
And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,
And, in the midst, Strife still would raging be,
Whose ragged flesh and clothes did well agree :
And round about amazed Horror flies,
And, over all, Shame veils his guilty eyes,
And underneath, hell’s hungry throat still yawning lies.

“ Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She lean’d her bosom, more than stony hard ;
There slept the impartial judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward ;
There hung the score of all our debts, the card

Where good, and bad, and life, and death were painted :
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors fainted.

“ Witness the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wand’ring Israel, with the sight afeard,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.

On this dread Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All heav’n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.”

Headley calls “Christ’s Victory a poem rich and picturesque, and on a much happier subject than that of his brother, yet *unenlivened by personification*.” Enlivened is not a word that could be used here—but is not this an awful Impersonation? It would have been beyond even the might of Milton to conceive an address to the Deity of corresponding grandeur with the embodied apparition of this the most awful of his attributes. Fletcher, as

if overcome by the aspect of his own creation, and all her attendant ministries, fails to inspire her with suitable speech; and her words are but those of a mortal. Sometimes they are very noble in her indignation, and in her sternness terrible; but oftener her pleading against sinful and fallen man is but the angry eloquence that is heard in earthly courts. Her description of his idolatries is very grand—as, for example,

“ The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the stars of heav’n in midst of night,
Black Egypt, as her mirrors, doth behold,
Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their sight:
Yet these are all their gods, to whom they vie
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly—
Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by.

“ The fire, the wind, the sea, the Sun, and Moon,
The flitting air, and the swift-winged hours,
And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,
And sentinel about the walled towers
Of the world’s city, in their heav’nly bow’rs ;
And lest their pleasant gods should want delight,
Neptune spews out the lady Aphrodite,
And but in Heav’n proud Juno’s peacocks scorn to light.

“ The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat,
And, worse than all these, Man, and worst of men,
Usurping Jove, and swelling Bacchus fat,
And drunk with the vine’s purple blood ; and then
The fiend himself they conjure from his den,
Because he only yet remain’d to be
Worse than the worst of men—they fly from thee,
And wear his altar-stones out with their pliant knee.”

Justice then arraigns the race on
the score of all blackest ingratitude,
and ends with craving sentence of
eternal punishment.

“ She ended, and the heav’nly hierar-
chies,

Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were ;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
And ev’ry one shakes his terrific spear,
And the Almighty’s self, as he would
tear

The earth, and her firm basis, quite in
sunder,
Flam’d all in just revenge, and mighty
thunder ;
Heav’n stole itself from earth by clouds
that moisten’d under.”

The Poet then puts forth all his
powers, through no fewer than
twenty stanzas—to personify to him-
self and us, the Attribute of Mercy—

“ Who open lays

Those sunshine looks, whose beams
would dim a thousand days.”

Here he certainly is far from being so successful as in his Impersonation of Justice. It is by much too elaborate and ornate, and sometimes so vague and indistinct, that we no longer recognise one image round which all the rest revolve, but are bewildered by crowds of images coming and going, with visionary splendour or obscurity indeed, but with the perplexing uncertainty of a dream. Spenser would have lavished on her as many and as various adornments, but they would have been all manifestly appropriate and characteristic, and the apparition would have ever been, in form and face, before the eyes of our imagination, a visible angel, with all the lineaments of heaven. Fletcher loses himself in the love of the beautiful, and aspires, in his delight, to make the whole creation but an image of Mercy, attempting at the same time to preserve her outward form as that of an embodied spirit. But “ it is unstable, and deserts him quite,”—and we know not on what we look. We are forced to turn to the “ Argument,” and there we see traced the course his imagination follows—which, without such aid, it would be hard always to discover. He there notifies “ our inability to describe her—her beauty resembled by the creatures which are all frail shadows of her essential perfection—her attendants—her persuasive power—her kind offices to man—her garments wrought by her own hand, where-with she clothes herself, being composed of all the creatures—the earth,

sea, air, the celestial bodies, the third heaven—her objects, Repentance and Faith.” What a summary! Some of the Stanzas are exquisitely beautiful—indeed they are all so—but we mean some are easily and perfectly intelligible, and not only present sufficiently defined forms to the imagination, but instantly touch the heart. For example,

“ If any ask why roses please the sight?
Because their leaves upon thy cheek do
bow'r ;

If any ask why lilies are so white?
Because their blossoms in thine hand do
flow'r :

Or why sweet plants so grateful odours
show'r ?

It is because thy breath so like they be :
Or why the orient sun so bright we see ?
What reason can we give, but from thine
eyes, and thee ? ”

We can imagine nothing more perfect ; yet is this stanza, without almost any thing of what we should call poetry, even more affecting :—

“ If any wander, thou dost call him
back ;

If any be not forward, thou incit'st him ;
Thou dost expect, if any should grow
slack ;

If any seem but willing, thou invit'st
him ;

Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him
that flies,

Healing the sick, and quick'ning him
that dies,

Thou art the lame man's friendly staff,
the blind man's eyes.”

From the profusion of imagery in which the poet, it may be said, wantons and revels, we turn with ineffable delight to his picture of Mercy comforting Repentance.

“ Ah ! miserable abject of disgrace,

What happiness is in thy misery ?

I both must pity and envy thy case ;

For she, that is the glory of the sky,

Leaves Heaven blind to fix on thee her eye.

Yet her (though Mercy's self esteems not small)

The world despis'd, they her Repentance call,

And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

“ Deeply, alas ! empassioned she stood,

To see a flaming brand, toss'd up from hell,

Boiling her heart in her own lustful blood,

That oft for torment she would loudly yell ;

Now she would sighing sit, and now she fell

Crouching upon the ground, in sackcloth truss'd ;

Early and late she pray'd, and fast she must,

And all her hair hung full of ashes and of dust.

“ Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
 Of her own self she was ; disconsolate
 (As though her flesh did but infernal
 Her buried ghost) she in an arbour sat
 Of thorny brier, weeping her cursed state ;
 And her before a hasty river fled,
 Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed,
 And, all about, the grass with tears hung down his head.

“ Her eyes, though blind abroad, at home kept fast,
 Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,
 At which she often started, as aghast,
 To see so fearful spectacles of dread ;
 And with one hand her breast she martyred,
 Wounding her heart, the same to mortify ;
 The other a fair damsel held her by,
 Which if but once let go, she sunk immediately.

“ But Faith was quick, and nimble as the heav'n,
 As if of love and life she all had been,
 And though of present sight her sense were riv'n,
 Yet she could see the things could not be seen :
 Beyond the stars, as nothing were between,
 She fixed her sight, disdaining things below :
 Into the sea she could a mountain throw,
 And make the sun to stand, and waters backwards flow.

“ Such when as Mercy her beheld from high,
 In a dark valley, drown'd with her own tears,
 One of her graces she sent hastily,
 Smiling Irene, that a garland wears
 Of gilded olive, on her fairer hairs,
 To crown the fainting soul's true sacrifice,
 Whom when as sad Repentance coming spies,
 The holy desperado wip'd her swollen eyes.”

Whether we were right or not in saying that Fletcher was more successful in his Impersonation of Justice than of Mercy, we are sure that we are right in saying that the Address of Mercy to the Deity far ex-

cels that of Justice—nor can it be heard but with profoundest emotion by every Christian—by every human heart. To the ear of the Almighty, Mercy “her dewy voice applied;” and what holy words are hers!

“ Who shall thy temple incense any more,
 Or at thy altar crown the sacrifice ;
 Or strew with idle flowers the hallowed floor ?
 Or what should prayer deck with herbs and spice
 Her vials, breathing orisons of price ?
 If all must pay that which all cannot pay,
 O first begin with me, and Mercy slay,
 And thy thrice honoured Son, that now beneath doth stray.

“ But if or he, or I, may live and speak,
 And heaven can joy to see a sinner weep,
 Oh let not Justice' iron sceptre break
 A heart already broke ; that low doth creep,
 And with prone humblesse her feet's dust doth sweep.
 Must all go by desert ? is nothing free ?
 Ah ! if but those that only worthy be,
 None should thee ever see, none should thee ever see.

“ What hath man done, that man shall not undo ;
 Since God to him is grown so near akin ?
 Did his foe slay him ? he shall slay his foe :
 Hath he lost all ? he all again shall win :
 Is sin his master ? he shall master sin.
 Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try :
 The only way to conquer, was to fly ;
 But thus long death hath lived, and now death's self shall die.

“ ‘ He is a path, if any be misled ;
 He is a robe, if any naked be :
 If any chance to hunger, he is bread ;
 If any be a bondmau, he is free ;
 If any be but weak, how strong is he !
 To dead men life he is, to sick men health ;
 To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

“ ‘ Who can forget—never to be forgot—
 The time that all the world in slumber lies,
 When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
 To earth, and heaven awaked all his eyes,
 To see another sun at midnight rise
 On earth ? Was never sight of pareil fame ;
 For God before man like himself did frame,
 But God himself now like a mortal man became.

“ ‘ A child he was, and had not learn’d to speak,
 That with his word the world before did make ;
 His mother’s arms him bore, he was so weak,
 That with one hand the vaults of heaven could shake.
 See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
 Whom all the world is not enough to hold !
 Who of his years, or of his age, hath told ?
 Never such age so young, never a child so old.

“ ‘ And yet but newly he was infanted,
 And yet already he was sought to die ;
 Yet scarcely born, already banished ;
 Not able yet to go, and forced to fly :
 But scarcely fled away, when, by and by,
 The tyrant’s sword with blood is all defiled,
 And Rachel, for her sons, with fury wild,
 Cries, O thou cruel king, and, O my sweetest child !

“ ‘ Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
 Who straight to entertain the rising sun,
 The hasty harvest in his bosom brings ;
 But now for drought the fields were all undone,
 And now with waters all is everrun :
 So fast the Cynthian mountains pour’d their snow,
 When once they felt the sun so near them glow,
 That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

“ ‘ The angels carol’d loud their song of peace ;
 The curs’d oracles were stricken dumb ;
 To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press ;
 To see their King the kingly sophies come ;
 And, them to guide unto his master’s home,
 A star comes dancing up the orient,
 That springs for joy over the starry tent,
 Where gold, to make their prince a crown, they all present.

“ ‘ Young John, glad child ! before he could be born,
 Leap’d in the womb, his joy to prophesy ;
 Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
 Proclaims her Saviour to posterity,
 And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
 Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace !
 It is the Sire of heaven thou dost embrace :
 Sing, Simeon, sing—sing, Simeon, sing apace !

“ ‘ With that the mighty thunder dropt away
 From God’s unwary arm, now milder grown,
 And melted into tears ; as if to pray
 For pardon, and for pity, it had known,
 That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown :

There too the armies angelic devow'd
 Their former rage, and all to Mercy bow'd ;
 Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strow'd."

Nothing can be more beautiful than the transition from Christ's "Victory in Heaven," to Christ's "Triumph on Earth." Mercy, rejoicing that the Almighty has relented, and that man is to be saved, sings,

" 'Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flaskets,
 Painted with every choicest flower that grows,
 That I may soon unflower your fragrant baskets,
 To strow the fields with odours where he goes,
 Let whatso'er he treads on be a rose.'
 So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
 Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,
 Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with wine."

Mercy beholds the "poor desolate" in a waste desert, where he "praying sat" among the wild beasts. And she flies with her Graces to infuse comfort into the breast of the Son of God. This done in a moment, in a moment she and her heavenly train vanish quite away. His prayer has been answered—and the wild beasts are tame.

"But him their savage thirst did naught appal,
 Though weapons none he had for his defence:
 What arms for innocence, but innocence?
 For when they saw their Lord's bright cognizance
 Shlne in his face, soon did they disad-
 vance,
 And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.

"Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,
 And he himself fell down in congees low,
 Bidding him welcome to his wasteful wood ;

"Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,
 With woody primroses befreckled,
 Over his head the wanton shadows play'd
 Of a wild olive, that her boughs so spread,
 As with her leaves she seemed to crown his head,
 And her green arms to embrace the Prince of Peace ;
 The Sun so near, needs must the winter cease—
 The Sun so near, another spring seem'd to increase.

"His hair was black, and in small curls did twine,
 As though it were the shadow of some light ;
 And, underneath, his face, as day, did shine—
 But sure the day shined not half so bright,
 Nor the sun's shadow made so dark a night.

Sometime he kiss'd the grass where he did go,
 And, as to wash his feet he well did know,
 With fawning tongue he lick'd away the dust."

The poet then fears not to describe his vision of the "Glorious Eremité." And, in doing so, employs the language of Scripture, along with his own, that he may be guiltless of all irreverence in his love. Surely the most pious mind is not without some apprehension of the face and form of the Saviour when in the body; and we all look, with feelings most devout, on his face and form in the pictures of the old masters, nor blame, but bless the art, then felt to be divine, that gives to our eyes such holy image. Who ever gazed on altar-piece during choral hymn, without tenderest and profoundest emotion? We do not need to inform, but we may remind our readers, of the Scriptural language which the poet had in his heart, when he sang of the personality of our Saviour, "My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold; his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves, by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set." "His legs are as pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold; his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars." "Thou art fairer than the children of men, therefore God hath blessed thee for ever." "His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white as milk." In the "Argument" we find references to these and other verses, and the remembrance of them prepares us for this picture:—

Under his lovely locks, her head to shroud,
Did meek Humility herself grow proud :—
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the graces crowd.

“ One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds, complain :
Sweet are the wounds of love—never so sore—
Ah ! might he often slay me so again !
He never lives that thus is never slain.

What boots it watch ? those eyes, for all my art,
Mine own eyes looking on, have stole my heart :
In them Love bends his bow, and dips his burning dart.

“ As when the sun, caught in an adverse cloud,
Flies 'crossa the world, and there anew begets
The wat'ry picture of his beauty proud,
Throws all abroad his sparkling spangelets,
And the whole world in dire amazement sets,
To see two days abroad at once, and all
Doubt whether now he rise, or now he fall :
So flam'd the godly flesh, proud of his heav'nly thrall.

“ His cheeks as snowy apples sopp'd in wine,
Had their red roses quench'd wth lilies white,
And like to garden strawberries did shine,
Wash'd in a bowl of milk, or rose-buds bright
Unbosoming their breasts against the light :
Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and made
Sweet-smelling posies, that could never fade,—
But worldly eyes him thought more like some living shade.

“ For laughter never look'd upon his brow,
Though in his face all smiling joys did bide ;
No silken banners did about him flow,—
Fools make their fetters ensigns of their pride :
He was best cloth'd when naked was his side.
A Lamb he was, and woollen fleece he wore,
Wove with one thread ; his feet low sandals wore ;
But bared were his legs,—so went the times of yore.

“ As two white marble pillars that uphold
God's holy place, where he in glory sits,
And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
To bear his temple on their ample jets,
Vein'd ev'ry where with azure rivulets,
Whom all the people on some holy morn,
With boughs and flow'ry garlands do adorn,—
Of such, though fairer far, this temple was upborne.”

The forty days have been endured, and now appears the Tempter. He comes in the same guise as Archimago in the Faëry Queen ; for next to the Bible, Fletcher loved the poetry of Spenser. You remember how the Father of Lies met Una and the Red-Crosse—

“ At length they chaunst to meet upon
the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,

And by his belt his booke he hanging
had ;
Sober he seemede, and very sagely sad ;
And to the ground his eyea were lowly
bent ;
Simple in show, and voide of malice bad ;
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that
did repent.”

Look now on the Tempter approaching Jesus in the Wilderness.

“ At length an aged sire far off he saw
Come slowly footing ; ev'ry step he guess'd,
One of his feet he from the grave did draw
Three legs he had—the wooden was the best ;
And all the way he went, he ever blest

With benedicities, and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more ;
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

“ A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline ;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

“ But when he nearer came, he louted low
With prone obeisance, and with curtsey kind,
That at his feet his head he seemed to throw ;—
What needs him now another saint to find ?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour : O happy pilgrims thither stray !
What caren they for beasts, or for the weary way !

“ Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems, modelled in time ;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.
' Ah me ! (quoth he) how many years have been,
Since these old eyes the sun of heav'n have seen !
Certes the Son of Heav'n they now behold, I ween.

“ ‘ Ah, might my humble cell so blessed be,
As Heav'n to welcome in its lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy Deity !
Lo, how my cottage worships thee aloof,
That underground hath hid his head, in proof
It doth adore thee with the ceiling low,—
Here honey, milk, and chestnuts wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

“ ‘ But, oh ! (he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep)
The heav'ns, alas ! too envious are grown,
Because our fields thy presence from them keep ;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown :
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone :)
But thou with corn canst make this stone to ear.
What need we then the angry heav'ns to fear ?
Let them us envy still, so we enjoy thee here.’

“ Thus on they wand' red : but those holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and no man did cover :
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds ;
And round about that stinking corpse did hover
The dismal prince of gloomy night, and over
His ever-damned head the shadows err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,
And all the tyrant fears—and all the tyrant fear'd.”

Fletcher is inspired throughout the whole of this book by Spenser. We say inspired ; for though the idea of almost every picture he draws has dawned upon him from the genius of his great master, we may not call any one of them an imitation. No doubt he knew that he owed the visions that seemed to

rise before him of their own accord to the creative power of that delight with which his spirit fed on the “ memories of heaven entreasured ” in the Faëry Queen. They became his own—given, not borrowed ; and this is seen in his language, of which not one word is taken from that poem. The Tempter's smooth

speech, than which nothing can be more winning and reverential, is as completely in character as that of Archimago, and so is his description of his humble cell. Satan tries, first of all, to tempt Jesus to despair of God's providence—and here, too, Fletcher does not shun, but he seeks to show that temptation, by the same allegory employed by Spenser to show the very last temptation into which Archimago drove the Knight of the Crosse. In our concluding article on the Faëry Queen, will be found the "Cave of Despair;" and here it is, "alike, but oh! how dif-

ferent"—declaring how genius will be still original, and how one true poet may follow another over the same ground—and here it is into a dismal place—and see the same sights there in other ghastly glooms, and other sights that had lain there invisible. Spenser's "Cave of Despair" is doubtless the more dreadful; but we know not that there is any where else in poetry a den more dreadful than Fletcher's—and the two pictures hang well together, reflecting on one another aggravated horrors.

" Ere long they came near to a baleful bow'r,
 Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
 That gaping stood all comers to devour,
 Dark, doleful, dreary—like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave :
 The ground no herbs, but venomous, did bear,
 Nor ragged trees did leaf, but ev'ry where
 Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

" Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat
 Elonging joyful day with her sad note,
 And through the shady air, the flutt'ring bat
 Dill wave her leather sails, and blindly float,
 While with her wings the fatal screech-owl smote
 The unblest'd house; there, on a craggy stone,
 Cælæno hung, and made his direful moan,
 And all about the murder'd ghosts did shriek and groan.

" Like cloudy moonshine, in some shadowy grove,
 Such was the light in which Despair did dwell ;
 But he himself with night for darkness strove.
 His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell
 About his face, through which, as brands of hell,
 Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,
 That made him deadly look; their glimpse did show
 Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

" His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd fast ;
 And, as he musing lay, to stony fright
 A thousand wild chimeras would him cast :
 As when a fearful dream, in midst of night,
 Skips to the brain, and fancies to the sight
 Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,
 Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root,
 The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

" Now he would dream that he from heaven fell,
 And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall ;
 And now he thought he sinking was to hell,
 And then would grasp the earth; and now his stall
 Him seemed hell, and then he out would crawl ;
 And ever, as he crept, would squint aside,
 Lest him, perhaps, some fury had espied,
 And then, alas ! he should in chains for ever hide.

" Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,
 Nor ever durst to draw his breath for fear,
 Till to the door he came, and there he lay
 Panting for breath, as though he dying were ;
 And still he thought he felt their grapples tear

Him by the heels back to his ugly den :
 Out fain he would have leap'd abroad, but then
 The heav'n, as hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men.

“ Within the gloomy hole of this pale wight
 The serpent woo'd him with his charms to inn ;
 There he might bait the day, and rest the night ;
 But under that same bait a fearful grin
 Was ready to entangle him in sin.

But he upon ambrosia daily fed,
 That grew in Eden—thus he answered :
 So both away were caught, and to the Temple fled.”

Above the sacred pinnacles of the
 Temple, and among the stars,

“ Ah ! that her foot should trample on
 the head

Of that most rev'rend place ! ”

Presumption spreads her pavilion,
 ceiled aloft with sunny clouds,

“ And so exceeding shone with a false
 light,

That heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
 Heav'n without clouds to her deluded
 sight.”

Poor Fool ! she thought herself in
 wondrous price with God, as if she
 abided in Paradise ; but had she
 known herself, more reason would
 she have seen to think she was Sister
 to Despair.

“ But him she, like some ghastly fiend,
 did fear ;

And therefore, as that wretch hew'd
 out his cell

Under the bowels, in the heart of hell,
 So she above the moon, amid the stars
 would dwell.”

“ Gently our Saviour she began to
 shrive,

Whether he were the Son of God, or no ;”

but when she saw her speech pre-
 vailed naught, she fell down head-
 long on the floor, while the angels
 bore Jesus on their wings to the
 top of an “ Airy Mountain.”

“ So both are gone,

The Dragon with the Lamb—Ah ! un-
 meet paragon !”

—“ Above the rest Ambition sate,
 His court with glitt'ring pearl was all inwall'd,
 And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
 And most majestic splendour were install'd
 A hundred kings, whose temples were impall'd
 In golden diadems, set here and there
 With diamonds, and gemmed ev'ry where,
 And of their golden verges none desceptr'd were.

“ High over all Panglory's blazing throne,
 In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
 Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone ;
 Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
 Self-arching columns to uphold were taught,

There bloom the gardens of Vain-
 Delight, and there Panglory wan-
 tons with her paramours, in her
 Fountain, flowing with rose-water
 and milk, but fatal—

“ And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
 A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were
 spread,

Which the fair witch in golden chains
 did keep,

And them in willing bondage fettered ;
 Once men they liv'd, but now the men
 were dead,

And turned to beasts,—so fabled Homer
 old,

That Circe, with her potion, charm'd in
 gold,

Us'd many souls in beastly bodies to
 immould.”

Through this false Eden “ our
 first Destroyer led our Saviour ;”
 and they pass through “ the lower
 room,” where wild orgials are
 chanted to Lyæus, and thence to

“ A loft carved all in ivory white,
 They came, where whiter ladies naked
 went,

Melted in pleasure and soft languishment,
 And, sunk in beds of roses, amorous
 glances sent.

Fly ! Fly ! Thou Holy Child ! that
 wanton room.”

They then ascend to a higher story,
 “ whence mounts of gold and floods
 of silver run ;” and thence to the pa-
 lace roof, where

In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

“ A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore ;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted,
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

“ Such wat’ry orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be waved higher :
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when he came, she ’gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withal.”

The song is, in some parts, very beautiful, but not of irresistible enchantment even to human ears—and when we think to whom it was sung, we are intolerant of the mockery, and desiderate the presence of some more perilous spirit of pleasure in temptation that was to try the virtue of the Man Divine. The close is exquisite.

“ Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed ;
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to hell she took her flight,
(The starting air flew from the damned spright),
Where deeply both aggrieved, plunged themselves in night.

“ But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heav’nly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element ; for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew ;
And, as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine,
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.

“ The birds sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attemper’d to the lays angelical ;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise ;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And Echo back again revoiced all ;
That the whole valley rang with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homeward fly :
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high !”

We have quoted from this book sufficient to show how far Milton availed himself of its many pictures, in his *Paradise Regained*. It is to the glory of Fletcher that the greatest of poets not only did not disdain, but delighted to be indebted to him, just as he himself was to Spenser. And, though Milton has far outshone, he has not eclipsed him ; his star for ever shines in its own native light, one of the fairest in the firmament.

They who accuse “ Makers” of plagiarism, should look to such examples as these, and be mute. Jesus “ was in the wilderness forty days, and tempted of Satan, and was with the wild beasts, and the angels ministered unto him.” These few words are pregnant, and out of them what glories have been evolved ! Secker, in his sermon on the Temptation, says, “ During these forty days, it is observed by St Mark,

that our blessed Redeemer was with the wild beasts; which words imply, else they are of no significance, that the fiercest animals were awed by his presence, and so far laid aside their savage nature for a time, thus verifying literally, what Eliphaz in Job saith figuratively concerning a good man, 'At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh, neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth; for they shall be at peace with thee.'—"Here," says Dunster, "upon the assurance of perfect innocence in a human form amongst them, they begin to resume a certain proportion of the paradisiacal disposition." Milton says in few words,

"they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed,
his walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and the tiger glared aloof."

Fletcher is more diffuse; for we quoted but part of one stanza—yet Milton had not forgotten the following lines, so different in expression from his own, yet presenting the same images.

"If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited,
If walkt, they all in order on him waited,
And when he slept, they as his watch themselves conceited."

The apparition of the Tempter, too, as has been a hundred times observed, is very similar, and no doubt was suggested by the picture in Fletcher—yet how new!

"But now an aged man in rural weeds
Tottering as seemed in quest of some
stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which
might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow
keen,
To warm him, when returned from field
at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious
eye
Perused him, then with words thus
uttered, spake."

Dunster remarks, "that the Poet might perhaps take the hint from a design of David Vinkboon, where the Devil is represented addressing himself to our Saviour, under the appearance of an old man. It is to be met with among Fischer's cuts to

the Bible, and is engraved by Landerselt." It might be even so; and such disguise seems to be one which might very naturally suggest itself to many minds. There is, too, a certain general resemblance between the course of the Temptation in Christ's Triumph on Earth, and in Paradise Regained. In both Poems they terminate with Christ's contempt of Glory—which, in the former, is confused with his contempt of Pleasure. In Milton each trial is distinct and apart—

"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms
nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor
aught
By me proposed, in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in the world?"

The two poems have a very like ending.

"But now our Lord to rest doth homeward fly"—

"He, unobserved,
Home to his mother's house private
returned."

In both, his return home is preceded by heavenly ministrations, according to the Scripture,—"And behold angels came and ministered unto him." In Fletcher, Christ sits at a banquet by angels brought from the Father; and

"Holy quires combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all
thought divine."

In Milton, the angels

"In a flowery valley set him down,
On a green bank, and set before him
spread,
A table of celestial food divine,
Ambrosial fruits fetched from the tree of
life.

* * * *

— And as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the tempter proud."

The words of the "heavenly anthem" are set before us—as Milton heard them from the spirit who "visited his slumber nightly;" and the ineffable sublimity of the close of the divine poem lies in the obscure and humble return of Jesus to his Mother's house from the company of angels who had hailed him as the Son of God.

“ Hail ! Son of the Most High ! heir of
 both worlds,
 Queller of Satan ; on thy glorious work
 Now enter ; and begin to save mankind.
 Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour
 meek,
 Sung Victor, and from heavenly feast re-
 freshed,
 Brought on his way with joy—he unob-
 served
 Home to his Mother’s house private re-
 turned.”

No one indeed would dream for a moment of comparing the Second Book of “ Christ’s Victory and Triumph ” with Paradise Regained. Even in beauty, great though its beauty be, it is far transcended ; but its infinite inferiority is felt more, when we think of the conduct of the temptations and their kind. They are not, in truth, temptations at all. They are highly imaginative descriptions of various scenes of sensual enjoyments—sins that are made more revolting by their contrast with the perfect purity of him before whose eyes they are brought by the Evil One. To effect this was an aim worthy of a true poet, and Fletcher has effected it well, and to his everlasting praise. But we cannot for an instant feel that the man Jesus *triumphs* ; such phantasmagoria pass before his sight as painted clouds before ours ; and we had been shocked by a single syllable intimating that he had to resist their power. In the Paradise Regained, he withstands and baffles the Tempter. There all is done and shown and said that could be supposed to shake the human nature he had taken upon himself ; there he is indeed “ Queller of Satan ; ” there all the powers of hell are arrayed against him, and overthrown ; and at the close of the heavenly anthems, sung by angelic quires,
 “ Over temptation and the Tempter proud,”
 we feel that it is to the great Captain of our Salvation that they sing

“ On thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind.”

Headley, quoting all the luxurious stanzas about the Bower of Vain Delight, says, “ How far they might have influenced Milton in his *Comus* I leave the reader to determine.” We know the origin of his *Comus*.

All of the fair and beautiful influenced him in its composition, that his genius had gathered from books, life, and nature, into a treasury rich even then in brightest images and highest thoughts, continually accumulating during the drain of all that prodigal expenditure, till his mortal breath was exhausted, and his mind in all its opulence left the earth. He had read both the *Fletchers* in his youth, and he had not forgotten them in his age. There are a few sprinklings of the younger brother’s words in his *Comus*, and of the elder brother’s in his *L’Allegro*. The “ silver wand ” of the sorceresse *Panglory*, and her “ hollow globe of glass,” may be seen perhaps in the directions given by the spirit how to deal with *Comus*—to “ break his glass and seize his wand ; ” and we are disposed to agree with *Headley* in thinking that *Panglory*’s song of allurements to captivate our Saviour may have crossed Milton’s mind as he was framing the far more perilous strain by which the enchanter seeks to ensnare the lady who has wandered into his wood. In *L’Allegro* the lines, which all the world can repeat,

“ Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hung on Hebe’s cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides,”

contain several expressions—but how vivified with new life—that Milton either adopted, or used unconsciously, from a passage in the “ *Purple Island*,” published the year before—

“ Here sportful laughter dwells, here ever
 sitting,
 Defies all lumpish griefe, and wrinkled
 care,
 And twentie merrie mates mirth causes
 fitting,
 And smiles which laughter’s sonnes, yet
 infants are.”

In his glorious Hymn on the Morning of the Nativity, written in 1629, when he was but twenty-one years old, and probably as a college exercise at Cambridge—but nineteen years after the publication of “ *Christ’s Victory* ”—some of the most magnificent stanzas have been

supposed to owe their origin to one—which we again quote—in that poem.

“The angels carolled loud their songs
of peace,
The cursed oracles were stricken dumb,
To see their shepherd, the poor shepherds
press,
To see their king, the kingly sophies
come,
And them to guide unto his master’s
home,
A star comes dancing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold to make the Prince a crown
they all present.”

That “grand and sweet” stanza is worthy of Milton himself—and a writer in a late number of the *Examiner* asks well, “Say if Milton had not a right to use these thoughts, magnificently expanding them, as the following stanza may illustrate, through the highest regions of power and imagination?”

“The oracles are dumb,
No voice nor hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words
deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine
With hollow shriek, the steep of Delpho’s
leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the
prophetic cell.”

“This Ode,” the same writer continues, “is the most perfect possession in the English language. Akin to the spirit which produced it, was that of the author of ‘Christ’s Victory and Triumph.’” In the same ode there is another stanza, very like one of Fletcher’s—and we do not remember that resemblance has ever been pointed out—though it may have been by Warton, whose edition of Milton’s *Minor Poems* is not now at hand:—

“And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted
speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more
should need:
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-
tree could bear.”
In Christ’s “Victory and Triumph,”

where the poet is celebrating the Resurrection and Ascension, are these lines—

“Whose garment was before, indipt in
blood,
But now, imbrightened into heavenly
flame,
The sun itself outglitters, though he
should
Climb to the top of the celestial frame,
And force the stars to hide themselves for
shame.”

And again—

“So long he wander’d in our lower
sphere,
That Heav’n began his cloudy stars
despise,
Half envious, to see on earth appear
A greater light than flam’d in his own
skies.”

In *Paradise Lost*, too, there are passages that have a resemblance to some in the same poem. Surely Milton remembered this one—

“She ended—and the heavenly hier-
archies,
Burning in zeal, thickly embranded were
Like to an army that alarum cries;”

and is there not something in common between the most awful sympathy ever imagined,

“Earth trembled from her entrails, as
again
In pangs; and nature gave a second
groan;
Sky loured, and muttering thunder,
some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original——”

we were going to ask, if there is not something in these lines felt to be akin to the spirit of the stanza after the close of Mercy’s address to the Deity on behalf of man, in Fletcher’s poem?

“With that the mighty thunder dropt
away
From God’s unwary arm, now milder
grown,
And melted into tears.”

But the question should not be asked, for the sublimely sad imagination must have arisen, unprompted by any other voice, in Milton’s own soul, agitated in its profoundest depths by the very sight

“Of man’s first disobedience, and the
fruit

Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal
taste
Brought death into the world, and all
our woe."

We return to the poem before us,
and proceed to speak of the Third
Book, which celebrates Christ's
Triumph over Death on the Cross.
The poet seems for a while afraid to
approach the subject set before him,

" So down the silver streams of Eridan,
On either side bank'd with a lily wall,
Whiter than both rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophesies his fall,
Diving into his watery funeral :
But Eridan to Cedron must submit
His flowery shore ; nor can he envy it,
If when Apollo sings his swans do silent sit.

" That heavenly voice I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe, or swelling waves
Against the sounding rocks their bosoms tear,
Or whistling reeds, that ruddy Jordan laves,
And with their verdure his whitē head embraces,
To chide the winds, or hiving bees, that fly
About the laughing blooms of sallowy,
Rocking asleep the idle grooms that lazy lie.

" And yet how can I hear thee singing go,
When men, incensed with hate, thy death foreset ?
Or else why do I hear thee sighing so,
When thou, inflamed with love, their life dost get,
That love and hate, and sighs and songs are met :
But thus, and only thus thy love did crave,
To send thee singing for us to thy grave,
While we sought thee to kill, and thou soughtst us to save."

The allusion here is to the thirtieth
verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of
St Matthew. " And when they had
sung a hymn, they went out into
the Mount of Olives." The dim
confusion of spirit subsequent on
the memory of that music gives a
bewildered look to the lines that
follow.

" When I remember Christ our burden
bears,
I look for glory, but find misery ;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears ;
I look that we should live, and find him
die ;
I look for angels' songs, and hear him
cry ;
Thus what I look, I cannot find so
well ;
Or rather what I find, I cannot tell,
These banks so narrow are, those streams
so highly swell."

He then flees away from the
thoughts that trouble him, to up-
braid those " giddy brains, whose
wits are thought so fresh," when

and in holy dread, to keep his eyes
shut against the sight of that dread-
ful sacrifice. He soothes his spirit
by the gentlest images that grief and
sorrow may supply, and dwells on
them as long as he can, before they
shall be all scattered by severest
anguish. The book begins with these
sweet and melancholy stanzas :

they are seen plucking up the pe-
rishable charms of nature to bedeck
some poor idol

" Of fading roses, and of melting snow."

Their songs exceed their matter—

" This of mine,
The matter which it sings shall make
divine,
As stars dark puddles gild, on which
their beauties shine."

And then he speaks of the obscure
fables of the Gentiles typifying the
death of Him who died for us all.

" For he that conquer'd hell, to fetch
again
His virgin widow, by a serpent slain,
Another Orpheus was than dreaming
poet's feign."

That Orpheus it was who taught
stones to melt for passion—the dor-
mant sea to lie silent.

" The while the waves stood still to hear
his song,

And steady shore waved with the reeling throng
Of thirsty souls, that hung upon his fluent tongue."

To us now-a-days, who may not so interpret such fables, and see in them but the passionate regrets and longings of the human heart for human joys and loves that had ceased to be, or were enduring doleful separation, allusions like these may seem out of place here, as if empty dreams were invited to mingle with awful realities, and even pleasant fiction with most miserable truth. But, no doubt, the poet believed in such prefigurations; and he passes, all at once, in perfect sincerity of faith, from them to speak in scriptural language of the merits of the Redeemer.

"What better friendship than to cover shame?

What greater love than for a friend to die?

Yet this is better, to asselt the blame;
And this is greater, for an enemy!
But more than this, to die not suddenly,
Not with some common death, or easy pain,

But slowly, and with torments to be slain;

O depth without a depth, far better seen than say'n!"

He then has strength of heart to enter the Garden of Gethsemane, and witness the agony and bloody sweat.

"The dewy night had with her frosty shade

Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground

Sparkled in ice; only the Lord, that made

All for himself, himself dissolved found—
Sweat without heat, and blood without a wound:

Of heav'n, and earth, and God, and man forlore,

Thrice begging help of those whose sins he bore,

And thrice denied of one, not to deny had sworn.

"Thus Christ himself to watch and sorrow gives,

While, dew'd in easy sleep, dead Peter lies;

Thus man in his own grave securely lives,

While Christ alive, with thousand horrors dies;

Yet more for theirs, than his own pardon cries:

No sins he had, yet all our sins he bore;

So much doth God for others' evils care

And yet so careless men for their own evils are.

"Yet had he been alone of God forsaken,
Or had his body been embroil'd alone
In fierce assault, he might, perhaps, have taken

Some joy in soul, when all joy else was gone;

But that with God—and God to heav'n is flown;

And hell itself out from her grave doth rise,

Black as the starless night—and with them flies

Yet blacker than they both, the son of blasphemies."

The Son of Blasphemies calls on the "rusty throng of night," "sad Dires of my power," to let their tormentor in his turn be tormented—

"To make our Judge for pardon to us kneel;"

and forthwith

"A thousand flaming serpents hissing flew

About his soul, from hellish sulphur threw,

And every one brandished his fiery tongue,

And worming all about his soul they clung;

But he their stings tore out, and to the ground them flung."

The poet remembered these and other verses, "Then saith he unto them, my soul is exceeding sorrowful and very heavy; tarry ye here and watch with me. And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, 'O, my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow." No other words can ever affect us like these; yet the thought of them has awakened a very noble and long-sustained strain.

“ See drowsy Peter, see where Judas wakes,
 Where Judas kisses him whom Peter flies :
 O kiss more deadly than the sting of snakes!
 False love more hurtful than true injuries !
 Ah me ! how dearly God his servant buys !
 For God his man at his own blood doth hold,
 And man his God for thirty pence hath sold :
 So tin for silver goes, and dunghill dross for gold.

“ Yet was it not enough for Sin to choose
 A servant, to betray his Lord to them ;
 But that a subject must his King accuse ;
 But that a pagan must his God condemn ;
 But that a Father must his Son condemn ;
 But that the Son must his own death desire ;
 That prince, and people, servant, and the Sire,
 Gentile and Jew, and he against himself conspire ?

“ Was this the oil to make thy saints adore thee,
 The frothy spittle of the rascal throng ?
 Are these the verges that are borne before thee,
 Base whips of cord, and knotted all along ?
 Is this thy golden sceptre against wrong,
 A reedy cane ? is that the crown adorns
 Thy shining locks—a crown of spiny thorns ?
 Are these the angels' hymns, the priests' blasphemous scorns ?

“ Who ever saw honour before asham'd ;
 Afflicted majesty ; debased height ;
 Innocence guilty ; honesty defam'd ;
 Liberty bound ; health sick ; the sun in night ?
 But since such wrong was offer'd unto right,
 Our night is day, our sickness health is grown,
 Our shame is veil'd, this now remains alone
 For us—since he was ours, that we be not our own.

“ Night was ordain'd for rest, and not for pain,
 But they, to pain their Lord, their rest contemn ;
 Good laws to save, what bad men would have slain,
 And not bad judges, with one breath, by them
 The innocent to pardon, and condemn :
 Death for revenge of murd'ers, not decay
 Of guiltless blood—but now, all headlong sway
 Man's murderer to save, man's Saviour to slay.

“ Frail multitude ! whose giddy law is list,
 And best applause is windy flattering,
 Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
 No sooner blown but as soon vanishing ;
 As much desired as little profiting ;
 That makes the men that have it oft as light
 As those that give it ; which the proud invite,
 And fear ;—the bad man's friend, the good man's hypocrite.

“ It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
 ‘ Blessed is he that comes from the most High !’
 And all the mountains with ‘ Hosanna !’ rung ;
 And now, ‘ Away with him—away !’ they cry,
 And nothing can be heard, but ‘ Crucify !’
 It was but now, the crown itself they save,
 And golden name of King unto him gave ;
 And now, no king, but only Cæsar they will have.

“ It was but now they gather'd blooming may,
 And of his arms disrob'd the branching tree,
 To strew with boughs and blossoms all thy way ;
 And now the branchless trunk a cross for thee,
 And may, dismayed, the coronet must be :

It was but now they were so kind, to throw
Their own best garments where thy feet should go,
And now thyself they strip, and bleeding wounds they show.

“ See, where the Author of all life is dying :
O fearful day ! He dead, what hope of living ?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying :
O cheerful day ! they bought, what fear of grieving ?
Love, love for hate, and death for life, is giving :
Lo, how his arms are stretched abroad to grace thee,
And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee !
Why stay'st thou then, my soul ? O fly, fly, thither haste thee !

“ His radious head with shameful thorns they tear,
His tender back with bloody whips they rent,
His side and heart they furrow with a spear,
His hands and feet with riving nails they tent ;
And, as to disenthral his soul they meant,
They jolly at his grief, and make their game,
His naked body to expose to shame,
That all might come to see, and all might see that came.”

The pious poet here shows that he was guided and prevented by a far higher power than mere judgment—by awe, and love, and fear in possession of his soul—in recording his vision of the cross. How passionate his outcry at sight of the Passion !

“ Lo ! how his arms are stretched abroad to grace thee,

And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee !

Why stayest thou, then ? my soul, O fly, fly, thither haste thee !”

Mount Calvary reels away from his eyes ; and we know not where we could find in poetry, out of the Bible, more sacred gloom than this—

“ Whereat the heaven put out his guilty eye,
That durst behold so execrable sight ;
And sabled all in black the shady sky ;
And the pale stars, struck with unwonted fright,
Quenched their everlasting lamps in night ;
And at his birth, as all the stars heav'n had
Were not enough, but a new star was made,
So now both new and old, and all away did fade.

“ The amazed angels shook their fiery wings,
Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne,
One down his eyes upon the manhood flings,
Another gazes on the Godhead—none
But surely thought his wits were not his own ;
Some flew to look if it were very he :
But when God's arm unarmed they did see,
Albeit they saw it was, they vow'd it could not be.

“ The sadden'd air hung all in cheerless black,
Through which the gentle winds soft sighing flew,
And Jordan into such huge sorrow brake,
(As if his holy stream no measure knew,)
That all his narrow banks he overthrew ;
The trembling earth with horror inly shook,
And stubborn stones, such grief unus'd to brook,
Did burst, and ghosts awaking from their graves 'gan look.

“ The wise philosopher cried, all aghast,
The God of nature surely languished !
The sad centurion cried out as fast,
The Son of God, the Son of God was dead ;
The headlong Jew hung down his pensive head,
And homewards fared ; and ever, as he went,
He smote his breast, half desperately bent ;
The very woods and beasts did seem his death lament.”

“Woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born.” All other criminals—with all their unimaginable iniquities—sink into the blackness in which we see glaring the horrid face of Judas Iscariot, and are swallowed up. Satan’s self seems not so wicked as he—one unpardonable felon remains in the fire, if we dream of a general jail-delivery in Hades. Did he hang himself, or falling, did his bowels burst out in the Field of Blood? Both. Mercy pleads not for him—nor Justice against him—the heavens are mute—and they who stand around the throne of God know not his doom. And is this the judgment pronounced by miserable creatures like us on him who was the most miserable of us all! Christ died to save sinners—and he was the chief of sinners—but did he not—repent? “Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders—saying, I have sinned in that I

have betrayed the innocent blood—and they said what is *that* to us? See thou to *that*. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself.” The chief priests and elders—they lived on—and so did they who cried “Crucify! Crucify him!” But the love he bore us was infinite—and, when the universe has been crumpled like a scroll, may bring the soul even of the one who betrayed him by a kiss within the pale of redemption. But hear with what sacred horror the human breast of him who sang Christ’s Triumph over Death pursues the suicide to his doom.

The “Cave of Despair” we think of now—if at all—as a mere picture of the fancy—which we may enter or recoil from according to our mood—its are unsubstantial horrors—and Despair himself a phantom. But here is flesh and blood that burst and puddled—and here is a heart that scorpions indeed did sting—and here is a soul that knew the curse of God, and accursed of man leapt out of life into damnation.

“The graceless traitor round about did look
(He look’d not long, the devil quickly met him)
To find a halter, which he found, and took,
Only a gibbet now he needs must get him;
So on a withered tree he fairly set him,
And help’d him fit the rope, and in his thought
A thousand furies, with their whips, he brought;
So there he stands, ready to hell to make his vauld.

“For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid;
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,
Pursued eagerly, nor ever staid
Till the betrayer’s self it had betray’d.

Oft changed he place, in hope away to wind;
But change of place could never change his mind:
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

“There are but two ways for this soul to have,
When parting from the body, forth it purges;
To fly to heaven, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of scorpions, with the stinging scourges,
Feed on the howling ghosts, and fiery surges
Of brimstone roll about the cave of night;
Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light,
And fire both fries and freezes the blaspheming spright.

“There lies the captive soul, aye-sighing sore,
Reckoning a thousand years since her first bands;
Yet stays not there, but adds a thousand more,
And at another thousand never stands,
But tells to them the stars, and heaps the sands:
And now the stars are told, and sands are run,
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
And yet but now, alas! but now all is begun.

“ With that a flaming brand a fury catch'd,
 And shook, and toss'd it round in his wild thought,
 So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatch'd,
 With ev'ry star of hope; and as he sought
 (With present fear, and future grief distraught)
 To fly from his own heart, and aid implore
 Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
 Whose storehouse is the heavens, too little for his store :

“ ‘ Stay, wretch, on earth (cried Satan)—restless rest ;
 Know'st thou not Justice lives in heav'n ; or can
 The worst of creatures live among the best :
 Among the blessed angels cursed man ?
 Will Judas now become a Christian ?

Whither will Hope's long wings transport thy mind ?
 Or canst thou not thyself a sinner find ?
 Or, cruel to thyself, wouldst thou have Mercy kind ?

“ ‘ He gave thee life ; why shouldst thou seek to slay him ?
 He lent thee wealth to feed thy avarice :
 He call'd thee friend—what, that thou shouldst betray him ?
 He kiss'd thee, though he knew his life the price :
 He wash'd thy feet—shouldst thou his sacrifice ?
 He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood,
 And at thy heart to enter in he stood ;
 But then I enter'd in, and all my snaky brood.'

“ As when wild Pentheus, grown mad with fear,
 Whole troops of hellish hags about him spies,
 Two bloody suns stalking the dusky sphere,
 And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes ;
 Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,
 With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,
 That, with infernal serpents all emboss'd,
 And torches quench'd in blood, doth her stern son accost ;

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
 Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
 That, now unable to endure their storms,
 ‘ Fly, fly (he cries) thyself, whate'er thou art,
 Hell, hell already burns in ev'ry part.'

So down into his tort'rer's arms he fell,
 That ready stood his funeral to yell,
 And in a cloud of night to waft him quick to hell.

“ Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung :
 So when the senses half enslumber'd lie,
 The headlong body, ready to be flung
 By the deluding fancy from some high
 And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
 And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,
 And, as from heav'n it tumbled to the deep,
 Feels a cold sweat through ev'ry trembling member creep.

“ There let him hang, embowelled in blood,
 There never any gentle shepherd feed
 His blessed flocks, nor ever heav'nly food
 Fall on the cursed ground, nor wholesome seed,
 That may the least delight or pleasure breed :

Let never spring visit his habitation,
 But nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation,
 With empty elders grow—sad signs of desolation !

“ There let the dragon keep his habitance,
 And stinking carcasses be thrown avaunt,
 Fauns, sylvans, and deformed satyrs dance,
 Wild cats, wolves, toads, and screech-owls direly chant ;
 There ever let some restless spirit haunt,

With hollow sound, and clashing chains, to scare
The passengers, and eyes like to the star
That sparkles in the crest of angry Mars afar.

“ But let the blessed dews for ever show’r
Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spy
The bloody ensign of our Saviour:
Strange conquest, where the Conqueror must die,
And he is slain that wins the victory!

But he that, living, had no house to owe it,
Now had no grave, but Joseph must bestow it:
O run, ye saints, apace, and with sweet flowers bestow it!

“ And ye glad spirits, that now sainted sit
On your celestial thrones, in beauty drest,
Though I your tears recount, O let not it
With after-sorrow wound your tender breast,
Or with new grief unquiet your soft rest:
Enough for me your complaints to sound again,
That never could enough myself complain.
Sing, then, O sing aloud, thou Arimathean swain!”

What relief in the transition from all those horrors, to a glimpse of the bliss of the saints in heaven, and from that bliss back again to their rueful sorrows while kneeling at the foot of the Cross! Some of the most beautiful stanzas in the poem are those in which we see Joseph of Arimathea, with the Maries sitting near, upholding the body, prepared for “his own new tomb, which he had hewed out of a rock!” The mother of our Lord opens not her mouth—and “he who also himself was Jesus’ disciple,” not vainly seeking to comfort her, says,

“ Ah! woful soul! what joy on all our coast,
When him we hold, we have already lost!
Once didst thou lose thy son, but foundst again;
Now findst thy Son, but findst him lost and slain.
Ah me! though he could death, how canst thou life sustain.”

He invokes his dear Lord, wherever his shadow hovereth, to see how Earth is darkened for his sake—how the Sun in daytime clouds his face—how the heavens themselves moan—and “no joyful beam looks from the starry bower” of Vesper, who forgets his nightly course—

“ ‘ And sleeping on bright Ceta’s top doth dream
The world a chaos is.’
And you, sweet flowers, that in this garden grow,

Whose happy state a thousand souls envy,
Did you your own felicities but know,
Yourselves unplucked would to his funeral lie,

You never could in better season die;
Oh that I might into your places slide!

The gates of Heaven stand gaping in his side;
There in my soul should steal, and all her faults should hide.”

To some, perhaps, such invocations to senseless images may seem unaccordant with passion—

“ Unreal mockery and a dream of woes;”

Yet in the very highest poetry of passion we meet with them—sometimes as uncontrollable bursts of tenderness gushing on familiar objects, that look as if they felt our calamities—sometimes as vain efforts to get rid of or lighten the burden of grief, by transferring the feelings that oppress us to things that can feel nothing, and among which they may melt away or sink into the earth—sometimes as yearnings, in the disorder and disturbance of our souls, towards the fair offspring of the earth, that seem in their still beauty ensouled, and to breathe back a softened echo to our anguish, till our own sighs, and even our own very groans sound less dismally to ourselves, and peace comes to us, during longer and longer intervals, from the sweet aspect of nature that smiles away despair. Be it remem-

bered, too, that here "the Arimathean swain" was full of faith in the Divinity of the Being over whose body he wept—that a consecration fell on all the ground about the sepulchre in which it was to be laid—and that if natural affections prompt strewments of flowers on the graves of the human dead, "sweets to the sweet"—well might love like his for such a Being as his Lord Jesus, ex-

claim to them growing in the garden where He had once walked, and now was to be buried,

"You never could in better season die."

But he gives vent to other sorrows—and in strains with which all of woman born must sympathize—"because that we have all one human heart."

"Are these the eyes that made all others blind?

Ah! why are they themselves now blemished?

Is this the face in which all beauty shined?

What blast hath thus his flowers debellished?

Are these the feet that on the wat'ry head

Of the unfaithful ocean passage found?

Why go they now so lowly under ground,

Wash'd with our worthless tears, and their own precious wound?

"One hem but of the garments that he wore

Could medicine whole countries of their pain;

One touch of this pale hand could life restore,

One word of these cold lips revive the slain:

Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain.

What, though the sullen Pharisees repin'd?

He that should both compare, at length would find

The blind man only saw, the seers all were blind.

"Why should they think thee worthy to be slain?

Was it because thou gav'st their blind men eyes?

Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again?

Or for thou heal'dst their sick men's maladies?

Or mad'st their dumb to speak, and dead to rise?

O could all these but any grace have won,

What would they not to save thy life have done?

The dumb man would have spoke, and lame man would have run.

"Let me, O let me near some fountain lie,

That through the rock heaves up his sandy head,

Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,

Whose hollow root and baser parts are spread

On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,

That I their streams, and they my tears may feed:

Or, clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,

Spend all my days in weeping for this cursed deed.

"The life, the which I once did love, I leave;

The love, in which I once did live, I loathe;

I hate the light, that did my light bereave;

Both love and life, I do despise you both.

O, that one grave might both our ashes clothe!

A love, a life, a light I now obtain,

Able to make my age grow young again—

Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

"Thus spend we tears—that never can be spent—

On Him, that sorrow now no more shall see;

Thus send we sighs—that never can be sent—

To him that died to live, and would not be,

To be there where he would.—Here bury we

This heavenly earth; here let it softly sleep,

The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep.'

So all the body kiss'd, and homeward went to weep."

The Fourth Book opens with a joyful and triumphal strain on the morning of the Resurrection—when Christ's Triumph over Death is manifested by its effects on all creatures and on all nature. In the Hymn on the Morning of the Nativity, Milton sees nature imbued with a heart and soul of love, and fear, and shame, knowing that Christ was born—and to still them her Maker sends down an angel,

“ Who strikes an universal peace through
sea and land.”

Earth, air, and heaven, with all their living creatures, and all their flowers and stars, are conscious of the presence of the Prince of Light. So filled is the great poet's holy imagination with the images of Nature's trance and passion, that several most magnificent stanzas unroll themselves out in their harmonious numbers, without one word signifying aught of human beings or of human life. All thought of her children is absorbed in the sight of the Mighty Mother moved by the advent of her Almighty Lord.

“ It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
lies ;

Nature in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize ;
It was no season then for her

“ The engladde'd Spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began to eblazon from her leafy bed ;
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets ; the wood's late wintry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

“ And now the taller sons (whom Titan warms)
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
And, if they chanced to slip the prouder pines,
The under corylets did catch the shines,
To gild their leaves ; saw never happier year
Such joyful triumph and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

“ Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red ?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to wed :
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled,
So never let the spiteful canker waste you,
So never let the heavens with lightning blast you,
Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste you ?

To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair,
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent
snow ;

And on her naked shame
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive green, came
softly sliding

Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds diving ;

And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through
sea and land.”

Throughout the whole Hymn we listen to the music of the spheres—the universe seems glorified—and all the glory there is subservient to that of the Messiah.

In his hymn-like strains on the morning of the resurrection, Fletcher sings of the sudden spring all over the earth proclaiming Christ's “ Triumph after Death,” and manifesting her joy at his deliverance from the grave. His song is not high as Milton's, indeed—but it is high—and very beautiful—

“ Answer me, Jordau, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his nearest way,
As though some other way thy stream would slide,
And fain salute the place where something lay.
And you, sweet birds, that, shaded from the ray,
Sit carolling and piping grief away,
The while the lambs to hear you dance and play,
Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say ?

“ And thou, fair spouse of Earth ! that every year
Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more near ?
Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spied,
That in one place for joy thou canst not bide :
And you, dead swallows, that so lively now
Through the fleet air your winged passage row,
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow ?

“ Ye primroses and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
And woo men's hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes and velvets garnished ?
But ah ! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all would to your Saviour's triumph go :
There would you all await, and humble homage show.

“ There should the earth herself, with garlands new
And lovely flowers embellished, adore :
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,
Like beauty never yet did shine before :
There should the Sun another Sun behold,
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
That kinde heaven and earth with beauties manifold.”

And now is the grave “ unable longer
his own dead to keep,” and heaven
and earth again behold their Lord.
He who was judged to die, is now
Himself Judge of all—He who was
forsaken of all, is taken by the saints
into their armies—He who was for
an unworthy man mistaken, is con-
fessed to be God—He who by all
the basest was torn with blasphem-
ies, is worshipped by angels, who
veil their faces with their wings.

“ So fairest Phosphor, the bright morn-
ing star,
But newly washed in the green element;
Before the drowsy night is half aware,

Shooting his flaming locks, with dew
besprent,
Springs lively up into the Orient,
And the bright drove, fleeced all in
gold, he chases
To drink, that on the Olympic moun-
tain grazes,
The while the minor planets forfeit all
their faces.”

“ He ascended into heaven.” The
Ascension is sung in the same rap-
turous strain, and seldom has poet's
wings soared so high, without seeming
to be in peril of falling from the empy-
rean. This surely may be said to be
inspiration.

“ Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of glory enter in !
At whose brave volley of siderial states,
The sun to blush and stars grow pale, were seen ;
When leaping first from earth, he did begin
To climb his angel wings : then open hang
Your crystal doors ! ' so all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

“ Hark ! how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight ;
The wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heavenly light,
Set all their flowers a-smiling at the sight ;

The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd
The flaming Lamb, breaking through heaven hath passage found.

“ Out leap the antique patriarchs, all in haste,
To see the powers of hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland interchas'd
Of olive-leaves they bore to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried :
After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of gold.

“ To which the saints victorious carols sung,
Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound
The hollow vaults of heaven for triumph rung :
The cherubim their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around :
Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw,
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

“ Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
But out they rush among the heavenly crowd,
Seeking their heaven out of their heaven to find,
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,
And all the virgin souls in pure array,
Came dancing forth and making joyous play :
So him they led along into the courts of day.

“ So him they led into the courts of day,
Where never war nor wounds abide him more ;
But in that house eternal peace doth play,
Acquiescing the souls that, new besore,
Their way to heaven through their own blood did score,
But now, estranged from all misery,
As far as heaven and earth discoasted lie
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.”

Alas ! the poet's wing does falter,
and he drops “ plumb down ” from

“ An ampler ether, a diviner air,”

to the shades of earth. It seems as if his inspiration were suddenly dead—and he became a common man. Several successive stanzas, that we would fain believe to be interpolations, if we could, by some meaner hand, miserably break the lofty strain, and we are astounded by the unaccountable introduction of a view of the state of some of the chief kingdoms of Europe, and a panegyric on the celestial virtues of King James !

Headley is very severe on Phineas Fletcher because of a passage in the *Purple Island*, in which “ he abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulsome and unpardonable compliment to James the First, on that account perhaps the most unpalatable passage in the book.”

Eclecta, or Intellect, at the head of the Virtues, has given battle to the Vices, and gains the victory through the aid of an angel, who is no other than King James the First and Sext.

“ And straight an angel, full of heavenly might
(Three several crowns circled his royal head)
From northern coast hearing his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams disspread,
And open lays the Beast's and Dragon's shame ;
For to this end th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave him ominous name.

“ A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thundering knell ;
And oft proclaimed as through the world he flew,
‘ Babel, Great Babel, lies as low as Hell.

Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her Heaven-exalted towers in dust are
drowned ;
Babel, proud Babel's fallen, and lies as low
as ground.'

" The broken heavens dispart with fearful
noise,
And from the heart outshoots a sudden
light ;
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sound-
ing voice,
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight ;
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling
blast,
And soon perceived that day must be his
last ;
Which struck his frightened heart and all
his troops ag hast."

Phineas Fletcher tells us, in a note, that all this, and much more than this—for no "mailed angel on a battle-day" ever so fought before—is about "our late most learned sovereign" in "his Remonstrance and Complaint on the Apocalypse"—not his Counterblast—nor does he appear on the field as an anti-tobacco-nist, but an anti-sulphuric. Yet there is no reason to accuse his panegyrist of insincerity, or any mean intention; the compliment seems to us extremely absurd, and certainly is ludicrously out of place and time; but Headley, in calling it "fulsome and unpardonable," seems to have been thinking how unworthy it was of Phineas Fletcher, from motives of self-interest, to pay such court to such a King. But before the poem was published the King was dead—and had Phineas been a mean spirit, he would have expunged the passage; for 'tis not thought to be the best way of gaining the favour of a prince, too loftily to extol the merits of his predecessor on the throne. The truth is, that both brothers regarded King James as a prodigy of virtue, learning, genius, and wisdom; for poets are an enthusiastic, and, with few exceptions, have ever been a loyal race; and we must forgive them—and they are forgiven—their sometimes undue reverence of the Lord's Anointed. Three of the stanzas, which we wish out and far away from the poem of Giles Fletcher, we give as a specimen of the rest.

" Dear Prince, thy subjects' joy, hope of
their heirs,
Picture of peace, or breathing image
rather,

The certain argument of all our prayers,
Thy Harries and thy country's lovely
father,
Let peace in endless joy for ever bathe
her
Within thy sacred breast, that at thy
birth
Broughtst her with thee from heaven
to dwell on earth,
Making our earth a heaven, and paradise
of mirth.

" Let not my liege misdeem these hum-
ble lays
As linkt with soft and supple blandish-
ment,
Or spoken to disparagon his praise ;
For though pale Cynthia, near her bro-
ther's tent,
Soon disappears on the white firmament,
And gives him back his beams, be-
fore were his,—
Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,
She the vive image of her absent brother
is.

" Nor let the Prince of Peace his beads-
man blame,
That with the steward dares his Lord
compare ;
And heavenly peace with earthly quiet
shame :
So pines to lowly plants compared are,
And lightning Phœbus to a little star :
And well I wot, my rhyme albe un-
smooth,
Ne says but what it means, ne means
but sooth,
Ne harms the good, ne good to harmful
person doth."

This deprecation disarms our anger; and we are beginning to look on all the condemned stanzas with less intolerant dislike, and especially when the poet, inspired by the thought of his country, even more than of his king, exclaims—

" Go, blessed island! wander where
thou please,
Unto thy God, or men, heaven, lands, or
seas,
Thou canst not lose thy way—thy King
with all hath peace."

There are not a few other fall-
ings off in the course of the poem,
which we have chosen—nor shall
we be blamed for doing so—to
pass over in silence; and most of
them, indeed, are to be attributed
to the strong but unsteady youth
of his genius, and to those aber-
rations of thought and feeling

which, from whatever cause proceeding, are often visible, to our great perplexity, in almost all the poetry of that time. We dare not say that we have a right to disencumber of its dress a poem "that the world will not willingly let die;" yet were we to give an edition of it, we should be sorely tempted to transfer those stanzas to a place by themselves, nor would they leave any *hiatus*—for the noble lines they separate would in one spirit instantly coalesce. The present editor, perhaps fastidious overmuch, has left out a few voluptuous verses, which could hardly offend, because such allurements are

shown but to be scorned, and the cheek of modesty blushes not at such picture, exposed but for a moment before her eyes, when her heart is assured that it is painted by the hand of one who loves only what is pure, and seeks to make even vice, however fair its semblance, ashamed of pollution. He had done better, had his asterisks marked the absence of those other stanzas—or there even a blot had been no blemish.

But the poet disentangles his wings from the limed hedges, and remounts the skies. Again, like the lark's, his song "beats at heaven's gates."

"Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm,
And, looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his saints, amidst their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm;
And in this lower field spacing wide,
Through windy thoughts that would their sails misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

"Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious
Their sunny tents and houses luminous;
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

"Full, yet without satiety, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat;
But one eternal day, and endless light,
Gives time to those whose time is infinite—
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him whom never eye could see,
And magnifying him that cannot greater be.

"How can such joy as this want words to speak?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this?
Far from the world, that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
Pour'd out in pleasure, on their beds of bliss;
And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

"Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on their heavenly noise,
That angels sing, to tell their untold joys;
Their understanding naked truth, their wills
The all and self-sufficient Goodness fills,
That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

"No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,

No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
 No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
 No fear of death the joy of life devours,
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
 No loss, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours."

In one of these stanzas—we need not name it—are compressed as many fine thoughts and feelings and images as are to be any where found in the same number of lines in any language; and it alone stamps the genius of Fletcher as of the highest order. But all the stanzas are very noble; and they are felt to be nobler and nobler the oftener we read them, for when well-accustomed to his style, and its peculiarities, characteristic alike of himself and of his times, we lose all disrelish of what is called quaintness; and the antitheses, in which he loves to indulge, are seen to be far indeed from mere play with words—opposition and apposition, bold and apt, of "thick-coming fancies," freely flowing feelings, and a rush of thoughts. Rightly to understand and duly to feel the power of any one poet of that age, you must be familiar with many—better still if with all—the great or good; for how can they who have formed their taste and judgment of poetry on that alone of their own age, and had all their feelings brought under its influence, without a thought that any other poetry, with its own power and glory and dominion, lies beyond their ken in regions over which hangs the darkness of time indeed, but no such darkness as is not illuminated by fiery streaks, or lambent light, or stedfast splendour, comprehend, should they attempt it, the character of all those wonderful creations, which Intellect and Imagination, then often united in sovran majesty, framed apparently with such ease as if they were unconscious of the greatness of their own conceptions, and with such variety as

showed that the materials, with which their inspirations were conversant, were as inexhaustible as those inspirations were sure—and they were sure, for they were won from heaven, by zeal and devotion and fidelity to heaven, in all those pursuits which heaven commands to man as worthy of his immortal nature—the study of his own being, and by the light of knowledge so acquired, the study of the Attributes of the Almighty Maker in his works—and in that other Revelation, where there is light without shadow to all them who know that the day-spring from on high has visited us, and that our lost heritage in heaven has been redeemed for us by him,

"Who sojourning with us in low degree,
 Did wash his flocks in Jordan's spotless
 tide;
 And that his dear remembrance might
 abide,
 Did to us come, and with us lived, and
 for us died."

The Poet of "Christ's Victory and Triumph" was assuredly one of these; and it was in the illumination of Christian Faith that he had this vision of Heaven. Most spiritual! No sensuous imagery beyond what must belong to the veil of words—yet how fervent the feeling! how clear the thought! Soul is absorbed in bliss—and its essence is love. Of

"The light that never was on earth or
 sea"

is composed the region of everlasting peace—and they who are yet dwellers in the dust hear a voice saying, "Come unto me, ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"For things that pass are past, and in this field
 The indeficent spring no winter fears;
 The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
 Th' unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
 And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears;
 And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
 Not, as they wont, on baser earth below:
 Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

"About the holy city rolls a flood
 Of molten chrystal, like a sea of glass,
 On which weak stream, a strong foundation stood;

Of living diamonds the building was,
 That all things else, besides itself, did pass ;
 Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
 And little pearls, for dust, it seem'd to have,
 On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow, did wave.

“ In midst of this city celestial,
 Where the Eternal Temple should have rose,
 Lighten'd the Idea Beatifical—
 End and beginning of each thing that grows ;
 Whose self no end nor yet beginning knows,
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
 Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear ;
 That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is every where :

“ Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
 Before and after all, the first and last ;
 That, moving all, is yet immoveable ;
 Great without quantity ; in whose forecast
 Things past are present, things to come are past ;
 Swift without motion ; to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie ;
 At once absent and present to them, far and nigh.

“ It is no flaming lustre, made of light ;
 No sweet consent, or well-tim'd harmony ;
 Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
 Or flowry odour, mix'd with spicery ;
 No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily ;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
 An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

“ A heavenly feast, no hunger can consume ;
 A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
 A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
 That no satiety can e'er unlace :
 Ingrac'd into so high a favour, there
 The saints, with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,
 And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

“ Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
 Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains,
 Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endless ev'ning that remains,
 Among those white flocks and celestial trains,
 That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
 That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
 Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name ! ”

The poem is now a whole—and read again the lines in which the complete. And we feel it is so, as subject is proposed. we look back to the opening, and

“ The birth of Him that no beginning new,
 Yet gives beginning to all that are born ;
 And how the Infinite far greater grew
 By growing less ; and how the rising morn,
 That shot from heav'n, did back to heav'n return ;
 The obsequies of him that could not die,
 And death of life, end of eternity,
 How worthily he died that died unworthily ;—

“ How God and man did both embrace each other,
 Met in one person, heaven and earth did kiss ;
 And how a virgin did become a mother,

And bare that Son, who the world's Father is
 And Maker of his mother ; and how Bliss
 Descended from the bosom of the High,
 To clothe himself in naked misery,
 Sailing at length to heaven, in earth, triumphantly."

Fletcher had not ventured on such undertaking, without all preparation demanded by its sanctity, in as far as that was possible to one so young ; and he must have had happiness, at once high and humble, in the accomplishment of his work. He had proved himself by his Poem to be one of the best Defenders of the Faith, which he had avowed in his eloquent "address to the reader ;" and with a few passages from it we conclude our paper :—

"But it may be they will give the Spirit of God leave to breathe through what pipe it please, and will confess, because they must needs, that all the songs dittied by him must needs be, as their fountain is, most holy ; but their common clamour is, 'who can compare with God?' True ; and yet as none can compare without presumption, so all may imitate. * * * * * I had rather with my Lord, and his most divine Apostle, sing (though I sing sorrily) the love of Heaven and Earth, than praise God (as they do) with the worthy gift of silence, and sitting still, or think I dispraised

him with this poetical discourse. It seems they have either not read, or clean forgot, that it is the duty of the Muses (if we may believe Pindar and Hesiod) to sit always under the Throne of Jupiter. * * * * *

"How then can they for shame deny commonwealths to them, who were the first authors of them? How can they deny the blind philosopher, that teaches them, his light ; the empty musician, that delights them, his soul ; the dying soldier, that defends their life, immortality after his own death? Let philosophy, let ethics, let all the arts bestow upon us this gift, that we be not thought dead men, whilst we remain among the living : it is only poetry that can make us be thought living men when we lie among the dead ; and therefore I think it unequal to thrust them out of our cities, that call us out of our graves—to think so hardly of them, that make us to be so well thought of—to deny them to live a while among us, that make us live for ever among our posterity."

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THE O'CONNELL DOMINATION.

THAT O'Connell, with his tail of six-and-thirty Irish Papists, is now the real ruler of this country, no one who has paid the slightest attention to public affairs for the last six months can for a moment doubt. The Conservatives and Revolutionists from Great Britain being nearly equal, or rather there being a small preponderance in favour of the former in the House of Commons, the balance is struck by the Catholic members from Ireland; and their avowed leader, in effect, holds the sceptre of the three kingdoms. By their own confession, the King is against them, the peers are against them, the landowners are against them, the clergy are against them, the learned professions are against them. What then sustains them, in opposition to the declared wishes of the Crown, the peers, and the majority of the representation from Great Britain? O'Connell and his Irish Tail, who now occupy the station which Metternich and the Austrians did at the congress of Prague, and are as much, in consequence, the arbiters of the British empire as they at that juncture were of the destinies of Europe.

We have repeatedly had occasion to observe—and we make no apology for repeating the observation, because it is by such means alone that truth gradually makes its way with the masses of mankind—that it is the nature of all revolutionary convulsions, and at once the circum-

stance in which consists their chief danger, and the provision of nature for their final extinction, to descend from the higher to the lower orders, and bring up at last nothing but the scum and dregs of society to be the rulers of the state. The gradual descent of the English Revolution, through the Presbyterians and the Independents, to Cromwell and the Fifth-Monarchy men, and of the French through the Orleanists, the Constitutionalists, and the Girondists, to the Jacobins, are but instances of the operation of a great moral law, applicable alike to nations and individuals, universal as the air we breathe, invincible as the attraction which retains the planets in their path. Newton demonstrated that the same physical law which made an apple fall to the ground regulated the movement of the heavenly bodies, and restrained even the fiery course of the most eccentric comets. With equal justice and certainty, it may be asserted that the same moral law which brings the career of passion in the individual to ruin or the scaffold, leads revolutionary states to the dominion of the most desperate, selfish, and ignoble in the community. The operation of this moral law in individuals has long been familiar to moralists; but the corresponding necessity to which political bodies in a state of democratic action are subject is only beginning to be unfolded by the extending the experience

of mankind. The principles found by observation, however, to be applicable to the one are equally in force in the other. "The system," says Blair, "upon which the divine government at present proceeds plainly is, that '*men's own wickedness should be appointed to correct them*; that sinners should be snared in the work of their hands, and sunk in the pit which themselves have digged; that the backslider in heart should be filled with his own ways.' Of all the plans that could have been devised for the government of the world, this approves itself to reason as the wisest and most worthy of God—so to frame the constitution of things, that the divine laws should in a manner execute themselves, and carry their sanctions in their own bosom. When the vices of men require punishment to be inflicted, the Almighty is at no loss for ministers of justice. But such is the profound wisdom of his plan, that no peculiar interpositions of power are requisite. He has no occasion to step from his throne, and to interrupt the order of nature. With that majesty and solemnity which befits Omnipotence, he pronounces '*Ephraim has gone to his idols; let him alone.*' He leaves transgressors to their own guilt, and punishment follows of course. Their sins do the work of justice; they lift the scourge, and with every stroke which they inflict on the criminal is mixed this severe admonition—that as he is only reaping the fruit of his actions, he deserves all that he suffers." *

Of this moral law, the people and government of this country are now beginning to afford a memorable example. We all along predicted that the Ministry who brought in, and the nation who supported, the Reform Bill, would be the first to suffer punishment from its effects; and already, within the short space of three years, this precise effect has come to pass. The English Whigs first chose, by incessant clamour, to force Catholic Emancipation upon an unwilling nation, and next they wilfully set the people on fire by the prodigal gift of political power

through the means of Parliamentary Reform. What has already been the consequence? Have not these very Whig leaders fallen under the lash of the unworthy allies whom they thus elevated to power? Is not O'Connell the viceroy over the Ministry? Is he not like Warwick in the days of the civil wars, the knocker down and putter up of Kings? Does he not now publicly proclaim the Duke of Wellington, who gave the first rude shock to the constitution by opening for him the gates of political power, a man who has not the intellect of a "stunted corporal?" Is there any epithet of abuse in the English language that he and his followers have not vented upon the Whigs? are they not, in his elegant vocabulary, the "base, bloody-minded Whigs, whose reign has been signalized by more bloodshed in Ireland than that of all the Tories put together?" And on whom are these same Whigs now obliged to fawn as their ruler and governor? On this same calumniator. What an extraordinary and early exemplification of the truth of the eternal maxim, that the punishment of revolutionists is to be found in the work of their own hands; and that the very men for whom they have sacrificed the constitution are the first to sacrifice themselves. Listen to the Morning Herald, one of the ablest, because the most moderate and consistent of the Reform journals, and see how truth has forced itself, even upon the leaders of that great movement.

"When Earl Grey was at the head of the Ministry, Mr O'Connell showed himself a fierce and truculent enemy of the Whigs. He poured out his phials of wrath upon their heads—he lavished on them, collectively and individually, his vocabulary of vulgar and venomous abuse—he called them '*base, brutal, and bloody*;' and Lord Grey, the father of Reform, was more especially the object of his scurrilous attacks. The Whigs, in their turn, denounced him as the enemy of the country in the speech from the throne. Are not these historical facts? What changed this tone of bitter, contemptuous, implacable animosity of Mr O'Con-

* Blair's Sermons, iv. 268.

nell to the Whigs, and of the Whigs to Mr O'Connell?

“Did the coarse and virulent calumniator of Earl Grey and his colleagues become the gratuitous panegyrists of the objects of his mortal hatred? Did this wild Indian of political warfare, smitten with a sudden love of the moderation which he despised, and the Whiggism which he detested, proffer the calumet of peace to those against whom he had long brandished the tomahawk of savage extermination? If so, where are the proofs of his political repentance and his altered opinions? Are they to be found in his ceasing from that ferocious agitation, which, ever since the passing of the ‘tranquillising measure,’ has been the curse and calamity of Ireland? Are they to be found in the abandonment of his systematic purpose to subvert the Protestant Church of Ireland, which is the fountain of civilisation to that country, and the great bond of connexion with this? Are they to be found in his declarations in favour of universal suffrage?—his crusade against the House of Lords?—and his avowal that the question of the Repeal of the Union is only suspended?”

“On the other hand, have the Whigs, since their coalition with O'Connell, exhibited no unequivocal proofs of that coalition being founded upon change of opinions and sacrifice of principles on their part? Let us see. What will history—candid and impartial history—say of the ‘confidential communications’ of certain of the Whig Ministers with the Agitator behind the back of Earl Grey? In what light will that intrigue, which drove the father of reform—the early patron and friend of Mr C. Fergusson—from the cabinet of his own construction, appear to the dispassionate and enquiring minds of Englishmen in future times? Will it not be pronounced one of the most monstrous and incredible acts of deliberate treachery that has ever ‘darkened or disgraced the history of political intrigue in this country?’

“What were the first fruits of that intrigue? Was it not immediately followed by a sacrifice of principles and a change of opinions by the remnant of the Grey Cabinet? Did not

those Ministers, who, only one short fortnight before, had declared the political clauses of the Coercion Bill absolutely indispensable—who solemnly asserted that the bill would be of no practical use without them, and that it would be a scandal and a shame to legislate against the poor ignorant peasantry, and leave the political agitators free to throw their firebrands among the population—did not, we ask, those very Ministers propose that the political clauses should be left out of the Coercion Bill, as being either useless or mischievous! Was this no abandonment of principle—no sacrifice of opinion to the coalition with Mr O'Connell?

“Since that time, whenever he has suspected Ministers of wishing to shake off his alliance, has he not threatened and lashed them back again into submission and obedience? Is this a position for British statesmen to occupy? Is there any charm in high office that, under such circumstances, could reconcile it to the feelings of highminded and honourable men?”

“Before the disgraceful coalition with O'Connell took place, the question of the appropriation of a surplus of Irish Church property to secular purposes was mooted, by the member for St Alban's, in the House of Commons. How did the Whig Ministers then behave? They resisted it—they declared that it was improper and absurd to legislate about a surplus without ascertaining that any surplus existed—they appointed a commission to enquire and report upon the state of the Irish Church, that Parliament, which was wholly in the dark on the question, might have the materials of legislation. After their coalition with the Agitator, what did they do? They had the same question brought forward again, *without waiting for the report of their own commissioners*, and, with the assistance of O'Connell and his Tail, carried the point which they had only the year before successfully opposed! Was there here no abandonment of principle—no change of consequence upon the coalition with the man who has declared, in the same spirit as the priestly agitator Dr M'Hale, that he looked upon this concession as only an instalment of that debt of

'justice to Ireland,' which consists in the subversion of the Protestant Establishment, and, of course, the recognition of the supremacy of Rome?"—*Morning Herald*, Nov. 6.

It is painful to stain our pages with the filthy abuse which the Irish Papists pour out upon all their former patrons and allies among the Whigs the moment that they attempt to put a check to their revolutionary career. But we cannot, in justice to the subject, resist the insertion of the warm and glowing eulogium pronounced on those two leaders of the Reform Cabinet, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, by the most eloquent and impassioned of the Irish Catholics.

"Sir Robert Peel," says Mr Sheil, "resigned—the Whigs came in, and we, the Irish party, who helped to achieve the victory, have this great boast, that not one of us all have received the smallest place, or the slightest emolument from the change. We do not complain—we knew the difficulties which rendered it impossible for Lord Melbourne to confer them; and we have this to say, in answer to all the taunts thrown out against the government—we have this proud reply to make, that *we sustained it before it came into office—we sustained it after it came into office—we still sustain it; and why?—because we do not want places, but good measures; and because we have received the most unqualified proof that government means to introduce such measures as will promote the common good. I have seen the conduct of Ministers, for I have watched it narrowly, and I, for one, will co-operate with Daniel O'Connell in lending my aid to support and maintain it in the place it now holds. After having been driven from office, on being proved incapable of carrying on affairs, it became a question whether Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, by uniting, could drive the Whigs from office. Fortunately, as events turned out, this apprehension was completely got rid of; having excited universal ridicule by their alternate support and sneers, they at length left the ministerial benches—and where were they beheld? Lord Stanley, one of the chief heads of the Whig Government—the supporter of liberality in all its forms—*

the scion of one of the first families in the kingdom—was seen taking his place by the side of Sir Robert Peel, and sinking down into a miserable, degrading subserviency upon the Tory faction. There Stanley stands, or, I should rather say, there Stanley lies. Stanley, the brilliant—the intellectual—the profound—of information the most vast—of research the most extensive—in argument so acute—in debate so varied—of eloquence scarce surpassed—of retort most admirable—of powers of illustration inexhaustible—there Stanley lies, *prostrate at the feet of Daniel O'Connell* (tremendous cheering, which lasted near a minute). My friends, there is no exaggeration. The Secretary for Ireland, who came prepared for a contest with the Irish people—he, the suppressor of Irish courts of law, who declared, when he entered the lists, that 'Ireland should be made to fear before she could be brought to love,' he is precipitated from his high office, *proh pudor!* lies *groveling in the dust, the miserable colleague of Sir R. Peel.*"

This, then, is the pitiable condition to which their monstrous concessions to democratic passion has reduced the whole Reform Cabinet. Lord Grey, the father of Reform, and Lord Althorp, its sturdy supporter in the House of Commons, have been extinguished by its effects. O'Connell and his Tail have not only driven them from office, but driven them from Parliament; and during the whole of the last Session of Parliament neither the one nor the other ever appeared or opened their lips in the House of Lords. Reduced, as their party were, to the most grievous straits in that assembly, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, the leaders of the next section of the Reform Ministry, have been driven, by the scurrility and abuse of the Irish faction whom they admitted to power, to take refuge in the Conservative camp; while Lord Melbourne, Lord Glenelg, and the Radical Rump, who still cling to office, have been reduced to the woful degradation of licking the dust beneath the feet of their former calumniator, and owing their existence and power to the support of a man, whom the prime Minister had formerly de-

nounced, in the speech from the throne, as a public enemy, and of whose patronage he was so thoroughly ashamed, that in his place in Parliament he was forced to deny it, though all the world then knew its existence, which has since been completely established. Truly, "Men's wickedness has been appointed to correct them; the sinners have been snared in the work of their own hands, and sunk in the pit which themselves have digged: the backsliders in heart have been filled with their own way."

But political errors in free communities are not the work merely of individuals; they are supported and abetted by the majority in point of numbers in the state, and the people must bear the consequences of the measures which they have encouraged or tolerated in their rulers. The English and Irish people carried through Reform—the Scotch representatives, by a majority of two to one, rejected it—and the English and Irish must therefore answer for the consequences. Now, what have those consequences already become to England? Why, that great country—the ruler of the British Isles—the emporium of the world—the conqueror of Napoleon, has sunk down to the condition of an *Irish province*; and the government of the three kingdoms is directed, like a set of puppets, by the leader of the Irish Papists. Such is the woful degradation, to which, in three years, the Reform mania has reduced the English people! On the election in April 1831, on the Reform dissolution, 98 out of the 101 English county members returned Reform representatives. Are they satisfied with their work? are they well pleased with the change? Are they not, on the contrary, rapidly now turning round to the other side, and endeavouring, by honest and indefatigable efforts, to avert the consequences of their own insanity, during two years' delusion? What has hitherto baffled all their efforts, and driven from the helm the Ministry, whom a decided majority even of the Reform constituencies of England and Scotland had placed at the helm? O'Connell and his Irish Tail, the night-mare of the empire, conjured up into existence by the Reform Bill, and who,

after breaking up the Ministry to whom they owed their existence, are now preparing to extinguish the liberties of the nation, whose misplaced generosity had admitted them to its councils.

A fierce contest has lately gone on, between the Radical and Conservative journals, as to the result of the registration. But though the victory may incline to one side or another in particular districts, the result, upon the whole, has followed the same broad line of distinction. In England, the Conservatives have decidedly the advantage. In Ireland the Revolutionists preponderate. Popish influence is not only now predominant in the Cabinet, but it is hourly on the increase. Every successive year is adding to the strength of the vipers whom we have admitted to the bosom of the Constitution. If we already smart under their stings; if a tail of thirty-six joints has been sufficient to paralyze the whole energies of the empire, what may we expect when it numbers fifty or sixty? Yet this is what may unquestionably be expected on the next election; and if this increase is not counterbalanced by a still greater addition to the ranks of the English Conservatives, this pestiferous tail will not as now be the hidden and unavowed directors, but the open and irresistible rulers of the state.

There is something extremely remarkable in this evident approach of punishment for our revolutionary misdeeds from the hands of the Irish Papists. That Catholic Emancipation was the first decided inroad upon the constitution; that it necessarily engendered the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and gave birth to the fierce democratic ambition which landed us in the bottomless gulf of Parliamentary Reform, is now universally admitted; and the warmest advocate of that disastrous measure now confesses that the apprehensions of its opponents were too well founded, and that it has more than realized all the evils which were anticipated from its introduction. Nothing can be more remarkable, therefore, than that as this was the first great breach on the Protestant constitution of the empire, so it is the one to which all

our succeeding sufferings have been owing, and which in an especial manner has proved fatal to every subsequent Administration or party which has not been based on the principle of uncompromising hostility to its advances. What overturned the Duke of Wellington's Administration, and divided the Conservative party at the very moment when the revolution of the barricades had quadrupled the strength of its enemies? Catholic Emancipation, the profound indignation of the old English party at the forcing of that measure, by Ministerial influence, upon an unwilling people. What drove Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham from office, and compelled the proud heir of the Derbys to yield his place in Government to ruder, and coarser, and less conscientious hands? Catholic Emancipation,—the fierce demand for the commencement of a series of measures destined to annihilate the Protestant institutions of the empire. What overthrew Earl Grey and Lord Althorp, and drove the Father of Reform to take refuge in the stillness of private life from the storms of faction which he was no longer able to rule? Catholic Emancipation. Catholic—black Catholic ingratitude—the dark intrigue of the paid agitator, who returned the gift of almost unbounded political power by secret stratagems to destroy his benefactors. What overturned the Radical Rump which, under Lord Melbourne, still clung to office amidst the degradation which had driven all its nobler allies from power? Catholic Emancipation—the stern demand of O'Connell's Tail, in defiance alike of the letter and spirit of their oaths, for the immediate destruction of the Protestant Church of Ireland, and the resolute resistance of the King to their demands. What overthrew Sir Robert Peel's Administration, supported as it was by a decided majority of English members, even in the Reformed House of Commons? Catholic Emancipation; Catholic treachery; the fierce hostility of the men, who, wakened into political life by a sacrifice on his part the greatest that a statesman could make, and bound by a solemn oath to do nothing which should in-

jure the Protestant Church of Ireland, testified their gratitude to their first and greatest benefactor by the most vehement hostility to his government, and their sense of the sanction of their oaths, by an alliance with the Whigs, "the basis of which," in Mr Sheil's words, "was the secular appropriation of Protestant Church property." Thus every party and administration, whether Whig or Tory, which has risen to eminence, or enjoyed power since Catholic Emancipation was granted, without one single exception, has been destroyed by its effects; and the party for whom the former made such efforts, and the latter such sacrifices, has steadily advanced in its insatiable career, assailing with rancorous hostility all its benefactors, returning blessings with murders, concessions with conflagrations, stained invariably by the blackest ingratitude, disfigured eternally by the foulest crimes, and almost making men doubt the great principle of religious toleration, by the inhuman massacres which they have perpetrated in its name.

What party, on the other hand, has risen again into prominent lustre and importance by the changes which have taken place since this first ruinous breach was made in the Protestant constitution of the empire? Is it the Whigs, whose clamours for thirty years repeated on that subject, brought the nation to the verge of civil war, and forced the inauspicious change on a reluctant king and people? Is it the liberal section of the Tories; the Canningites and Free Trade disciples; the men who thought you could dally with Revolution, conjure it into existence to answer the purpose of a moment, and again consign it to nonentity when the destined object was served? They are all exterminated, or so degraded that it were better for them they had never been. The Liberal Tory section have literally disappeared from the face of the earth; and after having sown the seeds of ruin in the empire by their pernicious dogmas, they have sunk for ever from the page of history; while the proud aristocratic Whigs lie grovelling at the feet of a hireling agitator, and the successors of Somers and Fox—the descendants of

Russell and Cavendish—are driven from power, or retain its reins only as the puppets of the Catholic priesthood. On the other hand, what is the position of the old consistent English Tories, who, through good report and bad report, through the mists of Liberalism and the storms of Revolution, have manfully stood by the Constitution? They are brought prominently and gloriously forward, unstained by treachery, undismayed by danger, unseduced by delusion; with hands free of all the ruinous innovations which have involved their authors in one promiscuous ruin; with consciences clear of all the derelictions of duty which now weigh down so many otherwise noble and estimable men, and the last hope of order and religion to which all other friends of this country now turn for salvation amidst the common danger; like the old guard of Napoleon, their serried and unbroken battalions are now seen advancing through the flying and dispersed remains of every other constitutional party in the State, under banners which never yet have been dishonoured, and leaders who never yet have been subdued.

Why mingle up, say the Whig-Radicals, questions of politics with those of religion—the true test of a man's fitness for government is to be found in his political, not his religious creed? The answer is, who began mixing them up? Was it the Protestants, who, for fifty years before 1830, had carried one unbroken series of concessions to their Catholic brethren, and at length eradicated every vestige of distinction between them? Or the Catholics, who, in defiance of all their former oaths and protestations, have received these enormous gifts with the blackest ingratitude, and signalized their liberation from restraint by such a frightful catalogue of crimes, organized and directed by their own priesthood, that they have demonstrated, even to the most obdurate, that necessity—stern, inexorable necessity—had forced upon the legislature all the restrictions under which they were formerly placed? The Protestants have abolished all religious distinctions; they have held out the olive branch to their Catholic brethren, and advanced not only

with the signs, but the reality of perfect conciliation, to their fellow-subjects of the Romish faith. What have the Catholics done in return? Have they met these advances in a corresponding spirit? Have they received Christian benefits in a Christian character? Have they shown that they are animated by the spirit of concord, and given the lie by their humane, tolerant, and irreproachable conduct to the prophecies of those who foretold that no sooner would they be invested with power, than they would prove that they were the most savage of tyrants? Has it been found possible to realize the oft-repeated promise, that the discontents of Ireland were entirely owing to Protestant oppression, and that, as soon as Catholic emancipation was granted, fifteen hundred men would amply suffice for the garrison of its peopled realms? Has it not been found by experience, on the contrary, that the Romish priesthood, instead of meeting these unexampled concessions in the spirit in which they were conceived, have only become the more bigoted, furious, and intolerant? Have they not ever since waged a relentless war against tithes—“their opposition to which, Dr Doyle told them, he hoped would be as permanent as their love of justice?” Have they not, in consequence, reduced the Protestant clergy, from whose toleration all these benefits were derived, to a state of unparalleled destitution? Have they not deluged, by means of their fiend-like emissaries, the country with *six thousand* atrocious crimes in a single year, and compelled, in consequence, even the Reformed Ministry to pass a measure of great and surpassing severity, necessary, to use their words—“to prevent Ireland from relapsing into the savage anarchy of Abyssinia?” Are not the murderer, the assassin, and the fire-raiser still the executioners of their mandates who fill the country with blood and conflagration unparalleled in any Christian land? Have not their priests declared from the altar, that if the revolutionary candidate was not elected for Carlow, “rivers of blood should flow as broad as the waters of the Barrow?” And yet, in the face of all these extraordinary facts, so clearly

descriptive of bigotry the most dark, ambition the most reckless, and cruelty the most relentless, they have the effrontery to upbraid their Protestant benefactors with intolerance, and to invoke the graces of Heaven as a cloak for the atrocities of Hell!

It would be well, say the Radical apologists for the Catholics, if the Protestants, who load the Romish faith with such opprobrium, would recollect that it was for five hundred years the creed of their own forefathers; that it was the faith of Bossuet and Fénelon, and still is embraced by three-fifths of the Christian world. We perfectly recollect it; and would to God that the Irish priesthood would remember on what a branch of Christianity their atrocious conduct brings opprobrium. But it is not our fault, nor is it the fault of the Protestant clergy, if the world indeed forgets that they profess the religion of Fénelon and Bossuet. What have they in common with those illustrious men, the lights of the age, the luminaries of Europe, the glories of the Christian world? Did Fénelon and Bossuet preach up the doctrine of inveterate, undying hostility against the Protestants, and, suiting the action to the word, organize their whole flocks into bands of desperadoes, to exterminate the heretics by fire and sword? Did they revert to the exterminating principles of the crusade of the Albigenses, or the Bloody Mary, in the religion which they taught? Did they circulate, as the text-book of their theology, a work teeming with anti-Christian and anti-social doctrines, like the fierce and intolerant theology of Dens? Did they preach wholesale massacre, till "the streams of blood should flow as broad as the waters of the Barrow," like the Irish priesthood? Did they profess one set of doctrines merciful and tolerant for the world in general, and teach another fierce and bigoted to the initiated priesthood, like those

unworthy successors of the Catholic church of Ireland? Was France, in consequence of their principles, overwhelmed with a flood of murder and robbery, of conflagration and bloodshed? We must take men as they are; we have to deal not with Fénelon and Bossuet, but Dr Murray and Dr Doyle; not with the followers of Christ, but the disciples of Dens; not with the adherents of a lenient and tolerating, but the followers of a fierce and exterminating theology. The tenets sedulously inculcated on their clergy, and by them on their flocks, whatever they may hold forth to the world, are, that no faith is to be kept with heretics; that Protestants of every denomination are heretics of the very worst description; that "exile, confiscation, and death," are the lot which justly awaits them at the hands of all true believers; and that it is a matter of prudence merely, and policy, to postpone the practical enforcement of these principles, till they can be carried into execution without peril to the Catholic world. We need not enquire, whether these are the doctrines of Bossuet and Massillon; suffice it to say they *are* the doctrines of the Irish priesthood; that 3000 copies of a work inculcating these principles, have been thrown off for the illumination of the faithful in the sister isle, by the booksellers to the Irish bishops; that the work itself has been dedicated to Dr Murray, the Romish Primate of Ireland; and that by a solemn vote of the whole Irish conclave of bishops in 1808, it has been declared the best text-book that could be found for the instruction of the whole priests within their bounds.*

When such are the principles of the Irish priesthood, and such the exterminating policy which they have adopted towards their Protestant benefactors, it is of little moment what are the tenets of the Ca-

* The controversy concerning the adoption of Dens's Theology by the Catholic bishops and clergy may be considered as closed. It is now admitted even by the avowed organs of the Radical Ministry, that its principles have been fixed on the Catholics of Ireland. "It is now proved," says the British and Foreign Review, in which, if report says true, Lord Brougham has no inconsiderable hand, "notwithstanding the *not very creditable disavowal of Dr Murray*, that Dens's Theology was adopted as the text-book of the Irish Catholic priesthood by their bishops."—*Brit. and For. Rev. No. II. p. 247, note.*

tholic church, in those countries where a higher and more educated priesthood have existed, and where they have not been mingled with the fierce and truculent revenge of a barbarian race. When the collective priests of Ireland evince such a character, we shall deal with them as they deserve; at present we are constrained to stand on our guard against a savage race of theological barbarians. Nor let it be said, that we have ourselves, and the oppressive measures of our Government, to thank for this inoculation of barbaric atrocity on Christian principle. Facts, undeniable facts, prove the reverse. As long as the Catholics were denied political power, they were a comparatively harmless and inoffensive race; but no sooner were the whole restrictions under which they laboured removed, and a complete equality established between them and their Protestant brethren, than the fierce passions of an intolerant theology appeared; and with the reign of political agitation commenced the triplication of atrocious crimes, the total stoppage of tithes, and the reign of massacre and conflagration throughout the land.

The conduct of the Irish Catholic clergy to their brethren of the Protestant communion is one of the most atrocious of their numerous delinquencies, since political power was placed in their unworthy hands. What were the evils of which they, with their Whig supporters in England, declaimed so long and loudly for thirty years? Was it that they were stripped of their incomes, deprived of bread, and thrown on the wide world in a state of destitution? Was it that they were murdered, or burnt in their houses, or could not go out at night without having a bullet sent through their heads, or the dagger of an assassin plunged in their bosoms? On the contrary, they were perfectly protected by the laws—they enjoyed their incomes in safety—no obstruction whatever was thrown in the free exercise of their religion; and the Catholic chapels rose in every parish in as perfect security as the parish Protestant church. The *sole evil* of which they complained was, that thirty of the highest offices of the state were ex-

cluded from the members of their communion, and that they were not admitted to either house of Parliament. This was the limit of Protestant intolerance, held out for thirty years as a disgrace to the Christian world. What do the Catholics now do? Why, by their own avowal they have, by a combination against tithes planned by Dr Doyle, inculcated universally from the altar, and adopted in almost every Catholic parish of Ireland, deprived the Protestant clergy of bread—reduced them to a state of destitution, and utterly destroyed all their means of educating their families. They have reduced them to beggary as effectually as if, like the French Revolutionists, they had openly turned them out of their livings. To enforce universal obedience to this unchristian mandate of Dr Doyle, they have organized bands of trained assassins and fire-raisers in every part of the country, and extended this exterminating war so far, that every tenant in most parts of Ireland knows, that if he pays tithes to a Protestant clergyman, he does so at the imminent hazard of his life. These are the proceedings of the meek, humble, pacific race of Christian pastors, in favour of whom the Whigs and the Edinburgh Review declaimed for thirty years! What would they have said if one tithe of this atrocious persecution had been directed by the Protestants against the Catholics? What streams of indignation would have issued from the Blue and Yellow, if Catholic priests had been murdered by Protestant emissaries on their own hearths, and the whole body of the Catholic clergy been reduced to destitution and beggary, by a combination organized and ordered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and acted upon by the Protestant clergy in every parish of Ireland? Yet this, and worse than this, is now daily and hourly done by the Romish priesthood in every part of that country;—and the atrocious acts not only have never yet drawn forth a censure from the Whigs or Radicals of England, but, by a public order of Government, they are now indirectly sanctioned by the withdrawal of all civil or military force

from the objects of the persecution.* And so far are the Catholic priests from being ashamed of these atrocious and anti-Christian measures, or the far-spread and iniquitous distress they have inflicted on the Protestant clergy, from whom, for half a century, they have received nothing but obligation, that they openly make a boast of it, and hold up the victims of their barbarity to the derision of their savage auditories. Listen to the words of the Romish priest a Father Kehoe in Carlow, addressed from the altar to his congregation, during the late contested election for that county:—

“Is there any man will tell me that agitation has done nothing for Ireland? *Where are tithes now?* Although Catholics are still kept out of offices of emolument, still there are no such things as tithes now; I mean, you no longer have to pay tithes, but a pitiful land-tax; and we will soon put an end to that too. The Protestant clergy are now very different from what they were; they are no longer the fine gentlemen they were, but are in a sad hobble, and we will make them in a greater hobble; for, instead of bringing up their sons and daughters to be gentlemen and ladies, they will be glad to bring them up to be farmers and tradesmen, like yourselves, good people.” (Here there was great laughter, and various expressions of assent).

With truth may it be said, in the

eloquent words of the *Times*, which has done such essential service to the Protestant cause during this eventful crisis,—

“As for these men (the Irish priests) talking about their right to be on ‘a level’ with Protestants, while their apologists seek to wash over their crimes by the plea of their only wishing to raise their flocks to an equality with their Protestant neighbourhood, we defy one or all of their ten thousand saints to work a miracle so stupendous. Before they can place themselves on the same floor with the Protestant clergy, or their barbarian multitude with the Protestant laity, they must remove a few moral mountains — they must learn some regard to truth themselves, and teach their followers some better comprehension of the difference between right and wickedness. The Papists of Ireland, as a body, are one hundred years behind their Protestant fellow-subjects in the growth of their intelligence and in the capacity for freedom. Educate them—ay, it were a glorious task—but will the priests listen to any scheme of education for their humbler parishioners, of which the tendency is to lift them above the excommunication, the delusion, the superstition level? They will not, for it would be the overthrow of the priestly power. The abuses, accordingly, which prevail in the ap-

* The following correspondence between the Bishop of Ferns and the Lord-lieutenant, proves that the Irish Government are resolved to withdraw as much as possible all protection from the persecuted race, the Protestant Clergy of Ireland.

“My parish is six miles from a military station—I am desirous to distrain. I have ascertained from undoubted evidence in what cases I have a right to distrain; the combination against tithes and the general state of the country are such that there is almost a certainty that, if I make a distress without the presence of military and police, there will be ‘an actual riot or breach of the peace.’ In this case, may I beg to know, whether, if evidence on oath as to the probable results be furnished, it is to be inferred from your Lordship’s letter that the military and police will be ordered to attend when the distress is made; or is it necessary that an actual riot, with its usual consequences, should first take place, before I can apply for the interference of a magistrate, or the assistance of the military, who are stationed six miles from my parish?”

“Dublin Castle, Oct. 24, 1835.

“SIR—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st inst., requesting to know under what circumstances you can apply for the interference of a magistrate or the assistance of the military and police, in recovering the tithes property of the clergy of the diocese of Ferns; and, in reference to your communication, I beg to observe, that the words of my letter of the 15th instant state that his excellency does not deem it expedient, in any case of the enforcement of civil rights by distress, that *either the military force or the police should be called out*, unless their presence shall be rendered necessary by actual riot or breach of the peace.”

plication of the new system of Government schooling, are represented to us to be altogether fearful, and to call for the interposition of men in authority—if, indeed, those who at present answer that description, were qualified for so important a duty.”

It is of the highest importance that it should be generally known in England what the character of the Irish priesthood is, and to what a race of men, headed by O'Connell, they have now surrendered the destinies of their country. The truth is, that a great and most disastrous change in the composition and character of the Romish clergy has taken place, not only since Catholic emancipation was granted, but since the operation of Maynooth College in Ireland itself began to be fully experienced. Never was a more fatal measure to the peace of Ireland than that well meant, but ill-judged step. Before its establishment, the Catholic students were sent to St Omer, Salamanca, or some other foreign seminary; and if they received little practical benefit from the tenets which were there taught, they at least mingled with young persons of all nations, and insensibly contracted a certain portion of liberality from their intercourse with men of many different countries and professions, or shades. Thence the many liberal and enlightened priests, who, till the last twenty years, adorned the Romish priesthood of Ireland. But since the influence of the education of almost all the Catholic clergy at Maynooth, the influence of these counteracting principles of good has been entirely lost. The young Irish priests, drawn almost exclusively from the ranks of the peasantry, are sent universally to Maynooth, where, instead of enlightened foreign ecclesiastics, or young foreigners of the world, they meet with nothing but furious zealots in the teachers, and barbarian bigots in the students themselves. The salutary connexion with the continent, by which the native deformity of the Catholic faith, as established in Ireland, had so long

been concealed, and the fierceness of its theological fervour mitigated, has been lost. Irish, exclusive Irish education alone prevails. Irish, exclusive Irish Catholicism alone is taught. Irish, exclusive Irish society of the worst kind alone is met with. Bigoted and intolerant doctrines, worthy only of the Bloody Mary or the Duke of Alva; vehement, impassioned hatred at England; devout, profound adoration of the Irish priesthood, compose the moral atmosphere which they exclusively breathe. Thence the marked and lamentable deterioration in the character of the Romish priesthood, which has been so conspicuous in every part of Ireland during late years; and thence the extraordinary fact, that a whole religious communion should have adopted measures of extermination towards their Protestant brethren, with hardly a sentiment of regret, or a remonstrance on the part of any, at least of its younger members.* And we regret to add, what every man's experience, who is acquainted with Ireland, must have already told him, that since Catholic Emancipation was granted, all the anti-social principles have been brought into full activity in the Popish clergy; that contrary to former usage, they now scarcely ever keep up any intercourse, either with the Protestant pastors, or Protestant gentry; and openly avow, that as they are about to resume the church lands, the tithes, the forfeited estates, and the cathedrals, the less intercourse they keep up with the victims of such changes the better.

Every well-informed man in the three kingdoms has long known that the general principles we have stated were those which governed the Romish priesthood; and even the most careless observers were aware, that in defiance of all former prediction, concession to the Catholics had been attended only with increased massacre, bloodshed, and devastation. But the whole details of the atrocious system have now been

* Every rule has some exception. Among the most illustrious in the present instance, is Dr M'Croly, who has courageously braved the persecution of the Popish priesthood, in exposing the nefarious means by which they rule their flocks.

brought to light; and we have to thank the Carlow Election Committee for having developed the whole proceedings of the agitators, from their commencement, in procuring money for county seats to the hiring demagogues, through the denunciation of blood and fire from the altar, to the final intimidation, persecution, and massacre, of the unhappy Protestants within their reach. The documents and evidence establishing this atrocious system have already been repeatedly before the public in the daily newspapers; but we make no apology for again inserting the leading passages here; for, unless that evidence found its way into some more durable record than the able journals which have in the first instance quoted it, many facts of the highest importance to the right understanding of the history of these times would be deemed utterly incredible by future ages.

That the Irish agitators followed revolutionary politics as a mere trade; that they preached up sedition and treason, persecution and massacre, as a means of enriching themselves at the cost of other men's lives, has long been known; but the actual machinery by which the wires in the political machine were pulled, had not been made public; and it was not generally understood that any more gainful means of extracting money from the system than the O'Connell rent had been devised. Out of the vexation and disappointment consequent on the unseating of the revolutionary members for Carlow, has sprung a complete development of all the wires and springs; and, coupled with the proof of priestly intimidation which followed, would surpass belief, if it was not fully established by authentic evidence, and undeniable documents.

The negotiation in regard to the Carlow seat opens by O'Connell pressing Mr Ex-sheriff Raphael to become a candidate for the representation of Carlow, and to pay to *him, O'Connell*, the sum of L.2000 for that purpose, upon the assurance that he was not likely to "meet any where else with *so safe a speculation*." The following are the terms proposed by O'Connell, and agreed to by Raphael in O'Connell's letter:

"You have acceded to the terms proposed to you for the election of the county of Carlow—viz., you are to pay before nomination L.1000—say L.1000, and a like sum after being returned—THE FIRST TO BE PAID ABSOLUTELY AND ENTIRELY FOR BEING NOMINATED, the second to be paid only in the event of your having been returned.—I hereby undertake to guarantee and save you harmless from any and every other expense whatsoever, whether of agents, carriages, counsel, PETITION AGAINST THE RETURN, OR OF ANY OTHER DESCRIPTION; and I make this guarantee in the fullest sense of the honourable engagement that YOU SHOULD NOT POSSIBLY BE REQUIRED TO PAY ONE SHILLING MORE IN ANY EVENT, OR UPON ANY CONTINGENCY WHATSOEVER."

This sum of L.1000, it is to be observed, is to be paid by Raphael, "for being *nominated*," a ceremony which costs nothing. This sum, therefore, was obviously the propitiatory *douceur* to the hiring agitator. Observe how the transaction goes on. Mr Raphael says—"At a subsequent interview, Mr O'Connell wished me to pay the first L.1000 to *his credit* with Wright and Co., but I told him I preferred it going through the hands of my solicitor, Mr Hamilton, with whom I would leave the money." This is confirmed by two letters of Mr O'Connell, in one of which he asks, "who is the Mr Hamilton with whom you have deposited the L.1000?" and in another he says, "Let me know who the Mr Hamilton is with whom you have deposited the L.1000. I expected you would have lodged it at Mr Wright's." On the 10th of June Mr John O'Connell called on Mr Hamilton with a note from his father, and received L.1000, for which he gave a memorandum. The following is a copy of the note and memorandum:—

"Wednesday, June 10.

"Sir,—I beg you will hand my son, Mr John O'Connell, the L.1000 placed with you by Mr Raphael for my use. My son will give you a voucher at foot.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"To T. Hamilton, Esq. 2, Henrietta Street."

"I acknowledge to have received L.1000 by draft on Wright and Co.

"JOHN O'CONNELL.

"June 10, 1835."

Can there be any doubt as to O'Connell's view of the "engagement, contract, or agreement," so far as he was himself concerned, when we find him giving a written receipt for the L.1000 for his own use? As an illustration, we may here quote the following passage from a note he addressed to Mr Raphael at this period:—"I send you Vigors' letter to me just received; you see how secure we are. Return me this letter, as it vouches L.800 for me." Mr Vigors, it will be recollected, stood on the same interest (Daniel's) with Mr Raphael for Carlow. As further evidence, take this observation of Mr Raphael, which should be carefully read and considered—

"I must observe, that though I paid the L.1000 in cash, I have been informed that the L.800 here mentioned was remitted in a bill at a long date, drawn by Mr O'Connell upon some persons carrying on business as brewers in Dublin—a circumstance that was not very well calculated to induce the electors, or those to whom the money was remitted, to entertain a very high opinion of my pecuniary means. I have also been informed that nothing beyond the L.800 has been expended or received in the county. What became of the other L.200, or what would have become of the second L.1000, in case I had been returned without a contest, or without a petition, it is no business of mine to enquire."

It is in vain after these documents are before the public, to dispute that O'Connell intended to sell the county to pocket a large proportion of the price paid; doubtless if a contest arose he might under his engagement as surely be compelled to expend it; but suppose there had been no contest or no petition, was the money to be returned? Does any man suppose O'Connell would return the money without a stipulation? Where is the stipulation to that effect?—was it to stick by O'Connell? Unquestionably it was. The paid Agitator, therefore, the zealous Reformer, the advocate for the People, turns out a great county-monger, and sells a seat in Parliament to a man who, he now tells us in his vindication, is "the most incomprehensible of all imaginable vagabonds," and of whose character he says he was forewarned at the time, for a douceur of L.1000 to be

paid "absolutely on nomination" to himself!!

Of the manner in which the county seat, thus bartered for L.2000, is to be secured to the purchaser, the following account is preserved in the precious evidence before the Carlow committee. Father Kehoe then addressed his congregation from the altar, on Sunday, 14th June, 1835.

"Is there any one here who will barter his soul for his landlord? There is one wretch that has done so. Do you know whom I mean?—I mean Pat Neil, the hypocritical apostate lickspittle, Pat Neil, and his brother. This miscreant got L.70 a-year for voting against his country, his religion, and his God, on the last election, and he now expects to have that increased to L.150; besides, his landlord bribes him in every possible manner, and the base wretch, who once acknowledged that if he was a scholar he would be hanged; but he is no scholar; but the most ignorant brute in the country now exults in being the lickspittle of his landlord. Now see how he makes his apostate gain; he has a horse worth L.10, and gets L.20 for it, and so for every thing else. I say, Pat Neil, you are a detestable, hypocritical, apostate lickspittle, a ruffian and a miscreant, to be held up by the finger to scorn and detestation and contempt. But do not you barter your soul and sell your country, your religion, and your God, for Alexander or any other tyrannical landlord. Good people, I am told policemen come here; look out for them, and if you see any policemen here that are not Catholics, their only object must be to create a disturbance; therefore mark down their names, and I will soon take care that they shall not long have occasion to wear their green coats and black belts. (Here every eye was directed up to the gallery and along the seats for several minutes.) Policemen I before the end of this Session of Parliament a body of Poor Laws will be in force, and every tenant that every landlord ejects, that same landlord will be obliged to support. And who are these bloody landlords, these tyrannical despots? Why, they are fellows whose names were not known when your ancestors possessed the land they now possess; but a time will soon come that will oblige them to prove what right and title they have to their possessions. Vigors and Raphael intend to address you after mass, and I desire that you will not leave the chapel-yard till you have heard them. These Orange Conservatives are very confident, like the devil when he tempted our

Saviour in the wilderness; but we will strike fear and terror into their hearts on Tuesday. I hope it will not be necessary to draw the sword, for I hope the very sight of the scabbard will be enough to frighten them. But I tell you, boys, if the Conservatives gain this election—they cannot gain it—but if by perjury, threats, and violence they do gain it—if they do trick us out of our representatives on this, as they did at the last election, and be beat, *more blood will flow than there is water in the river Barrow*. Come then, good people, to the poll at once. I denounce that man who will not come to the poll at once as one who is tampering with his landlord, as one who is waiting to see on which side the scales may turn, and I will suspect that man to be a renegade and an apostate."

The following evidence of the proceedings of Father O'Connell at the same election has been preserved by the Committee of the House:—

"Did you attend at the election in Carlow in 1832?—I did.

"What took place previous to that election?—Previous to that election it was reported to me that most of the clergy were preaching from the altars, and endeavouring to induce the people not to vote for Colonel Bruen and Mr Kavanagh. I despatched reporters in various directions, and I went myself to Carlow chapel. I sat in the gallery of the chapel, and I heard Mr O'Connell, who is now a parish priest at Portarlinton, who was then parish priest at Carlow, under the bishop, speak to the assembled multitude, and tell them (it was on a Sunday), that as they were seeking for their rights, they could not do better than *employ themselves in hunting the freeholders on that day*; and he concluded by stating—'If any person enquires of you what you are about, say you are hunting corn-craiks,' a species of bird.

"Have you any doubt of the accuracy of what you heard on that occasion from Father O'Connell?—I took down his words *verbatim*.

"Did the people in consequence of that advice go round in 1832 and intimidate the voters?—I saw them go round through Tynziland, Mr Tyrell's parish, among Colonel Bruen's tenantry, and they canvassed each voter in *very large bodies*.

"When you say large bodies, what number would be in each body?—I suppose 200, some 150; they divided into bodies, 50 in one, 80 in another, 150 in another; in this manner they went through and canvassed the freeholders of that parish.

"Did parties ever go round at night as well as in the day?—They did.

"Did they put the freeholders living in lonely houses, when so visited, in bodily fear of the consequences if they did not vote according to their wish?—*In great bodily fear*; I recollect perfectly the barony of St Mullins previous to this was very peaceable; several speeches were delivered in Borris chapel, at which I attended also.

"What did you hear in the chapel of Borris during the election?—I received a note from Mr Bate, Mr Bruen's law agent, stating that Mr Kavanagh wished my attendance at Borris chapel on the Sunday following, that was the Sunday previous to the election, and I attended the Borris chapel on that occasion as reporter.

"Do you write short-hand?—I do.

"State what took place on that occasion?—It was after mass that a meeting took place on the altar; Father Walsh, who is now dead, was in the chair, and Father John Walsh, sen., was also present, and a Mr Lawrence Nolan, of that parish, was secretary. After some preliminary observations from the old priest, the Rev. Mr Walsh, and, after a long speech, in which he attacked some of the freeholders, he said, 'that any person who signified his intention of voting for Mr Kavanagh had ceased to be a member of his Church—of the Roman Catholic Church—and was delivered over to Satan; and such as were present he called on them to quit chapel for fear of polluting the people, who should not eat, drink, or sleep with them, even their wives should abandon the apostates who would, in the face of their God, vote for Mr Kavanagh and Bruen, who was an Orangeman; the curse of the Almighty would fall on them in this world, while, with the mark of Cain on their foreheads, they would go down to the grave for betraying their religion and country; any man who voted for Kavanagh and Bruen would be refused all religious rites, and would run the risk of everlasting punishment.' That was the conclusion of the Rev. Mr Walsh, senior's, address. The Rev. John Walsh, jun., said—'I view with detestation and horror the wretches who will vote for Bruen and Kavanagh, who is himself an apostate; we have appointed men to represent us in Parliament, and any man who will vote against us will have ample cause to regret it. No man can be a Catholic who would do so in opposition to the wishes of their clergy; my good people, mark the recreants, and take care how you deal with them. They are blind apostates who will do so, and I hope the people will know how to treat them. Their votes belong to their country, let them mark the consequence who dare betray it; I will not be answerable for their safety.'

Of the general interference of the

priests in the elections, the following account is given by another Catholic witness :—

“ Now, on this occasion (election of 1835) who marched in the electors?—who took a prominent part to lead them to the hustings?—The Roman Catholic clergy of each parish brought in the freeholders in procession.

“ Do you mean to say that *the priests of each parish marched at the head of the electors*, or at the tail of the electors, of their respective parishes?—I saw a great many parish priests. *I saw Father Walsh lead them in person.* He walked first, and all the persons followed him. I have seen Father Walsh, senior, march at the head of them on foot.

“ Did you see any others?—I saw Father Doyle march in at the head of another body. I believe I stated in my late examination that I saw Mr Kehoe march in at the head of another body, or rather at the end of the procession; and many others that I cannot exactly remember.

“ Were Mr Alexander's tenantry so marched in, and was Mr Kehoe at the head or tail of the procession?—He was at the tail of the procession—he was the last person; he was in a gig, and the procession was on before him; I know a great many of Mr Alexander's tenantry.

“ Now, during the first three days of the election, in June last, what was the state of the town?—*It was as much as any person's life was worth to appear in the streets*; I have seen several respectable men knocked down coming in to vote; I have seen them taken into hospitals; I have seen windows broken; I have seen a magistrate come in and his horse and carriage stopped; I saw him attacked by two fellows in the crowd; they were subsequently arrested, but afterwards rescued.”

After giving a great variety of similar instances, Mr Fitzgerald thus concludes :—

“ Can electors be held as responsible for the manner in which they vote to the non-electors, unless it is known to the non-electors in what manner the electors voted?—In substance the franchise is now virtually in the hands of the non-electors? *It is a farce to say that there is such a thing as freedom of election in Ireland.*

“ You were asked as to the effect of the ballot in confession; you said you could not say how far ballot might be a protection in confession, not knowing whether political matters were revealed in confession; as far as you know of the influence of the priesthood in Ireland, is not that influence gene-

rally made use of for political purposes?—I think the priests latterly have very ostentatiously put themselves forward as politicians.

“ If they made use of the power which they possess in confession for the purposes of making known the vote which was given by ballot, do not you think that that power would be effectual in leading the elector to reveal the vote?—Clearly.

* * * * *

“ Do not you conceive that *the priests consider advancing their political objects the most important power they possess?—I have no doubt that they do, and that that feeling has most remarkably predominated amongst them for the last two years.*

“ And though you consider that those cases are not parallel cases, and though you know nothing of confession as far as you know of the political power of the priests, and the objects they seek to attain, *do not you suppose that they would seek to make use of their influence in any way they can, to promote those political objects?—I do.*”

The same system prevails at all the other elections where the Catholic priesthood have any influence. We have room only for the following evidence of Mr O'Conner, a Roman Catholic, as to the Kerry election.

“ Were you present at the Kerry election in January last?—I was.

“ Did you witness any threats or violent language used by the priests in their chapels, that influenced the voters at the late election?—I did, previous to the election.

“ What was the nature of the language used?—Father John O'Sullivan said *at the altar*, before the election, that any person that would vote for that renegade the Knight of Kerry, he would not prepare him for death, but *he would let him die like a beast; neither would he baptize his children; and that they deserved to be pelted as they went along, any person that voted for the Knight of Kerry.*

“ In what chapel did this take place?—In Dingle Chapel.

“ Did you hear it?—I did.

“ Are you a Roman Catholic yourself?—I am.

“ Were you attending the chapel in performance of your religious duties?—Yes.

“ You are sure you heard those expressions?—Yes, I did.

“ More than once, or only one day?—Several days; two or three Sundays previous to the election, and after the canvassing.

* * * * *

“ You are positive that on the Sunday

previous to the election you heard Father John O'Sullivan use the language you have deposed to?—Yes, I heard it.

“Did he also threaten that no man should deal with them?—He did; he said that they should neither buy from them nor sell to them, any person that would vote for the Knight of Kerry.

“Do you know instances of priests interfering with voters for the Knight of Kerry going to the poll?—I do; I saw a freeholder in Tralee during the election, who got himself qualified in the Knight of Kerry's committee-room, and intended going in to vote for the Knight of Kerry; *I saw the priest take him by the collar and put him into the Court-house*; that was Father Thomas O'Sullivan, and he put him on the table in spite of him.

“How did he ultimately vote?—He voted for Mr O'Connell and Mr Mullins.

* * * *

“He was to your knowledge seized by the priest and taken into the Court-house, and, as far as the influence of the priest went, coerced to vote against the Knight of Kerry?—Yes.

“Was that the same priest who made the declaration at the altar?—No, another of the name of O'Sullivan.

“Did you ever hear that this priest also denounced the Knight of Kerry?—Yes, he did; I was in the chapel.

“What did he say?—He told the persons not to vote for him, that they would be *under moral excommunication* if they voted for the Knight of Kerry—that renegade, the Knight of Kerry; he said he vowed to Heaven he would look upon that person who would become an apostate to his religion and turn his back upon it, in a milder light than he would on that traitor who would vote for the Knight of Kerry.”

Indeed, so far has this atrocious system of the priesthood interfering at elections been carried, that it has excited the disgust of the more respectable of the Catholic gentlemen themselves, who now openly admit that the terms of emancipation have not been kept, and that the violent intimidation exercised by the priests at elections is as discreditable to their cause, as it is dangerous to the community.

The violent assaults committed in consequence of these strenuous recommendations from the altar, both before and after the elections, is thus portrayed by Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq.:

“Do you find that the elder clergy of

the Catholic religion are less violent in their politics than *their younger coadjutors*?—Such has been my experience invariably throughout the country, and many of them I know are forced down the stream of agitation very much against their inclinations.

“You find, then, that *the younger priests*, who are generally coadjutors, attempt to exercise control over the more elderly clergy?—Where there is a peaceable priest, he is generally matched with an agitating coadjutor.

“Have you any other facts to mention?—Yes; there is a man of the name of —, a Roman Catholic elector of Clonmel, who keeps a — in the — street; he voted for Mr Bagwell; and, *in consequence of his having done so, he has been persecuted ever since*. The next is the case of —, of Clonmel, in the last election. He was *several times assaulted, and very much beaten in the streets*, in consequence of his having voted for Mr Bagwell, and his windows were broken at another time. The next is the case of Mich Fogarty, a Roman Catholic elector, who voted for Mr Bagwell, and immediately after having done so, he was followed from the Court-house through the town of Clonmel by the mob, spitting upon him, and hooting at him, and was obliged to be rescued from them by the police.

“Is he a Catholic?—I have no note whether he is so or not, but I believe he is a Protestant. He was assaulted by the mob, and *had his ribs broken*, because he promised to vote for Mr Bagwell.

“Was this assault before the election?—I have no note at what period, but I should take it that the occurrence happened on the day before or the day of election; the note I have is, that it was because he promised to vote for Mr Bagwell, so that I take it that he had not voted at the time. The next is the case of —, a nailer in the town, in the Irish town of Clonmel; his house was attacked several times by the mob, and *his shop ransacked*, and his bellows broken, because he had voted for Mr Bagwell. He appears to be a Protestant. . . .

“Those specimens that you give are a part of the system, but do not comprise a number of cases which might be cited if care was taken to bring them forward?—No, they are a part of the system, but *only a small part* of the transactions.

“Not only a small part of the transactions which come to the knowledge of the police generally, but, as you have stated in your report that considerable difficulty is felt in acquiring a knowledge of those facts, from the fear of those individuals to come forward in case the police should prosecute, you

consider that the system is much more extensive than your means of information?—Certainly, more so. Numerous instances occur that we never hear of; we see the effects, but we are often unable to detect the machinery which produces those effects.

“At the same election a highly respectable merchant, a Quaker, ———, after having voted for Mr Bagwell, and wishing to avoid notoriety, retired from the Court-house: he was followed by the mob, who pelted him with mud from the Mayor's house up to the Globe Inn: he is a most inoffensive gentleman, who gives employment, in his different mills and stores, to upwards of 1000 persons daily.

“So that, notwithstanding the good which this individual does, he still became an object of popular vengeance, because he exercised his vote in the manner he thought proper?—Certainly, and was called a mad dog for doing so.

“*He employs persons of all sects?—Certainly.*

“He cannot be considered as a partisan in politics or religion?—They consider him so, because he voted according to his own discretion; his general conduct is that of a most valuable member of society, who employs 1000 persons generally, 99 out of every 100 of whom are Roman Catholics.

“So that the good that this man does did not preserve him from the insult and the violence of the mob on this occasion?—It did not. On the same day his son, ———, was riding through the streets, and he was attacked by the mob and pelted with stones, and two bull-dogs set at his horse. During the course of the same election, as Mr ——— informed me, one day ———, a ——— in his father's employment for the previous seven years, who was an elector, was in the mill. Mr Ronayne, Mr ———, the parish priest, Mr ———, a friar, and a large mob of persons, went to the mill, with a view to carry off the elector. Young Mr ——— met them at the entrance of the mill, and told them that they could not be admitted. Mr Ronayne called Mr ——— a ruffian; the brother to Mr ——— then came in, and Mr ——— complained to him that Mr Ronayne had called him a ruffian; the priest Mr ———, immediately said, ‘So you are, a young ruffian.’ Mr ——— said, that only he was a Quaker, they dare not treat him so. Mr Ronayne said that he would make his heart quake in him. ———, the miller, was then called out to them; they spoke to him, and asked him to go with them; he refused to do so until his employers were done with him. By this time several of the mob had got into the mill, and were becoming very unruly, on which Mr

Ronayne, Mr ———, and Mr ——— took them away, seemingly apprehensive that the mob might go too far and commit some outrage; and subsequently this elector voted for Mr Ronayne, and told his employers, with tears in his eyes, that *he was obliged to do so through terror of his life.*”

Mr T. H. Carrol, observes:—

“You have mentioned the name of Mr Patrick Finn: is he brother of the Member for Kilkenny?—He is.

“Is he a Roman Catholic?—Yes.

“Some letters of his have been published in the newspapers, have they not, alluding to the violence and intimidation which were practised at the previous Carlow election in January, and stating his opinion of the necessity of the interference of the police and the military: have you read those letters of his?—I have, and saw him write them in his own house.

“Then this gentleman, so connected with the Member for Kilkenny, being himself a Roman Catholic, and a man of liberal principles, was of opinion that the military and police were absolutely necessary on the election in January 1835, for the purpose of preserving the public peace?—I am intimately acquainted with Mr Finn, and he more than once told me that no person could be safe to go up to vote without having a large military force. He is a gentleman of very liberal opinions; but in consequence of the state of that county, *and the violent intimidations of the Roman Catholic clergy, their public denunciations at the altar, their parading with large masses of people in the streets*, Mr Finn, with many other respectable Catholic gentlemen of that county, is opposed to the interference of the Roman Catholic priests at elections.

“Do you not know that many Roman Catholics consider that at the time the Emancipation Bill was passed in 1829, they had, in their view of the question, promised not to weaken the Established Church, and as men wishing to adhere to their vow and to their promise, either implied or expressed, they consider it is not consonant with that promise so made or implied in 1829, to disturb or do any thing to weaken the Protestant Establishment in Ireland?—I enjoy the confidence of many educated Catholic gentlemen, and they are decidedly of opinion *that the terms of Emancipation have not been kept*, and they would most willingly themselves adhere to those terms, and would not wish to see the Protestant Establishment disturbed in Ireland.”

Such is a picture, selected at random from the evidence taken before

the committee, of the monstrous system of intimidation exercised by the Catholic priests upon their deluded flocks.—Their interference commenced with the Waterford election, and continued till the election of Clare, when they became active leaders in political contests. They canvassed, they collected money, and while planted at their altars, they drove their flocks by menaces, threats, and intimidation, to vote for the popular candidate. So tremendous was their influence, that no Roman Catholic, who values his life or property, could with safety resist their power. At the election for the county of Carlow, Colonel Bruen, in an address to his constituents, gives the following description of the means used by the priests to intimidate the electors from voting according to the dictates of their consciences. ‘One priest threatened an elector, that unless he remained devoted to the cause of his religion, *he would clap a pair of horns on his head.* Another priest told his audience, under similar circumstances, that their food would melt in their hands—and another vowed, that if they forgot their crucifixes, *he would convert them into four-footed beasts,* and compel them to move on their bellies for the rest of their lives.’ ”

It is by a priesthood of this description, which is animated by this ambition, stimulated by these passions, indifferent to these crimes, and recommending these atrocities, that the Irish elections of members who have bought their seats from O'Connell, or are slavishly bound to his measures, in the Catholic districts are now directed.—And justice will not be done to this infamous system, if it is not recollected that these incitements to violence are addressed to the most vehement and impassioned peasantry in Europe, who are buried in profound and bigoted ignorance, absolutely devoted to their priests, organised by their exertions into an universal combination against tithes, and who every where evince, as Sir Hussey Vivian declared in his evidence before the House of Commons, an indifference to the shedding of blood, unparalleled in any Christian state.

And who is the leader, the great *county monger*, the man who sells seats in the Reform Parliament for money—under whose direction this whole system has been established, and by whom it is now entirely governed? We pass over his recent seditious speeches at Edinburgh and Glasgow—we pass over the recent development of the Carlow affair—we give his character as it was portrayed by the most distinguished of his own party, Mr Grattan, the well-known father of Catholic Emancipation—

“Examine their leader, Mr O'Connell. He assumes a right to direct the Catholics of Ireland; he advises, he harangues, and he excites; he does not attempt to allay the passions of a warm and mercurial people. Full of inflammatory matter, his declamations breathe every thing but harmony,—venting against Great Britain the most disgusting calumny, falsehood, and nonsense, equalled only by its excessive impudence—describing Great Britain as the most stupid, the most dishonest, and the most besotted nation that ever existed—that Ireland could not confide in the promises of England, &c. Without discrimination he pronounced Protestants ‘bigots.’ When he enumerated the grievances of the Catholic body, he omitted the greatest grievance—himself! A man who could make the speeches that he has made, utter the sentiments that he has uttered, abuse the characters that he has abused, and praise the characters that he has praised, violate the promises that he has violated, propose such votes of thanks and such votes of censure, shows that he has little regard for private honour or public character; that he does not comprehend the spirit of liberty, and is not fitted to receive it. He betrays such a scattered understanding and barbaric mind, that if he got liberty he would lose it; almost unsuited for the British constitution, and almost ignorant of the bonds of civil society, of such a mould and such a disposition, as to be incapable of accomplishing any rational object—his declamations to the lower orders are full of extravagance, unreality, and ambiguity; he sets afloat the bad passions of the people, makes them restless in disposition, and impotent in action; he leaves a vacuum in the meaning of his harangue, to be filled by the heated imaginations of a warm-hearted and sensitive people. He is well aware that it is the part of a bad man to make use of a grievance as an instrument of power, and render it the means of discontent, without a single honest attempt at redress; he knows, or at least ought to know, that this conduct is of such a nature

as must always tend to confirm bad Ministers and strengthen stern authority; it seduces people into unmeant mischief, and, after exciting them to folly, it abandons them through fear; it may lead them to rise against an exciseman or a tithe-man, to burn a haystack, or murder a farmer, but will never teach them to redress a grievance, or to bring an offending minister to the scaffold. This leader in spirit is poor; his courage is of a hesitating quality. His political imprudence is prodigious, his martial prudence prodigious also. His speaking is extravagant diction, a vulgar boast, a swaggering sentence, affected bombast, and ludicrous composition; his liberty is not liberal, his politics are not reason, his reading is not learning, his learning is not knowledge, his rhetoric is a gaudy hyperbole, garnished with faded flowers, such as a drabbed girl would pick up in Covent-garden, stuck on with the taste of a kitchen-maid. He *makes politics a trade to serve his desperate views and interested purposes*. This man can bring about nothing good: in abortions he is most fertile; the womb of his mind is of such sinful mould that it can never produce any thing that is not deformed; he never succeeded in any project, except the loss of your question; he barks and barks, and even when the filthy slaver has exhausted its poison, and retires to its kennel, there still barks and howls within, unseen. No administration would increase their reputation by advancing such a character," &c.

Such is the man, and such the system, to whose government the reform mania, against their own declared will, has consigned the English people! Truly "the error of their ways has been made to correct them: they have fallen into the pit which themselves have digged; they have been chastened by the work of their own hands."

Lord John Russell said, in his speech at Bristol, that he was no recent convert to the project of church robbery: that he always wished it, and that he only postponed for a season the famous 147th clause in 1833 out of the Irish Church Bill, because the Government could not afford, in his own words at the time, "to have a revolution every year." We believe him—we have no doubt that the project of extinguishing and spoliating the Irish Church and the English Church, have long been embraced both by himself and the other leaders of the Whig-Radical faction; and that it is a matter of time and convenience only where and in what proportions they are to deal out the revolutionary feast to their adherents. But what we rest on is this—Intending, as Lord J. Russell now tells us he always did, to spoliage the Irish Church: resolved, as he always was, to break up the Protestant establishment in that country, what is the secret reason of the sudden conversion of O'Connell and the Irish Papists to his support? How has it happened that the "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," as he termed them two years ago, have suddenly become the only Ministry who ever did justice to Ireland: or the men who "had shed more blood in Ireland during two years, than the Tories in half a century," all at once been converted into "the only Government who have been actuated by a real spirit of conciliation to its inhabitants?"* There is some mystery here which has not yet been explained, and it is just the myste-

* His words at Bristol were as follows:—"In 1834 I prematurely, as many thought, perhaps injudiciously, but I am sure impelled by a strong feeling on the subject, when the question of tithes was under debate, I stated that I maintained the opinion I had expressed in 1832, that the Irish Church ought to be reduced—that *some part of its revenues should be given for the general instruction of the people*—that if I were obliged to maintain that opinion by separating from my dearest friends with whom I was then connected in office, I would not hesitate to make that sacrifice, and do what I conceived was justice to Ireland. That declaration of mine, I say, may have been premature—it might have been injudicious—but with that opinion on record, creating as it did a considerable sensation both in the House of Commons and in the country, I do wonder that a learned gentleman of known talent and ability should rise before an audience in whose ignorance he must have had a most contemptuous confidence, and tell them that I had adopted this opinion with respect to the Church of Ireland in 1835, in order to conciliate the support and meet the views of Mr

rious nature of the change which excites our well grounded apprehensions. That there has been no change in O'Connell, is certain; he tells us himself, in his speech at Limerick, that the agitation for the repeal of the Union is suspended, not abandoned, and that the moment that Government cease to do what he calls "justice to Ireland," he will again shake the empire by its discussion. His principles, he avows, are Radical reform—universal suffrage—vote by ballot—confiscation of the funds—appropriation of all Protestant Church property. The mere adherence of Government to the "great principle of the secular appropriation of Church property," as Mr Sheil calls it, is not, we now know, sufficient to propitiate his favour; for while, as Lord J. Russell tells us, they held it, O'Connell was still their bitter enemy. What potent spell then has worked this marvellous change, and converted O'Connell, the county monger, the paid agitator, from the calumniating foe to the warm supporter of Mini-

sters? There is more here than meets the ear: there is something here that surpasses our comprehension. That a secret compact has been formed is clear, but what are its conditions? That it is something more than the surrender of the Protestant Church of Ireland is clear, but what additional holocaust has been offered to the revolutionary monster? Repeal of the Union it is not, for the Irish members are the firmest supporters of Ministers, and England the best field of Irish rapacity. Is it the English Church which is to be offered up when "the proper season" arrives? Is the House of Peers to be the victim? Are the funds to be sacrificed to keep the tail of insolvents in good humour, or universal suffrage to be introduced to give them the means of secure spoliation of others? Time will show whether any or all of them is the sacrifice which has been made, but that one or all of them are intended to fall under the revolutionary compact, is now made manifest by Lord J. Russell's apology.

O'Connell. At that time nothing could be more hostile than the language of Mr O'Connell towards the Government. In 1833, came on the question with respect to the temporalities of the Church of Ireland, and I again stated in the House of Commons what I may now repeat, that my first impression on hearing that plan was, as it did not contain what is now called an appropriation clause, it would become me to retire from office, and I was only induced to alter that purpose, because I found that Lord Althorp and others had on the main question as strong an opinion as myself, and all thought it inexpedient at that time to do any thing which might dissolve Lord Grey's government. This I stated in the course of the debates in the present year, and it could not have been therefore unknown, nor could it have escaped the observation of the learned member for Exeter. In 1833, on a discussion on the 147th clause of the Church Temporalities' Bill, I stated that, in my opinion, the state had a full right to dispose of the revenues of the church, and that when the time came, I should be prepared to assert the opinion by acts."

ELTON'S POEMS.

THERE are moments, and not the worst of our existence, when we would be at perfect rest with regard to the present and to the future. When even Hope has wearied us, and despairing of drawing us one step further, has packed up all the forward schemes of life, and has quietly gone to sleep upon them as her pillow. It is then that, like a rope that has been stretched and loosened, we fly back with avidity into the coils of our past years. The first rebound takes us farthest from the present. We fly back the whole length, and then rest, involved as it were round and round in the recollections of a charmed circle.

It was in such a moment that we took up Mr Elton's poem of "Boyhood," because its very title fascinated us with the promise of an indulgence so natural to our desires in our hours of relaxation. But we were disappointed. Boyhood is no light, gay, or semi-pathetic enumeration of the joys, sports, minor sorrows, or even affections, of the mysterious age; nor is it, indeed, redolent of spring; but it is a grave, didactic, and philosophical poem. Yet is it pathetic, for it has much feeling, but it is the feeling of the Father, not of the Boy. It is grave as admonition, strengthened by conviction, can make it; and though in its parts of reasoning calm as philosophy could desire, it bears in the full measure of its verse the burning indignation of satire.

Were Grimalkin to lecture on kitenhood she could not be more indifferent to its gambols. Indeed, her own autobiography would exhibit a dead blank of leaves in the greater part of the first of her three volumes. But we have nothing to do with that—we must take up the story just where the author pleases; he has a right to walk round and round his subject, and take what view of it he likes best, all that is required of him on this point being that the view be one, let him take the ante or post

position, so that we have not both, or that the subject do not turn its back upon itself. There is not much sense in quarrelling with any titles that authors choose to prefix to their works; they are but euphonous Christian names, having little to do with the inner marrow—and if Montaigne preferred "Coaches," Mr Elton may take "Boyhood," nor do we think him accountable for our disappointment. Nevertheless, we think that other views of boyhood may be taken than Mr Elton's, and we would gladly consider the present poem, though it may have a certain completeness in itself, as a fragment from boyhood's larger history. To Mr Elton such a history may be painful, but he is not the less qualified on that account, and he has shown in other poems, particularly in that most pathetically beautiful elegy "The Brothers," that he has thrown his whole soul, intellect, and affection into the very nature and character of boyhood, has sported with it, wept with it, and for it, and that he knows how to receive and to impart the luxury of every sentiment belonging to it.

Boyhood! what is the abstract idea of it? Does the word convey an individual portrait, or a compound of the imagination. What is its age? When does it commence? When depart? It has several stages. The beau-ideal of boyhood is somewhere between eight and twelve—though it exists before and after that age—but when within those years, is invested with its greatest charm. Then is the first spring of intelligence, when all that meets the eye and the ear creates its due wonder. Then the feelings are tender, and there is yet just so much sweet natural helplessness as serves to keep ever warm and active our affection, by demand upon our care, and to engender a reliance upon us, the source of mutual delight.

The portrait of the Sweet Boy in the frontispiece to this volume, is of

the somewhat earlier period of boyhood. It is from a painting by Rippingille, and we may be sure, therefore, that it is true to nature. There is in it the peculiar expression that boys have when alone, a look of mingled thought and wonder. Boys are, indeed, gregarious creatures, and when in troops, having confidence in themselves and in each other, they are all noise and sport.

“Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can.”

But when quite alone, even in their most delightful idleness, sauntering and loitering, by green lanes or village hedge-rows, they show no signs of mirth. Watch them unseen, and you will find the lips apart, the eye enquiring; there is then a look that might be mistaken for pensive, but it is not that, nor is it easy to define; it is, however, singularly expressive of happiness, the result of sensibility and intuitive perception.

If you would know what a boy is, find him alone, win his confidence. There is a depth in him worth your studying; and if he hath been well brought up to love all creatures, and hath not fallen into birds' nesting, the thrush and blackbird will not shun him, the little wren will come out from her hiding-place to look at him, for his eye hath not yet acquired the look of command or cruelty, that any living thing should fly from it. He bears about him much of the sanctity of purity that Adam had when all the creatures of the earth came to him for their names. If you are a naturalist, where is a nobler object for your scrutiny? You know not what you yourself were—you cannot recall, with any exactness, your feelings, your tastes, your impressions, your desires, your affections. Childhood to grown man is in much a sealed book; and if the grave be “that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” childhood is not unlike it, for once passed, it becomes a period for speculation, more than of knowledge—the memory furnishing but a few glimpses and slight pictures of that state. Children, boys particularly, in masses, we seldom notice, though we doubt not their being then interesting objects; but when alone, if they have not been early spoiled, they

excite our wonder, admiration, and love. What a fair index of the mind within is “the shining morning face.” Shakspeare was the best of portrait painters here. While we are now writing there sits beside us our own dear boy, ætatis suæ 10. Oh, what an attitude for painter or sculptor! It is neither sitting nor lying, but rounded as a ball, folded up, body and mind, with an enviable flexibility; and there are some who would show their envy by a thump on the back, and would drill the happy loungee into his bolt upright attention. Attention! is there not attention here? Look at the half open mouth, the earnest eye, quick, as if gifted with a double action of looking and conveying intelligence within. “And what, dear boy, are you reading?” “The Seven Champions of Christendom.” “And who is now your Champion?” “St George of England.” “And how would you like to be St George?” “Not at all.” “And why?” “Because he's in prison for seven years.” Could a more rational answer be given? In your most mature age could you find a better? Here is a glorious love of liberty. Is the boy, then, an incipient liberal? Oh no, Heaven forbid—for he is cheerful in his obedience, and reverences all the laws he wots of.

“Well, boy, where are you now? would you like now to be St George?” “That I should, papa, very much indeed.” “And why?” “Because he has killed the dragon, and rescued a beautiful princess, the King of Egypt's daughter, and is going to marry her.” It would be difficult to find a better reason for wishing one's self St George. O, happy, enviable age!—and so is it that dear boyhood is drinking into his thirsty soul, through eye and ear, the fine essences of the virtues, that by growth within him, under God's blessing, will become perennial fountains of love and magnanimity in manhood.

Beautiful boyhood—that link uniting in itself and to itself both parents—half feminine in feature, form, mind, and affection; yet how decidedly masculine in adventurous spirit, that springs at the touch to instant action, and sparkling in the eyes, changes all that was feminine into

masculine energy; and again, at the voice of love and sympathy, melting all that was masculine into tears of gentlest, most feminine tenderness. Beautiful boyhood, sporting in every wind, tossing his sun-lit locks into the darkness of the stormiest skies, and baring his breast to every element—fearless, beautiful boyhood! beloved of nature, who, like a kind schoolmistress, sits upon the hills, and claps her hands in joy at his pastime, giving him the earth, with all its landscapes, at once for his school and his play ground—and then the rocks and woods re-echo his mirth; and then in thoughtful liberty wandering away, the quiet nooks enclose him in their greenness, making companions of every thing, animate and inanimate—endowed with beauty, searching with a worshipping curiosity into every leaf and flower about his path, while the boughs bend to him, and touch him with their sunshine; picking up lessons for present delight and future wisdom, by rivers' sides, by brooks, in glens and in the fields, inhaling, in every breath he draws, intelligence and health. Look at the frontispiece, and judge for yourself.

But our business is with Mr Elton's poem of Boyhood, and why more particularly with that poem we know not, for it is but a small portion of the volume, nor do we think it the best piece. As it is made the principal in the title, we treat it with the first respect. Admire it we do, greatly; but we think that those who read Boyhood only, because it is so recommended in the title to the volume, will have but a very inadequate notion of Mr Elton's powers as a poet.

This poem appears to have two objects in view—the treatment of

boys by fathers, and to remove the sting from the prejudice against public schools, inflicted on many a parental mind by the unhappy Cowper. For the first point, the examples are Mirabeau and Chateaubriand; and in a note Mr Elton remarks, "These illustrations were suggested by the able and eloquent reviews of the *Memoirs of Mirabeau*, and the *Fragments of Chateaubriand's Autobiography*, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1834." In pursuing the second object, his reply to the *Tyrocinium*, Mr Elton has, with great candour, admitted, and forcibly, the objections, and yet we think he has successfully combated the false conclusions to which those objections have led.

The reading public has been saturated with compositions of highly-wrought passion, and inconceivable incidents and woful catastrophes have done their best to engender a morbid sensibility, and a distaste for the probable and the rational.

Why must we ever pass over all that is poetical in the world which we see, for that which may be supposed to be in characters and situations which we never have seen, and probably never shall or can see. "Nihil humani a me alienum puto," is the motto of a wholesome taste; but there are literary extravagances of which our experience leads us to doubt the humanity altogether.

We therefore greatly rejoice that a poet of Mr Elton's power, has ventured once more upon the rational system. We are glad to see again a didactic and philosophical poem.

The introduction of the boy is very beautiful,—he comes upon the sight as with a charmed presence, yet not without an omen of the dangers of life that await him.

"And such art thou!—O source of holier joy!
 Gifted and wondrous creature! beauteous boy!
 Fresh to the world, in thy confiding sight
 All nature gleams with phantoms of delight;
 They by thy path a watch, like genii, keep,
 And gild the twilight of thy charmed sleep;
 Ah! who, that gazes on thy snow-white brow,
 Sighs not 'be ever thus! be blest as now!'"

This may not be. Beautiful and apparently uncontaminated as the fair creature is, yet is there in the very making of his heart the spot and taint of original sin.

"The curse, that with the blighted earth began,
 The curse hath fallen upon the heart of man."

The freedom of will is asserted—Intellect throned supreme to direct, amid conflicting motives—the Passions hurry on the Will, now degraded—the knowledge of ill is acquired.

“ Knowledge of ill abridged his forfeit breath,
Yet brought him virtue, though it brought him death.
And is, then, all a wilderness within ?”

No—the Atonement is asserted. The sacrifice of Christ the Redeemer hath

“ Made the plea of penitence avail.”

The aid of the spirit is maintained, and the mercy of affliction and its power working with grace to regenerate, is at once concisely and powerfully shown.

“ Want tries him ; sickness robs of bloom his cheek ;
Grief staggers him, and what was strength is weak :
The merciful hath smitten him to earth,
And a new nature struggles to the birth ;
Th' astounded will, then starting from its chain,
Compels the motive and resumes the rein.”

From this preliminary matter commences the appeal to parents.

“ Graved on thy heart let the reflection be,
What of his weal or wo depends on thee.”

Great stress is laid upon the importance of early impressions, and upon the parent's kindness.

“ And see how many a boy's ingenuous heart
Is sear'd and harden'd by the parent's part.
A stranger to the fostering smile that owns
Merit where due, the friend's endearing tones ;
In dens of reckless revelry he flies
The stony glitter of those ruthless eyes,—
False friends beset him ;”

What are the consequences of such treatment ?

“ He shrouds him in his melancholy halls ;
There, musing stern on what he might have been
Misanthropy and silence close the scene.”

The first illustration, Mirabeau, is indeed a terrible one. In the second, Chateaubriand, whilst Mr Elton exhibits in full force the evil of severe treatment, he does not omit to manifest the power of religion, that has turned even so great an evil into good. For misanthropy and revenge we have kindness and magnanimity. Such are the respective fruits of atheism and religion in beings of the highest order of genius. Suffering

in the one was the school of virtue, in the other of malignity.

Mirabeau, rushing upon his wretched career of revenge from the grave of the suicide, is vigorously described ; and his utter impotence in the hour of compunction, the bitterness of his punishment, to allay the fury of bloody revolution, should be an awful lesson to the vanity of any man who entertains such conceit of his own power.

“ Was then the tumult of those senses hush'd ?
Was that heart broken and that spirit crush'd ?
On her bewept, though unblest, grave he cast
One melting look, the saddest and the last,
Then turn'd him to the world : did earth not quake
Ere the dread gamester play'd his fearful stake ?
Was heaven not shrouded in portentous shade,
As onward march'd th' avenging renegade ?

“ When dark eclipse had pass'd o'er Gallia's sun,
And the whole frame of nations was undone ;

He raised, in haughty and vindictive hate,
 His arm, and smote the pillars of the state.
 With Tullian accents, bold, impassion'd, grand,
 He paralysed the great, and fired the land.
 The high nobility, his father's class,
 He quash'd and levell'd with the common mass ;
 His warning threat upon the platform hurl'd
 A monarch's head, his gauntlet to the world ;
 Then blood, like water, flow'd, scarce yet atoned ;
 Lust, avarice reign'd, and atheism was throned ;
 Innocent gore the sharpen'd axe defiled,
 That dropp'd with life of woman and of child ;
 Till late compunctions in his breast rebel,
 And foretastes of a vainly-doubted hell.
 That outstretch'd arm faint struggles to repair
 The devastation where it claim'd its share ;
 The well-poised throne, sure freedom's guard, restore,
 And the brave chivalry, renown'd of yore ;
 But fear'd, distrusted, where he sought to save,
 Blindfold he sinks within his yawning grave."

We turn as from the dream of a loathsome charnel-house, where the fiends Sin and Misery sit and howl in damp and darkness, to the illumined path of religious truth; it is true that path was beset with gloom, but an angel has bid the prison doors fly open and let in a flood of light; and "Virtue makes herself light through darkness for to wade."

We cannot forbear quoting the entire passage wherein Chateaubriand is the illustration. We do not recollect to have read any thing

more truly graphic than the first part of it; how beautifully contrasted is the mother's affection with the father's harshness. The suspended tale—the cowering children—the stern father poetically left undefined, but by his shadow and his voice, are perfectly magic. The after visit to the "haunt now desolate" most admirably concludes that passage. We know not when we have found so much in so small a compass—so perfectly graphic, yet so concise.

"See Chateaubriand!—boyhood's genial mirth
 Froze in the circle of his cheerless hearth ;
 Behold the nook where cowering children raise
 Their timid glances by the pine-bough's blaze ;
 Through that antique saloon long shadows fall,
 As the stern father's steps repace the hall ;
 The steps advance—the mother's whisper'd tale
 Is bush'd, and the suspended listeners quail ;
 The harsh ejaculation sounds—'who speaks?'
 And paleness quivers on those glowing cheeks ;
 The foot retires—that soothing voice resumes
 Its murmur'd tone ; the cheek, that faded, blooms ;
 O moments ! sad, yet sweet ! in after years
 The full-grown man has moisten'd with his tears
 That haunt now desolate, and gazing o'er
 The tarnish'd tapestries that sweep the floor,
 'Midst those remember'd shadows sees appear
 That smile so tender and that mien so dear ;
 Then, gliding by those weed-grown courts and trees,
 Whose boughs, dishevell'd, straggle on the breeze
 That moans as to his sighs, floats on the tide
 Of the world's shifting flood, with Heaven his guide.

"Were not the native energies repress ?
 The milk of kindness gall within his breast ?
 No—for the light within him shone from high ;
 He knew a father and a friend was nigh.
 Strong in the strength that mocks at human might,
 He smiled at contumely, and bore the slight

Of a misjudging world ; his hands were pure ;
 His path, in indignance and peril, sure.
 Heart-sick of horrors which his eyes had seen,
 In a new world, again, he breathed serene ;
 'Midst those primeval forests pitch'd his home,
 And sate on rocks above the cataract's foam ;
 His genius did, in that their cradle, scan
 The features of uncultivated man ;
 The savage, hanging on his lips, grew mild,
 And gospel glory dawn'd upon the wild.

“ But when these strange vicissitudes were o'er,
 The patriot noble trode his native shiore ;
 On courts he fixed his calm undazzled eyes,
 Nor power could awe, nor stratagem surprise ;
 Flatteries he spurn'd, and threatenings he defied,
 Nor deign'd to live a bribed liberticide ;
 Contented with his conscience and renown,
 He laid the symbols of his greatness down ;
 And bared his breast again to meet the blast ;
 In exile fear'd and honoured to the last.
 His name shall live, the statesman and the sage,
 Priest of his faith, and prophet of his age.”

These examples of Mirabeau and Chateaubriand are very curious, and afford matter for much thought; both were men of extraordinary power and character. If we ask what effect this austerity had upon their genius or their energies, we are forced to admit that, so far from the one being crushed, it expanded in both far beyond that of men even highly esteemed for that great quality—and that the latter, their energies, so far from being destroyed, attained a surprising power. Whence does this arise? The fact is, the danger is not to the genius, but to the temper; not to the intellectual power, but the whole disposition of the mind; nor is harshness necessarily destructive to these. It was not so in the case of Chateaubriand. Undoubtedly every unkindness, every act of injustice done to the child, is a poison to his mental constitution; Chateaubriand imbibed it largely, but there had been dropped in with it a glorious seed, which had taken root within him, and had become a fair plant of power to neutralize the worst poison; nay, to convert it into the growth and strength of Christian manhood. We have but to look to the former example to see the natural effect of such poison if left to itself.

But it does not so work with the intellect; we doubt if it would be generally destructive of that. We can easily conceive that some por-

tion of the greatness in both of these characters was the result of their treatment. The child, the boy, the youth who is thrown back upon himself, is forced to think for himself, act for himself, and inasmuch as he acquires the habit of throwing off all other reliance, he assumes a power peculiarly his own. Hardships harden and give strength to the general powers, yet as often keep the affections tender. Parental kindness, at all times a delight and a duty, carries yet with it authority, influence, and engenders in the object a sense of reliance which, if it be ever present, creates a feebleness, or at least checks a vigorous growth.

Instinct is generally wiser than reason. The old bird forces the timorous young from the nest, and encourages them to make flights from their home. How few men arrive at any excellence until they have been thoroughly freed from parental influence! Few that live with their fathers long show much power; and every one must have observed what surprising steps of advance, in fixed character, men commonly make in a year, or even in a few months, when their parents have been withdrawn from them. There is a time when all reliance upon the will or judgments of others should cease; and we believe that even at an early age we should be practised into decision, by having much left to ourselves, and that increased according to our

age and power. These are—as we should collect from the remainder of the poem of “Boyhood,” which ably and impartially discusses the point of public education—the sentiments of Mr Elton. He commences

“Nor yield thy heart-strings to those fettering arms,”

but that he should bear to part with the boy, for whom he anxiously trembles.

“Then wisely lose him, and, recover'd, find
The growth unfolded of his former mind.
Let him for others form his young esteem,
And range with them the groves of Academe;
Where discipline evolves her generous plan,
And the boy ripens for the future man.”

Notwithstanding this, he does not spare to explore the very depth of the danger immediately in these strong lines:—

“—Yet vice, precocious, in that hot-bed thrives,
Meek artlessness with strong example strives;
Of vice he learns the nature, not the name,
He learns that fraud is skill, detection shame;
By hoped impunity of crime he steers,
And feigns a villany beyond his years.”

He then would reason with the bard of Olney, admitting all. Yet how finely does he show that it is the combat with the vices that makes the virtue, and points to the general result! And we have no doubt but that it is the general result.

The young boy, like the knight-errant, has much to overcome, is exposed to dangers, and taught even to seek them—is occasionally worsted; but, from every suffering, and from every combat, acquires the better use of his weapons, and a dauntless courage, and is victor in the end.

We are to live in the world, and must be exercised to it; and where can this be better done than in the

this part of his poem by an affectionate appeal to the Boy, that he should think “the kindless father is a father still,” and then to the father that he should not practically too long indulge his affections,

public schools, themselves little worlds, where boyhood learns decision and firmness, and will not long suffer degradation, but is sharpened into heroism, to endure and to act as his future destiny may require of him? We have known some lamentable failures of the opposite system. One now forces itself upon us of utter ruin, where the youth was taken immediately from a strict religious home, from the daily admonition of parents and pious family preachers, to the university. He rushed into the gulf partly from ignorance, and more from feebleness. But we prefer that the reader should hear Mr Elton.

“What though that lesser field be planted still
With scatter'd tares of intermingled ill;
The passions glare with pre-excited fire,
Hate, wanton Cruelty, and coarse Desire;
With these the spirit strives of lofty aim,
Virtue her reverence meets, and vice her shame.
All candour honour'd, bared all false pretence,
The boy's experience is the youth's defence.
Sown in that hardy soil the talents shoot,
The great emotions strike their vigorous root:
There Pride, that spurns the sordid and the low,
The steady arm that breaks th' oppressor's blow;
The heart that melts at undeserved distress,
The hand that hastens with its prompt redress.
Launch'd on the world, like barks that brave the winds,
They mingle dauntless with the strife of minds:
Poise the dread balance of the state, or pour
The opulence of realms from shore to shore.”

been ever really painted! How few have the rare power of telling their own! None who sympathize in the hours of affliction know the sorrow in its extent, minuteness, or true character. It comes, when it comes, upon every heart as an agony unconceived, unexperienced, unheard of, unread of. Perhaps there never was, and never will be, in any language, more pathetic poetry than "The Brothers." It has nigh reached that impossible of conveying a true knowledge of grief. We do not recollect ever to have read any thing like it for truth and pathos: it has no prototype. Lines here and there may remind us of Milton; but the "Lycidas," that wondrous poem, is artificial. There are passages in it that remind us of Dante; but, as a whole, it is like no other composition that we ever read. It has been said that Lord Lytton bewailed his Lucy when his sorrow was no more. Doubtless, the anguish of it had departed. But there is no vivid passion of grief in the monody. There is mournfulness in the melody. In "The Brothers," there is nothing artificial; there are no Dryads, no Aonian maids. Pindus and Castaly are nothing to his real passion. Was then this poured off in the very torrent of the author's wo? No; but it had left indelible marks of every ebb and flow upon his memory, and it was the power of no common genius that could note them upon the chart of suffering. Oh the magic of grief! In the immediate bitter hour of bereavement the mind is paralysed, and knows but by fits and starts, and then not all. The detail is of after-collection, when other feelings have taken the mist of tears from the eyes, and the communication is again opened between all outward objects and the heart. For other feelings do arise, and even such as are pleasurable, to recruit exhausted nature, some soon, and so, by daily repetition of the healing virtue, there is renovation and health.

The mourner but rarely goes mourning all his days; and if he does, he dresses up his grief till it is, as it were, the plaything of his thoughts, the source of pleasure. It is the blessing of Providence that endows the mind with

this elasticity, and will not suffer its powers to be destroyed. Destroyed, indeed! How are they heightened!

The poem of "The Brothers" is all power. Do we mean to say that Mr Elton did not grieve when he composed it? By no means—we are sure that he did; but the nature of that grief had changed, and he found a luxury in it. Nay, before and since he has written it, we are certain that he has enjoyed many a cheerful hour—has been thankful for those left him, as whereon his affection may feed—and has found himself not bereaved. We doubt not that he could read this poem himself, and judge of it critically, as if it were another's composition—feel all its beauties, as if they were not belonging to his own peculiar affliction. He is now master of his grief, and can manage all the stops of it, and make it subservient to his skill, and can turn from it to light and playful compositions, for his genius is healthy.

There are, it is said, and we believe it, who die of grief; but then they have no objects of comfort left, none for the bewildered affections to rest upon, and they corrode inwardly. What may be the effect of the loss of an only child—one whom the parent had educated, for whom alone almost he had lived—we know not. The other affliction we have known, and therefore feel sensibly the power and truth of "The Brothers;" and we know that the remarks we have made are well founded. Yet, in some points we do not all feel alike—we mean not in degree, but in manner. Some seek the world's sympathy, and love to converse about the loved objects lost—preserve and exhibit slight relics, pictures, treasure looks and sayings, and frame memorials. Others again, and we ourselves are of the number, put an interdiction on all such things. Names never escape our lips, nor others' lips in our presence. There is, at least, an outward oblivion passed upon all. We would not have a portrait of one we have lost; we indulge not, and dare not think, nay, force our thoughts into other channels, than such as lead that way, till the habit of silence is acquired to ourselves,

and to all about us, and is continued when the sensitiveness has subsided. To some the heart is as an inner sanctuary, where the beloved object is enshrined. It must not be opened to the gaze of any eye, nor its precincts trod by any foot; it is private—for silence and for the mourner. To others it is as a fair and open chapel, whose monuments, each of separate and religious gloom, are its ornaments, where

chant and requiem invite, and all who approach are welcomed as pilgrims, and the mourner feels his sorrow sanctified by human sympathies.

There is an introductory dedication of this elegy to the mother of the unfortunate youths. It is of very great beauty, breathing all tenderness and love, and pointing to the only availing argument—religious trust.

“ Yet would I bring what solace still is left
For minds afflicted, humbled, scourg'd, bereft ;
That only solace which the wandering eye
Can find to fix on ere it close and die.

“ When life was in its spring, and fancy free,
Its lays, the lays of love, were breathed to thee !
When, as in vision, hover'd on my sight
Th' elastic step and glance that swam in light ;
And the live rose, that deck'd thy virgin prime,
Glow'd on thy cheek, as though it mock'd at time.

“ And now, that hope and joy are seen to fade,
Like stars dim-gliding till they mix with shade ;
Now, that thy cheek has sorrow's canker proved,
When thus by sadness changed, ah ! more beloved !
Now, pale, and leaning o'er a weed-strown hearse,
I call upon thee with a mourning verse ! ”

How exquisite are the following ! What a tender application of a pure and scriptural picture !

“ What calms the tumult ? what allays the loss ?
What stills thy sorrowing, thy despair ?—the cross !
The cross—that brazen serpent, raised to save—
That key which opes the portal of the grave ;
To that, O lone one ! raise thy tearless eye,
Symbol and gate of immortality ;
From whose unclouded top the steps ascend,
Like Israel's ladder, to thy God and Friend :
Where they, for whom thy pillow sleepless lies,
Descend and reascend before thine eyes ;
And beckon to that Eden of the blest
Where souls departed in expectance rest.

“ Believe that angels stay the thrilling tear
For those they loved, for those who loved them here :
Think that to those pure souls e'en now are given
Shadowings of bliss and gleams of future heaven.
Not in th' obstruction cold of mortal clay
Deem that they sleep till earth shall pass away ;
But lift ev'n now their intellectual eyes
Midst visions of the mediate Paradise :
See him whose bruised heel crush'd death's wormy stings,
And listen high, unutterable things.

“ Bethink thee, for thou know'st—some checkering years
Shall sweep, like shadows, o'er thy path of tears ;
When thou shalt every mortal pang resign,
And their exulting spirits spring to thine ! ”

Those years have *passed*, the prophetic vision has been fulfilled. The beloved mother of those boys—as

we find in a note—died in March, 1830.

This poem is the history of the

brothers from their earlier boyhood—but how told! by a succession of scenes at various periods, epochs marked by deep feeling; and they are made doubly interesting by occasional incidents connecting them with an endeared circle at home. We soon see that the net of affliction is cast not over one, or two, or three, but over all; and, as when the fowler throws his toils over the whole covey, amid their sunshine and happiness, we wait for the drawing together of the cords that shall enclose in ruin and dismay the whole “family of love.”

Some of these incidents, for their concise pathos, remind us of some passages in Dante. The narrative is only interrupted by bursts of feeling that naturally arise, and they are truly elegiac.

The opening is fine and solemn. We can imagine the father, roused to a full sense of his wo by the return of the wintry wind, bidding him in hollow tone “remember,” and instantly the scene, with its peculiar aspect, the level light above the boiling sea, when he saw it in his agony, strikes upon the vision of his mind, and he breaks forth—

“Again!—yet once again—oh winter’s wind!
I hear thee; as the cloudy rack fleets by,
And the bare trees with crashing boughs aloft
Rock and re-echo, and at times are hush’d:
I commune with my spirit and am still.

“Is the gust raging round the shores I left
So suddenly? and does its angry breath
Now work and chafe with the quick-heaving surge,
That foams and gurgles round those weedy rocks,
Or clangs in dash’d commotion? Lies there now
A tremulous line of level light above
The boiling sea, as when I last beheld
Its waters rolling in their strength, and stood
On the high headland in my mute despair?”

“A respite—and an interval of tears—
My soul that ached with that vacuity,
That pressure of life’s hopelessness, the sense
Of the drear present, and the future dim
And anxious—trode the vista of the past:
A vision and the picture of a dream
Lay on mine eye and heart: those eyes must close,
That heart be still, or ere they pass away.”

He then flies back to the earlier passages of their lives; and thus how exquisite is the description of the teaching the elder. The scene is at Clevedon Court.

“Beside me on the lawn
One sat, who should be master of these walks,
And that grey mansion, and those home-green nooks
Of silvan tracery, and whose heart was framed
To sympathize with all that flourish’d there.
The locks were crisp’d upon his head; his lip
Form’d like a rosebud, and his forehead snow:
His garb a summer mantle; and he held
A book upon his knees, and seem’d to bend
His thoughts on what the father-teacher told:
But still his eye would wander from the page
To where the holly glisten’d in the sun,
Or some streak’d bird had bent the rustling bough
With fluttering motion: for his heart was link’d
To nature, and his fancy fed itself
With sights and sounds beneath the open sky:
It then was so, and in his after years
I see him in his summer-dress the same,
With that loved, listless eye, till in my tears
I lose him, and the scene is changed and gone.”

That elder boy became the teacher of a child—the younger, and their entire brotherly affection is most touchingly given. Their sports are described with simplicity and beauty of painting.

“ Their half-bower'd heads were seen
Above the thicket, while the straggling flock
Grazed near them, by their presence undisturbed :”

But when the amusement of bathing is described, how does the father break forth—he sees them

“ Floating, as still they float before mine eyes ;”

but we must give the whole passage, for it is most moving.

“ Together, with their father's guiding aid,
They clave the waters, while the sun rode high,
And learn'd to breast the blue sea's billowy swell
Fearless, and with a passion sought the shore
Floating, as still they float before mine eyes,
Upon the sapphire bosom of the deep,
With face upturn'd to heaven, or plunging free,
Like dolphins in their play, beneath the wave
That closed above them, and the circling rocks
Rang with their joyous voices. 'Twas the will
Of God :—their art of safety was their snare ;
And he, that look'd with trusting gladness on,
Lived to lament the omen of their joy.

“ My heart is drown'd in softness, as again
I see, I feel them present ; their known looks
And loved familiar shapes ; where'er I wend,
In daylight, or the gloom of fading eve,
Through peopled marts, and streets that thronging sound
With hum of multitudes, and most, oh most !—
Among the hills and hedge-rows, and near brooks
Where sedges dip their verdure, and o'er heaths
Sprinkled with yellow broom, whence far the range
Of azure mountains, like a mist, appears
Beyond the channel'd sea ; and where, deep sunk
In sleep's o'erpowering heaviness, with eyes
That, waking inward, view th' external world,
Its colour'd shadows and its moving forms,
I still am doom'd to see—for ever there—
For ever !—by my side and in my sight
Th' inseparable phantoms : they attend
My rising up and lying down : pursue
My steps, and flit around me with their bright,
Yet shadowy, presence—angels of the dead !”

The individuality of each is nicely marked, and their mutual affection.

“ I saw them—and that elder shapely boy,
Tall for his years, and slender as the stem
Of 'spiring pine ; and femininely soft
With silken skin, and smooth and tapering hands,
And lips of rose ; the flexile, graceful hair
Waved with light bend, as of a Roman youth ;
And the arch'd brows, and lashes lengthening dark :
In the clear eyes beam'd sweet th' ingenuous mind,
And frank simplicity and girlish love.
Beside him, still beside him, one appear'd
Of lower stature ; his young limbs were cast
In somewhat stronger mould : his visage still
Retain'd the rounded form of infancy,
And the vermilion glow'd upon his cheek,
Type of robuster health : a deeper blue

Was in his eyes : and trains of serious thought,
 Manly and calm, would mark his steady glance :
 While mirthfulness oft revell'd in his smiles,
 As though the heart could not restrain the tide
 Of innocent delight, that gush'd at once
 In fulness of its joy ; and, whether smiles
 Play'd on his dimpled mouth, or glancing tears,
 Suppress'd by resolution, dimm'd his eye,
 The other smiled or sadden'd : shared in all
 His joys or troubles, for their hearts were one."

Is it possible that such boys, so brought up—under the guidance of a "father-friend," should entertain one thought of cruelty in their hearts, or practise it in their sports? Oh, no. The vice of cruelty is too often taught in infancy, by an unaccountable carelessness of parents on this point, and by inculcating a ferocious horror of some of God's creatures, even the most innocent. We well remember a scene that in our mere boyhood made an impression upon us that will never be effaced. A boy at school had stolen some of our books. The fact being ascertained, we took another boy with

us, and went to his parents, with whom he then was, and demanded the books. The father and the mother were sitting in the parlour ; a younger child, about five or six years of age, brought in a half-fledged bird, delighted with his prize. His amusement was to pluck off feather by feather from the creature, and throw it to the ceiling, bidding it fly, whilst the parents were looking on, and smilingly enjoying his animation. Could those parents with reason complain, if that child lived to break their hearts? But hearts they had none. But these lovely boys had learned a different lesson—

" They saw the gracious Father in his works,
 For they would listen to the book of life
 With solemn, gladden'd aspect : him they lov'd
 Ev'n in his meanest creatures ; revered him
 In the rook's instinct and the emmet's craft ;
 The soothed familiar reptile fled them not ;
 The speckled toad beneath the bramble lay,
 His bright eye shining like a gem, nor shunn'd
 Their footstep ; and the brutal urchin shrank
 Rebuked, who, in their presence, sought to harm
 One creature that had life. The most opprest
 Or scorn'd to them were dearest ; nor their mind
 Endured the dainty sophistry, that deem'd
 " ' The chamber or refectory ' a shrine
 Which no intruding worm may violate,
 But that his life was forfeit ; they had learnt
 Another lesson from their gentle hearts :
 And what their heart had taught them, no tame fear
 Of mocks from the unfeeling, nor the sight
 Of bold and base example, could repress :
 But, with an Abdiel pride, retorting scorn
 Of un intimidated Innocence,
 They turn'd from the seducer or withstood.

" Oh promise early blighted ! blasted hopes !
 Crush'd germs of mortal excellence ! oh ye
 Whom earth could not detain, but heaven required :
 Lost friends ! dear, lost companions ! vanish'd feet,
 Whose traces are upon the hills and shores,
 Pursued, bewept, and linger'd on in vain !
 Follow'd with upward-gazing agony
 From the bare mountains into opening clouds—
 Oh ! found of God, but oh ! how lost to me !"

Omens! how natural to the afflicted is the belief in omens. They look back upon moments of endearment or of alarm, and most of all, of fancied unkindnesses, and are sure to find out some character of warning. If, too, we say that this is the most poetical way of treating such a subject, what do we mean but that it is the most natural—the most true, if not to fact, to feeling. But who will say that there are no

warnings, no omens? Surely not the Christian who believes in a particular providence, and who knows that not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's permission; "*God speaketh once, yea twice, and man perceiveth it not—in a dream, in the vision of the night.*" And are there not day-dreams and visions, where the day of understanding is dark as night? How was it with the foreboding heart of the mother!

"The mind's clear light
Was darken'd for a season, and lone thoughts
Of undefined emotion would obtrude,
Seen in the sadness of the troubled eye
That ever fixed on them."

The vision opens clearer as it approaches the fulfilment. This incident, told as it is, will reach every heart. Nought could give the alarmed mother a sense of security.

"And the sun gleaming in a diamond shower
Upon the rippling waters, fail'd to soothe.
Oh dim presage!—whence rose th' o'ershadowing thought
That fell upon her, when no fear disturb'd
Their happy spirits, and the heaven and earth
In like serenity were glad and calm?
Her look had wander'd where the grey church-tower
Peer'd o'er the sea-crag's verdant ridge; there dwelt
With mournful meaning, eloquent yet mute;
Then quick-averted, turn'd itself on me
And them; her thoughts were dark; their very trace
Has disappear'd; but those two happy boys,
Beneath whose steps all buoyancy and life,
The springy hill-turf quiver'd as they flew,
Rest side by side, within that grey church-tower."

The omen is progressive, the temporary absence, and late return of the elder, who had missed his way; the "unquiet shock and troubled fear,"

and the father's "thrill of inexplicable dread," while on his search for him, are of awful boding, from slight events.

"And in my tenderest place of memory still
Haunts the dear vision of that fledged form,
Then lingering anxious on the stair, and swift
In fondness of abash'd preventing love
To rush upon a father's boding heart
And falter out his welcome. Welcome more
He ne'er shall hear; that thou wast seeming lost
Embitters this thy heavy loss indeed;
That thou wast dead and instantly alive
Doth make thee doubly dead: portentous words
A double loss, a double death was there!"

It comes again upon the vision fearfully.

"I see them on the hills, th' elastic air
Of early autumn glowing on their cheeks,
And tracing their young limbs: I hear them yet;
They shouted in their joy. Those hills no more
Shall echo with their voices, nor the turf
Spring to the pressure of their bounding feet.
Upon the noon, the Sabbath noon, that shone
To them the last, and harbinger'd the day
Whose sun should set unheeded by their eyes,
Perchance we wander'd to a place of graves,

Along the green-hill side : myself pass'd on,
 But sudden stood, surprised in solitude.
 Retracing, then, my steps, I saw the boy—
 I see him yet—with features rosy-flush'd,
 Reaching at berries on the brier-hid wall ;
 Such oft, in playful tribute, he would bring,
 A pastoral offering to his father's hand :
 And on the midway hill the elder stoop'd,
 Lingered at distance, as he cull'd the plants
 With which his bosom and his grasp were fill'd.
 The limit of their pleasant pilgrimage,
 Then, and alas ! for ever !—so, with feign'd
 Parental chiding of delay, I named
 That spot their boundary ; the green range beyond
 Forbidden ; and they smiled upon my threat ;
 And up the hill, that rose full opposite
 The field of graves, we climb'd by rugged stones,
 Which, piled by rustic hands, had form'd a stair
 In the green mountain. They ascended up,
 And turning from those heaps of osier'd turf,
 Homes of the village dead, they raised their heads
 In the hill sunshine of the breezy heaven,
 Unconscious that their way was through the grave ;
 Their spirits summon'd ; and that mountain stair
 The steps that led to angels. Might I thus,
 Oh ! might I tread on death and climb with them ! ”

How beautiful is what follows— called them. They worshipped in
 the burst of grief had taken away the Temple, and not in vain. There
 with it half its gloom—a gleam of hope is a hand held out to save, to lead
 arises that it is God's mercy that has them through the gate of death.

“ O pious youths ! dear infants ! that last eve
 Which spread before your earthly gaze its arch,
 Cluster'd with circling stars, beheld you tread
 The rural temple's pavement, where ye sate,
 And watch'd the preacher's lips that breath'd the word
 Of life, and heard the simple fervid strain
 Of village voices swell their Saviour's praise.
 The summons found you there ; e'en at the door
 God's angel stood, and becken'd you away.”

The omen becomes fearfully visible on the “appointed day.” The elder is even there, as if the waves were impatient for their victims, nearly drowned—but the father was present, and this thought recurring to him afterwards makes him blame himself thus—

“ He was far, far away,
 Who should have saved, or drunk with them in death
 The bitter flood.”

But the father did on that day save his child, and how naturally the mind hurries from that incident to the catastrophe.

“ Mysterious Providence !—a shade e'en then
 Of peril hover'd round us : the recoil
 Of that fast-ebbing tide had borne him on :
 But at my voice—for I had climb'd the rock,
 And, pale and hurried, in the name of God
 Implored him turn, he turn'd, and labouring stemm'd
 The stubborn ooze, and won his shoreward way,
 And panted in mine arms ; oh dear embrace !
 It was our last on earth !—I see him yet,
 His supple stripling limbs fresh from the brine ;
 So soon to welter underneath the wave,
 Hurl'd on the distant shores to which he spread
 His venturous arms, and in that warping stream
 Sunk low the head of him he died to save :
 Embracing him in death, as life ; while seas

Were now their bed ; their slumber still and deep ;
Their waking in the paradise of God."

The omen does not leave them even after the fatal event ; before the knowledge of it reached them, the omen crossed their path. Their meal was spread, but they came not. One in whom they would have trusted for their safety, the "simple William," their companion,

"Cross'd by our casement with his passing shade."

We will not pursue the detail of the dire catastrophe. The omens were fulfilled. The description of the being made acquainted with the event is most graphic and thrilling.

"Voices now,
Low-mutter'd voices, throng'd around our calm
And cheerful dwelling : gazing groups appear'd,
Mysteriously inquisitive, yet sad,
Before my threshold : as I issued forth,
With the first pang of vague inquietude,
A friend cross'd quick my path, who anxious sought
Our dwelling : from his brow, his lifted hands,
Conviction flash'd in horror ; and I rush'd
Along the promontory side and look'd—
Alas ! on vacancy !—I saw alone
The sea wide-rolling in its strength ; I saw
Along pale line of tremulous light that spread
Along the heaving waters—there, e'en there,
They last were seen, who now were seen no more.

"It hovers o'er me like a fearful dream,
That dreadful, slow return ; the drear saloon
With its excluded light, and, heard without,
The lifted voice of weeping ; stranger forms,
Compassionate and soft, with ministry
Of female offices, and she, who wept
Refusing comfort, since she wept in vain."

There is a very fine touch of nature in the infant with "little arms fettering his knees," arousing him from his torpor—and the whisper to his heart, that he should "live to praise the God of consolation"—

"'Twas his hand
That led thee to me, and that felt embrace
Chid my despondence and assured my soul."

The two lines immediately succeeding, though after a pause in the poem, are most rich in pathos and beauty. They tell a volume, a history of grief—of a night, ages long in agony, when the parent's eyes saw nought but them weltering, or their places where they should have been—but they speak too vividly for us to attempt their feeling.

"That night the little chamber where they lay,
Fast by our own, was vacant, and was still."

We have before said, that Mr Elton occasionally reminded us of Dante. The very soul of that great poet is in those two lines. It would be impertinent to point out the exquisite beauty of every word in these two lines ; but who in reading them will not lay down the book and trace and dwell upon the innumerable thoughts and pictures which they call up ? Every word is pregnant with the deepest feeling. "That night"—the solemn, awful hour of that fatal day—"The little

chamber"—that endearing diminutive that encloses the most precious jewels of the house within a casket—"Where they lay"—Oh, what a history of wonted rest, and childhood dreams, and watching love of growth, and health, the nightly and the morning prayer, the presence, and the promise of all domestic happiness is read in these few simple words—"Close by our own." How home do these words come to the parent's heart, expressive of the nearest and dearest. So far all

is the bygone history of love—broken, severed, dissipated. For the spirit of all has its abode, its perpetual home. But, broken as is the history, we must still go back to contrast the happy past with the bitter present. That little chamber is vacant—the imagination instantly fills up every vacant spot—the bed, the furniture, and objects of their suspended sport, and themselves warm, and enfolded in their sleep, and in

a moment they are gone. They are elsewhere—and where? under the cold wave—and tossed far, far from that little chamber, to a distant shore. It is then that we feel the spell of the words—“*vacant—and was still.*” Would we hear the awakening—the cheerful voices? They are no more—the stillness is death. Is the angel of death departed, or lingers he still hovering about the “surge”

“That foams and gurgles round these weedy rocks?”

The angel of death still lingers—but to strike. A friend, a kind and generous friend, finds his death, from illness caught in his anxious search for the bodies. That friend was the “messenger of wo.” Of him thus speaks the author—

—————“Suddenly
Death struck thee in thy deed of charity;
The green sod lies upon thy breast, and thou
Already art, where I could wish to be.”

Does the poem end here? No. The melodious verse flows on, and, like a river of wo, circling, re-seeks old haunts and scenes now endeared to memory. And parental affection is with it every where. Even the desolate house, that shall not be visited, is visited; for, against his purpose, even there he hastens in vision.

“Our dwelling-house is desolate; this foot
Shall ne'er re-pass the threshold which ye pass'd.
Silence is in the walls that rang so late
With your sweet laughter, and th' unheeded bird
Flits round the chamber of your happy sleep.
The plants ye loved are wither'd like yourselves;
The wrecks and relics of your curious search,
Gleanings from fields and woods, the air and streams,
The weed, the fossil, and the insect's wing,
Remain—the records of your innocent tastes,
Remembrances of days of happiness
That never can return: your pen's known trace—
The limnings of your pencil's opening skill—
Oh thought of agony! are those then all,
All that are left me of your lovely selves?”

Again he is on his search.

“There is a spot that haunts me when alone;
Nay, ev'n amidst the moving multitude.”

It is here with an intense desire he had watched the happy group of children—“the little Mary leaning on the elder's hand”—seeking the thicket. We cannot forbear, though we have quoted largely, giving the following part of this description.

“I saw them all, by casual circumstance
Thus drawn together; and I gazed on those
Who were my sole society, who form'd
The circle where all earth's felicities
Were center'd; and the fulness of my heart
Gush'd forth to look upon them, all, at once,
Within my view, a family of love;
Their virtues and their beauties budding fresh
With promise. On that evening I had felt
Intense desire to meet and see them thus

All gather'd in my sight; and therefore gain'd
 The rising hill, whence I might trace the path
 By which they sought the thickets. Never more
 That sight shall bless my vision; nor the sound
 Of those united voices make the mead
 Echo the jubilee of childhood joy.
 I saw not the slow peril, that e'en then
 Rose from the horizon, like a man's dim hand,
 To fling its blackness o'er my star of life;
 Heard not the stifled step of death, that hung
 Close on our rural haunts; pass'd stealthily
 Within the social chamber, and kept watch
 Beside the couch of guileless sleep. Oh fields
 Of flowery verdure! thou unclouded sun
 Rolling in brightness, and thou concave heaven
 Blue with serenest air! hills, rocks, and shores!
 When shall I close mine eyes and see you not?
 The everlasting mountains are a weight
 Upon my spirit, for the feet I loved
 Have prest them; and their fitting shadows pass
 Before me and around; the sea and earth
 Borrow their motions, and their voices fill
 The sounds of breezes and of rivulets:
 Oh could I close this mock'd and weary gaze,
 Shake off the burthen of this beauteous earth,
 And hide me from their shadow, where themselves
 Lie, side by side, within that sealed vault,
 Wrapt in their blessed slumber!"

A particular spot where he had read with them then rushes upon his memory; he describes it, and then adds,

—————"So pleasantly
 They turn'd the classic page. The page is closed;
 The book unopened rests, a mystery,
 A sign, and a memorial. He that saw
 Those sunny features and those azure eyes,
 Looks on them still in vision; but for him
 The letter'd dead converse in vain; the face
 Of nature smiles in vain; there is a shroud
 Upon the sun; a blank throughout the rich
 And beautified creation: the blue hills
 And undulating waters, wafting life
 And fragrance, and the joyous sounds that ring
 Among the thickets and the craggy dales,
 Are images and echoes that are gone;
 Remember'd, not possess; a scene of dreams
 From which the heart is shut; from which it turns,
 Lest it should open springs of bitterness;
 The paradise is there, but still *beyond!*
 There is a gulf betwixt: I may not pass
 And taste the pleasure of that genial earth,
 And feel the balm of yon embracing heaven."

The conclusion is perfect, both as a picture and as a moral. It is a wintry scene; the view is from St Vincent's rocks, Clifton. It is painted with all the discrimination of a skilful painter. The view encloses the now almost sacred haunts of the childhood and boyhood of those dear ones lost; paints, too, a father's com-

panionship. Though in the time of winter, the recollections are of summer. Is there, then, despondency? No. Whilst all below is of darkness, dreariness, and death, there is above a light, as from heaven, that turns the thoughts to pious adoration—to the consolation of a Christian.

“Now I look
 Upon a scene of wintry dreariment,”

Pale, leafless, herbless, cold; on that black stream,
 Black from o'erpowering white, the very barks,
 And they, the living beings, that propel
 Their sullen, sluggish motion, darkling move,
 As if the nether Acheron rolled on
 Its tide before me, and a ghostly fleet
 Sail'd on its ebon current. Oh most strange
 And most congenial picture; death is there—
 Death is before my vision; death within
 My heart; but, as I lift my saddening eyes,
 The tops of those tall cliffs are tinged with light
 As it were gold, and on my left, the sky
 Is one clear space of azure, where the sun,
 A broaden'd orb, in ruddy splendour hangs,
 About to drop beyond the western hills;
 Making the whiten'd banks and woodlands brown,
 The clear black current, and the darksome barks,
 More desolate from contrast, yet to all
 Yielding a glory and sublime relief
 With mingled gorgeous imagery of light,
 Though solemn still and chasten'd with the gloom
 Of desolation. How the mind, effused
 Out of itself, communicates the hue
 Of its own subtle spirit to the forms
 Of outward things, and makes the woods and streams
 Respond to its discourse, and character
 Their feature by its passion! I beheld
 A grave of waters, deepening dark and still
 Beneath me, and above, the tinging gleam
 Of light from heaven; the resurrection's dawn
 Gilding the funeral vault; and, in the sun,
 The Christian's rest of glory; light and strength
 In his decline—the earnest of his rise!”

MEMOIRS OF LUTHER. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,
 AND EDITED BY M. MICHELET (CHIEF OF THE HISTORIC SECTION OF THE
 ARCHIVES OF FRANCE).

THE gentleman who has undertaken the very useful and important labour of translating and arranging the papers which compose the volumes before us, and of introducing them to the public, has every claim that literary merit, and a life devoted to serious and ennobling pursuits, can give to a large space himself in our pages. The absorbing interest, however, of the subject on which he treats in the work now under our consideration, precludes us from the gratification of making his own distinguished deserts known on the present occasion to our readers. It must suffice to remind them that M. Michelet is the author of a history of the Roman Republic, and of two volumes (to be continued) of a history of France. Both of these works display immense erudition, not merely derived from the beaten high-roads of historic research, but also from the extensive enquiries of the poet and the anti-

quarian. But unfortunately for M. Michelet's reputation, he seems ever to have been questioning rather the disembodied spirit than the palpable facts of history. He has been in the habit of summoning before him as good historic matter, the fables, symbols, legends, and superstitions of past times, and has endeavoured to extract from them the secret philosophic meaning, which, he will have it, they unfold. This has rendered him obscure, and has hindered him from acquiring that popularity which many who possess not the tithe of his genius and attainments daily obtain. Every one, nevertheless, can perceive that his productions give evidence of surprising learning, eloquence, and labour, and of a vivid and potent fancy and power of reason, which—albeit they deal chiefly with unmanageable abstraction—exhibit an intellect of the highest order. M. Michelet is in

his private character completely a hermit of knowledge. Though a very young man, he keeps himself quite apart from the distractions of pleasure and agitations of politics. He lives in an obscure and retired part of Paris, and devotes his days and nights to conscientious study and labour. It is not at all beside our present purpose to notice the characteristics of mind and conduct of the author before us. When a life of Luther is given to the world, and that by a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic, one naturally enquires into the habits of thought and life of the person from whom such a communication proceeds. This enquiry in the present instance meets with a satisfactory answer. M. Michelet has himself informed us why he broke off from his historical researches to devote his time to an examination into Christianity: "In the middle," he says, "of the Roman history I met with Christianity in its origin; half through the history of France, I encountered it aged and decrepid. Proceeding a little farther, I meet it again. To whatever quarter I turn, it is before me; it bars my way, and forbids me to pass on." A serious conviction of the importance of this subject is thus the sound preparation which M. Michelet has brought to the compilation of the interesting memoirs now on our table.

These memoirs are composed altogether of letters and papers written by Luther himself, and give us a complete picture of the man as he was in life. Hitherto the too common idea of the great reformer's character has been that it was a mere compound of violence and ruggedness. These traits have been made so prominent, that the finer lines of his portrait have been completely shaded from sight. If, in fact, we knew nothing of Dr Johnson but his occasional bursts of savage and uncouth manners, we should not have a more erroneous impression of him than is generally entertained of Luther. Another reason of our misconception is, that we too often honour mere *daintiness* of mind with the names of delicacy, sensibility, humanity, virtue; whilst the rough exterior and the passionate expression, smack, to the taste of drawing-room, fashionable, *élite* society, whence opinions are usually circu-

lated, only of brutality and ferocity. Perhaps, however, the finest, richest, and most generous species of character is that which presents to the *dainty* the most repulsive surface. Within the rough rind the feelings are preserved unsophisticated, robust, and healthy. The *noli me tangere* outside keeps off that insidious swarm of artificial sentimentalities which taint, and adulterate, and finally expel all natural and vigorous emotions from within us. The idea of a perfect man has always been figured forth in our minds by the emblem of the lion coming out of the lamb, and the lamb coming out of the lion. Of this description of character was Luther. Nothing could exceed his submissiveness and humility when a choice was left him whether to be humble or daring; but when conscience spoke, no other consideration was for a moment attended to, and he certainly did then shake the forest in his magnificent ire. But if we behold him one moment, to use his own quotation from scripture, *pouring contempt upon princes*, and highly raging against the highest upon earth, we see him the next in his familiar correspondence a poor, humble, afflicted man, not puffed up with pride at the great things he had accomplished, but rather struck down by a sense of his own unworthiness. As to his violence, it was part of his mission to be violent, and those who lay it to his charge as blameworthy, seem to us not to accuse him, but to accuse Providence. Not to have been violent, would in him have been not to have been in earnest. And here it must be observed, that his violence was only verbal; it was merely the rousing *voice* to awaken Europe from the lethargy of ages. In his opinions and views he was the most moderate of all the reformers. In his coarseness, however, his low origin certainly speaks out, yet there is something sublime in the peasant (the miner's son) dragging popes and kings into his wrestling ring, and handling them with as much roughness and as little ceremony as he would a hobnailed clown from a country market-place. But let us follow him into private life. Here it is that we shall best learn to appreciate him. We will not dwell upon his constant contentment in poverty,

and his contempt for riches, because this is the characteristic of almost all great men who are really worth more than gold can procure them; but his long unbroken friendship with Melancthon—a character so opposite to his own, and in some respects so superior, as he was the first to acknowledge himself—has always struck us as a proof that he possessed much sweetness and gentleness of disposition. Envy or jealousy never interrupted for a moment the fraternal affection that subsisted between these great men. Of those passions indeed Luther seems not to have been susceptible. Neither did personal ambition come near him. Though he had so many titles to it, he never claimed the supremacy over his contemporary reformers. Notwithstanding the great things he had performed, he gave himself no air of grandeur or importance. He seemed to consider himself as a common man among common men. He was Doctor Martin Luther, and nothing more. There was a simplicity and commonness in his habits and conversation which contrasts wonderfully with the mighty revolution he brought about. This simplicity, we were going to say, shows his native greatness, but we correct ourselves, and add, that it exhibits that apostolic frame of mind which all the messengers of God, from Moses downwards, have displayed. Such men are moulded at once by the hand that sends them. The accidents of this world have no power (as they have upon others) to change or modify their moral conformation. There is a oneness, a wholeness, an uncompoundedness of character in these elect instruments; on their moral frame is chiselled by the divine finger one idea, and one only—and that external to their earthly condition. Hence was begotten the simplicity and homeliness of Luther's walk in life. Had he acted the great man he would have proved that he was not the apostle. The frank, popular, coarse, and somewhat peasant-bearing which marked him, has made him the hero of the populace to this day in Germany. What is also remarkable in a man of his indubitable and profound piety is, that he had no sanctified airs, no austerity. On the contrary he loved painting, music, singing, and decent

conviviality. We wish indeed it were not considered necessary now-a-days to assume a peculiar solemnity, a peculiar formality of manners, as a badge of piety. Nothing makes so many hypocrites as this. The pious man should endeavour to avoid as much as possible the external manifestations of his piety, all that can be imitated without being realized. In this matter Luther was a perfect model. We feel thoroughly convinced that all which he possessed was real, precisely because there was no show, no parade whatever of sanctity about him. In his family, and among his neighbours, he was jovial, affectionate, *debonnaire*. His piety was not put on him, but broke out of him. It flowed in a mingled stream with his everyday life and conversation. The gravel and the gold rolled together in the rich channel of his mind, and he made no effort to exhibit only the one and to conceal the other.

We shall now proceed to our extracts, and in these we shall avoid as much as may be those which allude to the early controversies of the Reformation, concerning which the world has long since made up its mind, and shall give merely such as exhibit the character, and touch upon the most interesting passages of the life of the reformer. Our first shall be from a letter wherein hercapitulates the extraordinary events of his life: "I have often conversed," he writes, "with Melancthon, and have related to him the history of my whole life from point to point. I am the son of a peasant; my father, my grandfather, and great grandfather, were mere peasants. My father went to Mansfeld, and there became a miner. I was born there. That I should afterwards become a bachelor, a doctor, &c., was that written in the stars? When I made myself a monk I astonished every one; when I changed the brown bonnet for another, a new surprise. This indeed vexed my father, and displeased him much. I afterwards dragged about the Pope by the hair of his head, and then married an escaped nun, and have had children. Who could have seen all these things in the stars? who could have announced such strange events to me beforehand?"

The boyhood of Luther was mark-

ed with the most extreme poverty. His father, instead of making him work in the mines, sent him to school, but it appears that he subsisted at this time partly by charity, indeed by begging. "Let no one despise before me," he writes in after life, "those poor people who go singing from door to door, and asking *panem propter Deum*. I also have been a poor beggar. I have received bread at the doors of many houses, particularly at Eisenach, my dear town."

For his father he always entertained the most filial affection and respect, and writes as follows to Melancthon, when announcing the death of his humble parent: "It is a duty of piety in me to weep for him in whom the father of mercy gave me a father, who, by his labour and sweat nourished and formed me such as I am, little as that is. Certainly I rejoice that he lived till now, and saw the light of truth. Blessed be God through all eternity for all his councils and decrees! Amen!"

A terrible accident was the cause of Luther's becoming a monk. One of his friends was struck dead by a flash of lightning at his side. At the instant he made a vow to St Anne to make himself a monk if he survived. He fulfilled his vow, though he declares that he felt no vocation for the monastic state. His father was not, till two years after, reconciled to the determination of his son, but at the end of that time assisted at his ordination, and put into his hand all the money he had been able to save by his hard labour, twenty florins.

Here is the place to speak of these terrible temptations which Luther suffered, and which form so prominent a feature in his life. On one occasion he declares himself to have experienced so keen and so long continued an anguish that he neither ate, drank, or slept for fourteen days and nights. We may readily imagine at least that he was so absorbed in his affliction as hardly to know what he did mechanically, and to have been insensible of the distressed repose which must nevertheless have come upon him. It is remarkable that all our great awakers in religion have had a depth of experience in the spiritual reachings of our nature which

others can scarcely comprehend. It is true the great tension of abstracted thoughts from which this arises often threatens to unseat the reason, and generally leaves behind it some ravaged spot in the intellect. But such is the misery of our moral condition, that it requires a violent wrench, almost a disorganization of the mind, to loose it from its stubborn holdings on the earth, and give it its original upward direction. So that where true wisdom is, there is usually some staring folly to mock at it. Luther is a striking example of this. He could not believe in God without having grinning devils to mow and gibber at his creed. He thus writes of the temptation he experienced in the monastery. "Ah! if St Paul lived at present how I should wish to know what sort of temptation he experienced. His thorn in the flesh was not what the Papists imagine. Oh no, it was something greater than the despair caused by sin. It was the temptation spoken of in the Psalm; 'my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me.' As if the Psalmist would say, you are my enemy without a cause, and like Job—I am nevertheless just and innocent. I am sure that the book of Job is a true history, of which a poem was afterwards made. Jerome and the other fathers have had their temptations, but these were nothing in comparison to those which assault the soul,—when the messenger of Satan *strikes with his fists*." He tells us afterwards how these horrible thoughts here alluded to were appeased. "In studying the epistles of St Paul, I had a violent desire to know the scope of St Paul's argument in his letter to the Romans. One single expression stopped me. *Justitia Dei revelatur in illo*. I hated this word, *Justitia Dei*, because, according to the doctors, I had understood it to mean active justice, by which God is just, and punishes the unjust and sinners. I hated this just God, the punisher of sinners. But as I meditated on these words day and night, 'The justice of God is revealed in him, as it is written the just shall live by faith,' God had at last pity on me; I understood the justice of God (translated in our Bible more correctly, 'righteousness') was that by which by the gift of God the just lived, that is to say, *faith*. I from

that moment felt myself, as it were, new born, and I seemed to enter through open gates into paradise."

We have quoted the above passages because on the trouble and solution of the question they speak of hinged all the after career of Luther. We must see him now at Rome. "When I arrived," he says, "I fell on my knees, lifted my hands to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Hail! holy Rome, sanctified by the holy martyrs, and by their blood which has been shed here!'" In his fervour, he says, he visited every sacred place, saw all, believed all. But he soon perceived that he believed alone. Christianity seemed utterly forgotten in the capital of the Christian world. The warlike fiery Julius II. was then Pope, and this father of the faithful breathed nothing but blood and ruin. To speak of grace and the inefficacy of works to this singular priest, who has been represented by Michael Angelo as destroying Bologna by his benedictions, would have been an absurd contradiction of sense. In the churches, too, Luther could not find the consolation of a good mass. The Italian priests made a scandalous parade of their infidelity. In consecrating the host they used to say, "*panis es et panis manebis.*" "I would not," says Luther, "for an hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome" (and he repeats these words three times). "I should have feared that I might have done injustice to the Pope."

The gradual steps by which Luther arrived at the conviction that Popery was anti-Christian are well known, but his conscientious hesitations, his extreme submissiveness to the Pope and Cardinals in the beginning, which would even have been abject if it had not sprung from a conscience afraid to transgress the line of duty, has not been appreciated. His subsequent violence has been trumpeted abroad as something very scandalous, but his lukewarm censurers have failed to perceive that both violence and submission arose in him from the same sources—conscience. Of his submissiveness, we have, besides his first letters to the Pope and other instances, the following example. When summoned to Augsburg, he had an interview with the Archbishop of Trent, of

which he gives the following account. "At the expiration of three days, the Archbishop of Trent arrived. I came before him in all humility. I fell at his feet, prostrating myself on the earth, and remained there till he had ordered me to rise three times. This pleased him much, and gave him hopes that I might retract. But when I returned to him the next day, I refused to do so in the slightest particular. He then said to me, 'Do you think the Pope cares about Germany? Do you think the princes will defend you with arms and armies? Certainly they will not. Where, then, will you find refuge?' 'Under the heaven,' I replied."

The next public arena he appeared on was Leipsic, where he had been challenged by Doctor Eck to defend his doctrines. We only mention this well-known polemical combat which took place there, as it gives us occasion to quote the following letter which Luther was obliged to address to the Elector of Saxony, praying him to furnish him with two surplices before he could appear with decency before his antagonist. "I beg," he says, "of your electoral grace to have the goodness to buy for me a white surplice and a black one. The white one I humbly ask for. As for the black one, your highness owes it me; for two or three years ago you promised it to me; and Pfeffinger loosens the strings of his purse so unwillingly, that I have been obliged to procure one for myself. I humbly beg your highness, who thought that the *Psalmster* merited a black surplice, to adjudge a white one to St Paul."

Although the great act of Luther's life—his appearance before the diet of Worms—is better known than any other event of his career, we cannot pass over so important a passage in his life. To all Protestants it must be perpetually interesting, and the accounts we can now furnish have not been hitherto, we believe, published. We will first take the description of his procession to Worms from the pen of an enemy. "A chariot," it says, "was prepared for him in the form of a closed litter. Around him were many learned personages, the *prevôt* Jonas, the doctor Schurf, and the theologian Amsdorff, &c. &c. Wherever he passed, there was a great

concourse of people. In the *hôtellerie* was good cheer, joyous libations, and even music. Luther himself, to draw all eyes upon him, played the harp like another Orpheus. Although the safe-conduct of the Emperor prohibited him from preaching on his route, he preached at Erfurt, and on the day of Quasimodi had his sermon published." Another account, from a friendly hand, says—"Martin is of a middling height. Cares and studies have made him so thin, that one may count all the bones in his body. He is, nevertheless, in all the force and verdure of his age. His voice is clear and piercing. Powerful in his doctrine, admirable in his knowledge of the Scriptures, he can recite almost all its verses, one after the other. He is never at a loss, and has at his disposition a world of thoughts and words (*sylva ingens verborum et rerum*). In his conversation he is agreeable and easy. There is nothing hard or austere in his air. He even suffers himself to enjoy the pleasures of life. In society he is gay, pleasing, unembarrassed, and preserves a perfect serenity of countenance, in spite of the atrocious menaces of his adversaries. It is difficult to believe that this man could undertake such great things without the divine protection." Luther himself has given us a most interesting recital of what took place at the Diet, from which we give the following extracts:—"When I had arrived at Oppenheim, near Worms, Master Bucer came to me, and persuaded me not to enter into the city. Seglapien, the confessor of the Emperor, had told him, that if I entered Worms, I should be burnt alive. These wretches gave out these menaces, that I might be deterred from making my appearance; for if I had delayed three days, my safe-conduct would have been no longer good, the gates would have been shut upon me, I should not have been heard, and have been condemned tyrannically. I advanced, then, in the simplicity of my heart; and when I was in sight of the city, I wrote to Spalatin, to tell him I had arrived, and to ask him where I was to lodge. They were astonished at my unforeseen arrival; for they thought that I should have remain-

ed without, arrested by terror. Two of the nobles, the Lord of Hersfeld, and John Schott, came to me by order of the Elector of Saxony, and conducted me to their own apartments; but no prince came to see me. Only the counts and nobles looked at me very earnestly. The Pope had written to the Emperor not to observe the safe-conduct. The bishops urged him in the same sense; but the princes and the states would not consent. All this drew upon me great consideration. My enemies, indeed, were more afraid of me than I was of them. The next day after my arrival, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the master of ceremonies of the empire, and the herald who had accompanied me from Wittemberg, came to conduct me to the *Hôtel de Ville*. They led me through secret passages, to avoid the great crowds which were assembled in the public ways. In spite, however, of this precaution, a great concourse accompanied me to the gate of the *Hôtel de Ville*. Many had mounted to the tops of the houses, to see me pass. When I had entered into the hall, many lords came up to me, and addressed me in words of encouragement. 'Be intrepid,' said they; 'speak like a man; fear not those who can kill the body, but have no power over the soul.'—'Monk,' said the famous Captain George Frundsberg, putting his hand upon my shoulder, 'take care; you are in more peril than any of us have ever been: but if you are on the good road, God will not abandon you.' My examination was begun by Dr Eck, the official of the Bishop of Treves. 'Martin,' said he, 'you are summoned here to say if you acknowledge the books placed upon the table.' After I had acknowledged them, he demanded again, 'Will you now disavow them?' I replied, 'My very gracious lord Emperor, some of these my writings are books of controversy, in which I attack my adversaries. Others are books of instruction and of doctrine. In the latter, I can and will retract nothing, for they contain the word of God. As to my books of controversy, if I have been too violent against any one, I am willing to allow myself to be convinced of it, provided time is accorded me to re-

flect.' " We regret that we cannot give the whole of the simple and most graphic narration of Luther of one of the most deeply interesting and important scenes that was ever acted before a human audience. We must content ourselves with a few of the concluding passages. " The last and third part of my books," continued Luther, " is of a polemical nature. I avow that I have been often more violent and bitter than suits my religion and my robe. But I give not myself out for a saint. It is not my life which is in discussion before you, but the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, it is not fitting that I should even make any retraction here; for I should by so doing approve of the tyranny and impiety which have ravaged the church of God. I am but a man; I cannot defend my doctrine otherwise than did my divine Saviour. When he was smitten by the officer of the high-priest, he said, ' If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.' If, then, the Lord himself demanded to be interrogated, and that by a wicked slave, how much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, and who may deceive myself easily, claim the liberty of justifying my doctrine. If the testimony of Scripture is against me, I will retract with all my heart, and be the first to throw my books into the fire." After this discourse, the orator of the Emperor rose and said, that what had been decided by councils could not be called into doubt. He demanded, in consequence, a simple and unconditional retraction. Luther then rose again, and concluded with these words:—" Since your imperial majesty and your highnesses demand of me a brief and simple reply, I will give you one which has neither teeth nor horns. If I am not convinced by the holy Scriptures, or by other reasons clear and incontestable (for I will yield neither to Pope nor councils, who have often erred), I neither can nor will revoke any thing. The testimonies I have cited have not been, and cannot be refuted. My conscience is a prisoner in the word of God. No one should be counselled to act against his conscience. Here I am. I cannot act otherwise. May God help me! Amen." The last clause

of this passage he uttered in his native German, the rest of his discourse having been delivered in Latin. Since the time when St Paul justified his doctrine before King Agrippa, no human being has cut so simple, so noble, and therefore so sublime a figure as did Luther at the Diet of Worms.

We must now pass over many large spaces of Luther's life. We do this with regret, for there is not a single page in the volume before us from which we do not feel tempted to extract something. After our hero reformer had been carried off to Wartbourg, by his good friend the Elector, to put him beyond the reach of his enemies, and from which place he dates his letters *from the region of the air, from the region of the birds, or from the mountain of the isle of Patmos*, he was recalled to Wittenberg by the alarming character which the reform began to take in the hands of Carlostad, of the demagogue theologians, the breakers of images, the Anabaptists, and others. Luther strenuously opposed these men, and in nothing did his moderation and powerful sense appear so much as in the advice he gave concerning them. " Take care," he says, in a letter to Melancthon, " that our prince does not stain his hands in the blood of the new prophets. It is with the word we must combat, with the word we must conquer; it is with the word we must destroy that which they have raised up by force and violence. I condemn only by the word. He that believes, let him believe and follow; he that believes not, let him not believe, and go on his way. No one should be constrained to the faith or the things of the faith. By the word alone we must persuade. I condemn images but by the word—not that they should be burnt, but that no one should put confidence in them." In another letter, he shows that he carried the spirit of moderation, and conciliation, even farther. When alluding to the reform just introduced into Brandenburg, and the objection of the Elector to suppress exterior ceremonies, he writes—" As to processions and other external things, which your prince will not abolish, this is my advice,—If he allows you to preach the gospel of

Jesus Christ purely, and without human additions, to suppress the adoration of saints and masses for the dead, to renounce holy water, and not to carry the holy sacrament in processions, let him have all the ceremonies he likes—carry a cross of gold or of silver—wear a surplice and a hood of velvet, of silk, of cloth, or whatever he chooses; if your prince is not content with one surplice, put on three, like the high-priest Aaron, who put on three robes, one over another, all splendid, all magnificent; if his electoral grace is not content with one procession, made with parade and song, let him have seven at once, like the children of Israel going seven times round the walls of Jericho, shouting and blowing trumpets; and if it amuses his grace, let him open the march himself, and dance before the others to the sound of sackbut, harp, dulcimer, cymbal, and all sorts of instruments: I shall not oppose it. These things add nothing to, and take nothing from the gospel. If I could only have brought the Pope and his adherents to this, how thankful I should have been to God! Truly, if the Pope had yielded thus far, he might have told me to wear whatever he would, and I would have worn it to please him."

If we were not quite sure that the volumes from which we are extracting will, in the course of a very short time, be translated into English, we should feel it quite impossible to pass over those chapters which treat of Church Government, of monastic vows, and the war of the peasants which broke out at an early stage of the Reformation. The wisdom and eloquence of Luther on these subjects are most remarkable. He makes it evident that he was not carried away by that spirit which has been since called the "spirit of the age," and which always means *criminal excess*, although it is considered at the actual period the height of virtue to follow its impulses, but wrote and judged—albeit with his accustomed energy—with the temperance, moderation, and judiciousness of a spectator rather than an actor. It is remarkable, that although Luther was, if ever one existed, an advocate of popular rights, and the people's champion against the tyranny of the high

and mighty, he is yet the sternest reprobater of revolt and insurrection that ever lived; he says, "I think that all the peasants ought to perish rather than the princes and magistrates" (princes and magistrates whom he has just before taxed and taunted in the bitterest language for their cruel oppressions), "because the peasants take the sword without the divine authority. No pity, no tolerance, is due to the peasants but the indignation of God and of men. They should be treated like mad dogs."

The last great controversy Luther entered into was with Erasmus, on the great question of free will and predestination. Without entering ourselves into this high and mysterious matter, in which all disputants—whilst they bring, each in his own sense, positive and conclusive proofs to bear them out in their respective views—must be foiled; we will merely notice one singularity which attends it, viz. those who deny free will in man (the small number), which denial, in logic, destroys moral responsibility, are almost invariably the most scrupulous, strict, and pure in their lives; whilst those who deny predestination (the great majority), which, in logic, is a denial of the existence of God, are, with many exceptions certainly—the irreligious and the reprobate. It has always struck us that the two adverse propositions must both be admitted as positively true, though our reason is insufficient to reconcile them together. The point where they meet and are reconciled is alone hidden from us. Except in this particular, the double proof of the respective truth of each is complete. The two truths seem to be the two great chains of human destiny, the extreme ends of which descend to earth, while their summits reach to heaven, and the link that unites them is covered by the upholding hand of God. Instead, however, of entering further into this matter, we will give a most interesting letter from Luther to Erasmus, whilst they were yet friends. This letter gives a good description of the character and genius of the person to whom it is addressed, and is as follows: "I have been a long time without writing to you, my dear Erasmus. I expected that you, the greatest of the two,

would have first broken silence. I thought even that charity commanded you to begin. I do not reproach you with having kept apart from us in the fear of embarrassing the cause which you maintain against our enemies, the Papists. I am not otherwise displeased with you than that in some of the books you have published, there are some places in which you bite and sting us rather keenly for the sake of gaining the favour and softening the fury of our adversaries. We perceive that the Lord has not given you the energy and the mind freely and courageously to attack those monsters, and we do not exact from you that which is above your strength. We have respected in you your weakness, and the measure of the gift of God imparted to you. The whole world cannot deny that you have made literature, by which the real understanding of the Scriptures is acquired, flourish, and that this gift of God is in you magnificent and admirable, for which we must all render thanks. I have therefore never desired that you should advance beyond the measure of your mind to enter into our camp; you would render us no doubt great services by your talents and your eloquence, but since your heart fails you, it is better to serve in the sphere for which God has prepared you. We fear only that you may be seduced by our adversaries to attack our dogmas in your books, and then I shall be constrained to resist you to the face. We have appeased some of our own party who had written works to drag you into the arena. It is for this reason that I wished that the *Expostulatio* of Hutton, and still more that your *Sponge of Hutton*, should not have been published. You must have felt yourself, in this last work, how easy it is to write on moderation, and to accuse Luther of violence; but how difficult—how impossible—without a special gift of the Spirit, it is to be mild and moderate in our language, and in earnest at the same time. Believe it then, or believe it not, but the Christ is my witness, that I feel for you from the bottom of my soul, in seeing so much hatred, anger, and bad passions excited against you. Nevertheless, perhaps your antagonists of our party are prompted by a legitimate zeal. It seems to them that you have unworthily provoked

them. As for myself, although irritable and often urged by anger to write with bitterness, I have never done so except against the obstinate. I have therefore restrained my pen, in spite of your stinging remarks, and I have promised still to restrain it, till you declare yourself openly against me. For whatever may be our differences of opinion, with whatever implicity or dissimulation you express your disapprobation or your doubts on the most important points of religion, I neither can nor will accuse you of wilfulness. But what is to be done now? On both sides controversy has become greatly envenomed. As for me, I would if I could become a mediator, make your adversaries cease from attacking you with so much fury, and suffer your old age to repose in peace in the Lord. They would agree to this, I think, if they rightly considered your feebleness, and the greatness of the cause which has long since outstripped your little stature. Things have come to such a point, that there is nothing to fear for our cause, even if Erasmus should unite all his forces against us. Yet there is some reason that your adversaries should be ill able to bear your attacks; human weakness is easily frightened and irritated at the authority and name of Erasmus; to be bitten by Erasmus once, is a very different thing from being attacked by all the Papists in a band. I wished to say all this to you, dear Erasmus, in proof of my candour, and because I desire that the Lord may give you a spirit worthy of your name. Should not that happen, I demand at least of you that you remain spectator of our drama. Unite not your forces to those of our adversaries; publish no books against me, and I will publish none against you," &c.

We must now see Luther married, and at home. Mr Dunham, in his History of Germany, has made, in our opinion, some very superficial observations upon the marriage of the reformer. He seems to think, that once having taken the vow of celibacy, this vow obliged Luther to remain always unmarried. Without pushing this argument into the absurd consequences it would lead to, we will merely observe that a vow, if it be at all rational and permissible, is made up of the moral con-

siderations and convictions which go to its formation, and that when these are proved to have been false, the vow — its component parts no longer holding together — dissolves of itself, and goes to the winds. To consider it otherwise, is to make it a self-existent demon to tyrannize over and enchain men, quite irrespective indeed, in defiance of their reason. We have always admired the conscientious boldness Luther gave evidence of in marrying, and that his taking this step was not occasioned by the gross motive which his grosser enemies have delighted to imagine, is clear, from the following passages from his letters. Writing to Amsdorf, he says, — "Trusting still to live some years, I have not refused to give my father the hope of a posterity. I wished also to practise what I have taught, especially as others have shown themselves so pusillanimous in not profiting by what is so clearly recommended in the Scriptures. I have followed only the will of God. For my wife I feel no burning disordered passion, but only affection." As a proof that this statement of his feelings was true, he wrote to a young scholar at Nuremberg, Baumgartner, to whom it appears his wife had been attached, in the following terms, just before his marriage: — "If you wish to obtain your Catharine de Bora, make haste before she is given to another, who has his hand upon her. Nevertheless, she has not got over her love for you. As for me, I should rejoice to see you united." A year after his marriage he writes to Strefel, — "Catharine, my dear rib, salutes you: she is in good health, God be thanked, gentle and loving to me, obedient and meek in all things beyond my hopes. I would not change my poverty for the riches of Cæsus." Luther was indeed at this time in extreme poverty, so much so, as to be obliged, like St Paul, to work at a trade. "If the world," he says, "will not let us live by the word, let us live by our hands." He became a turner. "Since," he says in another letter, "there is neither art nor literature among us barbarians, I and Wolfgang, my servant, have taken to turning." He also built and planted. "I have planted a garden," he wrote to Spalatin, "and built a fountain, and both the one and the other

have succeeded. Come, and you shall be crowned with lilies and roses." An abbot of Nuremberg made him, at about this time, a present of a clock. "I must," he says, when acknowledging the present, "make myself a disciple of the mathematicians, to comprehend all this mechanism, for I have never seen any thing like it." And, some time after, "I have received the instruments for turning. I have, for the moment, tools enough, unless you could send me some of a new kind which may turn of themselves, whilst my servant is gaping and staring about him. I am already pretty far advanced in clockmaking. Your clock is precious to mark the time to my drunken Saxons, who pay more attention to their glasses than to the hour, and care little whether the sun, the clock, or he who regulates it, go right or wrong."

During the domestic period of his life, Luther was seized with a sudden and violent illness. He believed himself to be on the point of death, and, after a fervent prayer, he turned towards Doctors Bugenhagen and Jonas, and said, "The world loves falsehood, and there are many who will say I retracted before death. I beg of you, then, instantly to receive my profession of faith. I declare, on my conscience, that I have taught the true word of God, which the Lord has imposed upon me, and constrained me to do. Yes, I declare that what I have preached of the faith of charity, of the cross, of the holy sacrament, and of other articles of Christian doctrine, is just, good, and salutary." Some hours after he asked for his wife, and when she came, said, "Where is my little heart, my dear little John?" And when the child was brought, he said, with tears in his eyes, "Oh! dear little child, I commend you to God, you and your good mother, my dear Catharine. You have nothing, but God will take care of you; He is the father of orphans and of widows. Preserve them, Oh, my God! as you have preserved and instructed me to this day." He then said a few words to his wife about some silver goblets. "You know," he added, "we have nothing but that."

Luther was roused from his domestic avocations by the war which threatened Germany from Turkey, and afterwards by the Diet which

was held at Augsburg. In a letter, written to Melancthon at this period, we meet with the following characteristic passage, which no other man that ever lived could have written but Luther:—"My health is feeble. . . . But I despise the messenger of Satan, who is sent to buffet my flesh. If I can neither read nor write, at least I can think and pray, and even quarrel with the devil, and then sleep, idle, play, and sing. As for you, my dear Philip, do not afflict yourself about this affair, which is not in your hands, but in that of ONE more powerful, and from whom no one can take it." An allusion is made in the above passage to the reconciliation Melancthon was trying to bring about between the Papists and the Reformers. He, Luther, writes on the subject to Spalatin,— "I learn that you have undertaken an admirable work, to make Luther and the Pope agree. But the Pope will not be reconciled, and Luther also refuses. Take care that you are not losing your time, and troubling yourself in vain. If you succeed, I will also, to follow your example, engage to reconcile Christ and Belial!"

We give the following passage as a specimen of Luther's thundering and blasting eloquence. An anonymous writer had accused the Protestants of Germany of arming in secret for the purpose of surprising the Catholics. The following is the reply to this accusation:—"From whence this publication proceeds, is carefully hidden. No one must know its author. Well, then, I am willing to be ignorant also. I will have a cold, that I may not *smell* the awkward pedant. Nevertheless, I will try my skill; I will strike hard upon the sack, and if my blows fall upon the ass within, it will not be my fault." * * * "Whether it be true or not that the Lutherans are making preparations, this concerns me not. I have neither ordered them or advised them in the matter. I neither know what they will do, or what they will not do; but since the Papists announce in this book that they believe in these armaments, I receive the report with pleasure, and rejoice in their illusions and alarms. I would augment, even if I could, these illusions, for no other reason than to make them die of the fright. If Cain kills Abel, if Caia-

phas persecutes Jesus, it is just that they should be punished. Let them live in trances of terror; let them tremble at the rustling of a leaf; let them see on all sides the phantoms of insurrection and of death.—Nothing can be more equitable." * * "But do you think that we know not of your edict! Do you believe that we are ignorant that, by this edict, all the swords of the empire are sharpened and unsheathed, all the arquebusses loaded, all the cavalry ready to burst upon the Elector of Saxony and his party, to spread fire and blood, and to fill the country with tears and desolation? This is your edict, these are your murderous enterprises, sealed with your seals and with your arms; and you would call this peace, and you dare to accuse the Lutherans of troubling the public tranquillity? Oh, impudence—Oh, hypocrisy without bounds! But I understand you—you would wish that the Lutherans should make no preparations for the war with which their enemies threaten them. Thanks—thanks, sweet souls! I, as a preacher, truly ought to endure this—I know it well; and those to whom the grace is given, ought to endure it likewise. But that others will also submit, is what I cannot guarantee to tyrants. If I gave publicly advice to the Protestants, the tyrants would profit by it, and I will not free them from the fear of our resistance. Do they wish to gain their spurs by massacring us? Let them gain them then with peril, as becomes brave knights. Cut-throats by trade, let them expect at least to be received like cut-throats." * * "Whether I am censured or not as being too violent, I care not. It shall be my glory and honour in future to be accused of tempesting and raging against the Papists. For more than ten years I have humbled myself and given them good words; and the rustics have grown proud and haughty. Well, then! since they are incorrigible, since there is no farther hope of shaking their infernal resolutions by mildness, I break with them; I will pursue them with my imprecations, without stop or rest, to my tomb. They shall never more have a good word from me. I would that my thunders and my lightnings roared and blazed over their grave." * * * "I cannot pray without cursing. I

cannot say, *hallowed be thy name*, without adding, cursed be the name of the Papists, and all those who blaspheme thee. If I say, *thy kingdom come*, I must add, cursed be the Poppedom, and all the kingdoms which are opposed to thine. If I say, *thy will be done*, I add, cursed be the designs of the Papists, and of all those—may they perish—who fight against thee. In this way I pray every day, and with me all the true faithful in Christ Jesus. . . . Nevertheless, I have for all the world a heart good and loving, and my greatest enemies know this themselves well."

We must return again to Luther in private life, and whilst he is seated at his table, by the side of his wife, in the midst of his children and his friends, gather up some anecdotes and scraps of his conversation: "It is almost as impossible," he said, "to dispense with female society as it is to live without eating and drinking; the image of marriage is found in all creatures, not only in the animals of the earth, the air, and the water, but also in trees and stones. Every one knows that there are trees, such as the apple and the pear-tree, which are like husband and wife, and which prosper better when they are planted together. Among stones the same thing may be remarked, especially in precious stones,—the coral, the emerald, and others. The heaven is husband of the earth. He vivifies her by the heat of the sun, by the rain and the wind, and causes her to bear all sorts of plants and fruits." * * * The children of the doctor were near the table, and were looking earnestly at some peaches which were passing round. The doctor observed, "He who would see the image of a soul enjoying hope let him look here. Ah, if we could expect and hope for the life to come with as much joy." * * "A certain sign that God is the enemy of the Poppedom, is that he has refused to it the benediction of a natural posterity." * * * "When Eve was brought before Adam, he, full of the Holy Spirit, gave her the most beautiful and glorious of names. He called her *Eva*, that is, the mother of all living. He called her not wife, but Mother, the mother of all living. This is a glory and an ornament more precious than that of wife. She is *fons omnium viventium*, the source

of all human life. The word is brief, but neither Cicero nor Demosthenes could have been so eloquent. It was the Holy Spirit who spoke by our first parent, and as he gave such noble praise to marriage, it is fitting that we should cover and conceal all that is weak in woman." * * * One day when his little boy Martin was at the breast of his mother, the doctor said, "This child, and all that belongs to me, is hated by the Pope, and by Duke George, hated by all their partisans, and hated by the devil. Yet all these enemies give no disturbance to the dear child. He troubles not himself because so many powerful lords owe him deep grudges; he sucks gaily at the teat, looks all about him, laughing aloud, and suffers himself to be scolded and chided at as much as one likes." * * * One day, on the road to Leipsic, the doctor, seeing a plain covered with superb wheat, burst out into the following prayer,—“Oh, God of goodness, you have given us a bountiful season. It is not on account of our piety, but to glorify thy holy name. Grant, oh, my God, that we may amend our lives and increase in grace. All in thee is miracle. Thy voice makes these plants, these beautiful wheat crops, which rejoice the sight, to spring out of the earth, even from the arid sand. Oh, my Father, give to all thy children their daily bread!” * * * When speaking of the saints, he said: “What are all the saints in comparison to Christ? Nothing but little drops of the night dew on the head of the spouse, and in the locks of his hair.” * * * “The *Pater Noster*,” he said, “is my prayer; there is none comparable to it. I like it better than any Psalm.” * * “I love not,” he said, on another occasion, “that Phillip (Melancthon) should be present at my lectures or sermons, but I put the cross before me, and I say, Phillip, Jonas, Pomer, and the others are nothing to me. If I thought of Melancthon and the doctor, I should do nothing good, but I preach simply to the ignorant, and that pleases all. If I know Greek, Hebrew, Latin, I reserve these for our private meetings; and then, indeed, our subtleties must astonish even God himself.” * * “I avow that I have often been too violent, but not against the Poppedom. Against it there should be a language apart,

and all its words should be thunderbolts. You cannot believe how I love to see my adversaries enraged against me. I am never so superb or so audacious as when I find I have irritated them. Doctors, bishops, princes, what matter? It is written: *tremuerunt gentes et populi meditati sunt inaniam. Adstiterunt reges terræ et principes convenerunt in unum adversus Deum et adversus Christum ejus.* I have such a disdain for these Satans, that if I were not retained here, I would go straight to Rome, in hate to the devil and all his furies; nevertheless, I must have patience with the Pope, with my disciples, with my domestics, with my Catharine, with all the world; my life is nothing else but patience."

We must now hasten to the last hours of this great man. He died at Eisleben, where he was born. He had been called there by the Mansfeld family to appease some domestic quarrels, in which he succeeded. He wrote several most beautiful and affectionate letters to his wife from that place, addressed quaintly—*"To the very learned and profound Dame Catharine Luther, my gracious wife. To the gracious Dame Catharine Luther, my dear wife, who torments herself too much. To my sweet dear wife Catharine Luther de Bora."* His last words were, a few minutes before his death—"Oh, my father, God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the father of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and acknowledged, loved and celebrated, and whom the Pope and the impious persecute. I commend to thee my soul, Oh, Jesus Christ, my Lord. I am quitting this earthly body; I am leaving this life, but I know that I shall abide eternally with thee."

We believe now that our extracts have been sufficient to give a very different idea of Luther's character from what is generally entertained. We have, however, merely taken a bit here and a bit there, from two volumes; every page of which is full of interest. We have, nevertheless, fulfilled our task, and presented such a picture of the character of the Reformer, as, we believe, could be furnished from no other book than the Memoirs now before us. Here, then, we should stop, if a passage in Monsieur Mi-

chelet's preface did not seem to call for a remark or two. Monsieur Michelet is stating the great argument which makes him prefer Catholicism to Protestantism. The passage, slightly abridged, is as follows:—"The Catholic doctrine appears to us, if not more logical, at least more judicious, more fertile, more complete, than that of any of the sects which have risen up against it. Its feebleness, and its grandeur also, is, that it excludes nothing that belongs to man, and would satisfy, at the same time, all the contradictory principles of the human mind. Universal in every sense, it is feeble against a speciality. *Heresy* is a *choice*, a speciality. Having embraced humanity at large, the Roman church has also partaken of its miseries, its contradictions. The pious and profound mystic of the Rhine and of the Low Countries, the rustic and simple Vaudois, pure as the verdure of the Alps, seemed to triumph when they accused her of adultery and prostitution, who had *received all, adopted all.* But they were merely rivers, she was the ocean."

We would not desire a clearer statement of the general character of the Roman Catholic Church than the above. But Monsieur Michelet has overlooked the real question, viz.—Whether this character corresponds with the character of Christianity? We feel quite sure that if his honest and conscientious mind would examine the matter, with the aid of the New Testament, he would find that Christianity itself is truly described as he has described heresy, viz.—It is a *choice*, a speciality. Indeed, a moment's reflection will show him that truth, compared with error, must always be a *choice*, a speciality, and that error has always the same kind of universality as he so much admires in Catholicism. To carry on the same sort of parallel between *them* as he has established between Protestantism and Catholicism, Truth might say to Error, "You are an adulteress, a prostitute;" to which Error might reply, "Triumph as you like, you are but a little miserable creature, inhabiting obscure corners; but I am universal, *I receive all, I adopt all;* you are but a river, I am the ocean." In his zeal to do honour to Catholicism, Monsieur Michelet has precisely pointed out

its general all-pervading characteristic, which most thoroughly condemns it, by completely identifying its features with those of falsehood. Falsehood also excludes nothing, rejects nothing. It also would embrace humanity in the gross, by winding itself about every fibre of the heart, and satisfying every contradictory principle. Though not

logical, it is judicious, fertile, and complete in taking every print, touching every point, meeting every case, and compounding with every difficulty. Like Catholicism, too, its grandeur is, that it is all-accommodating, all-enveloping; and its feebleness likewise resembles that of its stupendous offspring—it is feeble against a *speciality*—against Truth.

A SONG,

Sung at a Dinner given to COLONEL LYNDSEY, by the Conservatives of Fifeshire, on the 5th November last.

(TUNE—"The Campbells are comnig.")

LIKE a plain-speaking soldier has Wellington spoke,
 "Ere the Crown shall go down there are crowns to be broke;
 Ere we give up the game we must have a new deal,
 So stand fast with me round the banner of Peel."

Then fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can—
 A fig for the Whigs, and their master King Dan;
 We shall soon see them both to the right-about wheel,
 If we only are true to Old Arthur and Peel.
 They have seen darker days than they're likely to see,
 And odds rather higher than Dan's *thirty-three*;
 They have stood in worse times by their country and King—
 But the darker the Winter the brighter the Spring.

Then fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can—
 No good ever came of downheartedness, man;
 Keep up head and heart, never mind the sore heel,
 And stand to the last by Old Arthur and Peel.
 Who does not remember—who e'er can forget
 The field where the star of Napoleon set?
 And say, shall it now be remembered *invain*,
 Or that long track of glory, the triumphs of Spain?

No—fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can—
 The Whigs, like the French, have mistaken their man—
 The name of the Duke is a phalanx of steel—
 And the mantle of Pitt is the Banner of Peel.

The Church and the Peerage with them we'll defend
 From each clamorous foe and each treacherous friend;
 And the storm that assails them shall harm them no more

Than the plots of the Pope and the Papists of yore.
 Fill, fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can—
 Our Church still shall thrive on the Protestant plan,
 And our Peerage shall ne'er to the Democrat kneel,
 While we're steadfast and true to Old Arthur and Peel.

There are fair-weather friends who have left them, to share
 In that ill-got success which is worse than despair—
 But still, as to-night, let our honours be paid
 To the through-going friend both of sunshine and shade.

Fill, fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can—
 If we cannot yet call him our Parliament-man,
 Yet I'll say to his face—(why should I conceal?)
 That he's worthy to stand by Old Arthur and Peel.

It's needless to murmur for what is now past—
 The Conservative flag must be nail'd to the mast—
 The ship is yet staunch, from the deck to the keel,
 And she cannot wait long for her Helmsman Peel.

So fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can—
 A fig for the Whigs and the Big Beggarman;
 For, trust me, they both in due season shall feel
 That they've not seen the last of Old Arthur and Peel.

(One verse more.)

Then once more fill your cup, as I've filled up my can—
 It's an ancient, approv'd, and Conservative plan—
 We might face the *first Whig*, who, you know, was the D—l,
 After drinking to men like Old Arthur and Peel.

PLUTUS, THE GOD OF RICHES.

TRANSLATED FROM ARISTOPHANES.

BY SIR D. K. SANDFORD, D.C.L.

“A very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though, in some parts of it, it is a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.”

“This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and, in the next place, as it showed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possess them.”—ADDISON, *Spec. No. 464.*

PERSONS.

CHREMYLUS.		<i>A Good Man.</i>
CARION, <i>his Slave.</i>		<i>An Informer.</i>
PLUTUS.		<i>An Old Woman.</i>
<i>Chorus of Husbandmen.</i>		<i>A Youth.</i>
BLEPSIDEMUS.		HERMES.
<i>Poverty.</i>		<i>Priest of Jove.</i>
<i>The Wife of CHREMYLUS.</i>		

SCENE—*Athens and the Neighbourhood.**Acted B. C. 388.*

A STREET IN ATHENS.

CHREMYLUS and CARION following PLUTUS, who is blind.

Carion. How hard a hap, O Jove, and all ye gods,
Bondman to be of a half-witted master!
For let the slave give counsel e'er so precious,
An please it not his lord to take it—mark me,
Your slave perforce shall have his share of—basting:
Since of his carcass not the owner, but,
By Fortune's grace, the buyer has disposal.
Well,
E'en let it pass! But Delphi's obscure god,
Who from the golden tripod, where he haunts,
Breathes verse oracular, of right I charge,
That being leech, and seer, they say, and sage,
Bile-mad he's sent my master from him. Lo!
He dogs a blind man's heels—a blind old beggar's—
O huge reverse of what beseems! 'Tis we,
We that have eyes should lead the eyeless—but
He goes behind, and me to boot compels—
And all for one says not so much as—boh!
Now then I'll hold no longer:—master mine,
Why, in the name of wonder, tell me, why
We follow thus, or I will plague thee rarely.
Beat me thou durst not, while I wear the laurel.*

Chrem. No! But I'll doff thy laurel, an thou tease me,
So shalt thou smart the more.

* The insignia of a sacro-sanct messenger returning from the oracle.

Car. Pooh, pooh! I rest not
Till thou reveal me who this knave may be.
Of kindness 'tis I ask it—all of kindness.

Chrem. Well, thou shalt hear; for of my household slaves
I rate thee, after all, the truest—rascal.
I—the good man and pious that thou know'st me—
Still poor have been, and bare of means.

Car. No doubt on't!

Chrem. All else were rich—church-robbers, orators,
Informers, reprobates—

Car. I'll take thy word for't.

Chrem. So to the god I went a-questioning.
Not for my miserable self—I thought
My days already spent, my quiver empty—
But for my son and sole inheritor,
To ask if he should mend his ways—
Should turn dare-devil, common cheat, mere vileness,
Since such, methought, was now the road to riches.

Car. And what did Phœbus from his chaplets—bounce?

Chrem. Attend. Distinctly thus the god gave answer:
Whom on my exit first I should encounter,
From him he bade me part no more, but win him
To make his home with me.

Car. And, prithee, whom
Was it thy luck to light on?

Chrem. This man here.

Car. What then—O numskull!—what! thou apprehend'st not
His godship's meaning! Why, he tells thee plainly,
Young Hopeful must adopt our country's fashions.

Chrem. How dost thou so conclude?

Car. Conclude? Why, Phœbus
Thinks even the blind can see how passing good
It is to play the thorough rogue in these times.

Chrem. Impossible! It cannot be the oracle
Should point at this, but something loftier. Now,
Would but our man give token of his quality,
And why he came with us, and what in quest of,
We'd riddle the response I warrant thee!

Car. Come then, be smart! your name at once, old gentleman—
Or else you know what follows. Come, out with it.

Plutus. I tell thee—go be hang'd!

Car. D'ye understand, sir?
What name was that?

Chrem. To thee, not me, he says it:
Since doltishly and rudely thou dost question him.—
But—if a gentleman's address delight thee—
To me make known—

Plut. Go hang thyself for company!

Car. There, sir, take man and omen too, and welcome!

Chrem. How now?

Now, by great Ceres, thou shalt 'scape no longer.
Speak, dog, or doglike I will use thee—speak—

Plut. Be off, my friends—both one and t'other.

Chrem.

Off?

A likely tale!

Car. Well, I declare, good master,
My plan's the best, and to his cost he'll find so.
I'll set him on a certain crag, and—leave him.
Away go I—down he—his neck—

Chrem. Up with him!

Despatch!

Plut. O mercy, mercy!

Chrem.

Won't you speak, then?

Plut. But should ye learn whom ye have hold of—ah!
Ye'll work me harm—ye'll never let me go.

Chrem. Nay, by the gods, we will though—if thou ask it.

Plut. First, then, unhand me.

Chrem.

See! thou art unhanded.

Plut. Now, ope your ears and hear! For, will I nill I,
Declare I must, it seems, what I was minded
To hide for aye. I am—yes—I am—PLUTUS.

Chrem. Plutus—O villain! Plutus, and conceal it!

Car. You Plutus!—you!—in such a beggar's pickle!

Chrem. O Phœbus! O Apollo! Gods and demons!

O Jove! What say'st thou? He himself?

Plut.

E'en so.

Chrem. His very self?

Plut.

His self of selves.

Chrem.

Whence, then,

So filthy com'st thou?

Plut.

From Patrocles's,*

Who ne'er, since his first birth-day, washed himself.

Chrem. But this misfortune—how befell it?—speak!

Plut. Jove dealt the blow in envy to mankind.

For I, a stripling yet, would oft-times threaten
That to the good, and wise, and chaste alone,
My steps should bend; and so with stroke of blindness
Jove seal'd my sight, that it should not discern them.
Such malice doth he bear to virtuous men!

Chrem. And yet, but for the virtuous and the just,

Where were this Jove?

Plut.

I grant it.

Chrem.

Go to now—

Mightst thou once more have all thine eyes about thee,

Wouldst henceforth shun the bad?

Plut.

For ever shun them.

Chrem. And to the good resort?

Plut.

None else, I promise thee.

I've seen them not, this many a year.

Chrem.

No wonder!

Nor I, whose eyes were open.

Plut. Now let me pass, ye know my story.

Chrem.

Pass!

Not we, by Jove, we'll stick the closer to thee.

Plut. There, there, I warn'd thee. Said I not 'twas sure

Ye'd work me harm?

Chrem.

Nay, nay, be thou entreated!

Desert me not. Search where thou pleasest—

Long as thou wilt—thou'lt find no better man.

By Jupiter I stand alone—none like me!

Plut. So say they all—but let them once

Lay hold on me and fill their money-bags,

They change their note, and beat the world for villany.

Chrem. 'Tis true—too true—yet all are not so graceless.

Plut. Not all—but one and all.

Car.

The saucy varlet!

Chrem. But for thyself—just to make plain what good

Awaits thy tarrying here—a moment's patience—

I look—I look—with heaven's assistance, mark me,

To make thee rid of this infirmity,

And give thee back thine eye-sight.

* A rich niggard who adopted *Spartan* manners.

- Plut.* Pray, excuse me ;
Not for the world !
- Chrem.* How's that ?
Car. By very nature
This fellow was just made for kicks and cuffs !
Plut. Jove—well I know—did he but hear their madness,
Would grind me into powder.
- Chrem.* What does he now,
That lets thee grope and stumble up and down ?
Plut. I know not—but most mortally I fear him.
Chrem. Is't possible ? O lily-livered thing,
Scum of celestial spirits, think'st thou Jove,
His empire and his thunders, worth three obols,
Hadst thou a moment's space thine eyes again ?
Plut. Avaunt, blasphemer, rave not thus !
Chrem. Be easy !
I will demonstrate thee more mighty far
Than Jove.
- Plut.* Me thou demonstrate !
Chrem. Yes, by heavens !
For, look you now, through whom hath Jove the crown ?
Car. Through—money ; 'cause his purse is longest.
Chrem. Well :
And where gets Jove the money ?
Car. From our friend here.
Chrem. Through whom do altars blaze ? Is't not through Plutus ?
Car. Lord, sir, they make no secret on't in praying.
Chrem. Then is not he the cause ? And could he fail
Lightly to end it, were he minded so ?
Plut. As how ?
Chrem. Because no mortal more would offer
Nor ox, nor cake—not they—nor earthly thing,
Thou not consenting.
- Plut.* How ?
Chrem. Still how ? How could they ?
How will they buy, forsooth, if you're not there
To tell the money down ? So, were Jove restive,
His power you'd soon extinguish—single-handed.
Plut. Say'st thou through me they worship him ?
Chrem. Through THEE.
- And, by Jove's self, if aught of bright or fair
Or lovely bless mankind, through thee it flows.
The world, and all therein, bow down to riches.
Car. I—I MYSELF—for a little paltry coin
Am servitor :—'tis all for want of riches.
Chrem. Then there's the dames of Corinth, as they say,
If a poor suitor try to tempt them—O
They turn him a deaf ear—but let a rich one,
And straight to him they turn—whate'er he pleases.
Car. Yes ; and our youths, they say, will do as much
For love—not of the lovers but their purses.
Chrem. Fye ! not our gentle youths :—our base ones may.
No money do the gentle ask.
Car. What then ?
Chrem. One—a good horse ; and one—a pack to hunt with.
Car. Ay, that's their modesty !—Blushing to ask outright
For gold, what pretty names they salve it o'er with !
Chrem. All arts, all crafts, all man's inventions
Are born of thee. One sets him down
And shapes me certain gear of leather ; one
The anvil plies ; and one the joiner's tools ;
One casts the gold he has of thee ; another

Cleans clothes; another—steals them; bent on thee
The burglar breaks stone-walls; one washes hides;
One tans, and one cries leeks; for lack of thee
The trapp'd adulterer feels a husband's vengeance.

Plut. Wretch that I was—all this escap'd me!

Car.

What!

Is't not through him the great king plumes himself?
Through him the Assembly holds its sessions? What!
Dost thou not man our galleys? Tell me that.
At Corinth feeds not he our noble—hirelings?
And shall not Pamphilus for him be trounc'd?
And Belonopoles too with Pamphilus?
Is't not through him Agyrrhius vents his wind,
Philepsius his—stories? Was it not
Through him we sent the swart Egyptians succour?
For what but him does Lais love Philonides?
Timotheus' tower——*

Chrem.

Crush thee, eternal prater!

But O, my Plutus, what is *not* thy doing?
For thou most only universal cause
Of good and evil art, be sure.

Car.

In war

That party ever wins, whose sinking scale
This gentleman is pleas'd to perch on.

Plut.

I!

Poor I—unbacked—do all these things ye speak of!

Chrem. Yes, and, by Jupiter, ten thousand more:

So that no living wight had e'er his fill
Of thee. Of all besides there may be surfeit:
Of love,

Car. Of loaves,

Chrem.

Of song,

Car.

Of sugar-comfits;

Chrem. Of honour,

Car.

Cheese-cakes,

Chrem.

Martial glory,

Car.

Figs;

Chrem. Ambition,

Car.

Flummery,

Chrem.

Command,

Car.

Pease-porridge.

Chrem. But thee! No mortal e'er was sated of thee.

Say he has thirteen talents,
Three, three to boot he craves, he pines to grapple:
That total rounded, lo! his mark is forty—
Or life, he swears, no more is worth the living.

Plut. Ye talk it well at least, methinks;—

One thing yet gives me pause.

Chrem.

Announce it.

Plut.

How

Of all this power ye say I have, I e'er
Shall lord and master be?

Chrem.

By Jove thou shalt:

And yet all say—as *thou* hast said—that Plutus
Is cowardliest of creatures.

Plut.

Slander, slander!

A burglar's calumny! He stole one day,

* The rich Timotheus had built himself a splendid castle. But Carion is interrupted when about to say so.

And could not—stole into the house, ye mark me—
And could not steal—aught out of it—all fast!
And so he call'd my caution cowardice.

Chrem. Vex not thyself about it; be
But bold and zealous for thine own behoof,
I'll make thee see more sharp than Lynceus.

Plut. And how shalt thou—a mortal—so prevail?

Chrem. Tut, man, there's hope—such utterance Phœbus gave
While Delphian laurels shook to hear him.

Plut. Phœbus!

Thou canst not mean that Phœbus knows it?

Chrem. Yea.

Plut. Beware!

Chrem. Waste thou no thought upon it, friend!

For I, be certain sure, although I die for't,
Myself will bear thee through.

Car. With me to help thee—

Chrem. And many a prompt ally—good souls, whose goodness
Could never keep their pots a-boiling.

Plut. Pshaw!

Sorry confederates!

Chrem. Not if they get their pockets lined afresh—
But you there—haste, skip, vanish!

Car. Speak your errand.

Chrem. Summon our fellow-husbandmen, perchance
A-field you'll find them, sweating at their tasks,
That hurrying hither, each may have his due
With us in just partition of this Plutus.

Car. I'm gone—but soft—this little steak of mine—
Within there—some one give it safe conveyance.

Chrem. Trust me with that: away!

[Exit Carion.]

But O, great Plutus, mightiest of deities,
Do thou pass in with me. Behold the house,
The which thou must, ere time be a day older,
Cram full of wealth—by fair means or by foul ones.

Plut. Now, by the powers above, I am ever loath
To tread a stranger's floor, exceeding loath:
Ne'er yet to me did good come of it.

For say I made some thrifty soul my host,
Straight under ground he earth'd me, fathom-deep;
Then came a friend, an honest, worthy friend,
Seeking some petty pelting coin to borrow,
O—on his oath he never saw my face!
Or did I share some brain-sick spendthrift's quarters,
To dice and harlots thrown, out of his doors
Stark-naked was I kick'd in less than no time.

Chrem. Ay, for as yet

Thou ne'er hast tried one reasonable man.
But I—I know not how—a way of mine—
Have ever had this turn. In saving, none
Shall e'er out-save me; nor out-spend in spending
At seasons meet. But in—I long to show thee
To my good wife, and only son, whom dearest
I cherish—after thee.

Plut. I do believe thee.

Chrem. For why with thee dissemble!

[Exeunt.]

The Open Country. CARION. Chorus of Husbandmen.

Carion. O ye that here for many a year, our trusty friends and neighbours,

* A portion brought from the sacrifice at Delphi.

Have had your share of master's fare—leek-broth and country labours,
Come stir your stumps and scour along—no room for shilly-shally—
But now's the very nick of time to make with us a rally.

Chor. And dost not see how eagerly we tramp it and we trudge it,
As fast as poor old fellows, sure, with tottering knees can budge it?
But bless my heart, you'd have me start to race with thee—unknowing
For what, forsooth, this master rare of thine has set me going!

Car. And don't I roar, this hour and more? 'Tis thou art hard of hearing—
How master says that better days for all of you appearing—
Cold hearths shall turn to fires that burn, and churlish times to cheering?

Chor. What's this you tell—and how befell the burden of your story?

Car. Why, master's come, and brings us home a lodger—old and hoary:
He's bent and bow'd; he's scar'd and cow'd; he's toothless, foul, and tatter'd,
And scarce, I trow, the parts below are left him quite unbatter'd.

Chor. Thou glad'st my ear! once more to hear this golden news it itches:
Our neighbour then's at home again, and brings a heap of riches.

Car. A heap of—woes that age bestows, sore bones and empty breeches.

Chor. And think'st thou so to come and go—to mock me and to flout me
Unscath'd, while I a staff can ply, and lay it well about me?

Car. And think ye me a rogue to be so false and eke so graceless,
That every word my lips have pour'd, must rotten be and baseless?

Chor. O curse the knave, how sour and grave!—but hark, thy shine are
bawling

Halloo, halloo!—and stocks and chains is that for which they're calling.

Car. Thy lot's * decreed—in burial-weed must thine awards be spoken:
What! still withstand! when Charon's hand is holding out thy token?

Chor. O burst thy skin, thou devil's kin! so apt to cheat and scold, sir,
To flout me and to scout me, and to leave it still untold, sir,
For what this summons-sending lord of thine has made so bold, sir;
Yet hasten we, though labour-spent and loath to lose a minute—
And reckless tread o'er many a bed with dainty onions in it!

Car. The glorious tale no more I'll veil:—'tis PLUTUS' self we hold, boys,
In master's train he troops amain, to glut us all with gold, boys!

Chor. What! one and all such luck befall!—to turn to peace and plenty?

Car. An if ye please, to Midases:—if asses' ears content ye.

Chor. How glad I am, and mad I am, and keen I am for dancing it!
Such news as this, if true it is, will set our feet a-prancing it.

Car. Then on, my boys, I'll share your joys—sing derry, hey down derry—
With Cyclop's-step, † with rub-a-dub, I'll caper it so merry!
So whisk it, frisk it, jolly flock, ‡ with bleatings shake the air, O!

And sound the lambkin's, kidling's strain,
Till startled echo *baa* again,

And cock your tails like stinking goats, and goat-like ye shall fare, O!

Chor. Then bleating we Cyclopians thee—sing derry, hey down derry—
Will catch full soon and change thy tune to doleful notes for merry!
With shepherd's scrip and dewy herbs, and reeling ripe and randy, O,

You lead your fleecy company,
Or careless snore with fast-shut eye,

Then up we take a huge burnt stake, and twist it out so handy O!§

Car. Then Circe next, the drugs who mix'd, shall teach to me the knack
o' them,

* The judges, or jurymen (*dicasts*), at Athens, were distributed among the several courts by *lot*, and received a staff as the *token* of their office.

† So was named a *dance* which set forth the love of Polyphemus for the sea-nymph Galatea. Our "derry, hey down derry," is substituted for the similar "*threttanello*" of the original.

‡ When Carion assumes the Cyclops, he treats the chorus as the *flock* of Polyphemus.

§ *A la Ulysses*.

That gull'd with ease—Philonides* at Corinth, and a pack o' them :

—*We're swine*, thought they, nor dreaded it

To make a meal of kneaded dung, and she it was that kneaded it :

I'll beat the sorc'ress—beat her hollow—

And you in full cry, grunt—grunting with joy,

Follow, piglings, follow !

Chor. And say'st thou so ! for vengeance ho ! thou men-befouling Circe,
With dung to mix, and magic tricks that place 'em at your mercy—

We'll make a sport of banging thee,

And then as wise Ulysses did, † by nether parts uphanging thee,

We'll bung with dirt thy nose's hollow,

Till you squeak in a tone Aristyllus ‡ might own,

Follow, piglings, follow !

Car. Away, away, a truce with play ! no more of fun and laughter !

Now turn ye back to t'other shape,

While I with covert steps escape,

Of bread and meat a tiny meal

From master's larder-stores to—steal ;

And that discuss'd, methinks I must—attend to business after.

[*Exit* CARION.]

Before the house of CHREMYLUS.—CHREMYLUS, CHORUS, BLEPSIDEMUS,
Poverty.

Chrem. To give good den, good townsmen,

Is now a stale and musty salutation :

But I do *kiss your hands*, that zealously,

Eager and most unloiterer-like ye come.

See then ye still stand by me : show yourselves

True patrons and preservers of the god.

Chor. Fear not : I'll wear

Such looks—thou'lt think a very Mars beside thee.

'Twere strange were we, who for three obols push

And jostle i' th' Assembly—were *we* to let

The actual MONEY-GOD be wrested from us !

Chrem. 'Tis he—I'll swear to it—'tis Blepsidemus

That comes towards us. Ay, he has got some wind

Of our affair, his pace bewrays it.

Enter BLEPSIDEMUS (*soliloquizing*).

Bleps. Did they say Chremylus !

How can it be—whence—by what contrivance—

Has *he* grown rich at once ? I'll not believe it.

Yet thus at least says rumour :—so help me, Hercules,

There's not a barber's shop but has the story,

That all at once the fellow's rich. Again

'Tis strange—'tis passing strange—that in the moment

Of luck he begs his friends to visit him—

That's not the mode with us !

Chrem. Out it shall come, by heavens ! Yes, Blepsidemus,

Things go more smooth to-day than yesterday—

And thou shalt share ;—we hold thee one of us.

* Carion means :—“ I will turn you into swine as the *Corinthian* Circe (*i. e.* the courtesan Lais) did Philonides (mentioned before) and his cater cousins.” The allusion to the Homeric Circe is obvious.

† To Melanethius. *Od.* xxii. 175.

‡ “ This Aristyllus was a poet, who added to many other vices that of obscenity ; for which reason Aristophanes gives him here this nasty entertainment. When he spoke, he screwed up his mouth, either through affectation, or natural impediment, and snorted out his words through his nose : so that, says Erasmus, he imitated the sound of a pig.”—FIELDING.

Bleps. Nay but—is't true? Art really, truly rich?

Chrem. *Shall be*, at least—right suddenly—God willing.
There is—there is some—danger in the business.

Bleps. What kind?

Chrem. Why such as—

Bleps. Quick, whate'er you say.

Chrem. Such as—with luck—makes men of us for ever.

But, should we fail, 'tis utter ruination.

Bleps. Ha!

It has an ugly air—this load upon thee—

It likes me not; for thus, too hurriedly

To wax so over-rich—and then to tremble—

Looks something else than honest.

Chrem. Else than honest!

Bleps. Suppose, now—just suppose—thou com'st from yonder,
With gold or silver from the sacred treasure

Which thou hast—filch'd; and peradventure now

Repenting—

Chrem. Phœbus shield me! no, by Jupiter!

Bleps. No nonsense, friend! I know the whole.

Chrem. Suspect not

Of me such deed as this.

Bleps. Alas, alas!

That honesty should clean forgotten be,

And all be slaves of greed and gain!

Chrem. By Ceres,

Thine upper story seems a little damag'd.

Bleps. How chang'd a man from all his whilom ways!

Chrem. Stark mad—by heaven above!—the fellow foams.

Bleps. His very eye unfixed!—See how it wanders!

Sure mark of guilt!

Chrem. Croak on, I understand thee;

Thou deem'st me thief, and fain wouldst be partaker.

Bleps. Partaker would I be? Of *what* partaker?

Chrem. It is not as thou deem'st, but—

Bleps. What? Hast not filched but—forced?

Chrem. The devil's in thee.

Bleps. A breach of trust then?

Chrem. No.

Bleps. O Hercules!

Where must one turn one's self? No truth from thee!

Chrem. You charge at random, ere you learn my story.

Bleps. Come friend, I'm ready, for a very trifle

To compromise this case before 'tis public,
Stopping the pleaders' mouths with certain—pieces.

Chrem. Yes! like a kind—good friend—you'll undertake

To spend three minæ and charge me—a dozen.

Bleps. I see—I see—one to the Bema* wending,

Suppliant to sit with customary bough—

His wife, his children near;—no eye shall know them

From the Heraclidæ drawn by Pamphilus.†

Chrem. Not so, thou sorry devil, but the worthy—

None else—shrewd fellows—wise and sober fellows—
Will I make full of riches.

Bleps. What?

Hast stol'n so monstrous much?

Chrem. Beshrew my heart!

* Here the tribunal of justice.

† A picture of Alcmena and the children of Hercules as supplicants.

Thou wilt destroy—

Bleps. Thou wilt thyself destroy.

Chrem. Never; for, hark ye, rogue—I've hold of—PLUTUS.

Bleps. You—Plutus—you! What Plutus?

Chrem. The divine one.

Bleps. And where?

Chrem. Here.

Bleps. Where?

Chrem. With me.

Bleps. With thee?

Chrem. Precisely.

Bleps. O, you be hanged! Plutus with thee?

Chrem. I swear it.

Bleps. Say'st true?

Chrem. Most true?

Bleps. By Vesta?

Chrem. Yea, by Neptune.

Bleps. The ocean Neptune?

Chrem. And if there be another—by that other.

Bleps. What? And not send him round to us—thy friends!

Chrem. Not yet are matters come to this.

Bleps. Not yet!

Not come to sharing?

Chrem. No: for first—

Bleps. What first?

Chrem. We two must give back sight—

Bleps. Give sight? To whom?

Chrem. To Plutus—by some one device or other.

Bleps. So then, he's really blind?

Chrem. He is, by Heaven.

Bleps. No wonder that he never came to me!

Chrem. But now—so please the gods—he'll make amends.

Bleps. Come then—a leech! a leech!—shouldst not have fetched one?

Chrem. What leech has Athens now? They're gone together,

The art and its rewards—no fee no physic!

Bleps. Let's see.

Chrem. There's none.

Bleps. Thou'rt right, i' faith.

Chrem. Not one.

But listen, I was thinking

To lay him down at Æsculapius' shrine.

That were the way—

Bleps. Far best, by all the powers!

Away—delay not—something do, and quickly.

Chrem. I go.

Bleps. But haste!

Chrem. Why, I am hasting.

Enter Poverty.

Pov.

STOP!—

O ye hot bloods! Ye moon-struck mannikins!

That dare such lawless, rash, and impious deed—

Where, where so fast? I charge ye stop—

Bleps. O Hercules!

Pov. Wretches, a wretched end I'll make of you.

Your venture—yes, your venture is a rare one,

Unbrook'd, unventured yet by god or mortal:

So that your doom is fix'd.

Chrem. And who art thou?

Thy chops look blue—

Bleps. Perhaps some fury from the tragic boards:

Truly her air's a little touch'd and tragic.

Chrem. But where's her torch?

Bleps.

No torch! Then let her howl for't.

Pov. And whom suppose ye me?

Chrem.

Some paltry hostess,

Or market wife mayhap: else would'st thou not

Have bawl'd so loud at us for nothing.

Pov.

Nothing!

Have ye not done me deadliest injury,

Plotting from this whole land to banish me?

Chrem. Why, hast thou not the Barathrum* to go to?

But—who thou art behoved thee answer—quick!

Pov. One that this day

Will ample vengeance take on both your heads

For striving thus to blot me from your city—

Bleps. Sure now 'tis just my neighbour, the old tapstress,

That's always cheating with her half-pint measures.

Pov. One that for many a year with both has mated—

POVERTY.

Bleps. King Apollo! Gods of heaven!

Where can one flee?

Chrem. You there—what now? Thou coward reptile, thou—

Not stand thy ground!

Bleps.

Ne'er dream of it.

Chrem.

Not stand!

What we—two men—to run, and from a woman!

Bleps. But she is POVERTY, thou rogue, than whom

No creature more pernicious e'er was gender'd.

Chrem. Stand, I beseech thee, stand.

Bleps.

Not I, by Jupiter!

Chrem. Nay, do but listen: of all unheard-of things

Ours were the biggest folly, if the god

We thus forsook, and fled this filthy hag,

Nor tried to fight it out.

Bleps. Fight! With what arms—what backing—how made bold?

What breast-plate, and what buckler,

Does she—infernal witch—not bring to—pawn?

Chrem. Cheer up:

Ours, certes, is the very god to turn

Round on her turns, and show her feats defeated.

Pov. What! grumble too! ye sinks, ye offal, will ye?

Caught in the fact, and dare to mutter!

Chrem. What have we done, thou doom'd one? Wherefore com'st thou

Hither to rail, unwrong'd of us?

Pov.

Unwrong'd?

Patience, ye gods! Unwrong'd? Is't nothing, think ye,

No wrong to me—essaying thus to give

Sight back to Plutus?

Chrem.

Where's the wrong to thee,

If good we so achieve for all mankind?

Pov. The good—the mighty good—that ye can compass?

Chrem. The good?

Imprimis, having thrust thee forth of Greece—

Pov. Me forth of Greece? And O, what huger mischief

Could your curst frenzy work the race of man?

Chrem. Why, if we purpos'd so, and slept upon it.

Pov. Now, on this very point I first address me

To reckon with you: if I prove myself

Sole source of all your blessings; that through me

* The execution pit of Athens.

Ye live and breathe:—if not,
Do your joint pleasure on me.

Chrem.

Loathliest hag,

Dar'st thou to teach such things?

Pov.

Dare thou to learn them!

Right readily I'll show thee all astray,

If 'tis the good thou think'st to endow with riches.

Bleps. Cudgels and collars, help me to requite her!

Pov. No need to bawl and bluster ere thou hear.

Bleps. And who'd not bawl and call *ohon!* *ohon!*

At words like these?

Pov.

Whoe'er has brains in neddle.

Chrem. Name then the damages—how much to lay at—

If thou be cast.

Pov.

At what thou pleasest.

Chrem.

Good.

Pov. The same must ye disburse in t'other issue.

Bleps. Dost think a score of—hangings—were enough?

Chrem. For her:—for us a pair or so may serve.

Pov. About it then—away!—or who hereafter

Shall law or justice plead?

Chorus. Now clear your wit—the time is fit—and deal her blow for blow,
In the contest keen of the wordy war no weakness must ye know.

Chrem. And plain it is to all I wis—there's none will say me nay—

That virtue fair and honesty should carry still the day,

And the rabble rout of godless men be worsted in the fray.

To compass aim, so worthy fame, our bosoms long have glow'd,

And scarce at last have chanc'd upon a right and royal road:

If Plutus sight be burnish'd bright, and dark no more he rove,

Where the wise and pure his steps allure, their mansions he will love;

And straight eschew the impious crew, and of the righteous rear

A race around, with riches crown'd, the holy gods to fear;

And where's the man for brother men can better lot espy?

Bleps. There's none can do't, I'm witness to't, a fig for her reply!

Chrem. For mark as now the fates ordain the life of man to run,

'Tis bedlam hurl'd upon the world—'tis hell beneath the sun:

The base that gather'd gold by crime, they flaunt in gallant trim,

The good, they spend with thee their time, and pine with famine grim,

While sorrow brews their cup of tears, and fills it to the brim.

Bleps. But Plutus once to sight restor'd, and master of the field,

Then doubled see the joys of man, and all his wrongs repeal'd!

Pov. Ye dotard twain, whose addled brain no law of reason rules,

Joint-fellows in the maudlin band of drivellers and fools!

Had ye your silly hearts' desire, what benefit to you,

Though Plutus saw and portion'd fair his heritage anew?

For who would then of mortal men to handicrafts apply,

Or cumber more his head with lore of science stern and high?

And who would forge, or frame a wheel, or stately vessel plan,

Or clout a shoe, or bake a tile, or tailor it, or tan?

Or break with ploughs the face of earth and reap the yellow grain,

When all in ease and idle mirth might laugh at toil and pain?

Chrem. Thou senseless jade, each toil and trade your tongue has rattled o'er,

Our servitors will take in hand and labour as of yore.

Pov. And how obtain this servile train?

Chrem.

For money.

Pov.

Who will sell,

When rich himself with stores of pelf?

Chrem.

Dark Thessaly may tell:—

'Tis there the slaver's trade is rife, that deals in human ware.

Pov. But who will lead the slaver's life, the slaver's forfeit dare,

When, thanks to thee, his wealth is free, and comes without a care?

So arm thee fast with spade and plough, to dig, and drudge, and groan,

With burthen heavier far than now—

Chrem.

The burthen be thine own!

Pov. Nor bed shalt thou repose upon—for bed there will not be,
Nor rug be wrought in coming times of blest equality :—
Nor sprinkle oils of rich perfume on happy bridal day;
Nor broider'd work from cunning loom of thousand hues display;
And where's the good of golden store, if these be reft away?
But all ye want 'tis mine to grant—and lavish the supply—
For mistress-like I set me down the base mechanic by,
And force for need and lack of bread his daily task to try.

Chrem. What precious grant is thine to vaunt but blisters on the skin
From bagnio fires,* and starving brats, and scolding grannums' din?
And the swarm of lice, and gnats, and fleas what lips can ever sum,
That buzz about the tortur'd head with sleep-dispelling hum,
While "up and work, or lie and starve" they trumpet as they come?
And rags for robes thou givest us; and for the bed of down
A lair of rushes stuffed with—bugs, to lie and—wake upon;
For carpet gay, a rotten mat; for pillow under head,
A thumping stone to prop the crown; and mallow-shoots for bread,
O dainty treat!—for barley-brose, the meagre cabbage leaves;
And for a seat, a broken jar our weary weight receives;
For bolting-trough a barrel-side, with cracks to make it fine,
How rich and rare these blessings are!—and all the merit thine!

Pov. Thou gib'st not me—'tis BEGGARY thou pommellest with scorn.

Chrem. And deem'd we not thy sister come, when beggary was born?

Pov. Yes—ye that Dionysius hold of Thrasybulus strain :—†
But sunder'd still our lots have been, and sunder'd shall remain.
The beggar he—as drawn by thee—that still on nothing lives;
The poor man's share is frugal care, and all that labour gives,
A modest store—nor less nor more, than reason's choice allowed.

Chrem. O rest his soul—the happy dole by Poverty avow'd!—
To pinch and grieve, and toil and leave—no money for a shroud.

Pov. With your jesting and your jeering, and your fleering rail away—
Nor dream I boast a nobler host than Plutus can array!—
Ay! nobler far in mood and make :—the gouty go to him,
Huge tufts of men, with baggy guts and dropsy-swollen limb;
To me the tight, the merry wasps, the terrors of the foe.

Chrem. That wasp-like waist by famine brac'd, thy nursing cares bestow!

Pov. And virtue meek and modesty with me are fast allied,
While the lawless hand and the ruthless brand are seen on Plutus' side.

Chrem. O modest trick!—a purse to pick, or neighbour's house invade.

Bleps. Most modest sure! for modest worth has ever lov'd—the shade.

Pov. Then mark your fiery orators, the people's honest friends,
When poor they stand for their father-land, and patriotic ends;
But fatten'd once on civic jobs, they plead another cause,
'Tis down with tumult-stirring mobs and up with gagging laws!

Chrem. Thou hitt'st 'em fair, old beldame there—all venom as thou art—
Yet plume not thou thyself, nor hope unpunish'd to depart:
Fine lesson this thou teachest!—not money makes the man—
But poverty thou preachest—

Pov. Confute it, if you can!

In vain you flap and flutter—‡

Chrem.

From you the hearer flees.

Pov. Because the words I utter are virtue's homilies.
So see the son his father shun, who counsels him to good;
For late and slow by man below the right is understood.

* A common resort of the poor in cold weather. See Defoe's *Memoirs of Colonel Jack* for a similar picture of a beggar's life in London in the olden times.

† That confound Dionysius the Tyrant with Thrasybulus the Patriot,

‡ Like an unfledged bird—unable to fly.

Chrem. Then Jove, it seems, unwisely deems, and foolish things commends,
For wealth beside himself he keeps—

Bleps.

And her to us he sends.

Pov. Dull-sighted pair, whose minds are blear with film of other times,
Great Jove is poor—and proof full sure shall fortify my rhymes:
Behold when Greece together throngs each fifth revolving year,
And in his own Olympic lists the combatants appear,
A herald's breath—an olive wreath—is all the victor's prize;
Gold were the meed, had Jove indeed a treasure in the skies.

Chrem. 'Tis thus he proves how dear his cash, how close he keeps his
gains,

He binds the victor's brow with trash, the money he retains.

Pov. Thy ribald tongue a fouler wrong than want upon him puts—
That not for need but dirty greed his money-bag he shuts.

Chrem. Jove strike thee down—but first a crown of olive-twigs bestow!

Pov. To dare disown from me alone all earthly blessings flow!

Chrem. Of Hecate ask the question—let her decision tell,

If riches or if hunger should bear away the bell.

To her, she says, the jolly rich a monthly feast* afford,

But ere 'tis set the harpy poor have swept it from the board.

But curse thee—rot! No more upbraid us

With groan or sigh;

Persuasion's self shall not persuade us.

Pov. "Town of Argos, hear his cry!"†

Chrem. On Pauson‡ call, thy messmate true!

Pov. Unhappy-happy me!

Chrem. Go feed the crows that wait for you!

Pov. Ah whither, whither flee?

Chrem. To whipping-post; nor linger more!—

Thy steps are slack.

Pov. Yet soon will ye my loss deplore,

And woo me, woo me back!

Chrem. Return thou then!—now, ruin seize thee—

Be mine the riches that displease thee—

And thou—go rave and roar to ease thee!

[Exit Poverty.]

Bleps. Wealth and wealthy joys for me!

With wife and babes to revel free—

And sleek returning from the bath,

On handicraftsmen in my path

And Poverty that lags behind

To break my jest and break my—wind!

Chrem. There—she is gone at last—the scurvy jade!

And now let me and thee at once lead off

Our god to bed in Æsculapius' temple.

Bleps. Ay, bustle, neighbour, bustle—sharp's the word!

Lest fresh disturbers mar our opening plot.

Chrem. What, Carion! Slave, I say—out with the blankets!

And Plutus' self bring forth, with due observance,

And all besides you've furnish'd for the nonce.

[Exeunt.]

Before the house of CHREMYLUS.—CARION, Chorus, Wife of CHREMYLUS,
PLUTUS, CHREMYLUS.

Carion. Hilloa there!

* Offered to her statues at the places where three ways met:—but soon carried off by the poor.

† A line made up of words from Euripides.—Argos was poor.

‡ A very poor painter.

Ye grey beards, oft on Theseus' days,* spoon-cramm'd
With broth good store, to bread in sparest scraps,
How happy now, how blest of favouring fortune!
Both ye, and all that take an honest turn.

Chor. Sweet sir, thy news? What have thy friends to boast of?
'Tis something rare thou seem'st to bring for tidings.

Car. The master, boys, has prosper'd gloriously,
Or rather Plutus' self: instead of blind,
His eyes are clear—clean'd out, and fairly—whiten'd,
A kindly leech in Æsculapius finding.

Chor. O lucky day!
Hurra! Huzza!

Car. Like it or not, rejoicing-time is come.

Chor. Great Æsculapius, sons never fail thee;
Star of the human race, loud will we hail thee!

Enter Wife of CHREMYLUS.

Wife. What meant that shout? Is't news, good news, it tells?
O I have pin'd for it, and sat within,
Longing to greet this home-returning varlet.

Car. Quick, mistress, quick; some wine there, that with me
Thou too may'st taste a drop—thou lov'st it dearly; [Aside.
For all rich blessings in a lump I bring thee.

Wife. And where—where are they?

Car. Soon in words thou'lt know them.

Wife. Thy words then—haste, have done.

Car. Attend.

The whole affair will I from foot to head † —

Wife. To head! Beware! To head nor on head neither!

Car. What! not this joyful business?

Wife. Business, quotha?

Affair? No—none of your affairs for me!

Car. Soon as we reach'd the god,
Guiding a man, most miserable then,
Most happy now, if happy man there be;
First to the salt sea sand we led him down,
And there we—duck'd him.

Wife. Happy he, by Jupiter!
A poor old fellow, duck'd in the cold brine.

Car. Thence to the sanctuary hied we; and
When on the altar cakes and corn-oblations
Were dedicate—to Vulcan's flame a wafer—
We laid our Plutus down, as meet it was,
While each of us fell to, to patch a bed up.

Wife. And were there other suitors to the god?

Car. Why, one was Neoclides, blind is he,
Yet our best eyes he will out-aim at—thieving;
And many a one besides, with all diseases
Laden;—but when the beadle gave
The word to sleep, the lamps extinguishing,
And strictly charged "if any hear a noise,
Mute let him be"—we squatted round in order.
Well:

Sleep could I not, but me a certain pot
Of porridge hugely struck; 'twas lying there

* On the eighth of each month the poor were entertained in honour of Theseus, but at small cost, and chiefly on *spoon meat*.

† An ominous phraseology, which alarms the old lady's superstition, and is meant by Carion to do so.

Some small space distant from an old wife's head,
Towards which I felt a wondrous motion draw me ;—
So, venturing a peep, I spy the priest
Our offerings—scones and figs—snatching away
From off the holy table ; after this,
Round every altar, one by one, he grop'd
If any where a single cake were left ;
Then these he *bless'd*—into a sort of satchel.
So, thinking 'twas a deed of vast devotion,
Bent on the pot of porridge, up get I.

Wife. Wretch ! Fear'dst thou not the god ?

Car.

By the gods, I did,

Lest he should get before me to the pot,
Garlands and all ;—his priest had tutor'd me.
Mean while old grannum,
When once her ear had caught the stir I made,
Was stealing out her hand—so, hissing high,
With teeth I seized it, like a puff-cheek snake ;
But she incontinent her hand pluck'd back,
And lay all quiet, cuddled in a heap,
Fizzling for fear—ugh ! worse than any pole-cat.
Then gobbled I my bellyful of porridge,
And so—well stuff'd—turn'd in to snooze a little.

Wife. But say—the god—approach'd he not ?

Car.

Not yet.

So, after this—O such a merry trick
I play'd ! As he drew near, a rousing blast
I let—my guts, d'ye see, were almost bursting.

Wife. And sure for this he straight abhorr'd thee.

Car.

No.

But there was Madam Jaso,* in his train,
Did blush a bit, and Panacea turn'd,
Holding her nose ; for, 'faith, I vent no incense.

Wife. But he himself ?

Car.

Car'd not, 'icod, not he.

Wife. A clownish god thou mak'st of him.

Car.

A clown !

No ; but an ordure-taster. †

Wife.

Out upon thee !

Car. When this was past, forthwith I muffled up,
Cowering with dread ; but he, most doctor-like,
Perform'd his rounds, inspecting case by case.
Then placed a lad beside him his stone mortar,
Pestle, and chest.

Wife. Stone, too ? ‡

Car.

No, not the chest.

Wife. And thou—thou gallows-bird—how could'st thou see,
Who say'st thy head was hid ?

Car.

Through this bald jerkin ;

Wounds it had, and not a few, by Jupiter.
For Neoclydes first he took in hand
To pound a cataplasm—throwing in
Three heads of Tenian garlic ; these he bruised,
Commixing in the mortar benjamin
And mastic ; drenching all with Sphettian vinegar,
He plaster'd o'er his eyelids, inside out,

* Jaso and Panacea (*Doctress and Cure-all*), daughters of Æsculapius. Doubtless they had fair representatives in the temple.

† *More medicorum.*

‡ She tries to catch him tripping. But Carion is too sharp for her.

To give him greater torment;—squalling, bawling,
The wretch sprung up to flee; then laugh'd the god,
And cried, "Now sit ye down beplaster'd there,
And take thine oath I keep thee from the sessions!"

Wife. O what a patriot and a prudent god!

Car. He next sat down by Plutus;
And handled first his head; then with a cloth
Of linen, clean and napless, wiped the eyelids
Quite round and round; then Panacea
Wrapp'd in a purple petticoat his head,
And all his face; then Æsculapius whistled—
With that out darted from the shrine two serpents
Of most prodigious size.

Wife. Merciful heavens!

Car. And these, smooth gliding underneath the petticoat,
Lick'd with their tongues—so seem'd to me—his eyelids.
And, ere you'd toss me off ten half-pint bumpers,
Plutus—O mistress!—up rose Plutus SEEING.
Loud clapp'd I then both hands for ecstasy,
And fell to wakening master; but the god
Vanish'd into the temple, self and serpents.
Then those that couch'd beside him—canst thou guess
How they *did* fondle Plutus, and all night
Slept not, but watch'd till morning glimmer'd through?
While I was lauding lustily the god,
That in a twinkling he gave sight to Plutus,
And Neoclides blinded worse than ever.

Wife. What marvellous power is thine, O sovereign lord!
But tell me where is Plutus?

Car. This way coming.
But there were crowds about him, infinite great.
For such as heretofore had decent morals,
And lean subsistence—these were greeting him,
And locking hand in hand for very transport.
But such as wealthy were, with means o'erflowing,
And gain'd by no unquestionable arts—
O theirs were knitted brows and clouded faces!
The rest were tripping, chaplet-crown'd, behind him,
With laugh and jubilant cry; the old men's slipper
Clatter'd, with modulated steps advancing.
Halloo then! one and all, with one accord,
Dance ye and jump ye—hands round—cut and shuffle.
For none henceforth shall meet ye on the threshold
With "*harkye, friend, there's nothing in the meal tub!*"

Wife. So help me, Hecate, I will garland thee,
For these fair tidings, with a wreath of—pan-loaves.
Such news thou bring'st!

Car. About it instantly!
The company's already at the door.

Wife. Nay, let me hurry in and fetch some sweetmeats,
To welcome these new-purchased—eyes—slave-fashion.

Car. And I to meet them fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PLUTUS and CHREMYLUS.

Plut. Thy beams, bright Sol! prostrate I first adore,
Next great Minerva's world-renowned city,
And Cecrops' total bounds that harbour'd me.
O how I blush for past calamities!

* As a new purchased slave was greeted on coming to his master's house.

The men—the men—that I unconscious dealt with !
 And these, the worthy of my fellowship,
 All-ignorant avoided, luckless me !
 'Twas foully done—both that and this—most foully.
 But treading now reverted paths, I'll show
 To all of mortal mould, in coming times,
 Unwilling with the bad I held communion.

Chrem. Off to the crows, I say. Why, what a pest,
 These friends that sprout so fast when days are sunny !
 They rub, scrub, crush one's shins ; * so dear one's gown,
 Each must needs find some vent for his affection.
 Who miss'd *God save ye* to me ? What a throng
 Of reverend seniors squeezed me at the market !

Re-enter Wife of CHREMYLUS.

Wife. All hail !
 Thou paragon of men—and thou—and thou too.
 Come now—so custom rules it—let me scatter
 These sweetmeat offerings on thee.

Plut. Prithee, no.
 For entering thy house on a first visit,
 And with recover'd eyesight, it were meet
 Not out but in to take an offering.

Wife. What, not accept my sweetmeats !

Plut. Well ; within then,
 Beside your hearth, as best observance rules.
 So, too, we 'scape turmoil and trickery.
Our poet would it misbecome to fling
 Dried figs and comfits to the lookers on,
 Thus to extort a laugh. †

Wife. Right, right ; for see
 There's Dexinicus yonder, up and ready
 To scramble for the figs.

[*Exeunt.*]

Before the House of CHREMYLUS.

CARION, *A Good Man*, CHREMYLUS, *An Informer*, Chorus.

Car. O it is sweet, my friends, when things go merrily,
 To roll in wealth, cost free, without a venture.
 Here's a whole heap of luxuries come bouncing
 Whack ! right into the house—and all unsinn'd for !
 Full is our bread-bin now of white wheat flour,
 Our casks of red aroma-scented wine ;
 There's not a trunk nor box, but gold and silver
 Heave up the coin-burst lid—you'd gape to see it.
 The well runs out with oil, the cruets teem
 With nard, the loft with figs ; pot, pan, and pipkin
 Are turn'd to shining brass ; the rotten trenchers,
 That stunk of fish they held, are solid silver ;
 Kitchen and kitchen gear are ivory ;
 And we—the gentlemen-domestics—there
 At odds and evens play with sterling staters ;
 So dainty gown, that not those rasping stones
 But onion-shaws we use for our occasions,
 And now high sacrifice the master holds
 Within ; wreath-crown'd, swine, goat, and ram he offers.

* As flatterers were wont to do to the rich ; rubbing their shin bones as the Squire in " *Count Fathom* " has *his back scratched*.

† A common trick of poets in those days.

But me—the smoke has driven me forth ; I could
Stand it no more ; my eyes so smarted with it.

Enter a Good Man with his Slave.

Good M. Come on, my lad, come on, that to the god
We may repair.

Enter CHREMYLUS.

Chrem. Hey day ! whom have we here ?

Good M. A man, once wretched, prosperous now.

Chrem. Just so ;

Clearly, methinks, one of the honest folk.

Good M. Most true.

Chrem. What may'st thou want then ?

Good M. To the god

I come, the source to me of mighty blessings.

For, mark my tale—

I from my sire a fair inheritance

Receiving, hence my needy friends I aided.

Trust me, I thought it prudent policy.

Chrem. And so thy money shortly fail'd thee.

Good M. Very.

Chrem. And so you wax'd right miserable.

Good M. Very.

And yet, methought, those in their need so long

I heap'd with kindnesses, were steadfast friends,

Steadfast and staunch when I might need—but they

Turn'd them aside, nor seem'd to see me more.

Chrem. And laugh'd thee loud to scorn, I know it.

Good M. Very.

For 'twas a drought of—dishes, that destroy'd me.

Chrem. But now not so.

Good M. And therefore to the god

Here am I fitly come, my vows to pay.

Chrem. But this bald cloak—what's this, pray, to the god,*

Thy foot-boy brings ?

Good M. To offer to the god.

Chrem. What, was't in this thou wert initiated ?

Good M. No ; but in this for thirteen years I—shiver'd.

Chrem. And these pantofles ?

Good M. Winter'd with me too.

Chrem. These, too, thou bring'st to offer ?

Good M. Yes, by Jove.

Chrem. A proper pair of offerings to the god !

Enter an Informer with his Witness.

Inf. Woe's me ! woe's me !

Me miserable ! undone, undone for ever !

Thrice wretched—four times wretched—five times wretched—

Twelve times—ten thousand times—ohon ! ohon !

With so robust a devil my fate is dash'd ! †

Chrem. Phœbus protect us ! Gracious deities !

Why, what the mischief has this fellow met with ?

Inf. Now, is it hard or no,

To see one's substance gone—stock, rock, and block—

Through this confounded god ? But he shall pay for't ;

Blind—blind again—if law be left in Athens.

* Chremylus, a wag in his way, plays on the Good Man's repetitions of this phrase.

† Like water dashed with strong wine.

Good M. Oho! methinks I smell the matter out.
Here comes a knave, in a bad way, no doubt on't;
And of bad stamp to boot, I warrant ye.

Chrem. Bad way! fair way for him—the road to ruin.

Inf. Where, where is he that promis'd all unholpen,
To make us rich at once—each mother's son—
If he but saw afresh? Here's some of us
He has beggar'd past example.

Chrem. Say'st thou so?

Whom has he handled thus?

Inf. ME; me, I tell thee;
Here as I stand.

Chrem. So, so; a rogue—a burglar?

Inf. No, villain, no! 'Tis ye—stark naught ye are—
'Tis ye—none other—robb'd me of my money.

Car. Now, Ceres bless us, how the Informer goes it,
So fierce and famine-like—a wolfish hunger!

Inf. To court with ye—to court—no time to dally—
That stretch'd upon the wheel of torture there,
Thou may'st confess thy villainy.

Car. You be hang'd!

Good M. O, by preserving Jove, a glorious god
To all of Greekish blood our god will be,
That brings to end as vile these vile informers.

Inf. Confusion!

Thou too must laugh—as their *accomplice*—thou!
Whence came this mantle else, so spruce and trim?
But yesterday thy thread-bare cloak I noted.

Good M. I heed thee not; behold this charmed ring!
Mine own; bought from Eudamus for a drachma.

Chrem. Alas, no charm for an informer's bite!

Inf. What insolence is this? Ye scoff, ye rail,
And have not answer'd yet what make ye here?
'Tis for no good ye come.

Chrem. No good of thine.

Inf. No; for at cost of mine ye think to revel.

Chrem. O that to prove it true, thyself and witness
Might both asunder burst—but not with eating!

Inf. Will ye deny? Within, ye cursed scoundrels,
Such roasts there are, such loads of fish in slices!
Uhu, uhu, uhu, uhu, uhu.

Chrem. Wretch, snuff'st thou aught?

Good M. Cold air, mayhap,

In such a rascal suit of rags attir'd.

Inf. Shall this be borne? Jove, and ye powers above,
That *these* should scoff at ME! O how it galls
Thus to endure—the good—the patriot.

Chrem. You!

The patriot and the good!

Inf. Ay, none to match me.

Chrem. Come now, an answer to my question.

Inf. What?

Chrem. Dost work a farm?

Inf. Dost take me for stark mad?

Chrem. A merchant then?

Inf. Can seem so on occasions.*

Chrem. What then, hast learnt a trade?

Inf. Not I, by Jupiter.

[Sniffing.]

* Merchants were exempted from military service.

Chrem. Why, how didst live, or whence, without a calling?

Inf. Live? Of all state affairs Intendant I,
And private business.

Chrem. You! For what?

Inf. I choose it.

Chrem. False thief, how art thou good then,
Mixing and meddling where it nought concerns thee?

Inf. Concerns me nought, old gull! Concerns it not,
Far as I may, to benefit my city?

Chrem. So so—to meddle is to benefit?

Inf. Yes, the establish'd laws to succour—yes,
If rogues offend, to hold them to the forfeit.

Chrem. And does the state not crowd her bench with judges
Express for this?

Inf. But who must play the accuser?

Chrem. Whoever will.

Inf. Ergo, that man am I.

So that on me devolve the state's affairs.

Chrem. Now, by the powers, she hath a rare protector!
But would'st thou not incline, meddling no more,
To live a life of ease?

Inf. A sheep's existence!
No occupation left to stir the soul.

Chrem. What then, thou'lt not reform?

Inf. Not if you'd give me
Plutus himself, and the benzoin of Battus.*

Chrem. Down with thy cloak.

Car. You, sirrah, you he speaks to.

Chrem. Off with thy shoes.

Car. 'Tis you, still you he means.

Inf. Come on and take them then; come on, I say,
Whoever will.

Car. Ergo, that man am I.

[Witness runs out.]

Inf. Help! robbery! help! I'm stripp'd in open day.

Car. Yes; for thou claim'st to live on stranger's business.

Inf. Thou seest the act; I hold thee witness to it.

Chrem. Witness! he's vanish'd: witness, quotha!

Inf. Wo!

Caught and alone!

Car. Now thou wilt clamour, wilt thou?

Inf. Wo's me again!

Car. Hand me the thread-bare cloak here,
To gird this base informing rogue withal.

Good M. Nay now, already 'tis devote to Plutus.

Car. And where, I pray thee, shall it hang more fitly
Than round a caitiff's limbs—a plund'ring bandit's?
Plutus 'twere meet to deck in costly garments.

Good M. But these pantofles—

Car. To his forehead these,
Wild-olive-like, incontinent I'll nail.

Inf. I'm off; for well I know myself the weaker
'Gainst odds like these; yet, grant me but a partner,

Ay, though a fig-tree block—your potent god

This day I'd bring to justice and his doom;

For that alone, unbacked, democracy

He plots to end—a traitor manifest—

Council nor people to his side persuading.

Good M. Hark! as in gorgeous panoply of mine

* Battus founded Cyrene, famous for its benzoin.

Adorn'd thou struttest, to the bath with thee !
There as head-man take station next the fire ;
That post was mine of yore.

Chrem. Nay, but the bath-man
Straight out of doors will haul him by the scrotum ;
One glance will show the stamp of scoundrel on him.
For us—let's in ; the god expects thy vows.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Before the House of CHREMYLUS, An Old Woman, CHREMYLUS, A Youth,
Chorus.*

Old Woman. A word, beseech you, dear old gentlemen ;
Is't true we've reach'd the house of this new god,
Or are we off the road and quite astray ?

Enter CHREMYLUS.

Chrem. Believe me, now, you're at the very doors,
My buxom lass :—so prettily you ask it.

Old W. And must I call for some one from within ?

Chrem. Nay, here I am myself, come forth already.
Let's hear thy purpose rather.

Old W. Dear sir, kind sir—a tale of grief and wrong :
For from the hour this god began to see,
He has made for me my life unliveable.

Chrem. What's this ? Mayhap thou wert *Informeress*
Among the dames ?

Old W. Marry come up, not I.

Chrem. Thy lot, perchance, turn'd out no drinking-ticket.*

Old W. You jeer : but me—I itch—I burn—I die.

Chrem. Thine itch—thine itch ? Let's hear—as short as may be.

Old W. Hear, then :—a certain darling youth I had :
Grant he was poor—but O, a proper youth !
Comely and shapely—so obliging too—
If any little services I wanted,
He'd do them for me orderly and featly :
And me in these same things he found complying.

Chrem. And what the suits he press'd the warmest, eh ?

Old W. But few : for his respect was quite prodigious.
He'd ask, perhaps, some twenty silver drachms
For a new coat—some eight or ten for slippers :—
“ Buy,” he would say, “ a little shift for sisters,
A cloakey for mamma—poor soul—'gainst winter : ”
Or beg of wheat some half-a-dozen bushels.

Chrem. By my troth, not much—as thou hast told the story—
'Tis plain he stood in mighty awe of thee.

Old W. And then observe, “ not out of greediness
I ask,” quoth he, “ but love, that wearing still
Thy coat—thy colours—I may think of thee.”

Chrem. Unhappy man ! how desperately smitten !

Old W. But now—wouldst credit it ?—the rogue no more
Holds the same mind : he's quite another creature.
For when I sent to him this cheesecake here,
And those—the other sweetmeats on the platter—
And hinted, too, he might expect a visit
Against the afternoon—

Chrem. What did he ? Say.

Old W. Did ? Sent 'em back—this tart into the bargain—
On these plain terms—that I should call no longer !

* Another allusion to the distribution of *dicasts* by lot.

And sent besides this message by the bearer,

“*Once the Milesians were a potent people.*”*

Chrem. I faith no blockhead was the boy;—
When rich, pease-porridge charms no more his palate :
Till then he took whatever came, and thankful.

Old W. Yes, and till then, each blessed day—O Gemini!—
Still was he come—come—coming to my gate.

Chrem. To carry thee out? †

Old W. To carry! No—to listen
An he might hear my voice—

Chrem. Say “*sweet, here’s for thee.*”

Old W. And if he saw me vex’d at aught—my stars!—
My duckling and my doveling, would he whisper.

Chrem. Then, too, mayhap, would beg for *slipper-money*.

Old W. And once, as at the greater mysteries
I rode my car—because one gaz’d upon me—
Bless you! the livelong day my bones paid for it.—
So mortal jealous was the stripling of me.

Chrem. Just so :—he lik’d, I guess, to—eat alone.

Old W. And then my hands, he vow’d, were matchless fair.—

Chrem. Oft as they told him down *some twenty drachms*.

Old W. And sweet, he’d say, the fragrance of my skin.—

Chrem. Right, right, by Jove—when Thasian wine you pour’d—

Old W. And eyes I had, so soft and beautiful.—

Chrem. No clumsy rogue was this : full well he knew
To sweat a rutting beldame’s ready cash.

Old W. Here, then, dear sir, the god unfairly deals—
Your god, that boasts himself the wrong’d one’s righter.

Chrem. How shall he serve thee! Speak, and it is done.

Old W. Sure ’tis but fair to force
Him whom I help’d to lend me help in turn :

Or not one glimpse of good the wretch should see.

Chrem. Nay—clear’d he not each night his scores with thee?

Old W. Ah! but he swore he’d never, never leave me,
Long as I liv’d.

Chrem. True—as you liv’d : but now
You live, he thinks, no more.

Old W. ’Tis sorrow’s doing—
I own I’ve pin’d away.

Chrem. Or rotted rather.

Old W. See, you might draw me through a ring.

Chrem. A ring!

An ’twere a barley-boulter’s.

Old W. Well, as I live here comes the very youth
I’ve been a-telling thee the tantrums of :
He seems on revel bound.

Chrem. No question :—lo,
Fillets and flambeau bearing, on he trips it.

Enter Youth.

Youth. I kiss your hands.

Old W. Kiss, says he? Kiss?

Youth. Old sweetheart,

How grey thou’rt grown, and all at once, by Jingo.

Old W. Wretch that I am! The buffets I must bear!

Chrem. ’Tis long, belike, since last he saw thee.

* A proverbial expression to denote reverses of fortune ; drawn from the fate of Miletus.

† For burial, to wit.

Old W. Long!

When 'twas but yesterday, thou mouster, thou.

Chrem. Then trust me, friend, his is no common case:—
Fuddled, it seems, he sees the sharper for it.

Old W. No: but 'tis always such a saucy rogue!

Youth. O thou sea-Neptune,* and ye senior gods,
How seam'd with ruts and wrinkles are her chops!

Old W. Ah! O! Ah!

Hold not your torch to me.

Chrem. Well thought of, old 'un:
For should one single spark but catch her,
Off, like a wool-clad olive-branch, she blazes! †

Youth. What say you now?—We have not met for ages—
A little sport?—

Old W. O you audacious!—Where!

Youth. Here—nuts in hand.

Old W. What sport's he driving at?

Youth. How many—teeth ‡ hast thou?

Chrem. A guess—a guess—
A guess for me!—Some three, mayhap, or four.

Youth. Pay down:—she has but one, and that's a grinder.

Old W. Vilest of men, thy wits have left thee: what,
Before such crowds to make a wash pot of me!

Youth. 'Faith, no bad turn—to wash thee out, pot-fashion.

Chrem. Fy on't, not so: she's now made up for sale,
Right huckster's trim—but only wash the paint off—
Lord, how the tatters of her face would show!

Old W. Old as you are, your sense is wondrous scanty.

Youth. He tempts thee, sure—the rogue!—and thinks the while
Those daring hands escape my jealous eye.

Old W. So help me, Venus, not a hand on me
He lays, you brute.

Chrem. So help me, Hecate, no:
Else were I mad. But come, my boy, this lass
Thou must not loathe.

Youth. What, me? I love to frenzy.

Chrem. And yet she 'plains of thee.

Youth. She 'plains! As how?

Chrem. O, a proud peat you are, she says, and tell her
Once the Milesians were a potent people.

Youth. Well, I'll not fight with thee about her.—

Chrem. No!

Your why and wherefore?

Youth. Reverence for thine years:—
There breathes no other wight I'd yield her to.
And now, take off the lass, and joy be with thee!

Chrem. I see, I see your drift: you mean no more
To herd with her.

Old W. And who will brook the traitor?

Youth. I've not a word for one so rak'd and riddled
By full ten thousand, plus three thousand—years.

Chrem. Yet, since you deign'd to quaff the wine—you take me?—
Twere fair to suck the dregs.

Youth. Ugh! but these dregs—they are so stale and rancid.

* *Referential swearing*:—Neptune was an ancient deity. ("To swear with propriety," says my little major, "the oath should be an echo to the sense."—BOB ACRES in the Rivals.)

† The Athenians used to hang a branch of this kind above their doors, to keep off famine and pestilence. It hung a year before it was renewed, and was, therefore, sufficiently dry and combustible by the end of the twelvemonth.

‡ Instead of—"How many nuts have I?—odd or even?"

Chrem. A strainer cures all that—

Youth.

In, in, I say :

These garlands to the god I fain would offer.

Old W. And I—I do remember me—I too
Have a word to say to him.

Youth.

Then go not I.

Chrem. Tut, man, cheer up ! She shall not ravish thee.

Youth. A gracious promise :—for enough in conscience
I've pitch'd that weather-beaten hulk already.

Old W. Ay, march away :—I'll not be far behind thee.

Chrem. O, sov'reign Jove ! how fast and firm the beldame
Cleaves like a limpet to her stripling flame !

[*Exeunt.*

Before the House of CHREMYLUS. HERMES, CARION, Priest of JOVE, CHREMYLUS, Old Woman, Chorus.

(*HERMES knocks at the door, and hides.*)*

Carion (coming out). Who knocks the door there, ho ? Why, what
could this be ?

No one, it seems : and so the little wicket
Makes all this hullabaloo, forsooth, for nothing.

Herm. (showing himself). You there, I say,
You, Carion, stop !

Car. What, fellow, was it thee

That bang'd so lustily against the door ?

Herm. No :—I but thought on't—thou hast sav'd the trouble.

But *presto*, post away and call thy master,
And furthermore, the mistress and her brats ;
And furthermore, the slaves, and eke the mastiff ;
And furthermore, thyself—the pig—

Car. Nay, tell me,

What is all this ?

Herm. 'Tis Jove, you rogue, is minded

Hashing you up into one hotch-potch mess,
To send you, great and small, to pot together.

Car. Heralds like this shall get the tongue †—cut out.

But why, an please you, does he plan such fare
For us ?

Herm. Because you've done—a deed without a name :

Since first this Plutus' eyes were op'd again,
Nor frankincense, nor laurel bough, nor cake,
Nor victim, nor one other thing one mortal
Offers to us—the gods.

Car. Nor will for ever :

Such wretched care ye took of us heretofore.

Herm. Well : for the rest I'm somewhat less concern'd,

But I myself am perishing—am pounded.

Car. Shrewd fellow ! ‡

Herm.

Up till now, among the tapstresses,

I far'd not ill o' mornings ; winecake—honey—
Dried figs—and all that's meet for Hermes' palate :
But now, cross-legg'd, I mope for grief and hunger.

Car. And serves ye right, too—many a time and oft,

For all their gifts—you left them in the lurch.

Herm. O me ! the cake—

The monthly || cheese-cake kneaded once for me !

* To make it appear that the door had rattled of itself, at the approach of his godship.

† The victim's tongue was devoted to Hermes. But Carion uses an ambiguous phrase, by way of threat.

‡ To care only for himself.

|| On the 4th day of each month.

Car. Thou crav'st the lost, and callest out in vain.*

Herm. And O the ham—that I was wont devour!

Car. Ham! Ply your ham in dancing on a bottle. †

Herm. The tripes—the trolly-bags—I guzzled hot!

Car. The tripes—the gripes!—I guess the tripes torment thee.

Herm. And O the jolly jorum—half and half!

Car. Come, take a swig of this, and off with thee.

Herm. Ah! wouldst thou do thy friend a little favour!

Car. Well: if it lie within my power—command me.

Herm. Wouldst thou but fetch a well-fir'd loaf or two—

And add a whacking lump of that same meat

You're offering up within!—

Car. Impossible!

No fetching forth allow'd.

Herm. Yet when your lord's stray articles you pilfer'd,
I always help'd to hide, and sav'd your bacon.

Car. Just on condition you should share—you thief!
You never miss'd your cake on such occasions.

Herm. Nor you to gobble it down before I touch'd it.

Car. So: for no equal share of stripes had you,
When master caught me in a peccadillo.

Herm. Think not of past offence, now Phyle's taken: ‡

But O—by all the gods—for an inmate take me.

Car. Why, wilt thou leave the gods, and quarter here?

Herm. You're better off, I trow.

Car. What then?

Desert! Is that a handsome trick to play them?

Herm. 'Tis still one's country, where one prospers well. ||

Car. And say we took thee in—how couldst thou serve us?

Herm. Beside your door establish me as TURNKEY. §

Car. Turnkey! we want no turns of thine, I promise thee.

Herm. AS TRADER, then.

Car. Nay, we are rich, and so

What need have we to keep a pedlar-Hermes.

Herm. DECEIVER, then.

Car. Deceiver? Cheat? Ne'er dream on't—

No room for cheating now, but honest practice.

Herm. Well, then, as GUIDE.

Car. Our god's regain'd his twinklers,

So we have business for a guide no longer.

Herm. I have it—REVEL-MASTER let me be then—

What canst thou say to that?

For sure with Plutus' pomp it best agrees

To hold high games of music and gymnastics.

Car. What luck to have good store of aliases!

See now—this knave will earn his bite and sup.

Ay, ay—'tis not for nought our judging varlets

Would fain be written down with many letters. ¶

Herm. On these terms, then, I've leave to enter?

Car.

Yes:

And hark ye, sirrah, find the cistern out,

And wash me, with thy proper hands, these guts;

So shalt thou straightway figure off as SCULLION.

[Exit HERMES.]

* The announcement from heaven to Hercules, when he called for his lost Hylas.

† A well-oiled skin-bottle. It was one of their bacchanal games to jump, bare-footed, on such a bottle; and he who kept his footing, won the prize.

‡ As Thrasybulus proclaimed an amnesty after the re-establishment of the republic, which followed his seizure of Phyle. Hence the proverb.

|| Quoted probably from Euripides.

§ The poet plays upon the various attributes of Hermes.

¶ Another hit at the allotment of dicasts.

Enter Priest of Jove.

Priest. Who'll tell me where is Chremylus?

Chrem. (entering).

Good fellow,

What is the matter?

Priest.

What, but ruination?

For since your Plutus 'gan to see, I die
Of downright famine—not a crumb to eat—
I—the arch-priest of GUARDIAN JOVE.

Chrem.

Ye Powers!

What can the cause be?

Priest.

Not a sacrifice

Comes our way any longer.

Chrem.

Wherefore so?

Priest. 'Cause they're all rich. And yet, in good old times,
When they had nought—some home-returning merchant
Would bring thanks-offering for safety; or
Some one had bilk'd the law—or splendid rites
Were held by some magnifico, and I
The priest was sure to be invited: but
No victims now—not one—no visitors—
Except the thousands that come there to—ease them.

Chrem. And hast not lawful share of their—oblations?

Priest. So to this Jove—this Guardian—this Preserver—

I think to bid good by, and mess with you.

Chrem. Cheer up, man; all shall yet go well with thee.

Preserving Jove is *here**—alive and kicking—
Come of his own accord.

Priest.

O glorious news!

Chrem. Ay! And we soon shall set—stop but an instant—

Our Plutus, where of yore he sate in state,
On sleepless watch behind Minerva's temple.†—
Lights from within there!—Take the torches, friend,
And marshal on the god.

Priest.

No question of it:—

Thus must I do.

Chrem.

And some one call for Plutus.

The Procession comes out from the House.

Old Woman (coming out). And what of me?

Chrem.

Look here, these pots,§

with which

We consecrate the god, mount on thy noddle,
And bear them gravely: flower'd petticoat
Thou of thyself hast don'd.

Old W.

But—what I came for?

Chrem. Nay, thou shalt have thy will—

This evening the young fellow shall be with thee.

Old W. Well, then—O Lud!—if you will pledge his coming—

I'll bear your pots.

Car.

Were never pots before

In such a case:—in *those* the scum's a-top,

In *these* a scum—a very scum's at bottom!

Chor. Delay, delay no longer, then: the jolly pomp's before us—

Make way, make way—and form again, to follow them in Chorus!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

* In the person of Plutus.

† Where the public treasury was.

§ Pots of pulse, &c.

THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In one of your late Numbers, I was struck with a very interesting paper on the old French Protestant Church; assigning the peculiar causes which produced the decay of that once pure and powerful body of Christianity; an important service, from its answering the cavil of many a sceptical mind, and even the doubts of many a conscientious one, as to the protection divinely promised to Christianity under all human change. The writer justly referred the decay to the fatal mistake of merging religion in politics; gradually abandoning the high ground of the faith, for the trust of merely human interests; and ultimately attempting to throw the whole defence of religion on those means which are to be found in the intrigues of statesmen, and the force of armies. As some illustration of these facts—I send you a sketch of the career of an eminent leader of the Protestant power, in which may be sufficiently seen the remarkable mixture of human habits which alloyed the religious feelings of the time; and finally making Protestantism merely a matter of personal aggrandisement and party spirit, prepared it for the rapid ruin by which it fell away, and died, under the tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth. This person was the celebrated D'Aubigné, a name which still lives among the recollections of the Huguenot Church; but which of course is new to the majority of readers in our country.

D'Aubigné was a native of Saint-ange, and born in the year 1550. His father was a man of rank, and of still higher reputation among the reformed—lord of the castle of Brie. Protestantism has always been distinguished for the cultivation of the mind. The boy was put under discipline so strict, or seconded his teachers so much intelligence, that at six he had made considerable advances in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and before eight had translated Plato's *Crito*. But a still more important erudition was, his religious knowledge. The earlier Huguenots,

like all the reformed, had adopted the strictness of manners, if not the severity, natural to men who embrace a religion which puts them in peril of life and fortune. The times, too, were anxious; the struggle of the Huguenots with the singularly treacherous government of France, had but partially subsided; new bitternesses constantly arose, and while, what one party pronounced a necessary combination for self-defence, the other branded as a conspiracy, the seeds of personal persecution were constantly on the point of ripening into civil war. At nine years of age, the young soldier began to learn his public principles, by a striking and sufficiently appalling incident. It happened that he and his father passed through Ambaise, a short time after the noted attempt against the Duke of Guise. The failure of the attempt had cost the lives of several of the Huguenot leaders. As they entered the market place, the D'Aubigné found it filled with a crowd of people gazing at a number of heads fixed above a scaffold. The countenances were so little changed, that the elder D'Aubigné on riding forward saw, to his astonishment and horror, that they were some of his most intimate friends. Roused by indignation to disregard the hazard in which he placed himself by the open expression of his feelings in the midst of a bigoted multitude, the brave old man exclaimed, "Oh the traitors! they have murdered France." Then, like the father of the great Carthaginian, laying his hand on the child's brow, he pronounced, "My son, I charge thee, at the hazard of thine own head, as I shall, at the hazard of mine, revenge those honourable chiefs. And if thou failest to attempt it, my curse shall fall upon thee."

The speech evidently had more in it of the old French chevalier than of the Christian. Religion knows nothing of revenge, extinguishes it whenever it is to be found, and proclaims the man of blood a criminal before heaven. But the sentiment belonged to the country, and to the time, it found a congenial breast in

the chivalric son, and from that day his course was determined. The history of French administration has seldom been pure; but during the whole continuance of the Huguenots, it was craft, in the most subtle, unsound, and sanguinary degree. Every edict, however the royal authority might be pledged to its performance, was a fraud. Artifice, corruption, and cruelty, were the tactics of the monarchs, and they were too often revenged by violence, fury, and spoil. In 1562, a new treaty had been formed under the sanction of those proud and powerful disposers of France, the Guises. The treaty assured their privileges to the Protestants. The ink upon the paper was not dry, when this solemn compact was scandalously violated in all quarters, and the Duke of Guise made himself an object of the deepest abhorrence, by being actually present when a church of the reformed was entered during divine service by his soldiery, and the congregation butchered. The Protestants, fatally prone to give way to the national impulse, instantly flew to arms; with Condé and Coligny at their head, proclaimed war, and, as the evidence that they were resolved on retaliation, stormed the city of Orleans. The whole realm was soon in uproar, and Paris, under the immediate eye of the monarch, became too perilous a residence for its Protestant population. They took to flight as rapidly as they could, and dispersed through the country. D'Aubigny had placed his son at Paris, under Beroalde, a Protestant, and a distinguished scholar. The boy and his tutor were now compelled to fly. It is recorded, as a characteristic and curious trait of both, that the boy's chief sorrow was for leaving a little library which had been expressly fitted up for him by his father; while his wise and pious master, taking him by the hand, said, "My child, are you insensible to the peculiar happiness of having it in your power at so early an age to lose something for Him, who has given every thing to you?"

He was quickly to find the effects of civil war. The little party of fugitives, consisting of four men, three women, and two children, had scarcely passed beyond Fontainebleau, when they were met by some

of the straggling bands which every sound of war let loose in France, and taken to their captain. The whole party were immediately consigned to the prison of that most dreaded of all names, the Inquisition. The adventure now takes the true national traits. The examination before the inquisitor took place; and this was so generally a prelude to death, that they resigned themselves as already in the hands of the executioner. But the gallant boy in particular conducted himself so loftily, that the inquisitor expressed his personal indignation at what he termed such heretical obstinacy. Yet this simple circumstance was to have an important result on all. Some of the officers, who would probably have felt no compunction for the death of the whole party besides, were so struck with the undaunted bearing of this child of nine years old, that they mentioned it to their captain, the Chevalier Achon. The Chevalier at the moment was giving a kind of *fête* to a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and he desired young D'Aubigné to be brought in, as a matter of curiosity. On the way, the officers told him that he and his friends were going to be burnt; whether this was the actual sentence, or merely to amuse themselves with his fears. But he was already a hero. "You may burn me, if you will," said the boy, "but I have more horror of the mass, than of death." On his being brought into the room, the company crowded round him to see the young heretic, who had showed such courage at the point of death; for his sentence was now inevitable. But the Chevalier, with a levity which in the man of any other nation would be beyond belief, ordered him to exhibit one of the popular dances; which he did, and with so much skill and animation as to bring down universal applause. All were charmed with the grace and spirit of the noble child. But this did not prevent his being carried back to the prison of the Inquisition, where his friends were already confined, and where, to make assurance double sure, one of the jailors showed them from their window the hangman of the town preparing the scaffold for their execution next morning.

Those were times of misery; and every Huguenot lived in hourly ex-

pectation of a violent death. But this expectation in general had only the effect of exercising them in the habits and virtues of Christian fortitude. Beroalde and his helpless companions knelt down, and continued long in prayer for resignation to the cruel death which in a few hours must terminate their career. But one of those memorable influences was to occur, which have so often saved the man of piety in the last condition of human trial. They were still exhorting each other to die as became those who were called by the will of heaven to suffer for its sake; when the officer of the guard came silently in, and, fixing his eyes on the boy, said, "For the sake of this child, I have made up my mind to save you all; though it is at the hazard of my own life. Prepare yourselves to follow me at a minute's warning." Then, asking sixty crowns to buy off two of the soldiery on guard, which they gave, he left them. All was immediate preparation, mingled of course with some doubt of the fidelity of their new friend. They remained in deep agitation until midnight. But the officer was true. He returned, with the two soldiers, and first obtaining a promise that he should be taken into one of the companies commanded by the elder D'Aubigné, gave his hand to the child, and making them take each other's hand, bade them follow him. They thus passed unmolested through the guard, reached the town gate without being observed, and finally arrived at Montargis, where they were in comparative safety.

The flight continued to Gieu. But the royal troops were upon them there; and as the place was threatened with a siege, these unfortunate people fled to Orleans. There the still greater peril of the plague awaited them. The confined state of the population, increased by fugitives from all parts of the province, their want, anxiety, and the work of fatigue, had produced or envenomed the dreadful epidemic which until within the last two centuries so frequently ravaged Europe. The disease rapidly took the form of the Eastern plague; the mortality became dreadful; 30,000 people perished within a short period. It made formidable havoc among the garrison, and

D'Aubigné's life was saved by scarcely less than miracle. Yet, as has frequently happened in cases of national mortality, vice had increased with the sense of danger, and the young soldier had begun to fall into the irregularities of his companions. But he had a fortunate protector in his father; the manly virtue of the old Huguenot was grieved and indignant at the momentary errors of the son, on whom he had evidently fixed his hopes as the future champion of the cause. He declared him unworthy to be a soldier, and ordered him instantly to be led from shop to shop of the city, in the dress of a workman, to fix on what trade he was thenceforth to follow. The lesson was effectual; the boy's spirit was stung to the quick by the parental condemnation; he fell into a fit of illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave. On what seemed his deathbed, he solicited his father's forgiveness. The rigid Huguenot was forgotten, the forgiveness was granted, and from that moment D'Aubigné's career was decided for life.

The war now began to assume a bolder character. The Huguenots had commenced it hastily, and they now found themselves pressed by the King's forces. The loss of the battle of Dreux (in 1562), in which the Prince of Condé, the head of their party, was taken, first shook their confidence. The more fatal blow, the capture of their headquarters, Orleans, was threatened, and the Duke of Guise advanced to the siege without impediment. The extinction of the Huguenot party in the field would have been followed by numberless murders on the scaffold. But when this result seemed inevitable, the tide of affairs suddenly changed. The Queen-Mother proposed a treaty; the Huguenots demanded only the free exercise of their religion, and all was peace again.

Such are the accidents of war, as they are termed by the ordinary observer; such are the high interpositions, as they will be termed by those of a more considerate order, which evince the hand outstretched for the protection of the righteous cause in its extremity. An obscure

ruffian, Poltrot, whether prompted by personal hatred, the desire of a name, or, as was most probable, melancholy madness, had made his way to the tent of the Duke of Guise, and killed him. On his seizure, whether in madness or the desire to save his life, he accused every body of being his accomplice, the whole of the Huguenot chieftains among the first. However, on being ordered for execution, he retracted successively his charges against them all, and died declaring their innocence. They, one and all, had already repelled the charge in the most indignant manner. Yet it was too valuable an instrument in the hands of their enemies to be thrown away, and the fall of Guise was long a favourite calumny against Protestantism. But if the "League" lamented the loss of this brilliant noble, who had insensibly assumed all the functions of royalty, the King and his mother felt themselves freed from a dangerous rival. The war, which was favourable to the power of the Guises, was immediately brought to a conclusion; and thus, by the act of a miscreant, and the alarms of a corrupt throne, the Huguenot cause was suddenly delivered.

But war is always a source of misery. At the siege of Orleans, the brave and high-minded old baron, his father, received his mortal wound. He lingered for a while; but on being carried to Amboise, a scene memorable to him from the fate of his heroic comrades, he died. His death exhibited the resignation of a brave mind, and his last words were the testimony of a patriot to the love of his country. But the stern feelings of the time were too predominant for those of Christian charity; and he died, commanding his son "never to forget the scaffold of Amboise."

D'Aubigné now approached the most perilous crisis of his whole singularly perilous career. At the unripe age of thirteen he saw nothing but poverty in prospect, for the troubles of the times had utterly exhausted his paternal estate. A guardian, too, had been placed over him, whose want of judgment had nearly driven him to ruin, in suddenly taking him from the associa-

tions into which he had been led by the paternal example and by his own animated intrepidity, and consigning the young soldier to the dreary discipline of a school in Geneva, proverbially the most rigid and repulsive display of manners in Europe. There he became unmanageable by the rough hands that, instead of restraining, should have attempted to guide; and, after two years of struggle, he finally ran away, and fixed himself at Lyons. Still evil followed him, though it had changed its shape. He was now no longer in fear of the lank austerity of the Geneva tutors; but he had an enemy to cope with which defies human boasting. He soon found himself without a livre. His landlady, after having been compelled to take many an excuse for tardiness of payment, at last declared that she would harbour him no longer. He had now no resource but to wander through the streets, and die. That evening he walked towards the Saone, and waited in bitterness of heart only till the twilight should enable him to throw himself into its current unperceived; and there a striking incident occurred:—While he stood on the bank, looking at the stream which was to be his grave, the thought came to him, that before he thus appeared in the presence of the great arbiter of life and death, he ought to commend himself to Him in prayer. The prayer happened to close with the words "eternal life." A sudden revulsion seemed to take place in his mind as he pronounced them. The very mention of eternity threw the troubles of a state so temporary as human life into nothingness. The salutary horror of determining his condition for ever by an act of disobedience, and rushing before the great tribunal in the defying spirit of a suicide, finished the change, which doubtless more than human influence had mercifully begun to work upon his despair. He resolved to live, and, probably as a humiliation for his rashness, resolved to begin by begging his bread. He again prayed, but it was now for support under the pressures of his mind and circumstances. While he stood on the very bridge where he had intended to put an end to his

existence, he was recognised by a gentleman passing on his road towards the frontier. This gentleman was a relation, who had been actually commissioned to bring him a sum of money, which relieved him from all his immediate difficulties.

This incident is given, word for word, by himself, in papers written in his latter years, when all enthusiasm or fanaticism was naturally chilled, if either had ever existed. It has none of the trivialities in which idle minds involve their ideas of providential interference. The emergency was of the deepest order. The operation on the mind was consistent with the declared action of the Divine Spirit in Scripture; the result was the preservation of an able, sincere, and indefatigable champion of the Church for the day of its distress; and the moral was the measureless importance of implanting religious feelings in the early mind.

The treaty was again broken; the Huguenot chieftains were summoned to arms, and D'Aubigné panted to join them. But his guardian, whether through tyranny or regard, put him into close confinement in his house until the battle of St Denis, in which the Constable Montmorenci was killed, and the Huguenots gained a useless victory, and a perfidious truce concluded the campaign of 1568. But it was the fate of France to be torn by civil discord. The desperate determination of Catherine de Medici to extirpate Protestantism never slept, and the attempt to seize on the person of the Prince of Condé at Noyers again roused the nation to arms. If human distinctions could have assuaged the thirst of power, Catherine had "supped to the full." Perhaps no human being was ever so much the favourite of fortune. Daughter of the obscure Italian Duke of Urbino, she became Queen of the flourishing throne of France. For ten years childless, she became the mother of four children, three of whom were kings, and Kings of France, and the fourth Queen of Navarre. Her appetite for personal power was gratified by her being either the virtual or the acknowledged regent of France during the chief part of her life; and her fear

of rivalry was extinguished by the successive deaths of the two first men of the kingdom, the famous Dukes of Guise, who both died by the hands of assassins. Her hatred to the Huguenots found its full banquet in the massacre of their principal leaders and an immense multitude of their people, in the hideous day of St Bartholomew, in 1572; and she retained her life and faculties till her 70th year, in 1589. Yet this woman was all but a fiend—treacherous, merciless, lavish of blood, and delighting in national confusion. Are not such examples of the possession of the highest order of opulence and power permitted, from time to time, to show us how little their possession may be either the evidence of providential favour, or the materials of personal happiness.

The war now burst out again. The young soldier was still more sedulously guarded, but his ardour was now beyond restraint. He arranged with some of his companions, who were about to take arms, that at whatever hour they set out on their march, they should give him the signal by a musket fired under the window of his chamber. One night he heard the musket; he sprang from his bed; but his guardian, probably suspecting the circumstance, had ordered his clothes to be taken away. The precaution was useless. The youth let himself down from the window by tying his sheets together, climbed over two walls, and with but his shirt on, and without shoes, made his way to his comrades. Still, with that singular spirit of romance which has in all ages characterised the French blood, he refused to be clothed; but the captain of the troop, to save his wounded feet, took him upon his horse. He was not long without his initiation in service. On their way they were aware of the approach of an enemy's patrol; they charged it immediately, and put it to flight. D'Aubigné's prize was what he would then have valued more than a sceptre, a musket. But it was not until their arrival at the next Huguenot town, that he would condescend to wear clothes; then adding to the note of acknowledgement for their loan the fantastic declaration: "And further, I hereby engage

never to accuse the war of having deprived me of any thing ; as it cannot leave me in a more pitiable condition than the one in which I entered it."

The war now began to rage, and the sufferings of his first campaign might have damped the resolution of a less gallant mind. The troops kept the field during one of the severest winters of the period, and we may imagine the privations and miseries of bloody hostilities under all the want of preparation habitual to foreigners, and especially to a rustic soldiery, roused from their cottages, and thrown headlong into the field. D'Aubigné was present at the storming of Angouleme, was one of the first who entered the breach of Pons, and fought at the desperate battle of Jarnac, where Condé, after having signaled himself with the most heroic intrepidity, was taken prisoner, and murdered in cold blood by Montesquieu, captain of the guard to the Duke of Anjou, the enemy's commander-in-chief. But the Huguenot strength was now awakened, and they prepared to make a struggle for the throne. At Tournai Charente, Margaret of Navarre, the mother of Henry the Fourth, met the Admiral de Coligny at the head of his captains. The Queen brought her son, then Prince of Bearn, and the son of the Prince of Condé with her, gave them both into the protection of the brave Coligny, and addressed the army in the language of a heroine. On this occasion the Huguenot soldiery took an oath to Henry, who was sixteen, never to lay down their arms without an honourable peace, and declared him chief of the Huguenot cause.

A civil war is always a war of enterprise. D'Aubigné, looking for battle wherever it was to be found, fought at the great encounter of Saintange, in 1569, where Coligny suffered one of the most fatal overthrows of the war. The Huguenot army, now feeling its inequality in the field, broke into fragments, but still animated with the national gallantry, continued to harass the royal forces, to make inroads, and storm towns. D'Aubigné, with some of his friends, raised a troop of horse, and setting the Baron de Savignac, an old soldier, at its head, scoured

the country in the neighbourhood of the fatal scene of Saintange. There they soon became known for their restless hardihood ; but, one night, in an attack on a fortified village, the whole party were repulsed and dispersed. D'Aubigné was pursued, until his course was stopped by the river Drague, while behind him he saw an armed peasant following, with the evident purpose of putting him to death, or taking him prisoner, which, in those days, was nearly the same. But he was still a formidable captive. Turning suddenly on the peasant, he seized, disarmed, and actually forced him to point out a ford, and conduct him onward. But he was not yet secure. On looking round he saw two musketeers in full chase. Another river lay in his road. He had now no alternative. He saw the muskets levelled, and had scarcely made up his mind to plunge in, when they fired at him in the water. On raising his head he saw a party waiting to seize him on his reaching the bank. Still he persevered, and darting down the river, at last stood on firm ground and in safety.

He had now acquired reputation as a partisan officer, and took the command of a small but daring corps of musketeers. His command was limited to twenty men ; but they, on the other hand, by their dashing style, obtained the name of *Les enfans perdus*—the forlorn hope, the stormers, the every thing soldierly, daring, and desperate. Wherever danger was to be heard of, there was D'Aubigné with his *enfants perdus*. The town of Archiac, one of the Huguenot strongholds, being besieged, and in danger of falling from want of ammunition, the tidings came to the young partisan. He instantly set out, partly manœuvred, and partly fought his way through the quarters of the royal troops, and, laden with gunpowder, entered the town, to the great joy of the garrison, who looked only to being hanged as rebels. One of the besieging army challenged him to single combat. D'Aubigné had no sooner deposited the gunpowder, than he returned to the gates, met the challenger, and cut him down in sight of the garrison and the enemy. For this exploit he obtained his first commission, a pair of colours. A succession of small

but showy enterprises followed. The Huguenots had effected a breach in the ramparts of the town of Cognac. D'Aubigné mounted the breach, and forced his way into the town; but being, by some of those accidents which so often occur in war, unsupported by the troops who were to have followed the storming party, he found himself in imminent danger of being overpowered by the garrison. In this emergency he threw his men into a strong part of the fortifications, and there baffled all attacks, until the garrison, wearied out, proposed a capitulation, which D'Aubigné, as a mark of honour for his gallantry, was appointed to settle. The town of Pons was the proposed object of assault for the day after this spirited achievement. The new ensign proposed to his colonel, to try whether something might not be done before the natural hazards of an assault in daylight were suffered. The colonel was long adverse to the proposal, which he thought a waste of life. But D'Aubigné's earnestness prevailed, and taking his company with him, he marched at nightfall. Before midnight he had made a lodgment in the suburbs, and the colonel, to his astonishment, received a note from his subaltern, desiring him to advance instantly with the rest of the regiment, that he might have the honour of putting the town into his hands. The troops came up, and the town was surrendered accordingly. Another exploit of a still more dexterous kind, soon added to his fame. The regiment were ordered to move by Rohan; but serious anxiety was entertained from the presence of a strong force in the town. D'Aubigné asked for but thirty men, and with those he offered to keep the flank of the march clear. Immediately setting out, he fell furiously upon the first patrol he met; following up his success, he drove in the successive detachments which the garrison had pushed forward in order to intercept the Huguenot movement. The governor, unable to discover the number of the assailants, who had thus dexterously contrived to multiply their attacks, now thought only of defending himself. In the meantime, the regiment pursued its march and arrived at its quarters without seeing an enemy.

But a time of heavier struggle was

rapidly approaching. Catherine, governing in the name of her son, the execrable Charles IX., felt at last that it was hopeless to crush Protestantism in France by arms. For not only the valour of the Huguenots often retaliated with severe vengeance, but the European kingdoms watched the war with a jealous eye. Protestantism in all quarters was preparing to succour the perils of the reformed in France, and the powerful aid of England under the reign of its greatest sovereign, Elizabeth, was ready to be thrown into the scale. She resolved to destroy them by the old expedient of perfidy, a hollow truce. Terms of peace were offered of a more favourable nature than the Huguenots expected. The chief restraints on their religion were taken off, and four powerful fortresses were to be left in their hands for two years. To assist the general deception, Coligny was actually invited to lead an expedition into the Low Countries in defence of the Protestants against the Spanish persecutions. The young King, Charles IX. professed the strongest personal interest in the leaders of the Huguenots, their chief nobility were invited to court and treated with extraordinary consideration. Coligny, young Henry, and the Prince of Condé, with their friends and suites, came to Paris, and the whole long tissue of national conflict was to be healed by the marriage of the Princess Margaret, the King's sister, with Henry. The net was so completely drawn over them, that Catherine already regarded the whole as in her power. One alone she had never been able to entrap; the Queen of Navarre, a woman of remarkable force of understanding, and acknowledged virtue. The strongest temptations had hitherto never been able to bring her within the talons of the sanguinary Queen-mother. But her time too was come. The proposed marriage either lulled her suspicions, or seemed worth the hazard of her life. She arrived in Paris, was received with the most marked distinction, was suddenly taken ill, and in the vigour of life, at the age of 41, died after an illness of only four days, under the universal belief of having been poisoned by order of Catherine!

The death of this admirable woman had nearly overthrown the whole plan of the court. It excited general alarm among the Huguenot nobles, some of whom justly regarded it as a preparative for scenes of slaughter, from which the Queen of Navarre was taken away by a separate and secret murder, that the open assassination of a sovereign might not produce royal resentment throughout Europe. By all it was felt to be a severe loss to their cause. Even the populace looked with a feeling of ill omen on the marriage which was to be begun by an event of such high and unexpected mortality. But the court were expert in treachery. The King lavished new protestations on the Reformed, the Queen-mother exhibited additional eagerness for the completion of the marriage, and Charles himself led his sister to the altar; though she was so palpably averse to the ceremony that she would neither sign the marriage-contract nor utter any of the responses in the service, from an attachment to the Duke of Guise. But royal marriages are not to be impeded by considerations of the heart. The King stood by her, and putting his hand on her neck, stooped her head, in answer to the questions. This was curiously deemed equivalent to affirmation; and on the 18th of August, in the year 1572, a year blackened to all time, was that contract between Henry and Margaret fulfilled, by which the God of peace and truth was called on to witness the bloodiest conspiracy of ambition and bigotry on record in the annals of human crime.

In the general disposition of mankind to talk of all they know, there are few instances to the contrary more remarkable than the silence in which this most comprehensive design of murder was kept. The dread of Catherine's unflinching revenge may have curbed even the French tongue. Yet rumours escaped, from time to time, which ought to have put the Huguenots on their guard. Letters arrived in Paris from the provinces, where the agents of the conspiracy were probably less on their guard than under the keen eye of power in Paris, warning the nobles that something formidably mysterious was in preparation, and advising them to quit the capital as soon as possible.

But, unfortunately, they relied on the wisdom of Coligny, and Coligny relied on the sincerity of the King. The admiral had seen enough of the world of greatness, to have entitled him to escape being its dupe. Brought up in the court of Henry the Second, who had given him the high post of Colonel-General of the French Infantry, negotiator of the peace with England, in 1550, and commanding a French army in the Flemish war, he was now the leading personage on the Huguenot side, since the death of Condé. Yet it was scarcely to be wondered at, that the conception of so hideous a breach of faith should not have entered into the mind of an honest and brave man. Still he too had his warning. One day a Huguenot gentleman, the *Sieur de Langoiran*, came hastily to wait on him, and finished some general observations by taking his leave for the provinces. "What," said the admiral, "can induce you to go away, when we are in the midst of *fêtes*, and the court treats us so handsomely?" "It is because the court treats us so handsomely, that I go," answered Langoiran; "we are made too much of; and, admiral, though I may be called a fool, I shall go for all that—it may be better to save one's life with the fools, than to lose it with the wise." He made his obeisance, and left Paris instantly. The admiral, almost at the moment, had a still more expressive warning. Within four days of the marriage, he was fired at from a window, as he passed along the street; the ball struck his arm, and carried away one of his fingers.

The Huguenot nobles, without delay, brought their complaint before the King; but he professed so much regret, and ordered so strict an enquiry for the assassin, that Coligny, who much more suspected the Duke of Guise than the King, dismissed all alarm, and the Huguenots remained—to be massacred. The circumstance was unhappy, in more than its lulling Coligny's suspicions of Charles. The King, with consummate craft, suggested that the admiral should bring his friends to lodge as near him as possible for his defence, and even forced him to accept of a guard at his door. The guard was commanded by a creature of

the Duke of Guise, and he was now completely at Catherine's mercy.

The catastrophe was at hand. On the memorable 24th of August, 1572, the tolling of a bell from one of the churches, St Germain l'Auxerrois, at two in the morning, gave the signal for the general murder. Guise, bloody and revengeful by nature, resolved to have a full feast of both, in making the gallant admiral the first of all his victims. The massacre was wholly under his direction, and the first attack was made on the house where Coligny slept.

The troops destined for the massacre had been ordered to assemble at midnight at the Hôtel de Ville. There, to excite them to their work, they were told that a plot was discovered, by which the Huguenots were to destroy the royal family, not excepting the young King of Navarre, and that the King ordered them to punish the plot, by falling, sword in hand, on all the "accursed heretics," whose plunder was to be forthwith their reward. The night was spent in the palace in a fever of fierce anxiety. As the hour approached, the King became terrified, but Catherine continued to stimulate him, by saying that their design was by that time known to the Protestants, and that it was then impossible to draw back. Still fearing his want of determination, she privately sent an attendant to ring the signal bell at two, a whole hour earlier than the time intended. The signal was heard; with what strange and terrible emotion by that band of blood, we may conceive. A discharge of firearms immediately followed, in the neighbourhood of the palace. Charles started from his seat, in terror, and desired, with too late repentance, that the massacre should be stopped. But it was already beyond all human obedience. It was raging all over the capital. Shots, shrieks, and the roar of the populace against the unhappy Huguenots, were heard in every quarter; and this single attempt to avert the royal guilt was at an end. The scene, in all its features of crime, fear, misery and rage, now baffled description. The tolling of the fatal bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois,

had been answered by every steeple in Paris; and this continual peal had brought the whole population, Popish and Huguenot, half naked from their beds into the streets. Many of the Huguenots hurried to the quarter in which Coligny lived, in hope of making defence, or finding refuge. But they were met by the moving troops, and killed on the spot. The streets of Paris, narrow and winding, might have favoured a defence or an escape, but lights were now put in all the windows, and the troops followed the fugitives with showers of balls. The murderers wore a white cross in their hats, to *show their religion*; and the cry of the massacre was, "In the name of God, kill."

The Louvre became the place of peculiar carnage. A crowd of the Huguenots had fled in that direction, in the hope of being sheltered by the force stationed to guard the palace, and by the presence of the King of Navarre, who lived there. But the mistake was fatal. They were suffered to rush into the courts, but when once there, were surrounded by the guards, and were drawn out individually, and killed with their halberds. Some of them died exclaiming with fearful force against the King's treachery. Great God, be the defence of the oppressed! Great God, avenge this perfidy! were their cries as they perished. During this dreadful night, the Duke of Guise, with his brother, Aumale, and a crowd of men of rank of his party, rode through the streets, encouraging the murderers. "You are only doing the King's wish," were Guise's constant outcries. "Down with the heretics. Crush the last of the vipers." Marshal Tavannes galloped, as if he were in a field of battle, from street to street, vociferating, "Blood, blood;" and sometimes with the ruffian sneer, "The doctors tell us that bleeding is as good in August as in May.*" The well-known circumstance of the King's joining in the massacre, by firing from the palace windows as the fugitives attempted to cross the Seine, and his cry of "Kill, kill," show how soon he repented of his repentance.†

The narration of individual anxiety

* Davila. lib. 5, &c.; De Thou, liv. 52, &c.

† Brantome, vol. ix.

and hazard during this period came from some of the first names of France, and they are all frightful. The famous Duke of Sully thus tells us:—"I had gone to bed very early in the night, and was awakened about three in the morning by the noise of all the bells, and the confused cries of the populace. St Julian, my governor, went out hastily, with my *valet-de-chambre*, to learn the cause; and I have never since heard any thing of these two men, who were doubtless sacrificed among the first to the public fury. I remained alone, dressing myself in my chamber, where, a few minutes after, I saw my landlord enter, pale, and in consternation. He was of the reformed religion, but on having heard what was the matter, he had decided on going to mass, to save his life, and preserve his house from plunder. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think fit to follow him. I resolved on attempting to get to the college of Burgundy, where I studied. Notwithstanding the distance of the house where I lived from the college, which made the attempt very dangerous, I put on my scholar's gown, and taking a pair of large prayer-books under my arm, went down stairs. I was seized with horror as I went into the street, at seeing the furious men running in every direction, breaking open the houses, and calling out 'Kill—massacre the Huguenots.' And the blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my fright. I fell in with a body of soldiers, who stopped and questioned me. They began to ill treat me, when the books which I carried were discovered, happily for me, and they served me for a passport. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, when I was delivered with the same good fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy, but a still greater danger awaited me there. The porter having twice refused me admittance, I remained in the street at the mercy of the ruffians, whose numbers kept increasing, and who eagerly sought for their prey, when I thought of asking for the principal of the college, La Faye, a worthy man, and

who tenderly loved me. The porter, gained by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, did not refuse to bring him. This good man took me to his chamber, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian vespers, tried to snatch me from his hands, to tear me to pieces, saying that 'The order was to *kill even infants at the breast.*' All that he could do was to lead me to a remote closet, with great secrecy, where he locked me in, and I remained three whole days, uncertain of my fate, and receiving no assistance but from a servant of this charitable man, who came from time to time, and brought me something to live upon."*

The Queen of Navarre, Henry's young bride, though the daughter of Catherine, was among those who shared the dangers of that dreadful night. It was known to many in the palace that the massacre was fixed for the 24th. The Duchess of Lorraine was one of those; and when, after supper, the young queen was about to retire, the duchess implored her "not to go to bed." Catherine overheard the entreaty, was alarmed at the idea of creating suspicion, though it involved her daughter's safety, and angrily forbade the duchess to interfere further, saying, with that mixture of wickedness in the intent, and piety in the phrase, which belongs to the consummate hypocrite, "If she does not go to bed, it may raise doubts; and if it pleases God to protect her, no harm can happen to her."

The Queen Margaret was thus left to take her chance, and retired to her chamber. But there she was to get but little sleep. Her husband was called up by the arrival of thirty or forty of his friends, who came, full of indignation, to consult with him on the means of bringing the Guises to justice, for their attempt to murder Coligny. Henry now gave up the idea of rest for the night, and went to play tennis until the King should be up. Margaret had at length gone to rest; but she was scarcely above an hour asleep, when she and her attendants were startled by the voice of a man in great distress outside the chamber-door, crying out, "Navarre, Navarre!" and

striking violently against it with his hands and feet. One of her women opening the door, he rushed in, covered with blood and with four soldiers pursuing him into the chamber; to escape, by obtaining royal protection, he threw himself on the bed. The sight of the assassins struck the queen with the expectation of her own death. But putting herself promptly under the care of the captain of the palace guard, she was conducted by him to the chamber of the Duchess of Lorraine. Yet danger was still round her; and a Huguenot gentleman was killed close to her side as the door of her sister's apartment opened. The sight naturally overpowered her, and she was carried, on the point of fainting, in the arms of her attendants.*

On recovering herself, her first enquiry was for the King of Navarre, who was then, by the King's order, in the royal presence with the Prince of Condé. On their way, they had been led through lines of soldiery, and had seen the melancholy omen of several gentlemen put to death, and thrown bleeding before them. They found Charles up; he received them with violent expressions, ordering them, with oaths and curses, to renounce their heresy. On finding that they hesitated, he told them more menacingly still, that "he was determined to be thwarted no longer by his subjects; and that the two princes ought to feel it their duty in particular to set an example of obedience in reverencing him as the image of God, and in being no longer the enemies of his mother's images."†

Henry temporized, and gave the tyrant an evasive answer. But the Prince of Condé intrepidly declared, that religious compromise was out of the question; that "he was accountable to heaven alone for his religion. His life and estates were in his majesty's power, and he might dispose of them as he pleased; but that no threats, nor even death, should make him renounce what he believed to be the truth."

What would have been their fate, had the enquiry been thus answered before the Queen-mother, may be doubtful. But Charles, already ter-

rified at his own work, and probably awed by the firmness of Condé, did not dare to push his wrath to the point of murder. He ordered the two princes to be kept in confinement for three days, to give them time to recant their Huguenot tenets; at the same moment telling them, that, unless this recantation took place, they should be regarded as guilty of high-treason. The King further *commanded*, that Henry should instantly despatch an order to Navarre, forbidding the exercise of any religion but that of the Church of Rome.

The fate of the Protestant leader, Coligny, had been the subject of a council, held in the palace immediately on his being fired at on the 22d. The assassin was now generally known to have been one Maurevel, who had done deeds of the same kind before, and who was so publicly conceived to be in the King's pay for such purposes, that he was familiarly called the King's assassin ‡. The admiral lived in the Rue Bethizy. On his way home from the Louvre, he must pass through the Rue fosses St Germain; and it was in that street, and in the house of Villeneuve, a canon of St Germain l'Auxerrois, and tutor to the Duke of Guise, that the assassin took his station. All these spots are still classic in Parisian history. After waiting some days, Maurevel observed the admiral walking slowly down the street, reading some papers. His piece was loaded with two balls, both of which took effect, one in each arm. The window from which the shot was fired was pointed out by the admiral in all his pain; but it had been fired from behind a curtain, and before the attendants, bewildered by the atrocity of the attempt, could burst in, Maurevel had escaped on a horse kept in readiness for him behind the cloisters, and which was brought from the King's stables.

The scene of dissimulation which followed, exhibits the spirit of a time in which the most utter homage to Rome was felt to be consistent with the most violent insults to the dictates of Christianity. The King

* Mém. de la Reine Marguerite, 181.

† Mémoires de Sully, liv. 1.

‡ Le tueur aux gages du Roi.—*Brantome*, V. P.

was in the midst of a game of tennis, when the news of the assassin's failure arrived. His embarrassment was increased by the news which arrived soon after, that the Huguenot leaders were coming to demand justice at his hands. He flung away the racket in a burst of rage at this double difficulty; for the object of the assassination had been to provoke the Huguenots into rising into some sudden tumult, and thus give the court a plausible ground for beginning the massacre already prepared. Thus disappointed, he had but one more resource; and it was to deceive the party by an extraordinary appearance of interest in the sufferings of the man whom he from that moment devoted to inevitable and to immediate death. He ordered the court to attend him on a visit of condolence to the admiral. The Queen-mother, the Duke of Anjou, his brother, the Duke de Retz, who had especially prompted the assassination, were among the group who now stood round the bed of the wounded chieftain. Where are our painters, that they have suffered so powerful a display of the human countenance to escape them? The murderers surrounding their victim, with courtesy on their lips, but the gloom of the coming slaughter breaking through every disguise; the visages of unsated vengeance, of haughty triumph, of unappeasable hatred, of sullen bigotry, and of prospective plunder? The King expressed the deepest wrath at the crime committed against him, whom he termed one of the first soldiers and statesmen of his kingdom; and, with a violent oath, pledged himself, that let the instigator be who he might, he would pursue him with a vengeance that would never be forgotten. Coligny, though in pain, thought more of his cause than of his wounds; and only implored Charles to exert the sceptre for the execution of those laws and conventions by which the civil rights of the Huguenots were protected.

The King's answer was in the subtlest spirit of hypocrisy. "My father," said he, "depend upon it, I shall always regard you as a faithful subject, and one of the bravest of my generals; but rely on the royal

word for the performance of all the edicts, and not less for taking vengeance, in your case, on the criminals the moment they can be discovered." Coligny's impression was, that the Duke of Guise had been the instigator, and he firmly answered, "Sire, the criminals cannot be hard to discover. The traces are perfectly plain." This remark did not gratify the King, who bade him "remain tranquil, as farther thinking on such subjects might retard his cure." The admiral then spoke of the Spanish war. This topic was equally disagreeable to the Queen-mother, who was suspected of betraying the King's councils to the Spanish court. She now interrupted it, and hurried her son from the chamber. But, on their way home, it was recommenced, and the King angrily, with his usual oaths, swore that "the admiral had said only what was true; that he was a King only in name; that he had suffered the authority to fall from his hands; and that he ought to become master of his own affairs." If mercy had ever been meant for the admiral and his friends, their fate was now sealed by Catherine's mingled hatred and ambition.

The day continued a disturbed one to all. The King had no sooner left the chamber, than the chief Protestants poured in to consult on their perilous position. The Vidame of Chartres pronounced that the capital was no longer safe for them, proposed conveying Coligny immediately to the Protestant fortress of Chatillon, and protested strongly against the folly of placing confidence any longer in the King. His opinion met with general assent. But Teligny, also a man of rank, declared himself satisfied of the King's sincerity, and his opinion was fatally sustained by the generous and unsuspecting nature of the admiral. "If I allow myself to be taken out of Paris," said he, "I betray either personal fear or public distrust. In the former case, my honour will be hurt; in the latter, we should be compelled to begin the war again. And I would rather die than see its miseries renewed." The Vidame, however, was still unconvinced, and after another attempt, on the following day, to impress his precaution,

and even a proposal to carry off Coligny in a litter by main force, he left the city with his principal friends.

The palace was in a still more distracted state. Nothing can give a deeper view of the sufferings which guilt inflicts on itself, than the perturbations into which this circle of individuals, in possession of all that earth can provide for fulness of enjoyment, the highest rank, the largest power, the most unbounded opulence, had plunged themselves, and continued during a period of horror all whose darkness was of their own creation. The King's terrors of being implicated in the charge of the assassination hourly increased, to a degree that shook even the steady malignity of the Queen-mother. He wavered continually. A council was held, at which he, Catherine, the Duke de Retz, and the other chief conspirators were present. The object was to urge Charles to decision : and he was assailed by every artifice, motive, and falsehood that could bewilder reluctant villany. The Queen-mother implored him, as a king and a son, to save her and his brother, by one determined act, from the swords of the Protestants, who, she said, had already vowed vengeance against her for Coligny's wounds. The Duke de Retz added, that the Protestants were in such a state of fury, that nothing would satisfy them but the blood of Guise, and of the King himself. News was then suddenly and dexterously brought in, that the Protestants were about to take Coligny out of Paris ; that thus a civil war would be immediately begun, and that they were open in their declarations of rising in a body all over the kingdom. The Queen-mother then spoke, and added the still stronger fabrication, that Huguenot couriers had been already sent to Germany and Switzerland for troops, and that such was the condition of the royal treasury and the armies, that the breaking out of a war must be his instant ruin.

Overwhelmed by those startling frauds and falsehoods, the King was frightened into fury, and insisted on immediately beginning " the extermination of the heretics." This point having been gained, the Coun-

cil then deliberated on their victims. The Duke of Guise proposed that Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé should be murdered. But Catherine objected to this, under pretence of unwillingness to shed royal blood ; though more probably from a fear that if Charles were left without any thing in the shape of a rival of the royal power, he might prove too imperious for her management. The murder of the Montmorencies, who were Romanists, was then proposed, on the ground that they had kept up considerable connexion with the Protestants. But as the marshal could not be persuaded to leave Chantilly, and thus put himself into their hands, the general opinion was, that to rouse him by destroying all the younger members of his house would be an useless hazard.* The only point that remained referred to the execution. This was quickly decided. The Duke of Guise was to begin the massacre by despatching Coligny as soon as he heard the ringing of the palace bell, which was used only on public rejoicings. The companies of the trades, the Parisian trainbands, were to be called out, and meet at midnight. Their provost and some of their principal persons were summoned to attend the council ; but the design, however imperfectly communicated to them, excited so much alarm in their minds, that Tavannes called them opprobrious names in the King's presence, threatened them with being hanged, and addressed the King to add a similar menace. Their personal fears soon overcame whatever they might possess of patriotism or conscience, and they promised obedience to their instructions, which were, to arm the companies, put torches in their windows the moment they heard the signal, draw chains across the entrances of the streets, post detachments wherever the Huguenots were likely to be found—wear a white *cross* on their hats, a strip of white linen on their left arms, and kill without mercy.†

Thus ended this council, at which Satan might have presided, and at which he scarcely found an inferior

* Davila, liv. v.

† Maimbourg, Histoire. Mezeray ; De Thou.

representative in Catherine de Medicis. All was now directed to keep up the confidence of the unfortunate Protestants. The counsellors dispersed only to show themselves in various ways to the people—all was calm as usual. The King rode through the capital during the afternoon without a mark of murder on his visage. His train, consisting of murderers like him-

self, were as gay and glittering as in the profoundest peace. The Queen-mother held a court as usual, and displayed all the graces of Italian manners. Thus closed a day of the most consummate villany, to begin a night whose blood will never be washed from the name of France, and whose blasphemy has never been expiated by her national religion.

(*To be continued.*)

INDIA.

IN our several expositions of the manifold and increasing evils arising from Whig incapacity and misrule, we have bestowed but casual attention on the gradual but sure advances which our pseudo-liberal government and its friends have been for some time making towards the subversion of the British empire in India. We need not say that our silence has proceeded from no indifference to the subject, and from no blindness to its paramount importance and the growing magnitude of the evil; but truly from the pressure of still more immediate grievances at home, and in our western colonies, where the consummation of the system appears to be rather nearer at hand. And even on the present occasion, we do not propose to discuss the various important questions presented by the legislative change lately made in the mode of administering Indian affairs. Our object rather is to offer one or two desultory observations, suggested by the recent intelligence, both public and private, from India; and, as connected with the details which have reached us, to point out the pernicious results likely to follow from the disposition which has been lately shown to gratify a sordid and reckless appetite for temporary popularity *at home*, by clap-trap changes and innovations in a portion of our foreign possessions, which is peculiarly ill-fitted for these perilous experiments.

India has a hold, less or more immediate, on the best feelings of the middle and higher classes in Great Britain, since there are few individuals in these classes who have not

some dear friend or relative seeking independence in that dangerous climate. We cannot, therefore, but feel deeply interested in the attempt which seems to be now making to extend the European *movement* to this important dependency of our empire. Our rulers *feel* that they have not the confidence of the rank, property, and respectability of the country, and they *know*, by bitter experience, that they can only maintain their present position by pandering to the prejudices of the base confederacy of ignorance, bigotry, and want of principle, to which they owe their precarious elevation. But they must be even worse men than we take them for, if they have not overlooked the tendency of the recent extension of their political charlatantry to India.

The striking peculiarity of that country is, that although subdued again and again, by a succession of conquerors, from the days of the Macedonian hero to our own times, it remains little if at all changed in regard to civilisation, religion, and laws. The Brahminical faith, the division into *castes*, the Hindoo laws, manners, customs, agriculture, and arts, are now very nearly what they were two thousand years ago. Each successive *wave* of conquerors seems, after a brief interval, to have yielded to Oriental sloth and inactivity, and to have become blended with the vanquished, while each succeeding dynasty has in its turn fallen under the control of the Brahmins. The British, it is true, have not succumbed to this remarkable and morally energetic caste of Hindoos; but still nine-tenths of the higher class of the

and subordinate public servants in the company's employment are taken from that caste, and they deserve it. Those of the Brahmins who are trained for secular employments, are, generally speaking, men of great mental powers, thoroughly acquainted with public business, and accustomed to exercise their ingenuity and their subtlety in studying the character of their superiors, so as, in effect, to manage them. Their ultimate object, unquestionably, is power, and they lose no opportunity of increasing their importance; the consequence of which is, that all over India the real, although not the ostensible, managers of the territorial department, are the Brahmins. To this we may add, that the whole Hindoo population look forward with implicit faith to the advent of a millennium, during which, after every stranger has been expelled from the country, a great Brahminal dynasty is to reign over Hindostan, to restore the suspended Hindoo rights, and to diffuse universal happiness.

Thus there exists over the whole extent of the British possessions in India an intellectual and powerful body, animated by a pervading politico-religious sentiment incompatible with British supremacy; and although the admirable policy of the East India Company has hitherto succeeded in rendering that body subservient to their purposes, yet it is equally certain that they look forward to a time when they are to be freed from their task-masters. And how then, it may be asked, has it happened, that, as yet, no progress has been made in expelling us from the country, and that every hostile coalition on the part of the natives has been followed by an increase of our power? Why is it that the British in India, instead of sinking, like preceding conquerors, into Oriental apathy, have exhibited even greater moral and physical energies than they have displayed in Europe? How has it happened that a handful of strangers, "a company of Christian merchants of a remote island in the Northern Ocean" (to use the words of a great and eloquent historian), have been enabled to keep in subjection tribes and nations of soldiers, who, although frequently vanquished, have been, from generation

to generation, bold and intrepid warriors?

The answer is simply that the British in India never forget that they are British, and that they look forward to Britain and *home* as their ultimate destination. In addition to this they belong to the better and well-educated classes in this country. They have not emigrated to India as their permanent settlement; and while self-respect and the other sentiments belonging to the rank in which they move, prevent them from losing sight of the honour and character of Great Britain, the system of regulations under which they are placed, prevents an amalgamation with the natives. It is to this insulation, combined with the high and honourable place in society, both at home and abroad, which the Company's servants have been heretofore enabled to maintain, that we are to attribute our present position in India; and it is, as we think, only by a continuance of the same system that we can hope to retain our empire. Hence it is, that we look with alarm at the recent reductions in the pay and allowances of our Anglo-Indian officers, civil and military. Their pay and allowances, at the very best, were never more than an adequate recompense for the sacrifices which they made, and the services which they rendered. But now, in accordance with the penny-wise policy of the present home government, a niggardly and hard bargain is to be driven with a class of men who are to hazard life and health for a great national object; animated, no doubt, as they always have been, by a due sense of national honour, but who, at the same time, have hitherto most justifiably looked to a high rate of pay, and to lucrative appointments, as an appropriate reward for the manifold perils, anxieties, and discomfords of their tedious exile; and as affording them the means of eventually seeking repose in their native country.

We are far from advocating an extravagant rate of pay, or exorbitant allowances; but, on the other hand, we regard the retrenchments which have been lately made, as in the highest degree inequitable and injudicious. Besides, as a mere matter of economy, the saving is contemptible,

and will afford but a poor compensation for the wide-spread discontent which at present prevails in India amongst those on whose cordial co-operation so much depends.

Nothing, indeed, can be imagined more obnoxious than the mode in which these retrenchments have been carried into effect. In the first place, many of those situations in India which were formerly looked forward to by the Company's military servants as laudable objects of ambition, have been either entirely suppressed or transferred to the civil department, or reduced to so low a scale as to render them unworthy of acceptance. By this miserable economy, the chance which a deserving officer had of saving a few hundred pounds for his furlough, or for his final return to England, is cut off. But this is not all, for the pitiful system of clipping and paring has been carried into all the subordinate grades of the service, where its effects are always most severely felt; and by what we must be permitted to characterise as a refinement on cruelty and injustice, officers have been called on to *refund* allowances drawn and spent for the last seven or eight years, without challenge or objection. This we look upon as unmitigated, and, we believe, unparalleled oppression; and we are therefore not at all surprised to learn, that it has excited general dissatisfaction and disgust. Nor can we doubt that the practical effect of such a system must be, that the temptations of the service will be insufficient in future to secure a body of European officers, qualified to gain the confidence, and preserve the fidelity, of the native troops.

It is not, however, merely by diminishing the number of prizes, and retrenching the rewards of the service, that the spirit of the Anglo-Indian officers has been broken, their discontent excited, and their efficiency impaired. Every one acquainted with India is aware of the paramount importance of preserving and enforcing discipline in the Anglo-Indian army; and let us see the expedients to which our innovators have resorted for attaining this vital object. The subject of corporal punishment in the British army, has been much agitated by well-mean-

ing philanthropists; and the same subject, although from very different motives, has been made a topic for declamation by our demagogues and revolutionists at home, yet, after all, it has been found hitherto impracticable to effect this amelioration in the condition of our soldiers. But in India, a political governor-general, in order to gain a little temporary *eclat* on leaving his government, and at the same time to aid his mob-ridden friends at home, has not scrupled *entirely to abolish flogging in the semi-barbarous Anglo-Indian army*. This rash and dangerous experiment has been made, moreover, while the British soldiers, serving in the same country, remain subject to corporal punishment! And it has been accompanied by the enforcement of a general order transmitted from the Court of Directors (but for prudential reasons formerly not acted on), that every officer who strikes a native shall be dismissed the service. Accordingly at this moment there are, in one of the Presidencies, two officers of some rank suspended, until the pleasure of home authorities is known, for having struck natives, although the one officer has been honourably acquitted by a court-martial, and the other has been tried in a civil court, and has been fined for his offence.

We should be ashamed of ourselves were we capable of uttering a syllable implying approval of any thing like harshness or inhumanity to the natives of India. But we have reason to know that it is the opinion of every officer acquainted with the nature of the native troops, that without corporal punishments it will be utterly impracticable to preserve discipline, or to secure for the European officers that respect which is indispensable to their efficiency. To the natives, dismissal from the Company's service (the proposed substitute for flogging) is no sufficient punishment. In the ordinary case those native soldiers, who conduct themselves so as to deserve flogging, do not value the service, and lose but little character by leaving it. On the contrary, they become only so much the more acceptable as recruits to the nearest native power who may be looking forward to a time when, aided by such outcasts,

and instructed by them in European military manœuvres, an effort may be made to dispossess the British of the country.*

With regard, again, to the offence of striking a native, although to European readers it may appear deserving of marked reprehension, it must be borne in mind that this is a mode of chastisement to which, under their native masters, Indian servants have always been accustomed. But even holding it to be an abuse which ought to be corrected, we cannot help thinking that its reform might have been safely left to the local tribunals, and that the punishment of dismissal from the Company's service is, in every view, inappropriate to the offence; and that it is in an especial manner unfortunate, that the moment of making the alarming experiment of abolishing corporal punishment in the Indian army, should have been selected for

the rigid enforcement of a standing order of this description, which the sound judgment and local experience of those hitherto vested with the practical administration of the government of India had made almost a *dead letter*. Besides, these are boons which will not be valued by the natives, or will only be taken by them as indications of the decline of British power; as concessions made through *fear*, and as the prelude to the full restoration of Hindoo rights, and the final expulsion of the British.

That lesson will be well improved by the ingenuity of the Brahmins; and here also the demon-spirit of change and innovation has been invoked by us to aid them. Hitherto in India we have found safety in the converse of the maxim, "*divide and govern*;" for, if we have not divided, at least we have "*prevented union*," and thus have preserved our supre-

* Since writing what goes before, we have seen the Asiatic Journal for November, 1835, and the following extract from that publication will illustrate what we have just said of the probable effect of Lord William Bentinck's order regarding corporal punishment.

"CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

"In our last *Herald*, we gave a copy of the proceedings of a court-martial, which terminated in the award of a corporal punishment of six hundred lashes to an European private. The sentence was approved, confirmed, and ordered to be carried into execution, by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. We do not now allude to it at all, in deprecation of the punishment awarded—the offence, an act of mutiny, richly merited it, but to bring it forward to show, in one sense, the practical operation of the last misjudging act of hasty legislation which Lord W. Bentinck has left as a legacy to the Indian army. It is not ourselves alone that will draw the contrast we are about practically to illustrate; it must force itself into the minds of the soldiery, European and native; it cannot fail to give rise to heart burnings and jealousies, to be followed perhaps by the more serious consequences, that attend the sneering taunt, and this, too, amongst those servants of the state whom it should be the aim and policy, as it is undoubtedly the duty, of our government to cement in one bond of union, to remove from them all feelings of division, and instil, by the example of uniform treatment, the sentiment that all are soldiers of one military service, associated in one common body, and governed by one universal principle of rules. What, however, must have been the feelings excited, the promptings of natural impulse, amongst our own countrymen and the native soldiery of the Nagpore subsidiary force, when ordered out to witness the indentation of the lash on the back of private Doyle, had they at the same moment been in possession of the court-martial, whose proceedings are now lying before us. Shame, jealousy, and indignation, if not sterner and deeper feelings, governing the emotions on the one side, and the self-satisfied and taunting smile, the triumph of ignorant minds, so inexpressibly irritating to the beholder and the victim, would not fail to have been shown on the other. The first trial before us is of private Govindoo of the 45th native infantry, on the following charge.—'For conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in having, at Moulmein, on the 13th February, when ordered into confinement by Lieut-Col. Hugh Ross, as a punishment for wanton inattention at drill, falsely and most disrespectfully accused his commanding officer, the said Lieut.-Col. Ross, of having struck him violently with his sword whilst at drill.' The finding was *guilty*—the sentence 300 lashes. This was approved by the Commander-in-Chief, with the following remarks:—'Approved, but in consequence of the regulation now in force, the corporal punishment awarded is hereby remitted; a discharge certificate for private Govindoo will be sent in without delay.'—*Asiatic Journal*, No. 71, p. 161.

macy. In comparative ignorance of their own strength, and with very imperfect means of intercourse or communication, union amongst the natives, on such a scale as to be formidable to the British power, is hardly attainable. Our information, on the other hand, is complete, our channels of communication authentic, and, where necessary, our measures are taken promptly, and in concert, and with irresistible effect. Respect for our power, indefinite notions as to its extent and resources, and ignorance of their own strength on the part of the natives, have thus contributed essentially to the consolidation and permanence of our rule in India. But the spirit of the age, it seems, can dispense with those antiquated safeguards; and by *abolishing all restrictions on the Indian press*, we are to dissipate the delusion, to clear away the mystery, and to proclaim to every native of India, that a hundred millions of men are held in subjection by about thirty thousand foreigners. We are to teach the elephant his strength, and secure him by a packthread! It has been well said by a friend of ours, that we might as well think of allowing a free press *on board a man-of-war*, as of permitting it in India; and for our own parts we believe, that the risk in the former case would be infinitely less than in the latter. We are firmly persuaded indeed, that, as regards British interests and British rule in India, this last blow must ultimately prove fatal; and this opinion we have formed from no insensibility to the blessings of a free press in our own country; but from a conviction (sanctioned by the authority of some of the most liberal and intelligent of our countrymen who have visited India), that, considering our position in that country, this crowning measure of Lord William Bentinck is the *acmé* of political infatuation, and by far the most comprehensively mischievous of all the efforts which have been recently made to propitiate home politicians and demagogues, by experimental innovations in our colonial possessions.

Are we then to remain quiescent spectators of this ruinous policy? The West Indies are falling from us

—Canada is in jeopardy—and is India, indeed, to be permitted to follow? We sincerely trust not; for we cannot shut our eyes to the inestimable advantages which the mother-country has derived from that magnificent portion of her foreign dominions. We look to the happiness diffused by the cadets of respectable families who have realized fortunes there—to the families at home maintained or re-established by their exiled members—to the agricultural improvement in Great Britain which we owe to retired Indians—to the market afforded for our manufactures—to the nursery for our navy—to the best, and, in present times, almost the only, school for our army. And in sober seriousness we ask, whether all this is to be put to hazard, in order to secure a quarter-day or two more to the present anti-national and selfish occupants of Downing Street?

We have no desire, however, to treat this subject with asperity. Ardent well-wishers of our country, and anxious for the prosperity and happiness of the most interesting colony (if we may so describe it) which any nation, ancient or modern, ever possessed, we deprecate all angry feelings in discussing the painful subject of its grievances. Until within the last ten years, although many mistaken orders had been issued by the home authorities to the local governors, their injurious tendency has been generally counteracted by a species of "*consuetudinary law*," established under the authority of a succession of distinguished men, who, uninfluenced by home politics, and availing themselves of the lessons of experience, acquired at the expense of their health, and far too frequently of their lives, had left their high example to guide their successors. And whatever may now be said to the contrary, the practical wisdom, humanity, and good sense of their code of regulations was as gold to dross, when compared with the statutes of a distant and speculative, if not a self-interested body of legislators; or with the theoretical ameliorations of home-bred functionaries, well-meaning, it may be, but certainly ignorant of the peculiari-

ties of the country in which they are called on to discharge their important duties.

Looking to recent occurrences, the Court of Directors (of whom we wish to speak with every respect) would do well to *set off* the full amount of their savings, by clipping and paring from the pay of unfortunate subalterns and assistant surgeons, against the expense which must inevitably follow disaffection among their European officers, mutinies of the native troops, and partial risings, if not some overwhelming conspiracy, for the extinction of the British. Let the Company pause ere they change the nature of their service. The colonization of India, which is now legalized, is an innovation fraught with danger; but if it is to be coincident with a deterioration in the character of our European officers—if a tribe of needy adventurers are to be sought for at the *cheapest* rate, and to be condemned to perpetual exile, by the short-sighted parsimony of their masters—the day is not distant when the Company will be taught, by bitter experience, that their anomalous rule in India has been heretofore maintained by the inducements which they have held out to the high-minded and honourable men who have entered their service, and by whom their native troops have been officered.

If revenue be the object in view, assuredly it is not by paltry retrenchments on the pay and allowances of their servants that the Company can expect permanently to better their income. The resources of India are boundless; but it is by trade, and trade alone (taking that word in its most extensive acceptation), that an increase of revenue ought to be sought. Let us improve the cultivation of cotton; let us receive on more favourable terms their indigo, rice, drugs, and other raw produce. Improved machinery might also enable them to supply us with oil from the various oleaginous plants and fruits which the country produces. The

mineral productions of India have only lately called forth British capital; but Mr Heath's speculations show that much may be done for the prosperity of the country by a similar spirit of enterprise. And, above all, let no time be lost in pressing forward Indian produce to meet the demand which must be consequent on the approaching ruin of our sugar and coffee plantations in the West Indies.

Attention to obvious and practical improvements such as these would speedily change the face of India for the better; and in the substantial form of an increasing revenue, would amply recompense the Company for repudiating all Lord William Bentinck's pernicious and misnamed *reforms*. We entreat the Court of Directors, and all others interested in the well-being of our foreign possessions, to resist to the uttermost every attempt to legislate for India on principles applicable to the present condition of England; or with reference to any party whatever of home politicians. Let governors-general and subordinate governors be selected on account of their fitness for the discharge of their high and important functions, unfettered—and, if possible, unbiassed—by political predilections. Let the distinction between *Whig and Tory* be dropt at the equator; rescind without delay the worse than insane order lately issued, abolishing corporal punishment in the Anglo-Indian army; re-establish the restrictions on the press; discontinue this miserable tampering with the pay and allowances of the European officers; and then the Company may look forward to a long career of power and prosperity. Neglect these precautions, and every successive arrival from India will bring intelligence of conspiracies, risings, mutinies, massacres, assassinations, and all the appalling sequence of atrocities, which must precede and accompany the decline and fall of our power in that country.

THE WITCH OF ROSEBERRY TOPPING, OR THE HAUNTED RING.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

Who, that has not seen, but has heard of Roseberry Topping?—the pride of northern England—familiar as household words to a wide and wealthy district—a subject of enquiry and wonder unto all who have for the first time looked upon its isolated and lonely magnificence, its gigantic cone, like to some eastern pyramid, now lit up, glowing suddenly as a huge furnace, now black and bare, its narrow peak shooting abruptly into the sky, the very image of solitude and desolation. No wonder that its neighbourhood is the deposit of many of those grotesque and fearful legends, arising out of, and connected with, the most ancient of our superstitions; and that the almost universally exploded belief in supernatural agency, witches, fays, and all their subsidiary marvels, should still linger in these comparatively untravellered recesses, unquestioned and undenied. The great bulk of the inhabitants would probably as soon doubt their own existence, as the truth and actual occurrence of these wild and fanciful vagaries. Many such legends are told round the lowing ingle at the winter hearth, when all but in-door occupations have ceased, and fancy, delighting in what it cannot comprehend, gives full scope and admission to the horrible and the marvellous.

One of these legends will be the subject of our present attempt to give form and consistency to the fleeting relics of the past; illustrating character and modes of belief that are nigh passed away; but not the less interesting to all who love to linger on the childhood rather than the maturer era of our existence.

About the year of grace 1540, the country was mightily disturbed and perplexed by the wonderful prophecies and denunciations of a witch, who had chosen Roseberry Topping as the scene of these notable vaticinations. Unlike the rest of her tribe, she was never seen, at least by any of her

votaries. Hundreds of all ranks, and from all quarters, flocked to her shrine. A pilgrimage to the Roseberry witch was undertaken with as much ardour as ever prompted Catholic devotee to the shrine of his favourite saint. Many of these prophecies are still on record, and fully credited amongst the peasantry of the district. It is said that on one occasion a nobleman in that neighbourhood sent his henchman in disguise, to learn the fate of his first-born. The answer was, the child would be drowned on a certain day and hour, unless it were prevented. Early on that day, the boy and his nurse were sent to the very summit of Roseberry Topping, with strict injunctions to remain beyond the hour appointed. The maiden laid him to sleep on a green plot near the summit, whilst she went aside to pluck wild-flowers for the babe. On her return she found a spring of water had gushed forth, bubbling close to where the child lay, and which damming up, had formed a pool sufficiently deep to cover him and to verify the prediction.

One Giles Skelton, the miller by Ayton Grange, along with his companion, would needs consult the oracle on some love affair. Always valiant in his cups, he swore he would unkenneel the witch; and on his requesting to see her, a voice whispered him, "Canst keep a secret?"—"Ay, that can I, good dame," he answered; "an' if thee'll show thy bonny face, I'll promise thee a sack o' barley-meal an' a flitch afore bagging time to-morrow."

"Come hither," said the witch; and Giles drew closer towards the dark hole whence the responses seemed to issue; but suddenly he rushed forth, gasping and foaming at the mouth, like unto one stricken and demented.

"Thou wilt keep a secret now," said his tormentor, and Giles never spake again! But it would be a thriftless, an idle task, to chronicle

all that is told, and which is still extant on this subject. Moreover, it might, in some measure weaken the interest thrown around the incident which it is our present business briefly to narrate.

In the year 1541, a banquet and a merry-making at Skelton Castle, drew thither most of the Yorkshire gentry, both far and near. Sir John Neville had invited numerous and distinguished guests, with full privilege to bring whomever they chose; so that this stately edifice, large enough to accommodate a princely retinue, was crammed with visitors, and the festivities kept up for three days with undiminished hospitality. It were an endless task to describe the magnificence—the luxuries that were displayed—the array and garniture of the multitudes there assembled—their names and titles—the brave knights who tilted at a mock tournament, and they who won the warrior's guerdon—all was brave, all was lovely, and many a heart was lost and won, ere that stately festival was ended.

"I would give the best feather from my cap, for one stray glance from those eyes that are bent down so demurely yonder. What a lucky fellow is De Wilton to draw such a partner!"

It was the last night of the feast, and he who spoke was Hubert De Burgh, a gallant knight, envious, it might seem, of his friend's good fortune; and in good sooth, the dame he coveted was exceeding comely to behold. Her hair was intensely black, not frizzed in the usual style at that period, but long, heavy ringlets hung in great profusion around her neck, white as the fairest alabaster. Her stomacher glittered with a thousand hues, bespangled with precious stones of great price. A gown of green taffeta, puffed out at the sides, set off her taper waist to great advantage. There was something altogether foreign about her dress and appearance, yet her speech so accommodated itself to the hearer, that each might think it was his own. Her rich cheeks were like the evening light on a snow cloud—her forehead almost dazzling in its whiteness—eyes, but she seldom looked up, or fixed them on the gazer, so that their colour was not easily understood,

but changeable with every feeling that crossed them, the hue and temper of the mind were seen therein, as bright gems or dark pebbles in some clear fountain. Her mouth was sweetness itself; wreathed in smiles or compressed with thought, the expression was alike tender and bewitching. Every movement displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, though in some measure disguised and disfigured by the prevailing fashion of that unsightly period.

It was during the performance of a minuet, then executing with a due and becoming gravity by De Wilton and his companion, that the foregoing speech was uttered. The dame passed and repassed her partner, alternately extending each hand with such inimitable grace, that the guests, as many as stood unoccupied, were filled with admiration at the gallant bearing of the youthful pair, certainly the handsomest and bravest at the feast.

De Wilton had but just led his partner to a bench, when his friend Hubert called him aside.

"And who, thou lucky infidel, that hast braved so many darts heretofore, is the fair one by whom thou art now so suddenly enslaved?"

"Gramercy, what a grave and rueful countenance!—And what if I should not satisfy this craving of thine?"

"I must ask elsewhere."

"And how if that busy question should get no answer, as mine hath fared?"

"Marry, dost dance with one that is nameless?"

"Even so. My curiosity was eager as thine own. I have asked of many; but in this busy crowd, and our host too much occupied for idle questions, my peerless beauty yet remains, like thy wit, undistinguished and unknown."

"Hang thee, for another Sir Pertinax. Hast not asked her even for the hem of her pedigree?"

"Yea, verily; but she answered with a smile, 'My name, Sir Knight, is secret.' But, I replied, 'we have a cunning witch hereabout, and per-adventure I may pay a visit to Roseberry Topping.' Whereat she laughed outright, and said she would have me at all hazards consult this

invisible mystery. As a punishment, too, for my threat, she vowed I should neither learn her name, nor any other matter connected with it, save by a visit to this far-famed oracle. She is full of mischief as a Puck or a fairy, and I doubt not is come prepared for some dainty adventure. To this end she fences off all enquiry, with the intent to keep such prying gallants in the dark."

"Go to, now, Harry; thou art at thy quirks and quibbles again."

"On the word of an honest soldier, I lie not; and, moreover, they who brought her hither have so well taken up their cue, that though I have watched, and set others to the like intention, not one of the guests has been seen to recognise or salute her; so that she seems to stand unconnected with the great mass of individuals now present."

"Art in love, then, at last, thou rambling scapegrace? Have yon bright orbs scorched thy tender wings?"

"Love goes not a-leasing with me at any cost. Soon ripe soon decayed. Good fruit ripens slowly, as thou knowest."

"And yet——"

"A truce with thine uncertainties, prithee, and let us watch."

The music now struck up "the coranto," which, though an exceedingly solemn strain, its accompaniment was little else than a running one, inasmuch as the "many twinkling feet," that Sir John Suckling says,

"From underneath each petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,"

did little else than make a hasty run of it, round and round the room, with their partners. But howsoever circumspectly the two spies kept watch, they beheld neither sign nor other symptom of recognition between her and any of the guests.

Once or twice they fancied a mischievous and triumphant glance was directed towards them, but in an instant it was subdued to the monotony of the movement that was going forward. Foiled they certainly were, and an application to Sir John did not aid them in the least. Either he was ignorant, or had gotten his lesson beforehand, so that the night was like to pass without abate-

ment or satisfaction to their curiosity.

The lights grew dim—the castle clock struck ten—the guests, scattered into merry groups, were preparing to depart. The two friends kept a strict observance, resolved, if possible, to ascertain the manner and the medium of her exit. She passed through the folding doors leading from the great oaken chamber into the gallery. Stealing near unobservedly, they watched her as she descended the staircase. The hall door stood open, and a bevy of gallants were there waiting the opportunity to depart. She passed rapidly through; and De Wilton, taking advantage thereby, determined to press closer on her steps. More rudely than was consistent with his usual demeanour, he pushed aside the crowd, and sprung forth into the courtyard. He saw her figure, as he thought, unattended, just gliding towards a distant chariot, and in the act of stepping in. Haste and anxiety somewhat overstepping the bounds of rigid decorum, he ran towards her, and took her hand, ostensibly for the purpose of expediting her ascent, when the lady turned her face; but, to the astonishment of the intruder, it was not the object of his search.

The dame looked on him with a most provoking placidity, thereby increasing his confusion. Vexed at his mistake, he was hardly able to stammer out the requisite apologies. In haste she withdrew her hand. She had, however, left a ring in his grasp, which, from the hurry of her departure, he had not the opportunity to restore.

"'Tis an opal of surprising lustre—a lucky hit for a night's cruise. To a knight of the post it would have been no despicable adventure," said Hubert, as he saw his friend anxiously surveying the gem, and eliciting its capricious and fitful blaze.

"I would it had passed to its right owner though," said De Wilton. "However, it shall find a resting-place on my finger until I can restore it. What thinkest thou if I should wear it here in commemoration of my unknown, in whose pursuit I achieved such a gallant prize?"

"In love! in love, past all recovery! Farewell; thou hast seen that to-night which alters, perchance fixes, thy destiny for ever. Thou hast cast off thy panoply—heretofore thy pride: the lion's hide for the distaff."

"Away with thy homilies, Sir Sourbutts! How can man escape that is born of a woman? 'Tis curiosity, I tell thee, piqued and spurred on by mystery and suspicion."

De Burgh shook his head, and sighed deeply.

"Surely thou art not thyself infected with this same contagion?" enquired his friend with some earnestness.

"I do protest," said Hubert. "But—I cannot render thee a reason for this cruel heaviness. Indeed, I could weep now; but that a child's wall were little suited to such an occasion."

Being visitors at the castle, they separated for the night. Morning found them early astir. Meeting in the courtyard, De Wilton looked haggard and disturbed.

"Never," said he, "hath such a night of horrors haunted me. This mysterious ring has been the subject of a thousand fancies. I lay down; it was on my finger, and I felt an unusual pressure—pulses of fire darting from it through my veins—then, as it were, a burning girdle that encompassed me. anon the fierce impulse leapt to my heart. Terrible and ghastly shapes surrounded my bed, and each wore a burning ring. They gnashed their teeth, and shrieked as they passed by, round and round in a mystic dance, mocking as they disappeared, only to return with increasing numbers and audacity. I felt the clammy drops upon my brow, but could not wipe them thence. It was as though the yawning pit vomited forth her legions to destroy me. Driven to desperation, I leaped from my couch, and drew off the ring, the real cause of my sufferings. I felt relieved. It might be imagination; and I make little doubt but our adventure the preceding night, the mysterious incognito, and the manner in which I became possessed of the ring, had so wrought upon my fancy, that it no longer yielded to control—excited by a breath when

tightly strung, and obeying every unseen impulse. I lay down again, but I know not if I slept. The scene changed, and I recollect watching the gem, for I could not divert my thoughts. It lay before me on the oaken cabinet, and methought a red and angry beam shot from its recesses—flashes of light and pale forms floating through them, with anguish, unutterable anguish, in their looks!"

"Thou art ill, Harry. It is not the gem—it is the raging fever in thy bosom from which these fumes are driven. Go to now—a sack-posset and a drug will soon lay these hobgoblins in the Red Sea."

"Peradventure it is as thou sayest, Hubert, for my tongue is parched, and my head as though it would cleave asunder; nor can I rest until the mystery be solved."

"The witch of Roseberry Topping—what sayest thou to a trial of her skill?"

"Since my short sojourn here I have heard wondrous things of her prescience; and, to tell thee true, I have a strange notion for a visit. But it is told of as a fearful adventure, even for the most stout-hearted."

"Tush, Harry! Has this bit of artful coquetry so cowed thy spirit as to make thee quail at the passing of a shadow?"

"Nay, Hubert, my nature hath not changed. When the pressure is gone, the spring regains its wonted vigour."

"'Tis well. And now to shape and arrange our plans."

With that they retired to consult, being determined to lose no time in searching out this mystery.

Now, the witch's oracular responses were only delivered about midnight—concluding long ere cock-crow, so that it was a fitting and well-chosen time for giving effect to her predictions.

"Where gottest thou that ring?" enquired Sir John Neville, as they sat at breakfast, commencing their repast with a flagon of ale and other more substantial dainties. "It hath a fierce and fervid glister," continued he, stretching out his hand to examine the bauble, which De Wilton committed to his discretion. Sir John turned deadly pale.

"How! Hast thou been a-robbing of our graves?"

He almost gasped for breath, and its owner was dumb with amazement.

"We may, peradventure, find out our riddle without consulting the witch," said De Burgh, looking curiously at their host.

"This ring," replied Sir John, "is the very counterpart, if not the same, that was buried with my late wife. It was her dying request; and how came it hither?"

"I would I were rid on't, Sir John. By'r Lady, but the mischief thickens, and the witch herself will be sore puzzled soon."

"I think thou canst help me to a solution without the witch, an' thou choose," said Sir John, looking steadfastly at his guest.

"On my troth," said De Wilton, with great earnestness, "I am ignorant, perhaps more so than thyself, in this matter."

And with that he told of his overnight adventure. Sir John looked more grave than before. He was evidently satisfied as to the integrity of his visitors; but his looks betrayed both anxiety and alarm. What was passing in his thoughts we know not; but, shortly afterwards, he retired to his chamber.

De Wilton took back the gem; but every subsequent discovery only served to render the mystery more entangled and perplexed. Sir John was not seen by them during the day. He had taken horse, and gone off unattended, no one knew whither. Late at eventide he returned, resorting immediately, as before, to his private chamber.

"I will take charge of thy tormentor for this night, an thou wilt," said Hubert de Burgh.

"On this condition only," replied his friend, "that thou tell me truly, and without reserve, what shall befall thee."

"Agreed! But I do expect little worth the promise." And with that they parted.

On the morrow, De Wilton sought his friend's chamber, and found him evidently disturbed, and anxious to be freed from the annoyance.

"I would have rid me of the accursed thing ere now; but I knew thou wouldst rigidly exact what I

have promised. Not a wink have I slept, and mine eyeballs are burning from suppressed slumber. I feel as though it were fire darting through my veins. In short, I do think the jewel is possessed, and the sooner thou art quit on't the better."

"Sawest thou any form with sufficient distinctness to know its lineaments?"

"The unknown damsel did assuredly come forth, as I thought, from the stone; but with a pale and sorrowful countenance."

"The vision I beheld. Did she show thee any thing?"

"I know not; for being overcome with terror, I threw the coverlid before my eyes, and thereby shut out any further communications."

More and more perturbed, De Wilton approached the window. Below he saw Sir John Neville pacing the courtyard with a hurried step. Having joined him, his pale and haggard face filled them with alarm.

"What news, Sir John?" was the first enquiry.

In a low, sepulchral tone he replied,—*"In the abbey church at Guisborough is a vault—in that vault is a coffin. I have opened it; I have looked again into the grim portals of the grave. I lifted the hand—What thinkest thou?"*

De Wilton was terrified at his countenance.

"The ring is gone!"

He hid his face; but the agitation he felt might be seen in every contortion of his body. His knees tottered, and he sat down. When somewhat recovered, he arose, remaining in his own chamber the greater part of the day. In the end Sir John asked that the ring might be intrusted to his care for the night; and, with some entreaty, he prevailed.

Morning came. De Wilton went early to his host's chamber; but Sir John was absent. Enquiries were in vain—he had not been seen since yesterday. His favourite steed was in the stall, and there appeared no trace of his departure. The knight and the ring were both spirited away.

"Now, by all that's desperate, we must fight the devil with his own claws, Harry," said De Burgh.

"Nothing left for it now but the witch. To her we will address ourselves, and that speedily. What sayest thou for this very night?"

"Agreed!" replied the impatient lover, if such he were, who felt all the miseries of uncertainty without its solaces.

It was on a clear cold night in December when they took horse from Skelton Castle, scarcely seven miles from Roseberry Topping. The snow lay crisp and hitherto untrodden beneath their feet, unmelted by the fervour of a clear mid-day sun. Their path lay for some distance through a narrow valley, and by a rivulet yet unfrozen by reason of its rapidity. Leaving those sheltered and fertile tracts, they entered on the black moorlands, a region of stone walls and unenclosed wastes. Their progress was not without some difficulty, and even peril, inasmuch as the path, being little else than a succession of sheep-tracks over the common, was nigh obliterated; and the night being dark, rendered it a matter of considerable risk to the adventurers, though they had taken a guide for their expedition.

This individual, Miles Chatburn by name, a sort of hanger-on about the castle,—a fellow whose business nobody knows, but who always contrives to have something to do—hearing them ask for a guide, he offered his services. He said he could show them a nearer path, a "bridle gait," as he called it, much shorter than the roundabout road to Guisborough. Peradventure, he had none other design than the odd fancy which country folks have for byways and crossings.

They now began to descend; their path so slippery and uneven, they were obliged to dismount. In the valley below them to the right was the abbey, or rather priory of Guisborough—now dark and cheerless—the stream of its hospitality dried up by the ruthless hand of a reforming monarch.

"What noise is that?" enquired De Wilton, whose ear was keenly set for the least indication of sound.

"It's no but t' burn belike," said the guide, after listening a moment.

"Nay," replied the other, "'tis not the rivulet I hear—it's like the

low hum of voices from the abbey yonder."

"Nay—nay, master, that's a'gone by. It's the village that's astir. Beshrew me, but I could once ha' ken'd the great dronepipe of Father Anthony amang a thousand when I gang'd by at vespers. Many's the time I've heard 'em at their night-vigils, when up an' down wi' messages at all hours. Wae's me, I could ha' gotten my fill any time for asking; but the poor may starve now, I guess."

As they drew nigh, two or three stray lights glimmered from the abbey casements. It was now deserted by the monks; and at present occupied by the King's commissioners, or rather sequestrators. An immense establishment, its revenues were probably the great crime which caused its suppression. These dens of ignorance and superstition, their whole corrupt system now laid prostrate by a still more corrupt, a baser combination of depravity and lust.

Guisborough abbey was indeed a structure of great extent and magnificence. Old records tell that most, if not the whole population of the town, were at times accommodated within its precincts.

Grumbling at the loss of his savoury junkets, Miles brought them through the town, where a good and level path presented itself, leading towards their destination. The stars shone out with a fierce and almost supernatural lustre, at least so thought De Wilton, as he looked upward, and the strange, the mysterious nature of their embassy forced itself on his thoughts. Though comparatively a stranger in these parts as well as his companion, he had heard sufficient of the marvellous doings of the "Witch" to give his imagination free scope, and his feelings might soon have been wrought to that pitch, when credulity and not faith is the motive and ground of action. Fear and mystery always exaggerate. The mode of communication chosen by this reputed agent of the infernal powers, was well calculated to awe and to confound those who might otherwise have been too wary or too scrutinizing to be wrought to the requisite excitement. She was invisible, and

the answers were conveyed to the ear of the querent through a crevice in the rock. So Miles informed them, and he seemed to take great pains to impress his hearers with an exalted notion of her powers.

Soon they saw the sharp conical mountain itself, shooting up into the dark blue sky, crowded with bright hosts above them.

It looked like some vast pyramid, some mighty altar dedicated by our Pagan ancestors to their bloody and abhorred deities, and tradition still points to this rock as a conspicuous and well-known object of their worship, dedicated to the god of war. Its remarkable form and position could not fail to attract notice, even at a very remote period, and there is every reason to believe that Druidical rites and assemblages were not unfrequent in this neighbourhood.

"How goes the hour?" enquired Hubert.

"By the light rising above the hill yonder, which we countryfolks ca' the moon's petticoat, I judge, as she's gone four or five days fro' the full, it may be nigh upon eleven. By'r lady but there's a power o' evil stars fa'in frae th' firmament. I wonder where they can a' fa' to. I ne'er catch'd one yet. Walter at' mill used to say they cut up t' owd moons into stars, an' when there'n done wi'!"

"Peace, prithee. Is not there a light on the summit yonder?" enquired De Wilton, sharply reining in his steed.

"By the mass if it be, it's one 'at niver touch'd top on't."

"I tell thee 'tis a bright spark on the bare point, by the black neb yonder."

"Humph," said Hubert, "put thy steed forward as I have done, it will disappear."

It was a red star that seemed just perching on the summit; and an ordinary occurrence, that at any other season would have been scarce worthy of remark, became, to the heated enthusiast, an omen of strange import. His fancy was so warmed and vivified by the events of the last few hours that a brood of chimeras were ready to burst into life on the least additional excitement.

The moon came forth unclouded, and the shadows now began to assume a sharpness of form, a distinct-

ness at times almost startling, as they passed by some newly raised drift. In some degree this change dissipated the dulness of their adventure, and Miles enquired how they intended to proceed.

"Under thy direction. Thou hast been aforetime, and consulted thy fortune in the witch hole yonder."

"Ay, an' a murrain to her. What I knew before she tauld me; an what I didn't maybe never came to pass." The truth probably tripped unwittingly from his tongue. "But such gay cavaliers as ye is, winna be ganging after siclike fancies i' our homely fashion."

"And why not, good Miles?"

"I wish we were safe back again, that's a'."

"Safe back! thy meaning, knave?"

"Naethin'."

"Nothing, villain; what art whistling for?"

"Naethin'," again said the imperturbable Miles.

"Nothing good I know ever came of a rogue's whistle or a fool's curse, so prithee spare thy tune for different company. I do verily think that whistle o' thine was answered, and peradventure by another as big a rascal as thyself."

"It was but an echo from the rock," said Hubert, "don't let fancy play the jade with thee. She is a bad companion for such an errand. We shall need thy services, Miles. Thou must instruct us in what manner we shall best compass our intent."

Miles trudged on silently, as though he would have them understand he had no great liking for the office to which his garrulity and officiousness had promoted him.

As they went forward, the rock seemed to rise higher and higher, until the greater part of its huge bulk stood forth solitary and detached from the snowy masses behind. So precipitous were its acclivities, that the snow slid from them, filling the crevices only, in the shape of white irregular lines, about its circumference. By the wayside opposite, a few thatched huts pointed out the present site of the little village of Newton or Newtown. Here Miles bawled out at the top of his lungs, rousing the inmates who were asleep. The horses were soon disposed of in a shed, and the travellers

made the best of their way towards a hill path on their left. A rude wicket admitted them from the mainroad, whence a slippery ascent led them to a wretched hovel at the very base of the haunted rock. They knocked—a gruff voice from within demanded their errand.

“Our errand is with the Witch of Roseberry,” said De Wilton, in haste to gain admittance.

“We ken na witches here,” said the same surly voice.

“Bide a bit,” said Miles, “an let me manage the business. We maun be wary. They ne’er own t’ t. Here’s too many witch-finders about the country.”

Miles put his mouth to the latch. What he said operated like a charm. The door was soon unbarred, and a cloud of peat reek saluted them as they entered, almost stifling, when exchanged for the pure atmosphere without.

The embers brightened up with the admission of air, and a momentary gleam flashed out from the hearth. A lurid glare lighted on all they saw, and they could almost fancy ghastly shapes flitting about, and sounds of mystic import.

“Is this the dwelling of the Witch?” said Hubert to their guide, in a low voice, scarcely above a whisper.

“The witch?” said another voice near them. “No witch lives here, I tell you. Ye maun gang ither gait.”

“Why, how is this, Miles?”

“Bide a piece, or ye’ll spoil a’,” said he. “The witch’s roost is further up. These will guide ye when her time is come.”

A light was kindled, a fresh heap of turf was lowing on the hearth, and the visitors looked round with some curiosity on the scene which presented itself. Miles, in trunk-hose and leathern doublet, sat on a heap of dried bracken by the hearth. A fellow with a shaggy uncombed beard, and a squalid and sinister aspect, wrapped in a tattered coverlid, motioned them to sit on a bench by the fire, whilst he prepared a good-sized torch, dipping it in some combustible substance that lay ready for use.

“When do we climb the hill yonder?” enquired Miles.

“When the shadow of the peak gets less, so as hardly to fa’ ower

t’ roof tree here aboon. Will ye have a sup o’ th’ gready stuff that comes from ower sea? The night wind cuts sharp when ye get aboon the brim o’ the hills about us.”

The party gave a ready assent. A black cup was filled from a huge bottle, and the liquor was both potent and well flavoured.

“Art thou alone here?” enquired De Wilton, looking round upon the rushes and heather strewed about in the shape of bed furniture.

“Sometimes,” said their host, rather doggedly.

He went to the door, through which a still cold stream of moonlight now penetrated, in beautiful contrast with the red and flickering glare within. Returning, he said, “Our time is near by—and now for work. You’d please to put off your weapons before we begin.”

He pointed to the rapiers as he spoke; their cloaks being thrown open for the full influence of the blaze. They unloosed their belts—but De Wilton looked uneasy and suspicious at this demand. The scene, the circumstances, altogether wore an aspect that seemed to justify more than ordinary doubt and apprehension. He, however, in some measure chided away these misgivings, and doffed his defences in silence, when he saw Hubert unhesitatingly lay aside his own.

“Ha’ ye any charms, amulets, or other devices? Rosaries an’ a’ sic-like maun be left behind.”

Miles pulled out sundry odd scraps—saints’ edicts, and other gear. Hubert drew forth a lock of hair from his lady love, and his friend a counter charm against sorcery and witchcraft.

The torch was kindled—their new guide gave to each a staff to assist them up the ascent—himself preceding with the light, and Miles brought up the rear. Their toil was arduous, owing to the unstable materials, and the slippery state of their path. Loose alum-rock slid from under their feet, often rendering it uncertain whether they had at all expedited their journey by these exertions.

Their conductor had taken the precaution to bind wisps of straw about his feet, and his progress was thereby sufficiently facilitated to

enable him to lend a helping hand, when required by his followers.

The moon was now riding towards the meridian, a silvery mist lay quietly outstretched, like a winding lake, showing all the sinuosities of the valley, above which the hills and moorlands rose out like snowy islands from the deep. In about an hour, with much ado, by dint of tumbling and scrambling, they arrived at a narrow ledge, about midway from the summit. Here their guide tarried, and each in turn was safely stationed on this slippery platform.

"Lay your offerings here," said he, pointing to a hollow place scooped out of the rock. This being done, he held the torch so that they beheld a low cavity, little bigger than where one person might creep through on all fours. "How do you choose to consult?" he continued, "together, or alone?"

After a whisper with his friend, De Wilton said, "If there be space we had as lief essay this adventure together."

"Enter, and I will give you the torch," said their crusty guide; "I've known as valiant knights as ye be, mightily afeard o' the dark. I'll wait outside here with your serving man, an' help ye down again."

"And what is it we do when fairly within, should we conclude to enter that evil looking place?"

"Ye will see a cleft in the rock to the right hand. Enquire there, after which lay your ear close and listen."

De Wilton did not feel quite assured by the manner of their conductor, which was certainly not calculated to allay suspicion, but it was too late to retract, and there would probably be more risk in a display of apprehension than in boldly braving out the danger. Stooping down, he took the light, and, creeping on his knees, was followed by his friend. They soon found themselves able to walk upright. He raised the torch and saw a small cavern, rugged, and of an irregular shape, as though nature more than art had a share in its construction. The floor was wet, and the whole had a chill and sepulchral look, as though it were the very threshold of the grave. He shuddered as, side by side, they surveyed this mysterious recess. It was not more than three or four yards

wide—no roof could be distinguished through the mist and smoke which curled heavily upward, as though a vent or outlet existed in that direction. Slimy exudations trickled down the walls, rank and discoloured with lurid patches of discordant hue. Looking more closely, they were soon aware of the crevice alluded to, where the questions and responses were delivered. Though possessed of a more than ordinary share of animal courage, De Wilton could have wished the conversation had commenced by the unseen. It assuredly required some resolution to put the first question. He again looked carefully round. As far as the eye could penetrate there was not an individual besides themselves within. He drew back once—the words froze on his lips—a chill and sickening shudder almost paralysed his faculties. Chiding himself for this pusillanimity, and with more desperation probably than true courage, he sharply enquired, "Are we observed?"

"Yes."

The answer came back in a loud whisper, as though other lips were close to his ears. He started back, looked round, and met the enquiring glance of his companion.

"Did'st hear aught?" said De Wilton hastily.

"Nothing, save a soft whisper—the sound was inarticulate, to me at least."

After a short pause he again pursued the enquiry.

"By whom?"

"Ask not—they be idle interrogatories," was the answer.

"Heardest thou these?" again he demanded of Hubert.

"I heard a whisper only. Words, if any, were inaudible."

"Sir John Neville is amissing. Knowest thou aught touching his departure?" was the next question.

"And was it for this thou camest hither? I trow not. There is a fair form and a bright eye that is even now uppermost in thy thoughts, if not foremost on thy tongue," said the voice, in a sharp quick whisper, rather louder than before.

"Knowest thou this mysterious visiter?"

"The witch of Roseberry Topping hath eyes and ears in every place.

Even the very walls have a tongue at her bidding. She whom thou seekest is of the mighty ones of the earth. Her path is hidden!"

"And is this thy skill?"

"Tempt me not. I could give thee a glimpse of her—but hast thou courage?"

"Enough, I trow, for this pleasant sight."

"I know it, else thou hadst not sought me. Rememberest thou the church of St Raveon, and the veiled lady at Ghent?"

"Ah, witch! How passed that secret hither?"

"Be still. It was she thou sawest at the castle."

"How can this be?" said de Wilton, with a tone sufficiently indicating his astonishment at so unexpected a disclosure.

"Thy doubts do not belie the truth—suffice it that she is not far hence."

"But I know her not—for of a surety I am ignorant as heretofore."

"If thy love to her is sincere, thou wilt know more anon. Did the Cardinal tell thee nothing?"

"Ah! again!" De Wilton paused a moment ere he replied, in a softer whisper than before. "He was full of mystery, but said I should hear of her shortly."

"Listen! She is of the blood-royal, though thou know it not."

"Thy words are riddles, and do lack interpretation even more than they."

"There will be a rougher skein to unravel ere thou be many days older. Thou broughtest letters to England, but their import was unknown to thee—'tis well—the very wind might babble it again. If thou have courage, a high destiny awaits thee; if a coward, the hurdle and the block, and a traitor's grave!"

"My courage was never doubted heretofore."

"Thou hast a ring."

"It hath gone from me. Knowest thou that mystic jewel?"

"Again this idle questioning? My knowledge is boundless as the winds. The ring is on thine hand."

He raised his hand—sure enough the red and glittering opal was there! Astonished beyond measure, he cried out, "Accursed thing—it bodes no good!"

"Art quarrelling already with thy good fortune? Ingrate—that charmed jewel is beyond all price. By it thou mayst be advanced to honours thine eyes would ache even to behold. See thou lose it not."

"This! reeking from the pestilent vapours of the grave!"

"Even so. I got it thence; for know, short-sighted mortal, I am not seen save in the body of another. My spirit is forbidden a tabernacle of its own. What if it were the cast off, the decaying, relics of the Lady Neville, when I waited for thee in the courtyard of the castle, and from her finger thou drewest off the ring?"

De Wilton felt as though the cold and clammy fingers of the dead were locked within his own. That haunted ring clung to him—he felt its polluted touch—the faint breath of the charnel-house rose to his nostrils—his limbs grew rigid—one horrible thought possessed him—the unknown, it might be, was another of these disembodied fiends, a thing built up out of the spoils—the refuse of humanity;—peradventure, the witch herself, in another shape that his heart yearned for—the loathsome dead he had clasped in the giddy dance—looked on with delight, and even with a tenderer interest. False siren! the thought sickened him—his brain swam with horror—he felt conscious that his faculties were giving way—a piercing shriek seemed as though it had dissolved the very elements of his existence, and he fell, utterly bereft even of the appearance of life.

When De Wilton opened his eyes it was yet dark. His memory was like the trembling wave—all was broken, indistinct. Images, reflections, so disjointed, so confounded with each other, that the phantasma presented but a mass of incoherent forms, without any clue to gather up and reconstruct their fragments. He felt something horrible had taken place, but could not represent its outline, its appalling image to the mind. The first distinct perception was the consciousness of a close and pent up atmosphere, with a laborious breathing, and a sluggish earthy odour pervading his nostrils. He stretched out his hands—the only object within his reach was the slippery floor, on which he appeared to

have lain at full length. Gathering himself up, he stood on his feet, then moving a few steps, he fancied a heap of coffins arrested his progress. Fearful was the first dawn of memory that lighted upon him. Was he immured?—a living inhumation—buried in some unknown vault,—shut out, separated for ever from his kind; with the dead for his companions, in whose likeness he must shortly appear? Had he been left here to perish by a lingering and cruel death? The thought was madness. He dashed his forehead against the walls of his dungeon. In one of these paroxysms his clenched fingers grasped the ring; the whole preceding train of circumstances flashed suddenly upon him. That accused witch had assuredly been the contriver of the mischief; he bitterly bewailed his folly, his imprudence. He raved,—he expostulated by turns, until his natural firmness, arising from a well-regulated confidence, was restored. By giving up all for lost, every chance of escape would be cut off, and he was determined to explore the length and breadth of his prison-house. It seemed to be a long narrow vault only—without any perceptible outlet. Holding up his hand, a faint but sudden flash from the ring arrested his attention. Was this ring, as the witch darkly intimated, charged with his destiny, like those in Eastern romance? Was one of the genii imprisoned in this fiery dungeon for his special use and protection? No wonder that in the present excited state of his imagination these improbabilities found a place, and he clung even to this glimmering of hope rather than the rayless despair which first assailed him. The ring was again dark—he raised his hand, when it flashed faintly as before; there was not a glimmer visible from which this could be the reflection, but it was just possible that from some source or another it had taken place. Encouraged by this kindly omen, he considered awhile, his eyes bent on the floor. Was he deceived?—a ray of light moved towards one corner and disappeared. He looked up, and presently a brighter beam streamed through a crevice in the roof, and, almost ere he was aware, the mysterious unknown stood before him!

He was dumb either with fear or wonder, yet there was the same arch smile, playful, bewitching as before. Surely danger could not lurk under so sweet a form. Then he thought of the dead rotting in the cerements; the foul incarnation she assumed, and which, doubtless, she could change as it suited her purpose. He shrunk back as though her very form exhaled pollution. She held a lamp, and, laying it on the pile of coffins that he now saw, thus addressed him.

“So, sir knight, am I to turn knight-errantress for thy deliverance from spells and incantations?”

“They that hide can find.”

“Doubtless; and they that consult witches and bogles at dead o’ night may expect some pains for their trouble.”

“Peradventure the witch I wot of stands before me.”

“Surely thy brains are gone a witch-finding, or, it may be, extirpate with sorcery and ill-feeding.”

“Who art thou, being of fear and mystery?”

“Not so doleful, prithee! I am a poor stray damsel, concerning whom there once went forth a most valorous and puissant knight, to ask counsel from the witch of Roseberry Topping.”

“And was no wiser for his pains,” said De Wilton, encouraged by her address. “Where am I, kind dame?”

“Dost take me for a witch?”

“Verily I do, and no spell but thine has bound me.”

“Gramercy, art thou in love, sir knight?”

He shuddered when he thought of the witch, whom he still suspected as one and the same with the incomprehensible thing in his presence. Yet even witchery was divested of half its terrors when he looked on this beautiful mystery.

“Tell me, I prithee, unto what place thy wicked arts have conveyed me.”

“Under the very foundations of the abbey; and the spot where we now stand is the family vault of the Nevilles therein.”

Horror again held him dumb. The reluctant confession of Sir John respecting the ring was now explained, to wit, that it had belonged to his wife, and buried with her, but, in some unaccountable manner, pur-

loined from her grave. The mystery seemed to get more entangled. Every subsequent occurrence only rendered it more impenetrable.

"Now I will play the witch," said the dame, "and unriddle thy thoughts; and what if they should be true!" she continued, with a strange and portentous look. So sudden the transition from almost infantine playfulness to a gravity and even solemnity of demeanour, that the effect was far more appalling than if her whole deportment had been of a similar cast. She sighed as she went on. "Witchcraft is indeed a sign and a wonder in our day; the demons of darkness are apparently let loose throughout the land; rapine and injustice, under the guise of reformation, have opened all the sluices of iniquity; robbery and sacrilege even in high places; the prince of darkness verily is unloosed for a season, and his ministers permitted to become visible even in a human shape; witches and wizards are but so many incarnations of the powers of evil; others, being invisible, do propound oracles and the like, yet these occasionally take unto themselves a human substance, though it be from the charnel-house and the grave. Are not these thy thoughts; and hast thou not an apprehension that such an one is before thee?"

De Wilton felt as immovable as the very dead that surrounded them. Fancy plays strange pranks; he thought her eyes glared like the opal he yet wore, and that they were but crevices to the everburning fire within; yet his self-possession did not forsake him.

"But it cannot be," said he, with some incredulity, "that the form before me is that of the late Lady Neville."

"It is not. Once possessing a human shape, its likeness may be changed at will. Rememberest thou the dame so officiously handed to her coach by a gay cavalier, and from whom that ring was taken?"

Here a malicious laugh suggested that the foul fiend was bodily before his eyes.

"And for what purpose am I brought hither?" he enquired.

"That thou mayest hear what the witch left untold yesternight. Said she not, that mystical ring might per-

adventure lead thee to great honours? Whomsoever I delight in, could I not lift, ay, to the very pinnacle of earthly greatness? I have met thee ere now, and in a foreign land I thought thee fitted for some high enterprise, and I see the victor's wreath, it may be a crown, upon thy brow. Listen, and be wise."

"I purchase not even a crown by unholy arts and alliances."

"Nor needest thou, impatient, ungrateful as thou art. Thou findest I am mistress both of the past and the future; wilt follow my guidance so far as thou offend not thy conscience and thy faith?"

De Wilton looked steadfastly at the beautiful and extraordinary being before him. His feelings prompted an assent.

"Remember," she cried, "the highest honours await thee; nor to this end need thou ally thyself with the powers of evil."

"I promise," said De Wilton.

"Swear," said the unknown; "stay—not so"—she smiled—"on the word of a true knight!"

"My pledge."

She held out her hand for his salute, with a dignity that would have graced royalty itself, but he hesitated.

"Nay, fear not, I am not what I seem. Thou mayest kiss this book without fear of perjury."

He took her beautiful hand, imprinting thereon a kiss, which seemed to thrill through his soul as he felt the soft pressure on his lips.

"I took thee prisoner," she said, with a winning smile, "until thou didst plight thine allegiance. Pardon me, in that I must now be absent for a season, whilst I leave thee in darkness and solitude. 'Tis needful for thy safety. There be foes on our track, but deliverance is at hand—soon and unexpected the downfall of our enemies!"

She suddenly disappeared behind a projecting angle at the extremity of the vault, and left him again to his own thriftless meditations. He sometimes fancied it was a dream, or that he was mad, and imagination was the artificer, cheering his dark cell with these extravagant creations. Then, again, memory forbid this fearful surmise. He remembered, during his sojourn at Ghent, a form like the mysterious one who now

held him prisoner, had thrown herself strangely and repeatedly in his way. He had met her veiled amongst worshippers and devotees; masked in the giddy revel, amongst the highest and noblest born of the land. At times a few vague and inexplicable words had passed. He could not doubt it was the same being, but her motives, the objects of her pursuit, and even her very nature, were alike inscrutable.

We need not wonder at his being thus bewildered, nor at the feeling of a supernatural agency that haunted him. The time; the unsettled nature of religious belief; men's minds failing them for fear; tossed to and fro on the wind of every strange doctrine; when the word of life was almost a sealed book, and the disgusting diableries of witchcraft as firmly believed as the revelations of Holy writ. Nay, the declarations of inspired truth itself, then bursting through the long night of ages on the dazzled eyeballs, in all their novelty and magnificence—visions of unimaginable glory, darkened with denunciations of unmitigated vengeance—these awful truths did not only countenance the belief, but absolutely bore testimony to visible incarnations of the powers of evil, and an absolute possession of the bodies as well as the souls of mankind. Numerous were the instances adduced, and judges and divines bore witness to its truth; a doctrine which none but the Sadducee or the infidel would either doubt or affect to disbelieve.

Wearied and dissatisfied with conjectures, the lapse of time was unnoticed. Many hours had, however, passed, when his reverie was broken in upon by a sudden light, and a smart tap on the shoulder. Turning round he saw a little shrivelled cadaverous being, whose lengthened jaws, and eyes stretched to their utmost use, sufficiently betrayed his astonishment at this unexpected meeting. He was clad in a leathern jerkin, a belt buckled loosely round the waist contained sundry implements appertaining to some laborious occupation. His legs and feet were cased in calve's hide, with the hair outermost. Another, and a younger individual, was at his back, and both

showing unequivocal symptoms of wonder at the interview.

"Dost gang hither, goodman, without either spade or pickaxe? Marry, your dead carcass now a-days will travel to its own grave—cheating sextons o' their dues. How came thou i' thy grave, without so much as to say—'By your good leave, Master Sexton?'"

De Wilton was greatly amused at the oddity of the surmise, replying somewhat jocosely—

"I am not here of my own free will, and right glad I shall be o' thy good help for my escape."

"Nay, nay, thee waurna put here for biggin o' kirks. Stop a bit, master. I maun first examine thee privily, as justice says. I'm sexton, an' here's my fee-simple, as t' owd clerk says; an' so, how and whenceforth, an' by what authority art here without my privy or consent, trespassing on these my underground enclosures?"

Abundantly gratified at his own eloquence, a wink of self-approval was conveyed to his assistant, who stood behind, with arms crossed, awaiting the final disposal of the culprit. The latter could have laughed with right good will at this absurd interrogatory, but he was not just now in the humour for a jest.

"Prithee, ha' done with thy foolery. I have other business," said he, attempting to push this garrulous and shrivelled atomy aside.

"Foolery, quotha! — foolery? Hearst thee, Hal? Look! Aha, that cursed ring again! I think Auld Nick is t' owner on't."

He held the torch for a more accurate survey.

"I am sure enough," continued he, scratching his head. "How the dule gat he it?"

Here they drew aside to whisper.

"By th' mass, Hal, but our rogueries will come into daylight yet. That devil's decoy will nab us after a.' I think i' my very inwards it be haunted, or gotten a little grig of an imp inside. I wish we'd never had to do wi't. I told thee not to meddle, but thy greedy paws be always itching."

"Nay, Gregory," replied his help-mate, in a tone of easy contradiction, "thee ne'er tell'd me ought

o't kind. But I've sum'at here," pointing to his shaggy pate, "will get us through, spite o' the devil an' a' his host."

"Hush, not so loud in his lugs, prithee. Thee doesna ken but t' owd un himsell may be hearkening."

"He may hearken till his horns come off, afore he hears any good of himsell. I tell thee, let's lay hold on this silly sheep-face, wi' the stolen stuff upon him—nothin' easier. Thee knows what a hollabulloo there's been about this same ring, when Sir John found it amissin'. We've all but had a taste o' the thong—and i' my belief we're no safe yet. Now haven't we gotten the thief at long run? What's plainer, he has come off so well wi' his last booty, that he's come again for another rummage."

"Good," said the elder, but not more crafty rogue, chuckling at this notable scheme to disguise their own villany. "We'll tak him before t' questors directly. Knave—rogue—burglariously hast thou entered here, for which thou must answer to thy betters. Thou comes a-robbing the dead—purloning the jewels which the King has laid hands upon."

"Robbing the graves!" cried out the accused. "Verily it were a bold tongue that gave such thought utterance. Go to, fool, and lead me forth of this. Such silly conceits become not thy grey hairs."

"By the rood, Hal, but we must lay on the gyves. I tell thee the questors have t' King's commission to punish with death or bonds such as do cheat, conceal, purloin, or destroy the goods, chattels, and all sundry—sundry—Hal, I've forgot—how went the proclamation?"

"It wotteth not—our care is to make caption, and therefore I do arrest thee in the King's name," said the more judicious knave.

"Arrest, and be hanged to ye, so that ye lead me forth," said De Wilton, angrily. Hal felt in his pouch, and drew therefrom a stout cord, wherewith he would have bound him, but the prisoner, roused by this unlooked-for indignity, would have dashed the miscreant to the ground, had he not slipped nimbly aside.

"Nay, nay," said Gregory, "if this be t' trick, we maun ca' for help;" and with that he was making

for the outlet, which De Wilton was anxious to prevent. Afraid, lest being refractory might only prolong his imprisonment, he cried,

"Prithee, save thy breath; I will accompany you without further hinderance; but I'll not be bound like a fool to the whipping-post. Up, knave, I follow."

Hal, with great care, and a wary eye, crawled away like a beaten hound, congratulating himself at so signal an escape. They took his parole, and led the way to a corner of the vault. Here a concealed door, now open, showed a narrow flight of steps, down which the breeze blew freshly from above. They were soon clear of the vault, and on crossing the deserted aisles of the chapel, De Wilton was startled at its solitude and desertion. The priest, driven from the altar, the rich vestments, the offerings, all were gone. No lights blazed, nor frankincense curled in graceful eddies round the roof;—darkness and silence brooded over them, save the hollow arches reverberating their tread, and the glimmer of their lamp reflected by some tinselled saint, or gilded martyr.

"This way—this way," cried the sexton, as De Wilton lingered a moment to gaze on the deserted grandeur that surrounded him. A door in the corner of a pillar opened to a narrow corridor which, after many windings, led them to the refectory, where, by the light of one solitary lamp, and a blazing heap of fagots, two personages were apparently in earnest discourse, insomuch that the first entry of the gravedigger and his companions was scarcely noticed. But Gregory, with one of his most insinuating grimaces, thus opened his harangue:—

"May it please your worships"—a pause, during which they looked round, surveying the intruders with a curious and not very conciliatory glance.

"Thine errand," said the elder of the two—a very demure, official looking sort of person.

"May it please your worships," again he commenced, "we have found the caitiff, who, by the instigation of the devil, and not having the fear of our lord the King and your honours before his eyes, hath, with rapine and a grievous onslaught

—and—and—I forget, Hal—Oh, hath despoiled our lord the King, his treasury, in this religious house, of which your worships be guardians and administrators.”

A smile at the pompous formality by which they were addressed, greeted this garrulous protector of his sovereign's rights.

“Which is the thief?” enquired his Majesty's representative.

“Here, good masters,” said Gregory and his deputy. Each laying a hand on the prisoner's shoulder, they forthwith, with many additional inventions and exaggerations, began to accuse him.

“Hale him to prison,” said the elder commissioner, when they had finished. “We will examine him on the morrow. Having much to do, the time will not permit our investigation at present.”

“Please ye, my gracious lords, but he still keeps the ring, touching which Sir John Neville did make grievous outcry, and your poor servants here had nigh come to great trouble.”

“Gentlemen,” said De Wilton, “for such I trow ye be, I am incapable of the crime which these scurvy knaves do attest. I am for the present a visiter at the castle of Sir John Neville, who will assuredly resent this contumely on his friend.”

“We believe Sir John Neville hath not shown great reverence for, nor readiness to obey, the King's behests. Is he not on the list?” enquired the elder functionary from his companion.

“He is,” was the only reply.

“However—what was thy business, and how camest thou in the vault, whence we suppose thou dost not deny to have been taken?”

“Ay, answer him that,” said Gregory, fidgeting and chuckling at the lucky turn his examination had taken.

“Peace, old man,” said the official, with a stern countenance.

“Verily I don't know,” was De Wilton's reply.

“By to-morrow, peradventure, thy memory may be refreshed. Ye will give him in charge to our keeper, and attend to confront him early.”

These hireling judges would hear nothing further, and De Wilton, with

an ill grace, was forced to submit to another incarceration. Gregory and his assistant would have taken off the ring, and indeed the wearer was nothing loath to be rid of it, but his hand, swelled and tumid with heat and excitement, would not yield to their efforts. However unwillingly, therefore, the ring was allowed to remain for the present. Being delivered up to the keeping of an attendant, he was deposited forthwith in a place used as a temporary dungeon, strongly barred and bolted, near the abbot's kitchen; once more left to himself, and shut out from light and warmth, to ruminate on the strange mishaps, which trode on each other's heels so closely. A cold wind pointed out the window, or rather loophole, where, through bars of stout iron, the snow, as well as moonlight, found a ready admission. By and by, as he came to a closer examination of his cell, and peeping curiously about, he thought he heard a low whistle outside. He listened—it was repeated. Cautiously answering with the same note, something was thrown through the bars. Stooping to examine the nature of the mission, another fell at his feet; some friend had furnished him with a file and a crow-bar. He went to work in good earnest, and, by dint of hard labour, contrived to make a vacancy wide enough to admit his person. Creeping cautiously forwards, for the walls were of enormous thickness, he drew himself, head foremost, out of the window, and looking round, saw a fellow sauntering about, evidently on the watch for his egress. The opening, luckily, was not far from the ground. Laying hold, therefore, on a projecting buttress, he sprung forth, and fell at full length on a convenient cushion of snow, which the wind had drifted beneath. Immediately this unknown deliverer was at his side. He whispered—

“This way—climb the wall, and we are safe.”

Looking up, De Wilton saw the friendly countenance of Miles Chatburn.

“We are in the abbey garden,” he continued. “Haste—horses are waiting on the other side.”

“By whose contrivance?”

"A friend. It has only just been told us that yon rascals had thee i' their clutches. Hush—be silent until we're out of harm's way."

Silently and safely they climbed the wall. Their steeds were in waiting, and they were soon out of immediate danger. All the information that Miles either would or could communicate was, that a fair dame had been the means of his rescue, and that a place of safety was provided. Matters, too, he said, had gone ill at the castle since their departure. Sir John had been denounced. His effects were under forfeiture, and it was lucky that he was absent when the commissioners' warrant arrived, else his person had been committed to close custody. Further, Miles declared, he had no information to give.

They evidently took the most unfrequented paths. The snow lay untrodden, and sometimes presented a formidable obstacle to their progress. Nevertheless they persevered, until a river interposed, and, seemingly, cut short their journey in that direction. When they had dismounted, Miles tied the horses to a tree, and, unmooring a boat, they were soon dancing on the dark waters, rendered doubly so, by the bright snow which lay around them. Miles gave an oar to his companion, and they were quickly across the stream.

"Now let 'em come," said he; "we've gotten a fair start. 'Tis the only ferry between and Stockton; an' it's not far now to cover."

His exultation at the escape showed his former sense of danger to De Wilton more imminent than what could arise merely from the abstraction of a bauble from the abbey treasures.

Their journey was now on foot, over the hills, and an hour's hard toil brought them to a narrow valley by the edge of a frozen water-course. A rugged path led them to what seemed the ruins of an old mill; towards which Miles beckoned his companion. Entering a broken archway, they descended a ruinous flight of stairs, and through a dark passage, into what appeared to have been the cellars or store-houses of the establishment. His heart misgave him as to the issue of

the adventure, and he was just meditating on the possibility or expediency of a retreat, when he heard a low knock thrice—a door opened, and they entered a small chamber. Underneath a lamp, that hung from the ceiling, he recognised his friend Sir John Neville. His suspicions vanished—the two friends cordially and joyfully embraced, and congratulations and explanations were interchanged.

"The night I was so unexpectedly absent," said Sir John, "ere I had been long in my chamber, and, I well remember, I was just making a more accurate examination of the ring, when I heard the door opened; turning suddenly to ascertain the cause of such unusual intrusion, I beheld a masked figure standing in the entrance. 'I have a message unto thee,' said the disguised envoy. 'Say on,' I replied, sorely startled at this address, inasmuch as the mysterious reappearance of the ring led me to apprehend some pending and unforeseen evil. 'To the possessor of that ring is my mission.' 'Is it peace?' I enquired. 'It is good, and not evil,' was the reply. 'Unto what purport?' was the next question. 'Thine honour and advancement—but further I am not intrusted with.' 'What sign bringest thou?' 'Follow, and it shall be told thee,' was the only answer he would vouchsafe. I followed with but little hesitation, first buckling on my defences. I felt confident we were on the eve of a solution to our enigma, and I crept after him cautiously and in silence. Horses were outside, and I was conducted hither."

"If that were all, it is scarce worth the adventure," said De Wilton. "But what is become of the ring?"

"It hath been given to another. I believe this piece of knight-errantry was intended for thy special commission," said Sir John. "On my arrival, I soon found they had the wrong bird i' the hand; but thou wilt hear more anon. Love and treason are hand in hand in this matter. Nevertheless am I right glad it hath fallen to my lot to have accidentally, I hope providentially, joined the defenders of our faith. If I am too ill-favoured to woo, I am not too old to fight."

"More mystery still; when will this ruffled web unravel?"

"All in good time; we have work to do will need all the appliances we can bring forth."

"I'm thinking 'tis well you're here, Sir John."

"How?"

"You are denounced; your house is seized, and your person out of duress only by reason of your unexpected departure."

"It hath been told me already. Ill tidings have swift wings. But let yon lascivious hog beware. His crown totters The day will come!" Sir John struck his clenched hand upon the bench; his face flushed and hot with anticipated vengeance.—"True," he continued; "I have been strangely extricated from his gripe. Dragged, providentially it may be, from his savage and murderous hands. Thou art probably destined to an important part in the coming drama, though ignorant as yet even of the action and the plot. I am ignorant myself on this head—our affairs are moved by an invisible hand. We know not further, save that another, and of a royal lineage, is destined to the English crown. Be not surprised that our plans are already ripening to maturity. His excellency, Cardinal Pole, now at Ghent, has gotten the Pope's bull as a warrant for our enterprise, and which, by God's grace, shall be speedily executed. The Prior of Guisborough hath just returned, and hath privily brought over one of the race of the Plantagenets, to whom, though not yet seen, the leaders in this godly enterprise have promised their adherence. Our numbers are hourly augmenting, thanks to these rapacious blood-suckers and plunderers of our holy Church, the commissioners yon greedy wolf hath appointed to her destruction. We wait but for the Pope's legate or his deputy, and this very night important disclosures will be made in council. Thou knewest the Cardinal at Ghent?"

"I did," said De Wilton, thoughtfully, as though light were breaking upon him, "and he was marvellously inquisitive as it respects my connexions, pedigree, and so forth. Thou mayest be aware that I can boast of royal blood, though not that of the Plantagenets."

"I was not cognizant of this heretofore. It can, however, I imagine, have no relation to, or connexion with, our present undertaking."

"I know not," replied De Wilton; "but there is an impression here that something breaks the egg of this mystery thereby."

He thought of the oracle, and the mysterious hints of the unknown. It was but as a vision floating in his imagination, though it rapidly acquired form and consistency. How maddening, how intoxicating the draughts of ambition; kindling, enveloping every passion, every feeling, in one fierce but transient blaze—too bright to be permanent, and destroying, by its very vigour, the germ of its own existence.

"You know not yet your future prince?" he enquired, with some hesitation.

"We do not; but the prior will be here shortly, and this night it is understood, we assemble to do homage and swear allegiance."

Hardly had he spoken, ere a messenger in a monkish garb slowly entered.

"*Benedicite*," said he, stretching out his hands; "we crave your presence at the council. To-night the royal stranger will be declared."

The council-chamber was neither better nor worse than a large underground granary; once used as such by its possessor, and well fitted for its present occupation, both by reason of its convenience and perfect seclusion. A passage led from the small chamber where Sir John received his friend, along which they immediately hastened to join audience with the chiefs. A low door, latched and bolted, admitted them; when they saw about a score of individuals, many of great rank and standing in the north, seated round a long table, or rather trestle. A smoky lamp was the only medium of illumination, giving a portentous character to the scene, exaggerated by dimness and the lurid clouds which seemed to brood over this ripening embryo of treason. A seat at the upper end was still vacant. They had taken their places in silence, and not a word was spoken, either by way of recognition or remark. De Wilton, looking round, saw his friend, Hubert De Burgh,

and two or three others, newly added to their ranks. A glance only passed between them, and all became abstracted and meditative as before. De Wilton felt a light tap on his shoulder; looking round, a figure beckoned him towards the door. He obeyed the signal, and from the dark space beyond he heard a whisper in his ear.

"Thrice was my purpose frustrated. Once, when that ring was given to another; again, through thy swoon in the witch's cave, rendering another interview necessary; and lastly, thy being discovered in the vault by those who helped thee to a dungeon. It was from them I procured the ring; but they have now changed places with thee. Hitherto I have countervailed these mischances, another may not so easily be overcome with all the power and prescience I possess. Hast thou the ring?"

"I have."

"Let it not leave thine hand. Be silent and discreet."

De Wilton immediately recognised his beautiful unknown, and, whether of earthly or spiritual origin, love had first lighted the torch of his ambition, and he resolved to commit himself to its guidance. Ere he could reply she had disappeared.

Soon after he had resumed his seat, another door opened, and the Prior of Guisborough, with hands clasped, and a solemn gait, entered the assembly. They arose, bowing reverently to this representative of their faith. The acknowledgment was received with a great show of humility. White and flowing locks gave a sanctity to his look, much increased by his devout and quiet demeanour. He did not sit down, but addressed them briefly as follows:—

"Brethren and friends, the Sovereign Pontiff, the Vicegerent of Heaven, hath now absolved you of your allegiance to Henry Tudor."

A low murmur of approbation greeted this announcement.

"He hath excommunicated yonder impious apostate, and, as true sons of the Church, your allegiance now devolves upon another—The Cardinal hath bidden me, in his place, to propose our restoration to the throne of the ancient race of the Plantagenets. I have brought secretly from o'er sea the only off-

spring now of this illustrious house. This individual is niece to the Cardinal himself, being the only surviving child of his brother, Lord Montacute, and granddaughter to Ann Countess of Salisbury, now, alas! a prisoner in the Tower, and waiting to be offered; the latter being, as you well know, daughter to the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. and Richard III., in a direct line from the most renowned of our kings. Alas! my brethren, that yonder cruel tyrant hath been permitted to shed the blood of every male, save that of his reverence, in this royal branch; and that this goodly twig alone remains. Speak, is your allegiance freely rendered?"

The assembly were evidently taken by surprise. A female sovereign they were not prepared to expect. The wary churchman observing their tardiness, again addressed them.

"I freely grant, what doubtless ye apprehend, that it may be a source of great weakness to this realm should it so happen that a female wield the sceptre, seeing a firm hand alone can rescue us from our thralldom. It is therefore an absolute condition that our future queen, if so be it is your pleasure, shall immediately marry. Her maiden reluctance hath been overcome, and, in person, she will this night declare to you her free choice."

Immediately there entered a fair and stately form, followed by female attendants, whom De Wilton again recognised as the mysterious being who seemed to be the arbitress of his destiny. But he held his peace, and, repressing all tokens of a prior knowledge, awaited the result.

With a modest dignity she took her station at the head of the council, the Prior on her right, when the chiefs arose. Waving her hand, she thus addressed them:

"Friends, companions in one common cause, and sharing one common danger, it hath pleased an all-wise Providence to appoint me to a duty, which, however unworthy or unwilling to execute, I must now discharge. My birth demands one privilege, and its exercise, though repugnant to my private thoughts, I owe to my country and my faith. I have plighted my troth, and he whom

I have chosen is of royal lineage. To this only I bound myself. And now let him stand forth who holds my pledge."

A deep silence ensued; but every eye glanced round to ascertain the object of her choice, save that of De Wilton, who stood forth as the betrothed of their future queen. Holding up his right hand, the fiery opal shot an auspicious lustre.

"Pardon me, Sir John," she continued, "if, at my request, the ring was taken. The purpose I may now explain. I was educated in a convent at Ghent; but it was the cardinal's wish it should not be in perfect seclusion. Unknown, I often mixed with the crowd, where I saw De Wilton. The Cardinal approved, and indeed first directed, my choice. His royal lineage was not unknown; but I feared lest he who won my heart might not bestow his own. A well-known superstition, if such it be, came to my aid—to wit, that if a maiden would win lawfully another's love, let her present him with a ring from a dead hand; by which token, if she can procure it, he shall prove faithful to her choice. Pardon me, De Wilton," said she, extending her hand; "I now plight my troth before these our trusty lieges. Whether I procured the good offices of the Witch of Roseberry, or took her place, it

is of little use to enquire; and thus our mystery is ended."

A murmur of applause greeted this announcement, and De Wilton kissed the hand held out for his acceptance.

"Mine," said he, "is assuredly a royal lineage. From Catherine of France and Owen Tudor I claim descent. My person and my services I devote to God and my country."

There was joy and thanksgiving in every heart, and many a bosom, on that memorable night, throbbed with anticipated success; but, alas! the sequel, on which we need not dwell, is fraught with bitter recollections. This conspiracy was but the devotion of another hecatomb to the altar. De Wilton, Sir John Neville, with many others, the best blood of this unhappy land, were sacrificed in the attempt. Through treachery, according to some, and indiscretion, according to others, the plot was discovered; the whole of this widely ramified rebellion was crushed, and that with no sparing hand.

Their intended queen escaped into Flanders, where she ended her days in a convent. The venerable Countess of Salisbury died cruelly by the hands of the public executioner, and thus perished "THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POETRY.

FEW questions have more frequently been asked, than that—"wherein does *poetry* differ from *prose*?" and few questions have been less satisfactorily answered. Those who have little taste for poetry, have seldom troubled themselves about this matter at all, while those who regard the art with enthusiasm, have seemed to shrink from too narrow an examination of the object of their adoration, as if they felt that they might thereby dissipate a charming illusion, and increase their knowledge at the expense of their enjoyment. For my own part, I confess myself one of those who are not so much dazzled with the charms of poetry, as to be unable to examine them steadily, or describe them coolly. My interest in it is such as to

incline me to speculate upon the nature of its attractions, while I am yet sufficiently *insensible* to those attractions to be able to pursue my speculations with the most philosophical composure.

The term *prose*, is used in two significations; in one of which it stands opposed to *poetry*—in the other, to *verse*. It being admitted, however, that *verse* is not essential to poetry, it follows that *prose*, in the sense in which it is merely opposed to *verse*, may be *poetry*—and, in the sense in which it is merely opposed to *poetry*, may be *verse*. What is to be inquired here, is, what is the nature, not of *verse*, but of *poetry*, as opposed to *prose*. So strong, however, is the connexion between poetry and *verse*, that this

subject would be but very indifferently treated should that connexion fail to be properly accounted for; and I shall, in the sequel, have occasion to point out how it happens that *verse* must, generally speaking, always be *poetry*.

It seems to me that a clear line of demarcation exists between poetry and prose, and one which admits of being plainly and accurately pointed out.

No distinction is more familiarly apprehended by those who have considered the different states in which the mind exists, or acts which it performs, than that which subsists between acts or states of *intelligence*, and acts or states of *emotion*. Acts or states of intelligence are those in which the mind perceives, believes, comprehends, infers, remembers. Acts or states of emotion are those in which it hopes, fears, rejoices, sorrows, loves, hates, admires, or dislikes. The essential distinction between poetry and prose is this:—prose is the language of *intelligence*, poetry of *emotion*. In prose, we communicate our *knowledge* of the objects of sense or thought—in poetry, we express how these objects *affect* us.

In order, however, to appreciate the justice of the definition of poetry now given, the term *feeling*, or *emotion*, must be taken in a somewhat wider, but more logical or philosophical, sense, than its ordinary acceptance warrants. In common discourse, if I mistake not, we apply the word *emotion* more exclusively to mental affections of a more violent kind, or at least only to high degrees of mental affection in general. Except in philosophical writings, the perception of the *beautiful* is not designated as a state of emotion. A man who is tranquilly admiring a soft and pleasing landscape, is not, in common language, said to be in a state of emotion; neither are curiosity, cheerfulness, elation, reckoned emotions. A man is said to be under emotion, who is strongly agitated with grief, anger, fear. At present, however, we include, in the term *emotion*, every species of mental (as distinct from bodily) pleasure or pain, desire or aversion, and all degrees of these states.

It will be asked, does every expression of emotion then constitute

poetry? I answer it does, as regards the specific character of poetry, and that which distinguishes it from prose. Every expression of emotion is poetry, in the same way, but only in the same way, as every succession of sounds, at musical intervals, every single chord, is *music*. In one sense, we call such successions or harmonies *music*, only when they are combined into rhythmical pieces of a certain length; so we only call the expression of emotion *poetry*, when it expands itself to a certain extent, and assumes a peculiar defined form—of which more afterwards. But as even two or three notes, succeeding one another, or struck together at certain intervals, are *music*, as distinct from any other succession or combinations of sounds—such as the noise of machinery, of water, of fire-arms, so is the shortest exclamation expressive of emotion *poetry*, as distinct from the expression of any intellectual act, such as that of belief, comprehension, knowledge. To which it is to be added, that though looking to the specific essence of poetry, every expression of feeling is poetry, yet that expression may always be more or less true and successful; and, as we sometimes say of a dull or insipid air, that there is *no music* in it—so we say, that a composition, in its essential character poetical, is not *poetry*—as meaning, that it is not good poetry—*i. e.* though an expression of feeling, yet not of a refined feeling, or not a faithful, an affecting, or a striking expression of it.

By the *language of emotion*, however, I mean the language in which that emotion vents itself—not the description of the emotion, or the affirmation that it is felt. Such description or affirmation is the mere communication of a fact—the affirmation that I feel something. This is prose. Between such and the expression of emotion, there is much the same difference as that which exists between the information a person might give us of his feeling bodily pain, and the exclamations or groans which his suffering might extort from him.

But by expressions of feeling or emotion, it is not, of course, to be supposed that I mean mere *exclamation*. Feeling can only be expressed so as to excite the sympathy of others—(being the end for which it

is expressed)—with reference to a cause or object moving that feeling. Such cause or object, in order to be comprehended, may require to be stated in the form of a proposition or propositions (whether general or particular), as in a narrative, a description or a series of moral truths. The essential character, however, of a poetical narrative or description, and that which distinguishes it from a merely prosaic one, is this—that its direct object is not to convey information, but to intimate a subject of feeling, and transmit that feeling from one mind to another. In prose, the main purpose of the writer or speaker is to inform, or exhibit truth. The information may excite emotion, but this is only an accidental effect. In poetry, on the other hand, the information furnished is merely subsidiary to the conveyance of the emotion. The particulars of the information are not so properly stated or told, as appealed or referred to by the speaker for the purpose of discovering and justifying his emotion, and creating a sympathetic participation of it in the mind of the hearer.

The description of a scene or an incident may be highly picturesque, striking, or even affecting, and yet not in the slightest degree poetical, merely because it is communicated as information, not referred to as an object creating emotion; because the writer states the fact accurately and distinctly as it is, but does not exhibit himself as affected or moved by it. Take the following extract, for instance:—

“The Torch was lying at anchor in Bluefields’ Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the masthead fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake; whilst the folds of the St George’s ensign that hung from the mizen peak were as motionless, as if they had been carved in marble.

“The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glass-like surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a skip jack, or the flashing stoop of his

enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable’s length you could not distinguish the water line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon re-united, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand; and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing, in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens; but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar works and overseers’ houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky.”*

It would seem to me impossible for words to convey a more vivid picture than is here presented; yet there is not, I think, more *poetry* in it than in the specification of a patent.

To illustrate the distinction between poetry and prose, we may remark, that words of precisely the same grammatical and verbal import, nay, the *same words*, may be either prose or poetry, according as they are pronounced without, or with *feeling*; according as they are uttered, merely to inform or to express and communicate emotion. “The sun is set,” merely taken as stating a fact, and uttered with the

* From “Heat and Thirst—A Scene in Jamaica.”—*Blackwood’s Mag.* Vol. XXVII. p. 861.

enunciation, and in the tone in which we communicate a fact, is just as truly prose, as "it is a quarter past nine o'clock." "The sun is set," uttered as an expression of the emotions which the contemplation of that event excites in a mind of sensibility, is poetry; and, simple as are the words, would, with unexceptionable propriety, find place in a poetical composition. "My son Absalom" is an expression of precisely similar import to "my brother Dick," or "my uncle Toby," not a whit more poetical than either of these, in which there is assuredly no poetry. It would be difficult to say that "oh! Absalom, my son, my son," is not poetry; yet the grammatical and verbal import of the words is exactly the same in both cases. The interjection "oh," and the repetition of the words "my son," add nothing whatever to the meaning; but they have the effect of making words which are otherwise but the intimation of a fact, the expression of an *emotion* of exceeding depth and interest, and thus render them eminently poetical.*

The poem of *Unimore*, published sometime ago by Professor Wilson in Blackwood's Magazine, commences with these words:

"Morven, and morn, and spring, and solitude."

Suppose these to be the explanatory words at the beginning of a dramatic piece, and stated thus: "Scene, Morven—a solitary tract in the Highlands—season, spring—time, the morning," it would be absurd to say that the import conveyed is not precisely the same. Why is the second mode of expression prose? Simply because it informs. Why is the first poetry? (and who, in entering on the perusal of the composition, the commencement of which it forms, would deny it to be poetry?) because it conveys not information, but emotion; or at least

what information it contains is not offered as such, being only an indirect intimation of the objects in regard to which the emotion is felt. The words, pronounced in a certain rhythm and tone, are those of a person placed in the situation described, and in the state of feeling which that situation would excite, the feeling, namely, of *sublimity*, inspired by solitude and mountainous or romantic scenery; of *beauty*,† by the brilliant hues of the morning sky, the splendour of the rising sun, and the bright green of the new leaves yet sparkling with dew; the feeling of *tenderness*, which we experience in regard to the infancy, not less of the vegetable, than of the animal world; the feeling, lastly, of complacent delight with which we compare the now passed desolation and coldness of winter, with the warmth and animation of the present and the approaching period. These are the feelings, joined perhaps with various legendary associations connected with the scene, that would be conveyed by the words we are considering. Pronouncing these words in the tone and manner which disposes us to sympathize with the feelings with which they were uttered, and exerting our imagination to promote that sympathy, we experience a peculiar delight which no words, conveying mere information, could create; we attribute that delight to the poetical character of the composition.

So much for what may be called the soul of poetry. Let us next consider the peculiarities of its bodily form, and outward appearance.

It is well known that emotions express themselves in different *tones* and *inflections* of voice from those that are used to communicate mere processes of thought, properly so called; and also that, in the former case, the words of the speaker fall into more smooth and rythmical combinations than in the latter. Our

* See an instance of a singular effect produced by the passionate repetition of a name in the ballad of "Oriana," by Alfred Tennyson.

† The philosophical reader will sufficiently understand what I mean by the *feelings* of sublimity and beauty, taken as distinct from certain *qualities* in outward objects supposed to be the cause of those feelings; to which qualities, however, and not the feelings, the terms *sublimity* and *beauty* are, in common discourse, more exclusively applied. The word *heat* either means something in the fire, or something in the sentient body affected by the fire. It is in a sense resembling the latter, that I here use sublimity and beauty.

feelings are conveyed in a melodious succession of tones, and in a measured flow of words; our thoughts (and in a greater degree the less they are accompanied with feeling) are conveyed in irregular periods, and at harsh intervals of tone. Blank verse and rhyme are *but more artificial dispositions of the natural expressions of feeling*. They are adapted to the expression of feeling, *i. e.*, suitable for poetry—but not necessary to it. They do not constitute poetry when they do not express feeling. The propositions of Euclid, the laws of Justinian, the narratives of Hume, might be thrown into as elaborate verse as ever Pope or Darwin composed; but they would never, even in that shape, be taken for poetry, unless so far as a certain structure of words is a natural indication of *feeling*. Indeed, when there is a possibility, from the nature of the subject, that feeling may be excited, the use of a measured structure of words, and a harmonious inflection of tones, implies that the speaker is in a *state of feeling*; and hence what he utters we should denominate poetry.

And in this behold the true reason why verse and poetry pass in common discourse for synonymous terms—verse, especially when recited in the modulational of voice requisite to give it its proper effect, possessing *necessarily* the peculiar qualities which distinguish an *expression of feeling*. Hence it may perhaps be truly said, that though all poetry is not verse, all serious verse is poetry—poetry in its kind, at least, if not of the degree of excellence to which we may choose to limit the designation. I say, all *serious* verse—because a great part of the amusement we find in humorous and burlesque poetry, arises from the incongruity observed between the language—that of feeling—and the subject, which may not only have no tendency to excite such feeling, but to excite a feeling of an opposite kind. But that—although verse, generally speaking, is poetry—poetry may ex-

ist without verse (although never without rhythmical language), is evident from a reference, for example, to the compositions ascribed to Ossian, which none would deny to be poetry.

These considerations explain how that which, in its original language, is poetry, becomes, in a translation, however exactly and properly conveying the meaning, the merest prose. The following translation of Horace, by Smart, conveys the exact meaning of the original. Why, then, is it not poetry? (For who would ever take it for poetry?) Simply, because it is not formed into the rhythmical periods, and thence does not suggest the melodious inflections in which we convey emotion. And it is yet in our power, by speaking it in a feeling manner, to give it the character of poetry:—

“The royal edifices will, in a short time, leave but a few acres for the plough. Ponds of wider extent than the Lucrine lake, will be every where to be seen; and the barren plane-tree will supplant the elms. Then banks of violets, and myrtle groves, and all the tribe of nosegays, shall diffuse their odours in the olive plantations, which were fruitful to their preceding master. Then the dense boughs of the laurel shall exclude the burning beams. It was not so prescribed by the institutes of Romulus, and the unshaven Cato, and ancient custom. Their private revenue was contracted, while that of the community was great. No private men were then possessed of ten-foot galleries, which collected the shady northern breezes; nor did the laws permit them to reject the casual turf for their own huts, though at the same time they obliged them to ornament, in the most sumptuous manner, with new stone, the buildings of the public, and the temples of the gods, at a common expense.*”

But although verse, however highly adapted to poetry, is not essential to it, it is found very materially to heighten the intrinsic charms of poetical composition.

* I have said that no one would take this for poetry, which is true generally; yet there is as much even here as would indicate it to be a translation from poetry. Thus the second and third sentences—the epithet, “unshaven”—the expression, “reject the casual turf.” These parts are distinguished from the rest (which might be taken to convey mere information), as intimating that the speaker is affected or moved by the subject of his statement.

There is a pleasure derived from the reading of harmonious * verse, whether blank or rhymed, altogether distinct from any that is conveyed by the mere sense or meaning of a composition, and which indeed is capable of being excited by the verse of an unknown language. Of the cause of this pleasure we can (so far as I am aware) give no other account than that such is our constitution; although there is no doubt that our perception of contrivance and ingenuity—of difficulty overcome (and apparently no slight difficulty)—enters largely into the delight which we feel; a delight too which admits of receiving great increase from the infinite varieties of form and combination which verses and rhymes are capable of assuming. The same observation holds with regard to music; the pleasure derived from the different varieties of musical rhythm being distinct from—though eminently auxiliary to—that excited by the melody and harmony. Music, however, is far more dependent for its full effect upon rhythmical division, than poetry is upon verse. In the former, as well as in the latter, the observation of contrivance adds very materially to the gratification. Hence the use of musical fugues, canons, &c. And I would observe, by the way, that a censure frequently passed in regard to musical compositions of a more elaborate cast, by persons whose ear is not sufficiently exercised to discern the merits of such—namely, that a taste for such composition is an unnatural and false taste—is by no means a reasonable one; or at least it is no more reasonable than a similar censure would be on our permitting ourselves to be gratified by the varieties of verse and rhyme

in poetry. I am not sure, indeed, but there have been persons of so etherealized a taste, as even to profess a squeamishness in regard to the use of rhyme.

Nor is verse merely adapted, in a general way, to the expression of emotion. The infinite variety of particular measures and rhymes—some swift and lively, some slow and melancholy—are available by the poet for the purpose of heightening every expression of sentiment. Hence, while he ministers to the physical delight of the ear, and gratifies us by the perception of the art displayed in his easy and correct versification, he humours the character or the caprices of his subject, by causing his verses sometimes to glide on in a smooth unrummured stream—sometimes to dash away with a noisy and startling vehemence.

But farther—the language of *emotion* is generally *figurative* or *imaginative* language. It is of the nature of emotion to express itself in the most forcible manner—in the manner most adapted to justify itself, and light up a kindred flame in the breast of the auditor. Hence the poet flies from the use of literal phraseology as unfit for his purpose; and the eye of his fancy darts hither and thither, until it lights on the figures or images that will most vividly and rapidly convey the sentiment that fills his soul. The mind, anxious to convey not the truth or fact with regard to the object of its contemplation, but its own feelings as excited by the object, pours forth the stream of its associations as they rise from their source. Our perceptions of external events and objects are distinct, fixed, and particular. The feelings which such objects excite are dim, fluctuating, ge-

* It may not be superfluous to observe, that such words as *melodious*, *harmonious*, or *musical*, applied to verse, are purely figurative, possessing nothing whatever of the kind to which these terms are applied in music. The only thing that verse and music possess in common, is rhythmical measure. The musical qualities applied to verse have regard to mere articulations of sound, not to intervals or combinations of it. In the audible reading of verse, however, and even of poetical prose, there is room for the introduction of musical intervals; and, so far as my own observation goes, the inflections of a good speaker are not, as is usually stated, performed by chromatic or imperceptible slides, but by real diatonic intervals, and these generally of the larger kinds, such as fifths, sixths, and octaves—bearing a considerable resemblance, in fact, to the movements of a fundamental bass—the difference, if I mistake not, being mostly in the nature of the rhythm and the cadences. So intimate is the connexion between a musical sound and its concords (3d, 5th, and 8th), so natural and easy the transition, that any but a practised ear is apt to take for an imperceptible slide what is in reality a *large* interval.

neral. Our language is correspondent in each case. Hence many expressions highly poetical, that is, eminently fitted for conveying a *feeling* from one mind to another, would be, if taken in reference to the object, and considered in their grammatical meaning, absolutely nonsensical. Washington Irving speaks of the "dusty splendour" of Westminster Abbey—an expression deservedly admired for the vividness of the impression it conveys. Taken as conveying a specific matter of information, it is absolute nonsense. *Splendour* is not a subject of which *dusty* could be an attribute; a space or a body might be dusty; but the splendour of an object might, in strict propriety of language, as well be spoken of as long, or loud, or square. So in the line,

"The starry Galileo and his woes,"

the literal inapplicability of the epithet "starry" to an astronomer is obvious. The expression is one, not of a truth that is *perceived*, but of an association that is *felt*. No epithet, signifying the mere addiction of Galileo to astronomical pursuits, could have struck us like that which thus suggests the visible glories that belong to the field of his speculations. From the consideration now illustrated, it results also, that the imagery, having often no essential connexion with the object, but merely an accidental connexion in the mind of the poet, strikes one class of readers in the most forcible manner, and fails of all effect with others. The expression of Milton—"smoothing the raven plume of darkness till it smiled," is greatly admired, or at least often quoted. I must confess, that, to my mind, it is like a parcel of words set down at random. I may observe, indeed, that many persons of an imaginative frame of mind, and who, in consequence, take a great delight in the mere exercise of imagination (and who at the same time possess a delicate ear for verse), find any poetry exquisite, however destitute of meaning, which merely suggests ideas or images that may serve as the germs of fancy in their own minds. There are many passages in Byron—Wordsworth—Young—and these enthusiastically admired, which, I must confess, are to me utterly unintelligible; or at

least, the understanding of which (where that is possible) I find to require as great an exercise of thought as would be required by so much of Butler's Analogy, or Euclid's Demonstrations.

Lastly—as regards the peculiar character of the *language* of poetry—it is important to observe, that a principal cause of the boldness and variety that may be remarked to belong to poetical expression, is one which would, at first sight, seem to produce an effect directly the reverse; this is—the *fetters imposed by the verse*. The expression which would be the most obvious, and even the most exact (if exactitude were what was most required), is often not the one that will suit the verse. The consequence is, that a new one must be coined for the purpose; and I believe every poet would admit that some of his happiest epithets and most adorned expressions have been lighted upon in the course of a search for terms of a certain *metrical dimension*. The necessity of obeying the laws of the verse, leads also to a peculiar latitude in the application of terms; and as the impression of this necessity is also present to the mind of the reader, he readily grants the poetical license to the composer, and admits of verbal combinations, which, in prose, would seem far-fetched and affected. Thus the verse, then, instead of contracting, extends the choice of expression. The aptitude of a term or an epithet to fill the verse, becomes part of its aptitude in general; and what is first tolerated from its necessity, is next applauded for its novelty.

Behold now the whole character of poetry. It is *essentially the expression of emotion*; but the expression of emotion *takes place* by measured language (it may be verse, or it may not)—harmonious tones—and figurative phraseology. And it will, I think, invariably be found, that wherever a passage, line, or phrase of a poetical composition, is censured as being of a *prosaic* character, it is from its conveying some matter of mere *information*, not subsidiary to the prevailing emotion, and breaking the continuity of that emotion.

It might perhaps be thought a more accurate statement, if, instead of defining poetry to be in its es-

sence the *language of emotion*, and representing the imaginative character of poetry as merely resulting from its essential nature as thus defined, I had included its imaginative character in the definition, and made that character part of the essence of poetry. It will seem that the "*language of imagination*" would be to the full as just a definition of poetry as the "*language of emotion*;" or, at least, that these are respectively the definitions of two different species of poetry, each alike entitled to the denomination. I shall assign the reasons why I consider the statement I have adopted to be a more true and philosophical one than that now supposed.

In the first place, the conveyance, by language, of an imaginative mental process, needs not be in the slightest degree poetical. A novel is entirely a work of imagination—it is not therefore a poem. The description of an imagined scene or event, needs not indeed differ in the least from that of a real one; it may therefore be purely prosaical. It is not the imaginative process by itself, and merely as such, but the feelings that attend it, the expression of which constitutes poetry. So much as regards the subject of a composition. As regards style, in like manner, there may be a great deal of imagery or figurative phraseology in a composition, without entitling it to be reckoned poetical; or, so far as entitled to be called poetical, it will be found to be expressive of emotion. On the other hand, the expression of emotion, even in relation to an actual scene or event (if it is merely the language of emotion and not that of persuasion—which, as elsewhere remarked, is the definition of eloquence) is, in every case, poetical, and notwithstanding that the style may be perfectly free from imagery or figure; nor again, without implying emotion on the part of the writer or speaker, will any language, or any subject, be poetical. It is then essential to poetry to be of an emotive—not essential to it to be of an imaginative character. But this imaginative character, though not of the essence of poetry, results from that essence. It is in a moved or excited state of mind, and only, I might say, in a moved or excited

state, that we resort to the use of figure or imagery. The exercise of imagination is pleasurable chiefly as an indulgence of emotion. Do we usually exercise imagination on uninteresting subjects?—or what does *interesting* or *uninteresting* mean, but exciting or not exciting emotion? What else is it but our craving desire to admire—to be awed—to sympathize—to love—to regret—to hope; in one word, to feel or to be moved, that leads us to picture in the mind, scenes, or forms, or characters of beauty or grandeur; or states of enjoyment or distress; or situations of agony or rapture; or incidents of horror or delight; or deeds of heroism, or tenderness, or mercy, or cruelty? Why do we recall the joys or the sorrows that are past? why do we dwell on hopes that have been blighted—affections that have been crushed—delusions that have been dispelled? Why do we summon up the scenes and the companions of our childhood and youth? It is because such images or pictures *move* us—and poetry is the expression of our emotions.

So intimate is the connexion between *emotion* and *fancy*, that it is often not very easy to say whether the feeling is the parent of the image by which it expresses itself, or whether, on the contrary, the image is the parent of the feeling. The truth seems to be, that they produce and reproduce one another. Feeling generates fancy; and fancy, in its turn, upholds and nourishes feeling. If, as Mr Alison has maintained, and as most people seem disposed to grant, the pleasures of taste are resolvable in a great measure into a certain delight which we experience in pursuing a train of images and associations—the intimate connexion between emotion and fancy, and the consequent tendency to express emotion (or at least the emotions of taste) by figures and imagery, will be at once apparent. It is however sufficient for my present purpose to exhibit the fact of the connexion.

We may, in one or two familiar instances, exemplify the nature of the poetical character, and the intimacy of the union that subsists between fancy and emotion.

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”

The vital character of this line, as constituting it poetry, is, that it is not the mere *fact* or *truth*—(namely, that the tolling of the bell is a sign of the ending of the day)—that the words of the poet aim at communicating, but his *emotion* in regard to the fact; and, filled as his mind is with this emotion, his fancy first flies away to the origin of the evening bell, and, as we may imagine, rapidly wanders amid the associations of antiquity and romance, which link themselves to the name of the *curfew*. The sound of the bell, intimating the close of day, he invests, for the moment, with the import of the death knell summoning a soul from life; and the epithet “parting,” bespeaks the similitude of his present frame of mind to that excited by the interruption of a cherished intercourse with an animated being—with a companion, a friend, a lover.

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank.”

The obvious purpose of these words is to express a feeling, not to furnish a matter of information; and the feeling cannot be adequately expressed by literal, or without figurative phraseology. “To represent the tranquillity of moonlight is the object of this line; and the *sleep* is beautiful, because it gives a *more intense and living form of the same idea*; the rhythm falls beautifully in with this, and just lets the cadence of the emphasis dwell upon the sound and sense of the sweet word ‘sleep,’ and the alliteration assimilates the rest of the line into one harmonious symmetry.”*

And here I may distinguish two different exercises of the imagination in poetry. The first of these is where a figure of speech—a trope or metaphor—is used for the mere purpose of giving strength or illustration to some expression of feeling.† The other—and what is more properly called imagery in poetry—is where the recollection or imagi-

nation of a sensible impression is that itself which moves the feeling. In many cases—as in the instance just quoted—the two operations are blended. And as sensible objects are so often the exciting causes of feeling, the happy conveyance of the impressions they create is one of the chief arts of the poet. Hence the *picturesque* character of poetical language—its aptitude to present a picture or image of an actual object calculated to affect us.

We may now see that a poetical genius—a poetical taste—may be said to consist essentially of *sensibility* (or aptitude to feel emotion), and, by consequence, of *imagination* (or aptitude to place ourselves in situations exciting emotion). The poet—the reader of poetry—seeks not to know truth as distinct from falsehood or error—to reason or draw inferences—to generalize—to classify—to distinguish; he seeks for what may move his awe—admiration—pity—tenderness; scenes of sublimity and beauty; incidents exciting fear, suspense, grief—joy—surprise—cheerfulness—regret. Whether these scenes or these incidents are real or fictitious, he cares not. It is enough to him that he can imagine them. Behold the compressed lips—the knitted brows—the fixed and sharpened eye of the philosophical enquirer, whose aim it is to *know*—to discover and communicate truth. The character of his countenance is that of keen penetration, as if he would dart his glances into the innermost recesses of science. Compare with this the open forehead—the rolling eye—the flexible mouth—the changing features of the poet, whose aim it is to feel, and convey his feeling. His countenance has been moulded to the expression of feeling, and is a constant record of that succession of emotions which passes through his breast.

Let us not suppose, however, that the pleasure derived from poetical composition is simply a pleasure

* New Monthly Mag. vol. xxix. p. 331—Art. “Byron and Shelley in the character of Hamlet.” I had adopted, as an illustration of my remarks, the line here referred to, when I just chanced to find what I wanted to express in regard to it, exactly provided for me.

† And it is because a figure may also be used to strengthen or illustrate a mere truth or the expression of an intellectual process, that *figurative* language is not necessarily *poetical*.

arising from being in a state of emotion. Many emotions are themselves far from pleasant; but we take pleasure in the skilful expression of these emotions, for the same reason that we are often delighted with the picture of an object which would itself attract no notice, or be positively offensive or painful.

A survey of the different species of poetical composition will serve to illustrate and strengthen the preceding statements.

In an epic or narrative poem, some event, or connected chain of events, is narrated with the various feelings which arise from the view of such event or events, and in a manner calculated to excite a sympathetic participation of these feelings in the mind of the hearer or reader. The historian of such transactions merely speaks for our information. He arranges his subjects so as to give us the clearest understanding of the dates, course, and connexion of the incidents. The poet seeks not to inform us, or, at least, this is not his ultimate or principal object, but merely subsidiary to the expression of his own emotions, and the excitement of similar emotions in the breasts of others. Hence, instead of a methodical introduction such as a historian would adopt, he plunges at once *in medias res*—places before us some scene, strongly calculated, both from its own character and the apparent feelings with which he describes it, to excite our interest. Our curiosity once raised, he continues at once to gratify and keep alive, by the presentation of a succession of circumstances, or rather the indirect intimation of a succession of circumstances, filling, as his language testifies, his own mind with grief, joy, indignation, pity, tenderness, fear, hope, awe, admiration, and all the other passions of the soul, and awakening the like passions in ours. From the nature and ends of epic poetry arises the necessity of preserving what is called the *unity* of the poem; which means the presenting of one object to the mind of the reader of sufficient interest to absorb his continued attention, and in reference to which the subordinate incidents may acquire a degree of importance not perhaps intrinsically belonging to such incidents themselves.

Similar remarks will apply to the tragic drama—with only this difference, that here the actors of the scene are made to express directly the emotions which their several situations excite.

Descriptive poetry conveys an expression of the feelings excited by *the view of the scenes and operations of nature and the works of art*, whether grand, or simply beautiful. The rugged precipice, the vast mountain, the fierce torrent, the sombre forest, the hurricane, the thunder, the earthquake, the storm; or, on the other hand, the variegated plain, the glittering stream, the gracefully undulating surface, the luxuriant foliage, the hedge-row, the shrub, the flower, the rising and setting sun, the refreshing shower, the lively breeze, the glowing stars; or, again, the proud feudal fortress, the melancholy abbey, the splendid villa, the awful cathedral, with the associations connected with each; or, lastly, the appearance of animated nature, the peaceful labours of the husbandmen, the groups of flocks and herds, the bright plumage, the exhilarating song of the feathered tribes, or the mazy dance and mingled hum of the fluttering insects:—all these objects excite, in the mind of sensibility, the emotions of sublimity, or beauty, or tenderness, or melancholy, or cheerfulness; and the aim of descriptive poetry is the expression and communication of these feelings.

Didactic or sentimental poetry expresses the emotions produced by *the contemplation of general truths regarding subjects of human interest*, the shortness of life, the vanity of youthful expectations, the ravages of the passions, the miseries of human existence, the passage of time, the terrors of death, the hopes and fears of immortality.

Satirical and humorous poetry is the expression of emotions which arise *at the view of human vice, folly, and weakness*; the expression, namely, of indignation, scorn, contempt, derision.

Of all the emotions which arise in the human breast, none are either so universally and intensely felt, or so readily sympathized with, as the *affections which take place between the sexes*; nor perhaps are there any which are capable of being so much

varied and modified by the situations in which they are excited, and the individual character of the parties. Hence the innumerable aspects of the passion—its hopes and fears—its headlong ardour, and moving tenderness—its ebbs, and flows, and changes, and caprices—the torments of jealousy—the bitterness of absence, the exultation of success—"the pang of despised love"—constitute a class of subjects which has ever, above all others, been consecrated to poetry. To be a lover, indeed, is a part of the poet's profession; not to have loved is never to have been truly inspired with the poetical flame.

The difference between *eloquence* and *poetry* seems to me to consist in this, that, while the sole object of poetry is to transmit the *feelings* of the speaker or writer, that of eloquence is to convey the *persuasion* of some *truth*—whether with a view to excite to action or not. And in proportion as the writer, in enforcing any particular truth, exhibits himself as affected by such truth, *i. e.* as feeling emotion at the contemplation of it; or, which is the index of emotion, expresses himself in a figurative or imaginative style—in such proportion the composition, though in a prose form, becomes in reality, and is felt to be, poetical. Hence poetry may be eloquent, and eloquence poetical—which is only saying, in other words, that the expression of emotion may contain an impressive statement of some truth which excites the emotion; or, *vice versa*, that the enforcement of a truth may be attended with a striking display of emotion excited by the contemplation of that truth. The line that separates poetry and eloquence, then, is sometimes altogether imperceptible. Indeed, for reasons which we have seen, the same proposition

which *not* in verse, will be *prose*—in verse will be *poetry*.

The reasons already assigned to show why verse must generally possess the poetical character, have occasioned the term poetry to be almost exclusively confined to verse: so that though a composition, not in verse, may be essentially poetical, as being the expression of emotion, we do not call it poetical unless eminently so—that is, distinguished by a peculiarly imaginative and refined cast of thought.*

And now, having attempted to assign the *essential distinction* that subsists between poetical and prosaic composition, I cannot help expressing my opinion that compositions in *verse* are, *as such*, and as distinct from the degree of merit they may individually possess, usually rated at a value far disproportionate to their real importance.

The expression of an *emotive* does not seem to possess any intrinsic superiority over that of an *intellectual* process. The interest attending it is different, but not necessarily greater. In one important respect it is inferior. Feelings associate among themselves, and are capable of being presented in connexion; but they will generally connect in one order as well, or nearly so, as in another. Hence the want in poetry (that is, in what is *nothing but poetry*) † of progressive interest—of that sort of interest which belongs to chains of fact or reasoning—interest kept alive by the expectation of, and gratified by the arrival at, a result. The mathematician's famous query in regard to the *Æneid*, "What does all this prove?" is more faulty in regard to its applicability to the particular case, and to the narrowness of the idea it expresses, than as being desitute of a general foundation in

* A prayer to the Deity is essentially poetical, as being the expression of awe, admiration, gratitude, contrition, entreaty. Hence good taste, as well as just religious feeling, is shocked by the introduction, in a prayer, of any mere *proposition* (such as the affirmation of a doctrine) not in its nature exciting emotion. But *verse*, however generally suitable to the expression of emotion, would be inconsistent with the simplicity that ought to belong to prayer.

† I say *what is nothing but poetry*, because the interest derived from story, incident, and character, can be equally well conveyed in prose composition, nay, infinitely better, from a variety of causes, and chiefly from the inadmissibility, in poetry, of the mention of any fact not calculated to be spoken of *with emotion*. Hence, at once, the comparative meagreness and obscurity of poetical narratives.

truth. Take up any sentimental poem, that is, a composition which is poetry alone, poetry left to its own resources, "the Seasons," "the Pleasures of Hope"—your enjoyment in reading will be much the same whether you dip into a page here and there, or go directly on from the commencement. Here then is one essential inferiority attaching to the poetical as compared with the prosaic character—to the expression of *emotive*, as compared with that of *intellectual* processes. But, waving this comparison, *verse* is not indispensable to the expression of feeling. What is prose in form, is often poetry in substance. Our question regards the value generally attached to verse, as verse. Is verse then never employed but in the conveyance of sentiments of a *more valuable* kind than are ever to be found in the prose form? In answer, I take upon me to affirm, that in any ordinary book of serious or tasteful reflection, there are sentiments to be found, which, extracted from the connexion in which they are presented, no one would think of looking at twice, which are to the full as important, as striking, as touching, as vividly and elegantly expressed, as any thing which one may please to signify the value of a sentiment by, as are the subjects of many a "sonnet," or set of "stanzas," or "verses" which will yet be copied, translated, criticised, and the date and occasion of its composition settled with as much precision as if it were the commencement of an era. Is it the mere versification then that confers the value? Now without doubt there is a peculiar pleasure in verse as such, a pleasure which is the effect of positive constitution, and about which, therefore, there can be no dispute. But the pleasure arising from versification merely, will only, I think, be ranked among the more insignificant of our gratifications. It is not an enjoyment of a vivid, considerable kind. It is at most agreeable. But so is elegant penmanship—so may be the pattern of a carpet, a room paper, or a chimney ornament. There is that trifling sort of gratification which one will rather meet than the contrary, but not what we should go far out of our way to find. Then, again, the perception of ingenuity and contri-

vance, is no doubt pleasing; but a pleasure of that kind which inevitably loses its value as we become familiarized to it. We give our tribute to the talent and ingenuity of the workman, but we derive little pleasure from the work. It is trite to observe that many things which cost a vast deal of skill and labour to do, are felt of very little value when done. But farther, I must allow, in addition to the sort of pleasure which we take in verse, as such, the additional intensity which it is capable of giving to the expression of the sentiment. But here the difference between verse and prose is but in degree, and the degree sometimes but very slight. *A sentiment, which expressed in prose would be of little value, cannot be of much when expressed in verse.* Is there not, then, I again ask, a degree of interest and importance generally attached to "verses," "lines," "stanzas," utterly disproportionate to what is in justice due?

One will be apt to say here, all this is disputing about a matter of *taste*, which is universally allowed to be idle. To a person destitute of a taste for poetry, it is as impossible to prove its value, as to prove the value of music to one who has no musical ear. Now all this would be very well if verse were something essentially different from anything else, and, in its distinctive nature, the object of a *specific taste*, distinguishable from other tastes. This cannot be pretended to be the case. The difference between a thought expressed in prose, and the same thought expressed in verse, is obviously too trifling to make the former the object of a distinct constitutional faculty. The musician can, *with mathematical precision*, state the intervals, and the chords, and the successions of sounds, which, and which alone, delight his ear. Musical successions or harmonies can never be mixed or confounded with other species of sounds, nor with any thing else whatever, as poetry may be mixed or confounded with prose. Again, there is no one who fails of receiving a strong delight from music who has the mere organic perception of musical intervals (who has an ear). To every man who can merely take up or remember an air—who can hum, whistle, or sing it,

in tune, music is not merely pleasing, but a substantial, material enjoyment. The love of music, then, is universal among those who have merely a certain physical capacity, and whoever does not relish it, can be shown to want a physical capacity. Not so with poetry. A man who is extremely callous to its charms shall detect a flaw in versification as accurately as the keenest poetical enthusiast—shall do verse as much justice in the reading (in proportion to what he could do to prose composition)—shall even (I do not say he could do so without difficulty) compose faultless verses. He shall be—with the reservation we are supposing, if a reservation it must be—a man of sense, feeling, taste; nay, generally addicted to literary pursuits. Here, then, is one having all the physical and mental requisites for enjoying poetry, and who, though without in any considerable degree enjoying, may even be able to distinguish its beauties. If such a person fails in deriving any lively enjoyment from poetry—and numerous cases of this kind I believe exist—must not the fair inference be, not that he wants a peculiar faculty, but that, to the object of this supposed faculty there is attached a somewhat fictitious and imaginary value?

The comparison now made between poetry and music may not, it is true, seem a fair one, inasmuch as a love of music is so indisputably dependent on a certain physical organization. There are many cases, it will be urged, in which *taste* is allowed to be the *sole arbiter*, without appeal to any other tribunal, where yet there is no particular independent faculty such as an ear for music, and where yet the degree of taste for particular species of beauty differs remarkably in different individuals—as taste for painting, sculpture, architecture, natural scenery. Now I say, in the first place, that each of these objects of taste differ from every other thing in a way that *poetry* does not differ from *prose*, and may claim to be amenable to taste in a way that poetry, *simply as distinguished from prose*, cannot; and,

next, that I believe there is no person of cultivated mind who is so indifferent to the objects of taste now enumerated, as many persons of cultivated mind are to poetry.

What then do I aim at showing? That all poetry is worthless? that the pleasure derived from poetry is altogether factitious and imaginary? no more than I should aim at showing that prose is worthless; that the pleasure derived from prose is factitious and imaginary. But I contend that poetry, *as poetry*, has no more claim to have value attached to it than prose has *as prose*. I object not to the estimation that is made of numerous individuals of the species, but to that mode of the species itself. I complain, not that many compositions that are poetical are placed in the highest rank of literary merit; not even that their being poetical is conceived greatly to heighten their value, and to display a peculiar and additional talent in the authors of them; but that many others have this value assigned to them, *simply because they are poetical, and for nothing else*. But, after all, what is there here, it will be asked, that any body disputes? Who desires, on the one hand, that worthless poetry should be preserved or valued? Who would deny, on the other, that worthless poetry is, in fact, despised and allowed to perish?

Now I acknowledge the difficulty, without specific proofs, which my present limits would not admit, of satisfying any one who should object to the justice of the opinions now offered. These opinions undoubtedly relate to a question of degree. I do not affirm that all poetry is rated above its value. I do not deny that some poetry is rejected. But I affirm, that much of what is allowed a place as *poetry of value*, poetry worth preserving and reading, is intrinsically worthless, worthless at least as regards any *pleasure to be derived from the perusal of it*. The truth of this position, with merely the general reasons on which it is founded, I must leave to be determined by the experience and reflection of individual readers.

S.

THE GALLEY—A POEM.

A PEARL has fallen from your chaplet, Christopher; in fact, you are one of the most intolerable old deceivers now alive. You told us, some time ago, that the world was by no means so dead to poetry of the highest order, as some of the fourth-rate Miltons endeavoured to persuade themselves; but that the reason why people were not in raptures every quarter of a year with a splendid poem, was the unfortunate circumstance that there was no such thing as a splendid poem given them to admire,—and you added—and here the infamy of your conduct lies—let but a really great poem make its appearance, and you shall see how fervently we shall enter into its merits. This was said many moons ago; and yet, with this declaration staring you in the face, you have allowed one poem at least, if not more, of the most surpassing beauty, to pass into oblivion, without one note of admiration from the purblind and altogether voiceless Maga. Your mute inglorious silence is aggravated in the intensity of its baseness by the very fact of your being, without exception, the clearest sighted and most fearless of all the critics. Others might attempt to excuse their silence, on the plea of having been ignorant of the existence of such works; but from you, who watch over the press with such jealous vigilance, that nothing, from a Metropolitan Encyclopædia to the Biography of a stroller, escapes you, such a plea would be ridiculous. Others, again, might lay the flattering unction to their souls, that their conduct was excusable, from the want in their organization of a power of seeing poetical beauties even when they met with them. But this, in a still greater degree than the other, would be absurd, as an apology for you. Others, also, might alleviate the pangs of conscience, by insinuating to themselves, that their neglect of this astonishing performance arose from their having met with so many poems of extraordi-

nary merit, that this one was pre-termitted in the crowd. This might do very well for a good-natured set of reviewers, who see beauties of thought and expression which are very dim to all optics but their own—who find admirable sermons in sticks, and good in every thing. But you yourself must be aware, Christopher, that you are one of the most abominably ill-natured, truculent, diabolical man scalpers that ever handled a pen instead of a tomahawk. The plea of universal good-nature, therefore, will by no means avail you—any jury in Europe, having the sacredness of their office before their eyes, will bring in an unanimous verdict of guilty. You said, that when a really great poem appeared, you would descant most lovingly on its merits. A really great poem *has* appeared, and you have not descanted—no, not to the extent of a syllable, on its merits. Hence a syllogism—

He that promises a thing and does not do it is a —;

Christopher has promised a thing and has not done it; ergo,

Christopher is a —. Q. E. D. Any notice you may think proper to take of this very candid exposition, you will have the kindness to send through my friend Colonel Maceroni, who has, in the most accommodating manner, offered me the use of his best hair triggers for the occasion.

In the mean time, I proceed to cover you with ten-fold shame and confusion of face, by pointing out to you the beauties of a poem—or rather, indeed, the whole poem itself, your neglect of which has, in such an especial manner, awakened my indignation. But, before dipping into the main performance, it will be right to give as good an account as I can, of the circumstances under which it was written. You may recollect having seen in the newspapers, a few months ago, an account of the death of an exceedingly old man, in Sussex, of the name of Thomas Humphries. He died,

it was said, at the almost unprecedented age of a hundred and sixteen. He retained all his faculties to the last, and had just begun to cut his third set of teeth. His appetite continued good to the very last, and his poetical powers were undiminished; as a proof of both these astonishing facts, he supped the night before his demise on about three quarters of a pound of roast pork, and added the three most powerful stanzas to his last and perhaps his greatest poem.

Thus far the historian of the *Sussex Intelligencer*; but, with a provoking vagueness, he leaves us in a state of the most uncomfortable suspense as to which were the three stanzas which were the last emanations from the energetic intellect of the poetical and hungry Humphries. Mr Cobbold, the good-natured editor, who has in other respects so ably fulfilled his task, ought to have set our minds at rest on this interesting subject. Wonderful as the whole poem is, simply considered as an effort of poetical genius, it derives an additional weight of glory, when we consider that it was composed by a gentleman who must have been in the full vigour of his faculties—at the mature age of forty-one—when Halley's comet shook from his horrid hair pestilence and war, in the very first year of the reign of George the Third. The powers of a constitution, both mental and bodily, which could digest griskin, and produce poems through the whole of the Georgian era, must be viewed with admiration and respect—more particularly as to the very last they continued in undiminished perfection. There were none of the failings of old age—no garrulity—no littleness—no repetition—no laying down of his knife and fork—no calling out for a milk diet and an easy-chair. Clear-headed and ravenous as on the eve of the battle of Culloden, when he had barely entered on his six-and-twentieth year, he indulged in metaphors and joints of pork—and died as he had lived, with his mouth filled with both, in the month of February of this present year. To the highly accomplished editor, the universe and England, and not only these, but in a particular manner the family of

the Humphrieses, are very much indebted. We may remark, in passing, that though it is certainly unusual for gentlemen who merely superintend a publication to put their names on the titlepage as if they were the authors, still we cannot but highly appreciate the delicacy that led to it on the present occasion. Mr Cobbold, we are well aware, omitted the name of the real author from no selfish wish to appropriate to himself the fame, and still less the profits of the publication. He did it with the far more generous motive of soothing the woes of England, who, if the whole truth had been laid before her, would have learned that she had no sooner discovered a sterling poet than she had lost him. By this delicate artifice the editor furnishes her with the pleasing, though, alas! ungrounded assurance, that her plains may yet be vocal to the harp of her Humphries—that her heaven is still glorified with that bright particular star—and that time and indigestion have still failed in their assaults upon the mildest, the loftiest, the tenderest, and certainly one of the oldest of her sons.

You will perceive, Christopher, that I am waxing magniloquent; but no wonder, for the elevating nature of the subject would create eloquence in a member of parliament. Others, you see, can prostrate themselves at the footstool of genius, though gout and lumbago make it a very disagreeable attitude to you. But it is time to proceed to the body of the poem. It is called the *Galley*—and is “descriptive of the loss of a naval officer and five seamen, off St Leonard's.” When I think of the sacredness of this subject, you will allow me to assure you, in sober seriousness, that I almost regret having touched on it at all. It is from no want of sympathy in that most lamentable catastrophe; but indeed from a very different feeling, that I am induced to make these remarks on a production founded on so recent and heart-rending an event. We must, if possible, view the poem apart from the *realities* which it professes to relate; and I have accordingly considered it throughout as a strictly imaginative

work; commemorating an occurrence, common enough certainly, and always to be deplored—but, in this instance, abstracted altogether from the local habitation and the names which the author has seen fit to attach to it.

With this explanation, which I know you will consider satisfactory, I proceed to lay before you the stanzas of the incomparable old Humphries. And the wonder grows tenfold on me, oh Christopher, at the blindness you have shown to the merits, or even to the existence, of so profound and ingenious a performance!

You are to imagine the venerable Nestor of St Leonard's standing on the cliffs in the early part of the evening—shall we say half-past four?—and looking with an expression of mingled wonder at the sky, and impatience for the hour of dinner. What vivid imaginings of hurricanes and beef-steaks passed through his mind on that occasion, it is impossible to say. We must rest satisfied with an enumeration of the objects which were actually present before him. These were not so uncommon as might have been expected from so ingenious and inventive an author. They consisted merely of the sun, which had drest the sky with a robe of red; *item*, the ocean-bed of ditto; *item*, Beachy-head—the *brow* of which, with a pleasing regard to the continuity of a metaphor, is kissed by ditto; *item*, a cloud, which, in the opinion of Mr Humphries, foreboded ill, which rose behind the aforesaid Beachy-head, when the rays had been withdrawn by ditto; and, finally, Old Ocean, which, to all appearance, lay sound asleep. The poet was so entranced by the view of these very unusual objects, that his stay might have been prolonged to the crack of doom, or, at least, till very serious consequences might have accrued from abstinence and night-air. The world forgetting, he might have been indeed forgotten by the world, and perished before he had consummated this last and most enduring of his works, had it not been for the wonderful appearance of a raven. Yes, like a prophet of old, his life was saved by this undervalued and often calum-

niated bird; not that it brought food to him while thus entranced upon the cliff, but that, from the metaphysical turn of his mind, he was a perfect master of the principles of association. He says,—

“ I gazed a moment on the sky—
One moment o'er the sea :
I saw the raven homeward fly,
And I remember'd then that I
Had home as well as he.”

And home accordingly he went. His achievements over the trencher he does not mention; but we have no reason to suppose that his admiration of the landscape had interfered with his appetite. While employed in the process of digestion, with probably an occasional nap, which we believe Kitchener recommends as an excellent adjunct in that operation, he hears the east wind,—he looks out of the window, and sees the breakers,—and though the night is dark and drear, he sees “ a light at sea, and near the strand,” which, though somewhat approaching to an impossibility, we shall believe to be true on the good man's simple declaration. The light heaves up and down, of course—now visible, and now shrouded in darkness,—and the heart of the philanthropist is bursting, partly with pity at the dangerous situation of the vessel, whatever it may be; but principally, as we gather from the interrogative earnestness of his language, with curiosity to find out what such an unusual signal can mean. He can find no rest under this distressing uncertainty, and resolves to go out amid the storm, and explore for himself. This would be consummate heroism in any man—to leave his quiet fire and moderate tumbler at half-past ten in a winter night; but when we consider the years of the individual, it amounts to something almost miraculous. Add to this also the circumstance that old Humphries had an extremely acute perception of the dangers of the deep, and, we fear, was liable to sea-sickness, even in a jaunt on a canal, and then talk to me of Curtius, if you dare.

“ Ah! little does the *landsman* feel,
Stretch'd on his bed of down,

The dangers that surround the keel !
How the toss'd vessels lurch—and heel,—
When angry tempests frown ! ”

This, we cannot help thinking, is a great improvement on the old stanza in the “Gentlemen of England.” The lurching and heeling add a fearful vividness to the picture not long to be dwelt on by persons of a weak stomach, even on dry land. But, in fact, distinctness, produced by a careful enumeration of every individual article which goes to the formation of a whole, is this author's forte. He tells us, for instance, that, with hurried step and throbbing vein, he took his lonely way in that dark night of wind and rain—probably, though that is unfortunately not specified, with lanthorn and umbrella,

“ Along the dark *Marine Parade*
Close by the ocean side ;
A mound that HUMAN SKILL hath made,
With many a rude and rough stone laid,
To turn old Ocean's tide !

“ *There on that coast in white array,*
There stands a lengthened file
Of Grecian mansions, light and gay,
And ALL the work of yesterday.
It seems—as from the soil
Spontaneous growth had risen ; or air
And sea, with giant strength,
Had wafted many a building there,
And ranged them forth in order fair
A mile or more in length ! ”

You will observe even in the printing of this extract, for the Italics and Capitals are the author's, or perhaps the editor's—they are not mine—that the fine passages in the volume are pointed out for our admiration in a way not to be mistaken. We were not before this aware of the exact length of the *Marine Parade*, in which, when at St Leonard's, we have frequently been very happy at No. 16—but we are glad to find that our previous guesses as to its being upwards of a mile are confirmed. We never heard the suggestion of so good an explanation of the rapidity of building as that offered in the text. The sea and air we know can do wonders, but we doubt very much whether Mr Benton, the architect and projector, was aware of the practicability, even with those assistants, of placing a goodly row of Grecian mansions into their places all ready made, and probably inhabited.

Now, Christopher, you are no chicken yourself, as I remember the date of your first crutch, after your fourth or fifth fit of the gout, is somewhere about thirty years ago ; and I wish to put this question to you. Should you, even at your comparatively juvenile time of life,—shuddering on a bare beach at eleven o'clock in a stormy November night, consider it a blessing or a misfortune that you saw a signal of distress to which you could bring no relief—to which you found it so impossible to give the least assistance, that you went home to bed ? Is there any thing particularly pleasant—unless on the principle of the *suave mari magno*—in seeing poor wretches in the extremity of danger, while you yourself all the while are muffled up in comforters and great-coats, in no peril whatsoever, unless perhaps of a course of sneezing and snuffling for a day or two ? You will observe that old Humphries plumed himself very much on his sharp-sightedness—and at his years it was certainly wonderful—and congratulates himself rather selfishly, we think, on being the only one who was permitted that fair enchanting sight to see—

“ Of Fortune's favoured sons—am I
The only one to see
Yon signal of distress ? ”

But immediately his active mind turns on the possibility of summoning the men of the Preventive Service to the aid of the tossing vessel, and he accordingly shouts to the utmost extent of his lungs—an action in which we can't help thinking that he showed his philanthropy rather more than his judgment. It may easily be believed, and indeed he confesses it himself, that his loudest vociferations were scarcely heard amid the “railing” of the sea and the howling of the tempest. But I remember having read in some old author, can it be in Longinus ? that the employment of technical language greatly heightens the effect of some species of poetry. How skillfully nautical terms are introduced in the following astonishing lines, you will see at a glance. Falconer never did any thing at all like it.

— “ E'en now, methinks, the hope
would beam,
And raise its buoyant head,—

“ That could the night-watch only give
Th’ alarm,—there’s no such sea
But a stout pilot-boat might live
Under a tiny sail, and drive
Astern,—beneath her lee,

“ And speak the crew! and if the gale
Have rendered her unable
To *live* throughout the night, prevail
With all *on board* to set a sail,
And instant *cut her cable* ;

“ Then take their boat and let her fall
To *leeward* if she will ;—
No matter,—so we *rescue* all ;
She’ll run *aground* before the squall,
If not, e’en let her fill !”

But unfortunately Nestor was not Stentor; and he was totally unheard. He accounts, however, very philosophically for his want of success.

“ Deep in perplexity and doubt,
I now began to dread
That not a solitary scout
That night upon the watch was out—
Or, that he might have fled

“ For shelter to some safe retreat
Beyond the storm’s control :—
Or to the alehouse turn’d his feet,
Where kindred souls are wont to meet
To drain the midnight bowl !”

If these were his suspicions, our only marvel is, that the old man eloquent did not toddle as fast as “ his trembling limbs could bear him to the door” of the nearest Pig and Whistle, where there can be little doubt he would have found a dozen or two of jolly Jack-tars, who would have done all that was needful in the emptying of a quart-pot. Instead of that, what do you think he does? He walks as composedly as possible down into the town, and

“ glancing now a wistful eye
Along the shore I could descry
Beneath the colonnade

“ A flood of light of varied hue
That from a window came,
Now partly red, now partly blue ;
A joyous light! for well I knew
Those hues to be the same”

which he had often seen before; where? Can’t you guess, Christopher? Whose window was it where there were blue, or partly blue, and red, or partly red, lights? D’ye give

it up? Why, the apothecary’s, you Unœdipus! And the poet accordingly has a conversation with the dispenser; but that worthy practitioner has been too long a culler of simples to be moved from his comfortable counter at such a ridiculous hour; and he accordingly acts very much like a gentleman, puts his tongue in his cheek in a very knowing manner, and advises old Humphridius to tumble into his crib. Co-riolanus standing at the gate of the Volscian Aufidius—Lear bidding the loud thunder wreak its rage on the unsheltered head of an old discrowned king—Macbeth holding dread commerce with the weird sisters on the blasted heath—Caius Marius moralizing on the uncertainty of human grandeur amid the ruins of Carthage, would all form fine subjects for the statuary or painter; but Michael Angelo himself would have failed, if he had attempted to stamp in eternal marble the author of this poem holding colloquy sublime with the apothecary’s boy. The knowing countenance of that mischievous urchin, contrasted with the earnest enquiring face of the intruder, scarcely visible from the extent of his envelopements—his umbrella dripping hopelessly all over the cleanly sanded floor—the horn lantern grasped tightly in the sinister hand, would form a group unapproachable, we fear, by either brush or chisel. How his features must have brightened up when the younker cries out with a sneer—

“ ‘ And as for danger
We need not fear there’s any near.’
‘ Good night! my friend,’ I cried
Delighted as I was to hear
A voice that could my spirits cheer,
And lay my fears aside.”

In this comfortable frame of mind the elder puts on a press of sail, and steers directly homewards, where, after a glass of something warm, by way of keeping the chill off his stomach, he slips cozily off to bed, and is as fast as a church in the twinkling of a bed-post; and so ends Canto First.

Now, you will often hear a set of blockheads, who are anxious to reduce every man’s intellectual eminence to their own level, declare, with a wise and almost pitying

shake of the head, that genius may be a very fine thing, but sense is a far better one—meaning by this, that the possession of these two blessings, namely, genius and sense, is impossible by one and the same individual. If this were true, there is little doubt that the suffrage of mankind, or, at all events, of our canny countrymen in the north, would be in favour of the money-getting “sense,” rather than the glory-getting “genius.” But what have they to say for themselves, when they see both so conspicuously displayed—the genius, in the poem—the sense, in the notes of a Humphries? In illustration of this, let me quote a few of the explanations with which the author has benefited the world in prose. To see Humphries condescending to the language of common men, puts one in mind of our old nursery friend, Lightfoot, who was so swift, that he had to tie both his feet to reduce his power of running to the velocity of a hare. The first I shall mention contains one of the most interesting allusions to the doctrine of cause and effect, which I have ever had the good fortune to meet with. On the line, page 5, stanza viii. “the gale was up, &c.” is the following note: “The wind sprung up with astonishing rapidity, and the sea, which was late so calm, became on a sudden violently agitated.” At page 7, stanza xiv, “and bid the helmsman put about,” we are presented with this very indispensable explanation: “A nautical expression signifying to *tack*, or alter the ship’s course, by bringing her head full into the wind!” At page 45, stanza xxviii., “and shout to bear a hand,” Humphridius thus showeth his power of conveying information: “A common expression among sailors, implying to render prompt assistance!” But perhaps his happiest effort, and that which shows that every man is the best commentator on his own works, is that where he favours us with a note on this exquisite stanza.

“And here we heaved the cautious lead,
And, near as we could guess,
Our soundings gave a gravelly bed,
With the reefs no great way a-head,
In ‘four by a quarter less.’”

“Meaning,” he says, “in some-

thing less than four fathoms of water. The man, stationed as above, reports, with a loud voice, to the steersman, the exact depth, which he readily ascertains by knots of various sizes and colours situate on the lead-line, about a foot and half apart. The exact words he would make use of in barely four fathoms of water, would be, ‘a quarter less four!’ I think, however, that the ‘four by a quarter less’ is allowable, if, indeed, it is not highly praiseworthy in a heroic poem.” This reminds me of a most pathetic epitaph which I met with in the Highlands—

“Here lies John Campbell, more’s the pity,
Who met with his death in Campbell city.

“N.B. It should have been Campbelltown,
but it wadna rhyme.”

After having had all these beauties presented to you, how do you feel, sir? Heartily ashamed of yourself, I have no doubt. But cheer up; for I am about to hurry very rapidly over the Second Canto, only picking out here and there some surpassing line of tenderness or force, which you may do penance by inserting, in your finest hand, in Mrs Gentle’s scrap-book. The vessel next morning is seen labouring very near the shore, and old Humphries perceives he has been hoaxed by the apothecary. The preventive men are now at their posts, as fresh as if there was no such thing as an alehouse in *rerum naturâ*; and I may conclude all that part of the story which is necessary to elucidate the poetry, by telling you, that the crew of the vessel are *all* saved, but that the melancholy loss of life took place in a fool-hardy attempt to cut loose the vessel with no very remote eye, as we gain from the poem, to the salvage money in case of success.

Canto the First having ended with the ninetieth stanza, is succeeded, in the course of nature, by Canto the Second at the ninety-first. We were a little surprised on seeing so mature a number at the commencement of a fresh division of the poem, and indeed fancied for some time that the four-score and ten previous stanzas had by some mistake of the binder been misplaced, but we now feel convinced it is the good-will and pleasure of the author, and we submit, as in duty bound, to his wishes.

While the crew of the mysterious vessel, which, however, turns out to be a collier heavily laden, are skilfully making their way to land in their boat, the mate of the preventive service, who is intently watching their progress, makes the following eloquent observations :

“ ‘ Avast ! ’ the mate replied,
‘ Their boat is lower’d by her side,
And bounds upon the wave.

“ ‘ The sea runs high, your honour, and
’Tis all those hands can do,
With a bad boat, and badly mann’d,
To ride it out, and near the land,
And shun the breakers, too !

“ ‘ And our own Galley’s *none too stiff*,
As well your honour knows,
She’s only a *smooth water skiff*,
And ten to one the chance is, if
We launch to rescue those
Afloat—*ourselves* may need the aid
We fain to *them* would lend ! ’ ”

But a poem like this, which depends on its *totality* for effect, loses very much by being broken up into fragments. The Elgin marbles, separately considered, give us a very inadequate idea of the glories of the Parthenon. I will, therefore, not trouble you with any more single bricks as specimens of the building, but assure you that the examples I have given you are but an inadequate representation of the wondrous tale from which they are extracted.

I again return to you. Are you now convinced that a glory and a dream hath passed away from earth ? Shame, that the grave should have closed over Humphridius and his ear never have been blessed with the trumpet-notes of the praise of Christopher North. Make it up in as far as you can to the editor, who “ is the sole survivor.” Tell him in more spirit-stirring words than I can command, that the poem he has ushered into the world, in the splendour of its language, equals the magnificence of its ideas, and that though his genius in no instance has risen beyond the dignity of arranging the punctuation, that that duty he has performed to a miracle ; that his italics are irreproachable, and his notes of admiration judiciously bestowed. And perhaps you might conclude by a hint that to such honourable labours his talents for the future should be rigidly confined. The lyre of his deceased friend should be suspended, like that of Pindar, on a nail, and having been waked to ecstasy by the hand of a Humphries, should remain sacred from the fingers of any inferior minstrel. With regard, sir, to our own little quarrel, if you are really a gentleman, and behave *as sitch*, you will at once confess your unpardonable neglect, and acknowledge the justice of the accusation which I brought against you at the beginning of this review.—If not——.

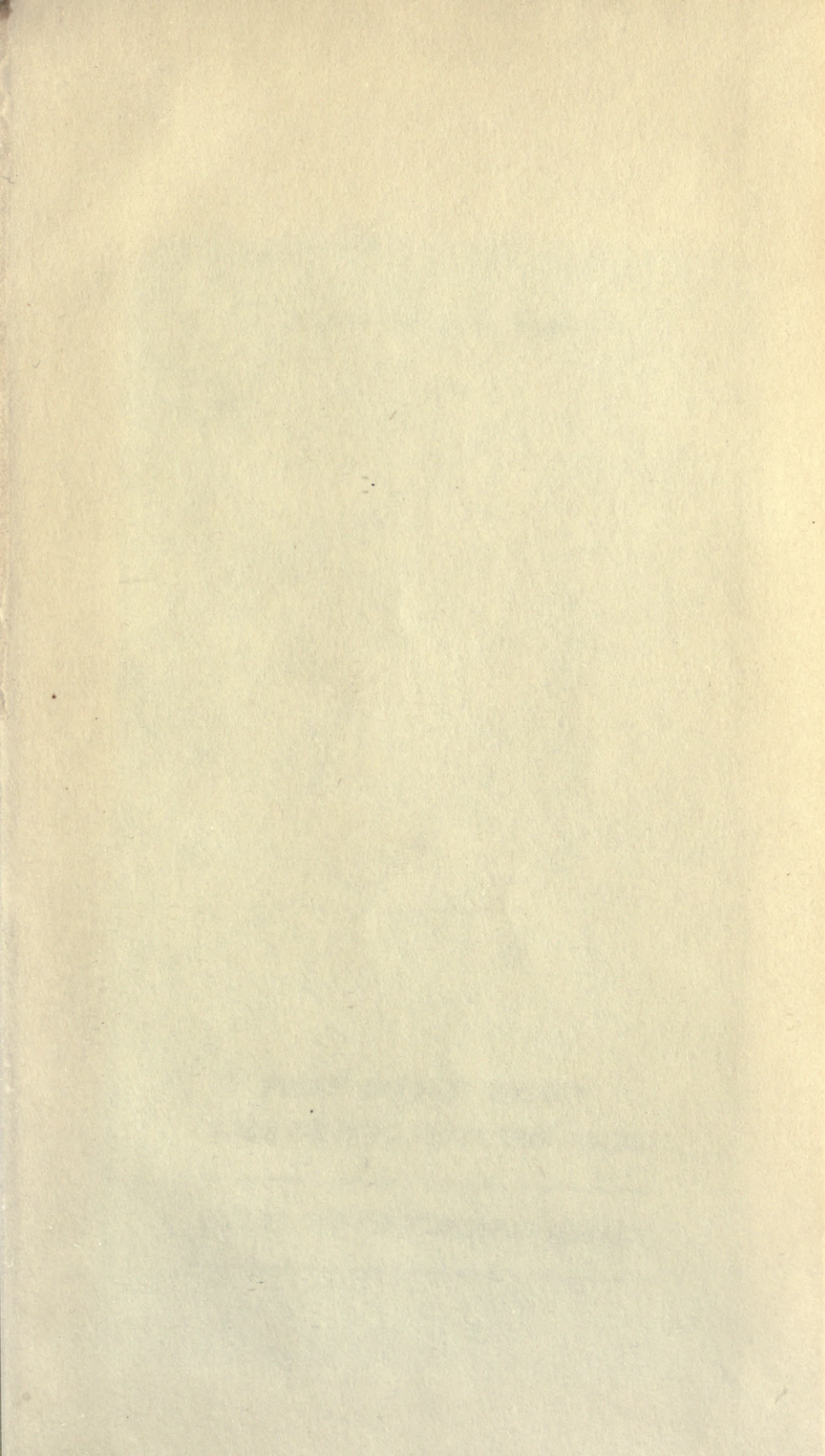
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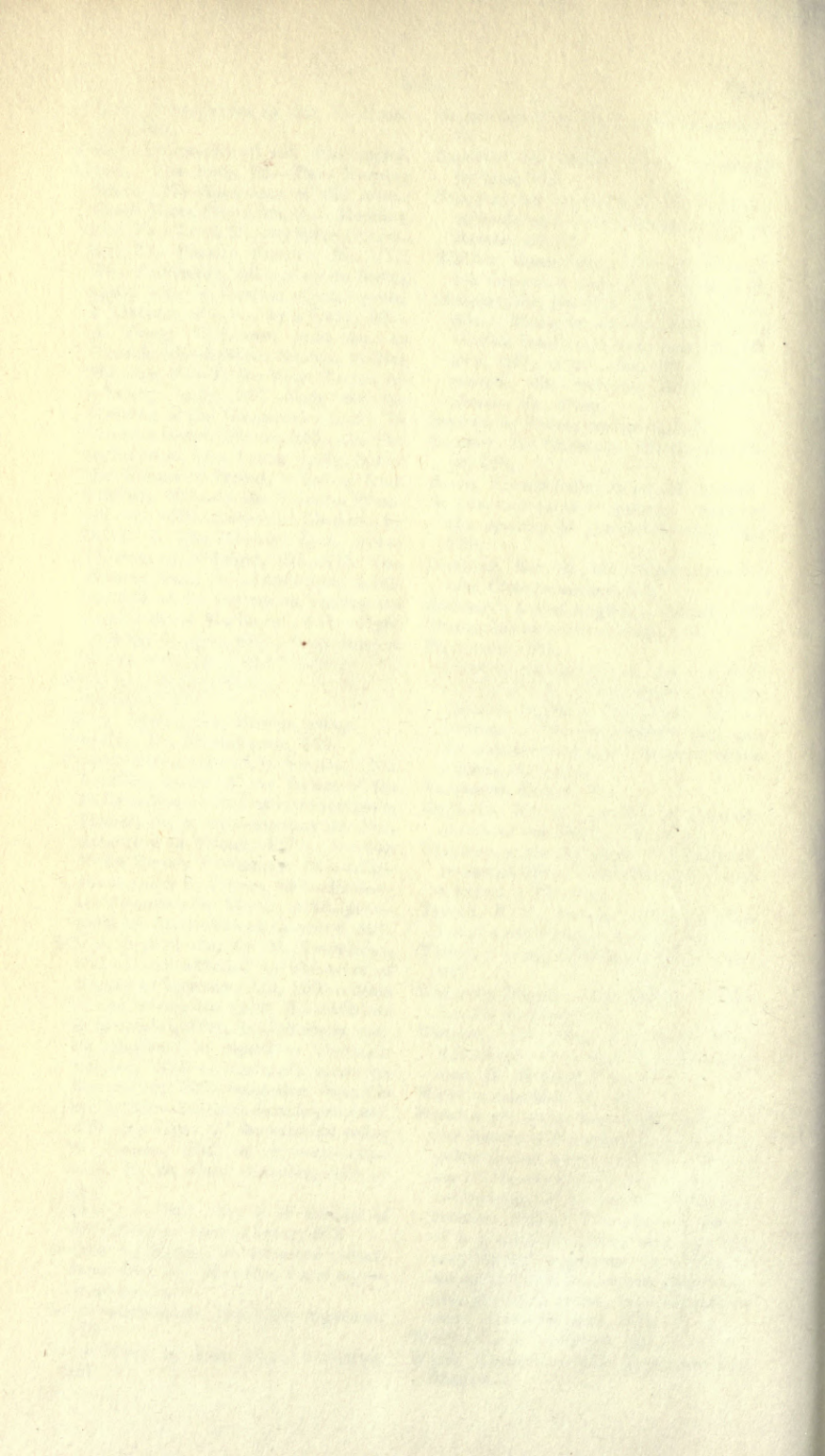
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